

JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM

May 24, 1937

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE.

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE.

WIL: Presenting Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly.

ORCHESTRA: FINISH THEME.

WIL: JIMMY GRIER AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH  
"I'M HATIN' THIS WAITIN' AROUND".

ORCHESTRA: "I'M HATIN' THIS WAITIN' AROUND" - (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL)

WIL: COMMERCIAL #1.

*H. Wing*  
*3*

COMMERCIAL NO. 1

WILCOX: Attention, Car Owners.

The makers of Johnson's Auto-Wax and Cleaner are giving away twelve magnificent deluxe, covered wagon trailers and 348 cash prizes in a nation-wide contest now in progress. Each week, one luxurious trailer, completely equipped, (\$1,000 value delivered to your door), is given free in this great contest. All you have to do is complete this sentence, "I like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner because --- ". Just finish this sentence in fifty words or less telling your own experience. First try Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner! See how quickly your car takes on a beautiful gleaming polish. It will be easy then, for you to tell why you like these superior products.

Printed contest rules will be found in each combination package of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner for sale at your regular Johnson's Wax dealer, auto supply store, garage or filling station. Read the rules carefully. Then mail your entry (~~with box top~~) to S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL - "I'M HATIN' THIS WAITIN' AROUND"

(APPLAUSE)

WIL: WELL, WITH SUMMER COMING ON, MOLLY THINKS A PICNIC WOULD BE A LOVELY IDEA. BUT FIBBER, LIKE MOST MEN, DOESN'T CARE FOR PICNICS. SO - THEY'RE ~~ON THEIR WAY TO~~ <sup>on their way to</sup> A PICNIC. AND HERE, BOWLING ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD, LOOKING FOR A SPOT THAT FIBBER CLAIMS TO KNOW ABOUT, we find - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN"

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

FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed.  
 MOL: Is this the place you had in mind, McGee?  
 FIB: This is it. Trees,,grass and a little brook. Ideal for picnics - IF you like picnics, which I never will.  
 MOL: Now don't start that again, McGee. Picnics are a great American Institution.  
 FIB: Well, it's time they tore it down and built a good restaurant on the same spot.  
 MOL: Oh, be still and help carry this stuff over there. You take the baskets and the thermos jug and I'll carry the -  
 (PAUSE) McGee, where's the apple butter?  
 FIB: The what?  
 MOL: THE APPLEBUTTER. I had it in a tin alongside the basket.  
 FIB: Oh was THAT applebutter? I put a big gob of it in the transmission.  
 MOL: Heavenly days..Well come on...I'm hungry...  
 SOUND: DOOR SLAMS. RATTLE OF BOTTLES.

FIB: YOU'RE hungry...I'm the guy that's hungry. I ain't et for a week.  
 MOL: Go on..you had a very substantial breakfast.  
 FIB: Breakfast ain't a legitimate meal. Breakfast is just something that gets all over the morning paper. Say, whaddye think o' this place..pretty eh?  
 SOUND: BIRD TWITTER.  
 MOL: Beautiful. Here..put this can opener where it'll be handy.  
 FIB: Can opener! How'd you ever happen to remember that? I usually have to knock the top off a bottle of olives with a rock. Shucks, I've et so much ground glass at picnics that on a sunny day I GLITTER. (LAUGHS) Get it, Molly?  
 I says I et so mu--  
 MOL: Tain't funny, McGee.  
 FIB: Honest? Why I've known folks to go into convulsions over ground glass.  
 MOL: MCGEE! Spread down the tablecloth.  
 SOUND: CLATTER OF GLASS AND BIRD TWITTER.  
 MOL: My my..this is an ideal spot for a picnic.  
 FIB: Oh I dunno. There's only one really IDEAL spot for a picnic. And that's home on the kitchen tabl--  
 SOUND: CRACKLING OF WOOD.  
 FIB: - hey, there's somebody comin'. Did ye ever see it fail? If you find a swell spot for a little quiet picnic, everybody in the county thinks o' the same thing at the same..well for the...it's GERALDINE...HIYAH GERALDINE!

GER: (GIGGLES) OH HELLO THERE, MR. MCGEE..HELLO MOLLY.  
 (GIGGLES) I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES OVER HERE (GIGGLES)  
 SO YOU'RE HAVING A PICNIC....ISN'T THAT SWEET. (GIGGLES)  
 I'VE OFTEN TRIED TO GET GERALD OUT ON A PICNIC BUT HE  
 ALWAYS SAYS THE GROUND IS SO ROUGH AT PICNICS HE CAN'T  
 WRITE ON THE TABLECLOTH. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Gerald's a guy after my own hear--

GER: (GIGGLES) GERALD SAYS SOMEDAY HE'S GOING TO WRITE THE  
 HISTORY OF PICNICS ON THE BACK OF A SODAMINT TABLET.  
 (GIGGLES) ISN'T THAT CUTE? I MEAN ISN'T IT REALLY?  
 (GIGGLES) GERALD SAYS THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ARGUMENT  
 IN FAVOR OF PICNICS. NOBODY EVER ARGUES OVER THE CHECK.  
 (GIGGLES)

FIB: I dunno about that Geraldine, Sometimes they--

GER: (GIGGLES) OH YES..AND ANOTHER THING GERALD SAID...  
 (GIGGLES) OH YOU'LL DIE AT THIS....HE SAYS HE CAN INVITE  
 NICE PEOPLE TO DINNER AT HOME BUT AT PICNICS YOU ONLY  
 MEET HARD-BOILED EGGS. (GIGGLES) OH YOU SHOULD HEAR HIM  
 TALK SOMETIMES.

FIB: Me, too. I've said worse thi--

GER: (GIGGLES) HE SAYS NO MATTER WHICH RELATIVES YOU TAKE ON  
 A PICNIC, THE ANTS ALWAYS GET THERE FIRST. OH GERALD IS  
 A SCREAM. (GIGGLES) WELL, I SIMPLY MUST BE OFF -

FIB: I'll say so.

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

(APPLAUSE)

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FIB: I'll say so.

GER: BIDDLE BIDDLE BIDDLE!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Ye see, Molly? There's other people that don't like  
 picnics besides me. I -

MOL: Keep quiet. Here. Take these paper plates and set 'em  
 down there --

MAN: AND WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, ALTOGETHER? (Irish)

FIB: Well, altogether, bud, we're havin' a picnic. Why?

MAN: Oh a picnic is it. Sure an' ye picked a nice spot fer it.

MOL: We think so. It was me husband that remembered this place.

SOUND: BIRD TWITTER.

MOL: What was that?

FIB: A sparrow.

WIL: And can you sparrow minute to try Johnson's Auto Wax  
 and Cleaner?

FIB: There's Harpo, - out on a limb again!

MAN: ~~'Tis a mockin' bird, I'm thinkin'.~~ Them are handsome  
 lookin' sandwiches, mum.

MOL: Thank you..have one?

MAN: Sure...I'll have a couple...which ones are chicken?

FIB: Oh, fussy, eh? Well, those are chicken there.

MAN: Thanks. And I'll be takin' a couple of olives, too,  
 beggin' yer peermission.

MOL: Oh certainly.

FIB: Could I drive up to the crossroads and get you an ice  
 cream cone, bud?

MAN: What flavor?

FIB: What fla...SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA. Go on, beat it..and let  
 us enjoy ourselves...

MAN: Scrry, me boy..I can't do it. Ye'll have to beat it. We  
 can't have folks holdin' barbecues on this property and  
 tearin' up the grass and the flowers and all.

MOL: Oh now, please.

FIB: Oh we'll take care o' things bud...I'm enough of a woodsman to observe all the precautions.

MAN: Oh, observant are ye.

FIB: You betcha. Why one time up in Canada, I - -

MAN: THEN IF YE'RE SO OBSERVANT, WHY DIDN'T YE OBSERVE THE SIGN OVER THERE? "OLD LADIES HOME - NO TRESPASSIN." YE CAN'T HAVE A PICNIC IN AN OLD LADIES' HOME!

FIB: I believe you've got something there, bud!

MAN: ALLRIGHT, NOW, PACK UP AND GIT OUT.....GO ON NOW...BATE IT..

FIB: Okay....okay....we'll go, but we thought this was a nice spot.....

MAN: A NICE SPOT FOR WHAT?

FIB: A nice spot for Jimmie Grier to play "The Goona Goo."  
Pack up the picnic, Molly, and let's get goin.  
(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("THE GOONA GOO")  
(APPLAUSE)

SOUND: CLATTER OF GLASS & TIN..BIRD TWITTER.

MOL: Well, this is a better place for a picnic anyway, McGee.

FIB: I know, but can you imagine that guy chasin us away, after eatin' all those sandwiches and stuff? That's what I call feedin' the hand that bites you.

MOL: Well, everything's all right now, McGee...spread the stuff out again, and we'll eat.

FIB: Okay. You'll have to admit, Molly, that I know the places for picnics, even if I don't LIKE picnics.

MOL: ~~You certainly do.~~ Look at this <sup>new new</sup> ~~new new~~ spot...so smooth and all.

FIB: ~~It had~~ <sup>There was</sup> a flag with a number six on it stickin' in that little hole there but I threw it in the bushes.

MOL: What was the flag for?

FIB: I dunno. I imagine somebody else had spotted this place for THEIR picnic, and were stakin' a claim. I -

SOUND: ~~MOTORCYCLE IN AND OUT WITH SPUTTER.~~ *Motorcycle* <sup>will</sup> ~~be~~

MOL: Heavenly days..now what.

BOY: Hey..you mister McGee?

FIB: That's me, bud - and DON'T GIMME NONE O' THAT STUFF ABOUT THIS BEIN' PRIVATE PROPERTY AND WE CAN'T PICNIC HERE, ON ACCOUNT OF -

BOY: Nah...I'm a messenger. Gotta telegram for ya. Sign here.

MOL: A telegram..who's it from?

BOY: Search me, lady. Boy does dat cake look good.

MOL: Here..have some.

BOY: Tanks.

FIB: Here you are bud. ~~Now scram and let us eat in peace.~~  
~~NO WAIT~~..Say..how did you know where to find us?

BOY: Well, I went to your house and de neighbors says you were out on a picnic.

MOL: Well, even so, how did you know where -

BOY: So I sticks a red handkerchief in me pocket, and I tinks, NOW IF I WAS A STUFFED OLIVE, WHERE WOULD SOMEBODY LIKE FIBBER MCGEE TAKE ME? AND HERE I AM.. Tanks fer de eake, lady.

SOUND: (BICYCLE BELL)

MOL: Who's the telegram from, McGee?

FIB: Silly Watson.

MOL: REALLY? What does he say?

FIB: Listen..it says:- "Mister McGee & Ma'am, 5/6 Johnson's Auto-wax-make-your-car-shine-like-everything program-NBC. DEAR BOSS - I WILL RE-COMBINE OUR ASSOCIATION WITH YOU NEXT MONDAY. WEATHER PERMITTING AND EVEN ANYWAY. ~~ME~~ ~~CONCUBIAL EXPECTATION WITH ROSEBUD JACKSON IS SUFFER A SLIGHT DELAY SHE MARRIED SOMEBODY ELSE.~~ I WOULD SAY MORE BUT THIS IS A NIGHT LETTER AND I CAN'T SEE GOOD ~~HOPE YOU ARE THE SAME.~~ SIGNED - SILVIUS WATSON."

MOL: Well come on, McGee....let's get ready and eat our lunch. You can -

WIL: VOICE IN DISTANCE: Frrrrre!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE CRESCENDO WITH PLOP.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee...somebody's throwin' things at us. FIB: HEY YOU OVER THERE..GUT THAT OUT! WHADDYE THINK THIS IS? (LAUGHS) That got 'em. They pretended they wear roadin' a little white eard. Whaddye want me to do.

MOL: Go over to the creek there and fill the lemonade jar with water .....

FIB: Okay. (FADE OUT) Good old lookout mountain....

MOL: Now, where did I put those peanut butter sandwiches--

MORT: Hello, there, Mrs. McGee....HAW HAW...

MOL: Oh, Mort Toops..you startled me.

MORT: Whatcha doin', havin' a picnic?

MOL: We were up to now.

MORT: NEVER CARED MUCH FOR 'EM MYSELF...HAW HAW...KNEW A FELLER ONCE WHO WAS SO CRAZY ABOUT PICNICS HE ALWAYS KEPT THE SUGAR BOWL AT HOME FULL OF SAND HAW HAW HAW...WASN'T THAT A PIP. HAW HAW...ALWAYS LIKE TO GET OUT INTO THE WOODS HERE AND THINK UP STUFF...HAW HAW...SOME OF MY BEST JOKES HAVE BEEN THOUGHT UP OUT HERE...HAW HAW.

MOL: Yes, I've heard some of your open-air jokes, Mort.

MORT: OPEN AIR JOKES...HAW HAW...THAT'S PRETTY GOOD...HAW HAW... SAY I JUST HEARD A SOCKO AT THE SAWMILL...SEEMS LIKE ONE FELLOW...HAW HAW.....OH IS THIS A LULU...HAW HAW...SEEMS LIKE ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER FELLER...HAW HAW...GET THIS NOW..HE SAYS...HAW HAW...HE SAYS WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR ARM? AND THE OTHER FELLOW SAYS A RED ANT..AND THE FIRST FELLOW SAID A RED ANT BIT YOU AND THE OTHER FELLOW SAID NO, A READ ANTHONY ADVERSE AND MY ARMS' PARALYZED...HAW HAW HAW...IS THAT A PIP OR IS THAT A PIP...

(FADE OUT HAW-HAWING) → *To lose the jaw cause - crawl down the chimney and back up a bit one.*

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: (CALLING) Hurry, McGee...did you get the water? And you just missed meeting Mort Toops.

FIB: GOOD. What'd he want?

FIB: Okay. (FADE OUT) Good old lookout mountain....

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(FADE OUT HAW-HAWING) → *So close the green house - crawl down the chimney and land up a bit more.*

(APPLAUSE)

MOL: (CALLING) Hurry, McGee,..did you get the water? And you just missed meeting Mort Toops.

FIB: GOOD. What'd he want?

MOL: Three sandwiches, two pieces of cake and an audience.

FIB: Ye know..sometimes I think Mort ain't quite bright -

WIL: YOU MEAN LIKE A CAR THAT HASN'T BEEN POLISHED WITH JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER.

MOL: Oh Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Harpo....what you doin' out here?

WIL: Oh I came out here to study the birds. I'm an ornithologist, in a small way.

FIB: You're a what?

MOL: He says he's a small ornithologist in a way.

WIL: That's right, an ornithologist.

FIB: Is that so. I saw an orneth netht down by the brook. ~~One of the batht orneth netht I ever thaw.~~

WIL: Not hornets...BIRDS. I study birds. Mind if I take a sandwich?

MOL: Oh take a couple, Mr. Wilcox. Have a piece of cake and some pickles.

WIL: Thanks.

FIB: Hey lay off the grub, Harpo. You go study your birds.

WIL: I am...just catching a hasty Swallow. So long folks.

FIB: A hasty swallow. With a little robbin' on the side. He's no ornithologist - he's a taxidermist. Did you see the way he stuffed himself with that chicken.

WHEE: (OFF MIKE) Forrrre!

SOUND: WIND WHISTLE AND GLASS TINKLE.

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted..who knocked that glass outa my hand?

WHEE: ONE SIDE THERE SKIPPY....GET OFF THE GREEN.

FIB: Whaddye mean get off the green? Beat it, grandmaw. We're tryin' to hold a picnic here and -

WHEE: WELL SHORTY, YOU CHOSE A FINE PLACE FOR IT. ONE SIDE THERE AND LET ME PUTT. WHERE'S MY BALL? OH HERE IT TIS.

FIB: Lissen grandmaw...play someplace else till we finish our lunch will ye? *Who are you*

WHEE: NOT A CHANCE, SKIPPY. YOU'RE TALKIN' TO *Prasie Bertha* NELLIE NIBLICK THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRWAYS, THE GOONA GOO OF THE GIRL GOLFERS...WHOOPEEE...WATCH ME SINK THIS ONE.

SOUND: (HIT BALL AND DROP IN CUP)

MOL: Heavenly days.

FIB: HEY WHAT'S THE IDEA...THAT WASN'T YOUR BALL THAT WAS A HARDBOILED EGG. YOU SPLASHED IT ALL OVER MY FACE...

WHEE: SORRY SONNY. BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEIN' IN THE WAY..ONE SIDE THERE PLEASE..

FIB: HEY QUIT WALKIN' OVER THE LUNCH...AND SAY...WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WEARIN' SNOWSHOES TO PLAY GOLF IN?

WHEE: WE PLAY WINTER RULES ON THIS COURSE, SHORTY. WHOOPEEEE... HERE <sup>comes</sup> MY DRIVE READY OR NOT...FORRRRRRRRRE!

SOUND: WHISH AND CLICK.

WHEE: WOOOEEEEEE..WAS THAT A DARB...WELL SO LONG SKIPPY...MIND IF I TAKE A SANDWICH? THANKS...WHOOPEEEEEEE...HEY YOU OVER THERE...LEAVE THAT BALL LAY...THAT'S MINE...(FADE OUT)

ORCHESTRA: "YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME" -- HARRIS

(APPLAUSE)

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(APPLAUSE)



(REVISED) 12-A

WHEE: WE PLAY WINTER RULES ON THIS COURSE, SHORTY. NOW LET'S SEE  
~~WHAT WAS MY SCORE. FOUR IN THE FAIRWAY, TWO IN THE ROUGH,  
THREE IN THE PASTURE, FIVE IN THE SAND TRAP, A LONG  
APPROACH, AND A SHORT BEER. I'LL TAKE AN EAGLE ON THAT....  
WELL HERE GOES MY DRIVE READY OR NOT..... FORRRRRRRRRRR!~~

SOUND: (WHISH AND CLICK)

WHEE: WOOOOEEEEEE... WAS THAT A DARB... MIND IF I TAKE A SANDWICH?  
THANKS... ~~HEY YOU, OVER THERE... LEAVE THAT BALL LAY...  
THAT'S MINE.... (FADE OUT)~~

FIB: Well, I'm glad she's gone... hand me a sandwich, and I'll - - -

MAN: Hey, you, get outta there - whaddy think this is, - SCRAM.

FIB: Who are you, bud, and what's the---

MAN: This is the Bobolink golf course, and I'm chairman of the  
greens committee.

MOL: Here, - have some spinach!

FIB: Listen here bud, we -

MAN: GO ON - BEAT IT - SCRAM!

MOL: Oh dear, - well come on, McGee.

FIB: Okay - <sup>Oh, not it</sup> I know a better place, anyway.

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: (YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME) (FADE FOR ANNOUNCER)

WIL: Now Tommy Harris sings "You Can't Take That Away From Me"  
from the picture, "Shall We Dance."

HARRIS: ("YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME").

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: OUT. <sup>24/37 - make flowers</sup> ~~Picnic on golf course~~ -13-

MOLLY: ~~Well~~, I hope nobody bothers us here. You and your  
<sup>Clattie =</sup> wonderful places to eat. <sup>Well, I packed the lunch again -</sup>  
FIB: Well, I know this ain't private property and it ain't a  
golf course, and look at them rollin' fields..and the  
trees. This is really the spot I had in mind all the time.

CRACKLING:

MOL: Oh dear..here comes somebody again. Why can't we have a  
picnic in peace....

FIB: WHO IS IT? I can't see who...LISTEN WHOEVER YOU ARE...GET  
OUTA HERE AND LEAVE US ALONE YE HEAR? WE'VE HAD ENOUGH  
OF THIS DAD RATTED INTERR-....Oh. Hiyah little girl.

TEE: Hi. Whatcha doin'?

FIN: We're havin' a picnic. Now go on home.

TEE: Hmmmmmm?

FIB: I says we're havin' a picnic.

TEE: Doin' what?

FIN: Whaddye mean doin' what?

TEE: Well, gee you said you were having a picnic, I betcha.

FIB: Sure we're havin' a picnic...and that's all JUST HAVIN' A  
PICNIC.

TEE: Why?

FIN: Why? Well, because..that is...well we like it out here,  
that's why. Out here among the trees and birds and stuff.  
Ye see, sis, I'm a outdoor man at heart.

TEE: Hmm?

FIB: I says I'm a outd...I mean I know all about the woods and  
stuff.

TEE: Honest?

ORCHESTRA: MCGEE THEME: OUT.

124137 - *made flowers* -13-  
*Picnic on golf course*

MOLLY: ~~Well~~, I hope nobody bothers us here. You and your  
*Walter =*  
FIB: wonderful places to eat. *Well unpack the lunch again -*  
Well, I know this ain't private property and it ain't a  
golf course, and look at them rollin' fields..and the  
trees. This is really the spot I had in mind all the time.

CRACKLING:

MOL: Oh dear..here comes somebody again. Why can't we have a  
picnic in peace.....  
FIB: WHO IS IT? I can't see who...LISTEN WHOEVER YOU ARE...GET  
OUTA HERE AND LEAVE US ALONE YE HEAR? WE'VE HAD ENOUGH  
OF THIS DAD RATTED INTERR-....Oh. Hiyah little girl.  
TEE: Hi. Whatcha doin'?  
FIN: We're havin' a picnic. Now go on home.  
TEE: Hmmm?  
FIB: I says we're havin' a picnic.  
TEE: Doin' what?  
FIN: Whaddye mean doin' what?  
TEE: Well, gee you said you were having a picnic, I betcha.  
FIB: Sure we're havin' a picnic...and that's all JUST HAVIN' A  
PICNIC.  
TEE: Why?  
FIN: Why? Well, because..that is...well we like it out here,  
that's why. Out here among the trees and birds and stuff.  
Ye see, sis, I'm a outdoor man at heart.  
TEE: Hmm?  
FIB: I says I'm a outd...I mean I know all about the woods and  
stuff.  
TEE: Honest?

FIN: You betcha. Why back in Tacoma Washington, I used to be  
knowed as Timber McGee.  
MOL: Oh dear.  
FIB: TIMBER MCGEE, THE TERROR OF THE TENDERFEET, AND TIP-TOP  
TORNADO OF THE TRAIL, TEARIN' OUT TONS O'TOPPLED TAMARACKS  
AND TRIPPIN' TIRELESSLY T'RU TOUGH TANGLED TREES FROM  
TALLAHASSEE TO TACOMA.  
TEE: Hmm?  
FIB: I says..aw fer the..  
TEE: Gee do you know all about the woods, mister?  
FIB: You betcha sis. Why?  
TEE: Well gee, why do all the little creeks run so crooked?  
Why don't they run straight?  
FIB: Why do the..well, sis, they's quite a story to that. Have  
a piece O' oake and I'll tell ye.)  
~~TEE: Okay.~~  
~~FIB: Well, sir, a long long time ago way back in the woods -~~  
~~TEE: What woods?~~  
~~FIN: ANY WOODS.~~  
~~TEE: Hmm?~~  
FIN: I says ~~ANY WOODS.~~ WAY WAY BACK IN THE WOODS THERE WAS A  
BEAUTIFUL BIG LAKE. AND THIS LAKE HAD TWO CHILDREN AND  
ONE DAY THE MAMMA LAKE SAID LISTEN KIDS, SHE SAYS, I'M  
GOIN ON A VIST TO MY SISTER MRS. SIPPI, SO YOU BE GOOD  
CHILDREN AND STAY NEAR HOME, AND SHE WENT AWAY.  
TEE: Why?  
FIB: Well she just did, that's all. And the two little brooks,  
the minute the mamma lake was outa sight, they run away.  
Way thru the woods they trickled till it got dark..and  
then they got scared and tried to flow back home again...  
but it was no use...they were lost.



SOUND: MOTOR IN AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

FIB: I gotta get these brakes fixed.

MOL: ~~And you better get your head examined at the same time. I think it needs a new lining.~~ The idea...we been chased off a private property, off a golf course and off a rifle range. AND TO THINK WE HAD TO COME BACK TO OUR OWN BACK YARD TO HOLD A PICNIC.

FIN: Well shucks, Molly, I was doin' my best to find a -

MOL: Be quiet, iggernuts. Unload the stuff and spread the tablecloth in the middle of the yard there.

FIN: Okay. At least nobody can chase us out of our own back yard.

MOL: I suppose this is another one of the "SPOTS YOU HAD IN MIND!"

FIN: Wel-l-l no, but -

MOL: Get busy! Here take the basket ...

FIB: Seems a lot lighter than since we started...and all I've had is one bite out of an olive.

MOL: Well, everybody we met took a handful of stuff. Come on.. go to work..if there isn't enough there's more in the house....

SOUND: CLATTER OF BOTTLE ETC..

FIB: At last..now we can eat in peace and quiet...

SOUND: SLAP OF RUG OR CARPET.

MOL: ~~What... (COUGH) what on earth is that? (COUGH)~~ *What's all this stuff coming from?*

FIN: Some smart guy next door is beatin' rugs..(COUGH) HEY CUT THAT OUT..CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE GONNA EAT HERE? (COUGH) HEY YOU WITH THE CARPET BEATER.

SOUND: BEATER OUT.

RUSS: ALL TOVARICHICH...ALLO BABOUSHKA...WHAT IS THE MATTER?

MOL: We can't eat our lunch here with all that dust you're making.

FIN: Yes and the wind is blowin' right this way, too.

RUSS: PICNICS IS NOT FOR HAVING ONE WHERE RUGS IS BEATING, TOVARICH. I AM BEATING RUGS, BUT FOR MAKING WIND BLOWING TO YOU IS TO DO WITH ME NYOTTING.

FIB: I know, bud, but can't you wait till we get thru with our lunch before you beat them rugs? The dust..(COUGH) the dust is terrible.

RUSS: YOU ARE KNOWING OLD SAYING TOVARI H. DUST WE ARE AND TO DUST WE CAN'T GAT AWAY FROM SOME. EATING PIGSNICS IS YOUR STOFF...BEATING ROGS IS MY STUFF..IF MY STOFF IS STRONGER AS YOUR STOFF, MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

SOUND: RUG BEATING.

MOL: Heavenly days, McGee.... we can't stop him.

FIN: The dad ratter..(COUGH) LOSTEN VODKA...I'LL GIVE YOU TWO BITS IF YOU LAY OFF THEM RUGS FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES.

RUSS: THIS IS BRIBERY TOVARICHICH. AND BRIBERY IS SOMETHING I AM NOT HAVING SOMETHING TO DO WITH. ANY WAY, NOT LITTLE BRIBERYS. YOU GO ON WITH PICNSNICS: I AM GOING ON BEATING ROGS..WHAT HAPPENS AFTER IS SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS ELSE!

SOUND: BEATING RUGS. (cough)

MOL: I give up, McGee...bring the stuff in the house.

FIB: Aw fer the...well okay, I guess it's all there is left to do.

SOUND: CLATTER OF BOTTLE AND STUFF..DOOR SLAM.

MOL: Put the stuff on the kitchen table there. I never want to see it again.

FIN: I didn't wanta see it in the first pl-

SOUND: TELEPHONE

MOL: Well, we got home just in time..I wonder who that is.

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK

MOL: Hello - yes - yes - yes this is Molly McGee - (EXCITED)  
Oh yes, - how are you? What? Oh that's wonderful - oh  
that's marvelous, - and thank you.

SOUND: RECEIVER ON HOOK

FIB: Who was that?

MOL: Mrs. Wearybottom.

FIB: WHAT'D SHE WANT?

MOL: She's invited us on a picnic.

FIB: NYAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ("BOO HOO" - DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL ON CUE)

WILCOX: We take pleasure now in announcing the winner in the first weeks contest - Mr. Fred L. Stonely, 67 South Street, Saylesville, Rhode Island. Congratulations, Mr. Stonely! We know how much you're going to enjoy that beautiful Covered-Wagon Trailer, and we hope you'll keep it shining like new with Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Now we wonder who will be the winner in this week's contest? You have as good a chance as anyone to win a deluxe Covered-Wagon Trailer, a luxurious home on wheels, completely equipped for comfortable living! To compete in this weeks contest for a Covered-Wagon Trailer and ~~20~~ many cash prizes you have only to finish the following sentence in 50 words or less. "I like Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner because----"

Send your entry with the box top from one combination package of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner to S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wisconsin. This weeks contest closes at midnight, Saturday, May 29th. Each Saturday night thereafter another week's contest closes. You'll find complete contest rules in the combination package of Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner, for sale at your regular Johnson Wax Dealer, Auto Supply Store, garage or filling station.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL UP) "BOO-HOO" (FADE OUT ON CUE)

(TAG GAG.)

ORCHESTRA: (SIGNATURE)

THIRD COMMERCIAL - TEN SECONDS -

If you want to save on car-washings and greatly increase your car's trade-in value - don't delay another day. Wax your car the Johnson way.

(CHIMES)

(REVISED)

TAG GAG

FIB: Hey Molly - what was that book you were haulin' around in the lunch basket?

MOL: Oh that's the book you gave me when we were married - I've often wondered how it came out.

FIB: Ye know, somehow I can never read a book at a picnic - never seem to get past the table o' contents -

MOL: No - you're too interested in the contents of the table.

FIB: In the cont- ahem, - well there's food for thought in that, too. Good night.

MOL: Good night - all!

ORCH: SIGNATURE

Real loud sounds - Cuckoo sounds like  
clock indoors

Stuffed slits

1st Comm ?

1 ref. to wrap  
3 references to wrap in ~~front~~ 2nd bil.

1st bit Sparrow a minute

TDegran  
not quite bright also a car

page 6

9  
11

Too much racket from picnic dishes

Shouldn't have said

I have a better place anyway?

Should get more more discouraged each time

No whistle of bullets  
no shooting sound

Saw car engine sounds like getting down dog  
certain