

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

WRITER DON QUINN *BA*  
OK

CHICAGO OUTLET *WMAZ*

( JANUARY 3, 1938 ) ( MONDAY )

8:00-8:30 PM  
11:00-11:30 PM  
PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Not correct copy*

ORCHESTRA: 1st PHRASE  
WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!  
ORCHESTRA: 2nd PHRASE  
WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, PRESENTING FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY WITH TED WEEMS ORCHESTRA.  
ORCHESTRA: THEME - Tanner  
WIL: THE ORCHESTRA OPENS THE SHOW WITH "THE LADY IS A TRAMP."  
ORCHESTRA: "THE LADY IS A TRAMP" -- Down for--  
WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

Many of your friends may have beautiful polished floors and linoleum in their homes. Perhaps you have envied them a little - wished your own floors always looked clean and well cared for. Well, here's the easy way to keep linoleum beautiful and shining all the time with practically no work. Use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the remarkable liquid polish that requires no rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT quickly changes dull, lifeless linoleum into a lovely gleaming surface very easy to keep clean. There will be no worn spots in front of your stove or sink. There will be no scuff marks and stains to ruin the looks of your linoleum if you keep it protected with GLO-COAT - spelled G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" DOWN FOR -

WIL: FIBBER'S BACK IN WISTFUL VISTA AGAIN, AND HE'S GOT A NEW JOB! YES, HE'S TALKED HIS WAY INTO THE MANAGERSHIP OF THE LOCAL OFFICE OF THE WISTFUL VISTA TRAVEL BUREAU. AND HERE, WITH THE UBIQUITOUS SILLY WATSON, BACK OF A FOLDER-LITTERED COUNTER WE FIND, FIBBER ( SO THIS IS PARIS) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Sil, this is the kind of a job I've always wanted.

SIL: Is it, suh? Ah didn' even know you wanted one.

FIB: I did...and this is it. This kinda work has got glamur.

SIL: Yassuh...but ah reckon ah won' be much he'p to you in that, please suh. Mah arifmetick ain' bad, but mah glammah is real week.

FIB: No no no...not GRAMMAR. GLAMOÛR. Romance! Think of it... helpin' people get to the far corners of the world..

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: (SOTTO VOCE) (Listen to this, Sil. This'll give ye the idea) How do you do, madam - something in a little jaunt ot Java? Or a hop to Holland? Or maybe a skip in a Schooner to Scandinavia, Skoll?

WOMAN: Tell me, please...if I should go to Persia by way of Batavia, will I be allowed more than 100 pounds of hand luggage if I go tourist cabin, should I declare all purchases, what is the foreign exchange on lire, kronen, pengoes, drachmas, and guilders, and what time is it now?

FIB: Three fifteen, sis.

WOMAN: Oh, thank you.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: See how easy it is, Sil, if you just use your head? Now look at this folder on Bali Bali. Shucks, there's some very important people go to Bali Bali. I just looked 'em up in the Bali Bali Who's Who, or as the natives, say, the Bali-Whoo. It says --

TELEPHONE:

FIB: WISTFUL VISTA TRAVEL BUREAU...ASK MR. MCGEE...WHO? OH YES... YES... WELL I CAN ARRANGE A TOUR FOR YOU, SIS, THAT'LL GIVE YOU THE UBANGIS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, SANTA CRUZ FOR CHRISTMAS AND TURKEY FOR THANKSGIVING. You betcha. (CLICK) Better straighten up them folders, Sil. They look kinda messy.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Put the folders about each country next to the country that's next to it, geographically. For instance, I...No NO...not like that. Jerusalem aint anywhere near Germany here...like this...Scotland next to England...and very close, see?

SIL: Yassuh. How abou' puttin' China next to Japan...and keep movin' it closer every coupla houahs?

FIB: That's practical. Now then -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) WISTFUL VISTA TRAVEL BRUEAU. ASK MR. MCGEE, WHERE, SIS? HUNGARY? WELL, IF YOUR REAL HUNGARY, I'D SUGGEST THE HAMBURG-LINE, THAT TAKES YE PAST CAPE KETCHUP, CUTS OFF A SLICE OF BERMUDA AND WINDS UP IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. Okay, I'll have it for you tomahto...er... tomorrow. You betcha, sis. (CLICK)

Of course this business'll seem a little confusing to you at first Sil. But as an old globe trotter myself, Mind me to tell you sometime about when I sailed a thirty foot sailboat up the Andes?

SIL: You sail a boat up the Andes, suh? Them's MOUNTAINS, suh.

FIB: They are? Well, I THOUGHT That was pretty rough sailin'.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: How do you do sis. How about a nice round the world cruise? Only take four months, and who'd miss you for four months? Why shucks -

WOMAN: I am interested in Chile.

FIB: Oh, then you want the restaurant next door. This is a travel.

WOMAN: I mean the COUNTRY OF CHILE, South America. I'm going down there to take pictures of an old ruin.

FIB: Why dont he mail you a snapshot of himself, sis? Seems kinds selfish.. ....Just...er...how did you wanta go, Sis?

WOMAN: I think by way of Valparaiso.

FIB: Fine. Hand me a map of Indiana, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh ..

FIB: Let's see now...route 21 to South Bend...

WOMAN: Excuse me, but the Valparaiso I mean is in South America.

FIB: Oh oh yes. You like the Latin countries, sis?

WOMAN: Oh, do I like the Latins. (LAUGHS) Wany, weedy, weeky, you know. Woo-woo!

FIB: Oh wany weedy weeky, eh? Well, you may be a little weedy sis, but I wouldn't say you looked weaky. But I always kinda went for South America myself. I always liked the low, level pampas, the red hot man....er... By the way, what kind of a trunk you got?

WOMAN: Oh very muscular.

FIB: Very. m...AHEM. Put that down Sil. Baggage will stand rough handling.

SIL: Yassuh

FIB: Now then, sis, a little tip on what clothes to wear in the tropics. When it's real hot, you'll need a mess jacket. That one you got on is a mess. Take that. And if you got thru the Straits, you'll need a straight jacket. Have you ever been in India, sis?

GIRL: No. Have You?

FIB: HAVE I? Say, at one time I thought I'd spend the rest of my life there. I was gonna Burma bridges behind me. But I come back. In fact, I brought a native musician with me Mohammed Ben Weems. (CLAPS HANDS) HI! NUMBER ONE BOY!

DOOR LATCH:

TED WEEMS: You call, Marster?

FIB: No, I raise.

TED: Me raise you back.

FIB: I call. What you got?

TED: The Snake Charmer

FIB: Fine. That's why I call him my number-one Boy, sis. Always got one number that's terrific. Take it, Ted. THE SNAKE CHARMER.

ORCHESTRA: "THE SNAKE CHARMER"

APPLAUSE:

ht I'd spend the rest  
 rma bridges behind me.  
 ght a native musician  
 PS HANDS). HI! NUMBER

umber-one Boy. sis.  
 iffic. Take it, Ted.

2ND SPOT

FIB: This travel bureau business brings back old Memories to me,  
 Sil...SAY, D'I ever tell you about the time I was a musician  
 in Morrocco? Playin' the bazzooka in a Bazaar?  
 SIL: Yassuh...real frequent.  
 FIB: Well what of it. Repitition is what sells stuff. I was knowed  
 in Morrocco as EL TOOTO FLOOTO, Sil. Later on it was just  
 Tooto Flooto..  
 SIL: Why suh?  
 FIB: The local musicians made me get the EL outa there. Ye see...

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) WISTFUL VISTA TRAVEL BUREAU. ASK MR. MEGEE. EH? (LONG  
 DISTANCE FROM PALM SPRINGS, SIL.)  
 SIL: Yassuh. It sho is. *See page 23  
 (short bus)*  
 FIB: No, I mean. HELLO. YES, I'M READY? HELLO. OH HELLO, MRS. RAMSEY?  
 YES MRS. RAMSEY. ENJOYING YOUR TRIP? THAT'S FINE. EH? YOU'D  
 LIKE TO HAVE YOUR HUSBAND WITH YOU? WELL, I'LL SEE IF I CAN  
 PERSUADE HIM. I DID ASK HIM ONCE YOU KNOW AND HE SAYS HE'S  
 HAVIN' TOO GOOD A TIME HERE. But I'll call him again. OKAY  
 MRS. RAMSEY. (CLICK)  
 SIL: Mist' McGee, please suh..you says somp'm abou' changin' that lil  
 ole window display suh..  
 FIB: Oh yes. Take out that poster that says "LET US ARRANGE A VISIT  
 TO FLORENCE. " I'm tired o' tellin' them punks this aint a  
 escort bureau. And take that steamer trunk outa the window and  
 slap some more labels onto it.

DOOR LATCH: SLAM:

OLD M: You the t  
 FIB: That's me  
 OLD MAN: A little  
 FIB: No no.. r  
 How about  
 OLD M: Eh? What  
 FIB: I says RI  
 OLD M: Nope.. Tr  
 FIB: (LAUGHS)  
 OLD M: EH? WHAT  
 FIB: I...er..H  
 OLD M: Say, sonn  
 FIB: Nope. Ne  
 OLD M: Me either  
 a small w

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: How could  
 Hey, you  
 SIL: Yassuh...  
 trunk, pl  
 FIB: Okay..  
SOUNDS: THUMPS...THUDS:  
 SIL: Real havy  
 FIB: I'll say s  
 propeller

DOOR LATCH: SLAM:

OLD M: You the travel man, Sonny?  
 FIB: That's me, old timer. Want to take a little trip?  
 OLD MAN: A little nip of what? Don't matter. Don't care if I do.  
 FIB: No no.. not a little nip. A little TRIP. A Voyage. TRAVEL  
 How about rollin' down to Rio?  
 OLD M: Eh? What say?  
 FIB: I says RIO. RIO.  
 OLD M: Nope.. Traded it in for a Buick.  
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Ye did, eh?  
 OLD M: EH? WHAT SAY?  
 FIB: I...er..HEY WHAT DID YOU WANT IN HERE, GRANDPA?  
 OLD M: Say, sonny...you ever been in Denmark?  
 FIB: Nope. Never been there.  
 OLD M: Me either, I THOUGHT your face was familiar. (HEH HEH) It's  
 a small world, ain't it?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: How could my face be familiar if he wasn't ever..oh well. AHEN!  
 Hey, you got that stuff outa the window yet, Sil?  
 SIL: Yassuh...just about suh. You gimme a hand w' dis big old  
 trunk, please suh?  
 FIB: Okay..  
SOUNDS: THUMPS...THUDS...BUMPS... FIB: There!  
 SIL: Real havy an' it suh?  
 FIB: I'll say so. That's what they call a steamer trunk, Sil. Put a  
 propeller and a flag on it, and it'd go to Europe by itself.

SIL: What'll ah do wif it, p  
 FIB: Oh shove it over there  
 forgot. Gimme the pho  
 VISTA 55-66-88-99-. Eh?  
 apiece so I wouldn't ha  
 HELLO: MR. RAMSEY..MR  
 LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM  
 HER IN PALM SPRINGS. EH  
 LONESOME FOR YOU. WELL  
 HELP OUR PATRONS IN EVE  
 that mugg? Somebody ou

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Oh - Hayah, sis!  
 WOMAN: Hello. Will you please  
 Brahmputra for next we  
 FIB: You betcha sis. Inside o  
 WOMAN: Oh inside, of course. I  
 FIB: No, I mean a cabin with  
 WOMAN: Yes - I know...but I ca  
 FIB: You don't get the idea  
 and outside. The outside  
 the inside are the other  
 what I mean to say is y  
 cab..er...only an outsid  
 can sleep in a lifeboat  
 WOMAN: That dear Paris. How I

SIL: What'll ah do wif it, please suh?  
FIB: Oh shove it over there by the telephone table--oh...I nearly forgot. Gimme the phone. Thanks. HELLO OPERATOR. GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 55-66-88-99-. Eh? no, 5689. I just says 'em twice apiece so I wouldn't have to repeat it for you. AHM. Thanks. HELLO. MR. RAMSEY. <sup>Short beer (see page 23)</sup> MR MCGEE OF THE TRAVEL BUREAU. SAY I GOTTA LONG DISTANCE CALL FROM YOUR WIFE. YES, SHE WANTS YOU TO JOIN HER IN PALM SPRINGS. EH? AW GO ON, RAMSEY. BE A SPORT. SHE'S LONESOME FOR YOU. WELL IT IS TOO MY BUSINESS. I'M TRYIN' TO HELP OUR PATRONS IN EVERY...HELLO...HELLO. (CLICK) Imagine that mugg? Somebody oughtta

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Oh - Hayah, sis!  
WOMAN: Hello. Will you please book passage for me on the S. S. Erahmaputra for next week?  
FIB: You betcha sis. Inside or outside cabin?  
WOMAN: Oh inside, of course. I couldn't sleep outside in this weather.  
FIB: No, I mean a cabin with an outside exposure.  
WOMAN: Yes - I know...but I catch cold so easily.  
FIB: You don't get the idea, sis. We got two kinds o' cabins. Inside and outside. The outside cabins are outside of the inside and the inside are the other side of the side past the outs...er.. what I mean to say is you can get inside price on an outside cab..er..only an outsider would take the inside..er...oh, you can sleep in a lifeboat. Where you bound for sis?  
WOMAN: That dear Paris. How I long for the old Rue De La Paix.

FIB: The 'Rue de what say?  
WIL: SHE SAID YOU'LL RUE THE DELAY IF YOU DON'T PROTECT YOUR FLOORS AND FURNITURE WITH JOHNSON'S WAX...THE EASY TO USE POLISH THAT  
FIB: HARPO:

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Sorry sis... Don't pay any attention to him. He's so dumb he thinks the Red Sea is a case o' pink-eye. Anything else you'd like to know sis?  
WOMAN: Yes. One thing.  
FIB: What's that?  
WOMAN: How did you ever get into this business?

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hear that Sil? Nice of her to take an interest in my affai... What's the matter, Sil?  
SIL: Nuthin' suh. Ah was jus' lookin' at this heah lil book about WHY-KICKY.  
FIB: That's WAIKIKI, Sil. Beautiful place. I remember I was there once long ago. Cheap, too. Only ten bucks a month for room and surf-board. I roomed with a Swiss yodeler who always wore an oley-o-lay-hee around his neck. I remember one day when I was fighting a hand-to-hand fight with a shark...  
SIL: In th' OCEAN, Suh?  
FIB: No, in my hotel.. He was a card shark. Well sir, I-

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

ENGL: Oh, I say, old chap is there a bally boat sailing soon for Livahtpool? I'm going back to visit the patah, and I'm frightfully bucked up about it, you know and all that, what?

FIB: What?

ENG: Oh Rawtheh.

FIB: Well bud, the S.S. Ptomaine is sailing on the 18th. Here's a picture of her.

RATTLE OF PAPER

ENG: Oh I say...a bit of all right, isn't she. Something about a ship like that, old top, makes one think of a lovely lady, right?

FIB: That's right. Only in this case, bud, the Lady is a Tramp... steamer.. AHEM. So you're going back to London for a visit, eh?

ENG: Jolly, isn't it? I heard ovah the wiahless that London has just had the worst fog in thirty yeas. Frightful, what?

FIB: Terrible. In fact bud, I had a friend of mine send me a hunk of that fog by refrigerated express.

ENG: Really! I should like to have seen it.

FIB: It was very interesting...if you held it up to the light, you could see a derby hat, a cabhorse, a bobby's glove, two news-boys and Anthony Eden's briefcase.

ENG: Oh, I say...now I KNOW you're pulling my leg, old fellow... HAW...fawncy old Eden's dispatch case without old Eden. Impossible really.

FIB: But if you're really homesick the Wistful Vista Travel Bureau situation. Press the buzzer,

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: BUZZER... DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

CLARK: Did you ring, sir?

FIB: Oh yes. This is Clark Dennis to have you sing for a customer.

CLARK: All right. What do you want?

FIB: Give him a FOGGY DAY IN LONDON.

ENG: Oh I say...that will be dripped.

FIB: Right Ho Tyke it awye, Clark.

ORK: "A FOGGY DAY IN LONDON" .. DEM

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Better make a lost of today's

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: French Reveera, Scotland and W

SIL: French Vera, Scollend an' your

FIB: No...no...no...not my best und

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Baden...Baden...

SIL: Who's got de baden...



FIB: But if you're really homesick for a little London fog bud, the Wistful Vista Travel Bureau has got a service to cover the situation. Press the buzzer, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: BUZZER... DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

CLARK: Did you ring, sir?

FIB: Oh yes. This is Clark Dennis of our musical department. Like to have you sing for a customer, Clark.

CLARK: All right. What do you want?

FIB: Give him a FOGGY DAY IN LONDON.

ENG: Oh I say... that will be dripping...er... RIPPING

FIB: Right Ho. Tyke it awye, Clark, old chap. Are you theah, Ted?

CRK: "A FOGGY DAY IN LONDON" .. DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Better make a list of today's bookings, Sil. Take these down.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: French Reveera, Scotland and West Indies.

SIL: French Vera, Scollend an' your best undies...

FIB: No...no...no...not my best undies...the WEST INDIES.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Baden...Baden...

SIL: Who's got de baden...

FIB: Oh now, Sil, I don't -- Oh say try at old Ramsey.. (CLICK).. HEY ARE YOU CHEWIN' GUM OPERA WHY I BEEN GETTINI THE BUSY S RAMSEY.. WELL THIS IS MR. MCCO YOU.. NOW LOOK. YOU GOT NO B WHEN YOUR LITTLE WOMAN WANTS SPRINGS... SHE'S ASKED ME IF THERE AND.. EH? OH IS THAT S TO ME YOU PUFFY PREHISTORIC P PINHEADED PUNK YOU PASTY-PANM PERNICIOUS POPEYED PANHANDLIN PILFERING POCKMARKED PAL OF P POOREST PATHETIC PRETENSE OF A PAPPED A PEEPER ON FROM PATAGO Hmmm...I musta said something

(APPLAUSE)

SIL: Yassuh...I wouldn't be a bit s

FIB: Well...shucks...here I promise

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh hello, folks...something fo

MAN: (GOOFY) Well...I...er...we...H

GIRL: (GIGGLES) Well, we just got

MAN: And we kinda thought...ha...ha

FIB: I catch on bud...Honeymoon, eh biscuits against an old rubber Niagara falls.

FIB: Oh now, Sil, I don't -- Oh say... I think I'll make one more try at old Ramsey.. (CLICK).. HELLO OPEATOR... GIMME 5689... AND HEY ARE YOU CHEWIN' GUM OPERATOR.. WELL QUIT IT I WONDERED WHY I BEEN GETTINI THE BUSY SIGNAL ALL DAY. (HUMS) HELLO. MR. RAMSEY.. WELL THIS IS MR. MCGEE AND I WANNA TALK TO YOU. YES YOU.. NOW LOOK. YOU GOT NO BUSINESS PLAYIN' AROUND TOWN HERE WHEN YOUR LITTLE WOMAN WANTS YOU TO JOIN HER OUT IN PALM SPRINGS.. SHE'S ASKED ME IF I COULDN'T GET YOU TO COME OUT THERE AND EH? OH IS THAT SO... A BUSYBODY AM I? WELL LISTEN TO ME YOU PUFFY PREHISTORIC PIE-EYED PIFFLICATED PORKY PAUNCHED PINHEADED PUNK YOU PASTY-PANNED PREVIEW OF A POODLES PAPPA YOU PERNICIOUS POPEYED PANHANDLING PRIDE OF THE POOLROOMS YOU PILFERING POCKMARKED PAL OF PUBLIC PLUG-UGLIES YOU'RE THE POOREST PATHETIC PRETENSE OF A PREHENSILE PLAYBOY I EVER PAPPED A PEEPER ON FROM PATAGONIC TO PARAGUAY... HELLO... Hmmm... I musta said something that made him mad.

(APPLAUSE)

SIL: Yassuh... I wouldn't be a bit surprised.  
 FIB: Well... shucks... here I promised Mis. Ramsey...

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh hello, folks... something for you...  
 MAN: (GOOFY) Well... I... er... we... HAW HAW... we... tell him, Baby  
 GIRL: (GIGGLES) Well, we just got... married. (GIGGLES)  
 MAN: And we kinda thought... ha... haw... well, gee --  
 FIB: I catch on bud... Honeymoon, eh? I'll bet one of the brides biscuits against an old rubber boot heel you wants go to Niagara falls.

MAN: Aww... how'd you guess.

FIB: Here you are...

SOUND: OF TICKET STAMPER...

one roundtrip ticket to both going?

GIRL: No. (GIGGLES) I've seen

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey Sil. did you forward

SIL: Yassuh... ah was jus' tak

FIB: Okay... I just... HEY WHAT

SIL: That's wheah the stamps lil brotheh, anyway she stamps and these was red 'em off.

FIB: Oh well, that's all right happened to 'em. Shucks

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WOMAN: How do you do.

FIB: Oh hiyah sis. What can spot on the globe. Jus far, or what country... jiffy. Why I know more than.

WOMAN: Can you tell me how to

MAN: Aww...how'd you guess. Gimme one round trip ticket.

FIB: Here you are...

SOUND: OF TICKET STAMPER...

one roundtrip ticket to N1a...HEY WHAT'S THE IDEA? Ain't you both going?

GIRL: No. (GIGGLES) I've seen it.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Hey Sil. did you forward all that foreign mail like I told you.

SIL: Yassuh...ah was jus' takin' it out, please suh. See?

FIB: Okay...I just...HEY WHAT'S ALL THE CORNERS CUT OFF FOR?

SIL: That's wheeh the stamps was suh. You see, my gal Rosebud's lil brotheh, anyway she says he's her lil brotheh, is collectin' stamps and these was real interestin', suh, so I kinda clipped 'em off.

FIB: Oh well, that's all right then. I thought something had happened to 'em. Shucks, I -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WOMAN: How do you do.

FIB: Oh hiyah sis. What can I do for you. I can tell you about any spot on the globe. Just ask me. No matter where it is...how far, or what country...I'll make ye up a -eye-tin-erlary in a jiffy. Why I know more outa the way spots on this green earth than...

WOMAN: Can you tell me how to get to the Public Library?

FIB: The Publi...er...AHEM... Well let's see now, sis... is...no it isn't either...that's the fish-hatchery over past the...no...now lemme think...

WOMAN: Oh never mind!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: By the way, Sil. Remind me to fix up some low-rate Hong Kong.

SIL: Yassuh...but nobody is goin' to wanna go theah suh.

FIB: That's why I can afford to make such a low rate. Sil, in a business like this.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

BARRYMORE: Ah there, my boy...you see before you a desparate man who has suffered the tortures of the... I am in a t... son, a dither, a fluster, a jitter - I am upset, un... and agog. I am in the throes of woe. I, Reginald... has trod the boards with Booth and enlivened the du... with scintillating wit...must I go down to defeat the... Moronic onslaughts of a doltish crew? ANSWER ME

FIB: Why er... I don't why no, bud...I guess not. You

HAMFAT: That my boy, according to the critics in this level... is a matter for discussion. A bone of contention... worried by the hounds of the histrionic art. But... that... I need your assistance to get my little com... thespians wafted to the palpitating public which br... awaits their arrival in South Bend, Indiana.

trip ticket.

THE IDEA? Ain't you

gn mail like I told you.

se suh. See?

ERS CUT OFF FOR?

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FIB: The Publi...er...AHEM... Well let's see now, sis... I think it is...no it isn't either...that's the fish-hatchery...It's over past the...no...now lemme think...

WOMAN: Oh never mind!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: By the way, Sil. Remind me to fix up some low-rate excursions to Hong Kong.

SIL: Yassuh... but nobody is goin' to wanna go theah suh.

FIB: That's why I can afford to make such a low rate. AHEM Ye see, Sil, in a business like this.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

BARRYMORE: Ah there, my boy...you see before you a desparate man one who has suffered the tortures of the... I am in a turmoil my son, a dither, a fluster, a jitter... I am upset, unsettled and, agog. I am in the throes of woe... I, Reginald Hamfat, who has trod the boards with Booth and enlivened the dullard drama with scintillating wit... must I go down to defeat before the Moronic onslaughts of a doltish crew? ANSWER ME MUST I?

FIB: Why er... I don't why no, bud... I guess not. You an actor?

HAMFAT: That my boy, according to the critics in this lovely hamlet is a matter for discussion. A bone of contention, gnawed and worried by the hounds of the histrionic art. But enough of that... I need your assistance to get my little company of thespians wafted to the palpitating public which breathlessly awaits their arrival in South Bend, Indiana.

FIB: I catch on, Hamf

HAMFAT: That, my lad, is A SHADKESPEAH H MERRY SHREWS OF SORE AND TAKES A AND ON AND ON ME

FIB: I catch on, Hamfat. You mean you want me to make arrangements to ship your scenery and stuff to the next theatre.

HAMFAT: That, my lad, is the gist, the kernel, the crux of the matter. As SHADKESPEAH HAS SO WELL SAID IN THE DEATHBED SCENE OF "THE MERRY SHREWS OF CAESAR" AH WHAT IS THIS THAT TRIES MY SOUL SO SORE AND TAKES A SPIRITS TOLL NO END NO END. THE PLAY GOES ON AND ON AND ON METHINKS TO WHAT DID I SAY WAS NEXT SOUTH BEND?

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

JOHNSON'S CREAMY WHITE  
other furniture polish  
FURNITURE POLISH you'll  
sticky polish that col  
WHITE FURNITURE POLISH  
dirt -- protects furni  
Ask your dealer for JO  
handsome glass bottle.

ORK THEME? DOWN FOR-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

JOHNSON'S CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH is new! -- different from all other furniture polish. Once you've used JOHNSON'S new CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH you'll never be satisfied to go back to an oily, sticky polish that collects dust and finger marks. JOHNSON'S CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH gives a rich satiny wax lustre -- seals out dirt -- protects furniture from wear -- keeps it beautiful always. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S new CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH in the handsome glass bottle.

ORK THEME: DOWN FOR-

4th SPOT:

TELEPHONE: REPEAT.

FIB: (CLICK) WISTFUL VISTA TRAVEL BUREAU. ASK MR MCGEE. EH? YES, MADAM, A PET CAT IS ALLOWED ABOARD THE SHIP. YES... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO APPLY FOR A PUSSPORT.\* - DON'T MENTION IT (CLICK)

SIL: Hey M1st' McGee....What'll ah do wif 'si l1l ole steamah trunk ah took outa the window...it's right in the way heah, suh.

FIB: That's okay, Sil.

NOTE: DELETION BECAUSE OF "OLD BAG"

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

SIL: Heahs M1st' Depopolis, suh.

FIB: Eh? Oh, HIYAH NICK!

NICK: Hello Fizzer. Somebody is telling me you are manager for a places which is making somebody go places and do people. Am I wrong, or is somebody telling Depopolis a falseface?\*

FIB: Nope.. You're right, Nick. I'm running a travel bureau. How about selling you a little trip? Say a cruise to the Mediterranean?

NICK: Oh no, Fizzer. A crudies to the mad-at the rumanians<sup>4</sup> is not my ideas of something to do when I am having some place to go. My idea, as I was saying to Mrs. Depopolis at noon, last night...\*....

FIB: At NOON...last night?

NICK: Sure...the days are getting smaller with winter coming in like a lion and going out with a lamb on top.\* But as I was saying to Mrs. Depopolis last nights, listen, I am saying, while she is taking a sock at me which is needing mending on the toes,\* Listen, sweethearts, I am saying, while she is sticking her eye thru a thread with a needle,\* LISTEN, I am saying, MRS. DEPOPOLIS...

FIB: Well, dad rat it, Nick...what WERE you saying?

NICK: Oh I was just telling her that if I am having a choices, about where I am going to, on a choo-choo plane or a railboat I am not even packing my gripe. I am staying home, with a Reader's Digestion.\*

FIB: What's the matter, Nick? Don't you like to travel?

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. Travels is a fine thing to be doing it if it is not being that my little Demetrios is needing to save my money to work his way thru the Universe, you grob me?\*

FIB: You mean Demetrios is going to work his way thru the University?

NICK: Sure. I am always preaching with him that a college mans is being ahead of a dumble bells in a bottle with life.\* For four years he is loafing for somebody else to pay for it, and when he is coming out, he is so anxipuss to employ a job that he is able to keep my feet on the ground while he is climbing the ladder of failure, if I know what you mean.\* Well, so long Fizzer. Next time we are out of town, come over to dinner some nights, if you are not having something else to do, and I certainly hope so.\*

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Now then, Sil. Let's fix up that window Display. I'll make them advertisements so powerful that California will be sending people to Florida for their health.\* Why -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Hiya, Bud. Something I could do for you? How about a nice trip to The <sup>T</sup>housand Islands. Spend a week on each Island and it makes a wonderful vacati-\* (PAUSE) What's the matter, bud?

MAN: (MENACE) Are you MCGEE?

FIB: You betcham, Bud. Fibber McGee. Travelr McGee, tabulatin' tasty trips to Tibet, taking tired-

MAN: PIPE DOWN. I'M MR. SHORTBEER. REMEMBER ME?

FIB: Oh..I..er..oh yes. (NERVOUS LAUGH) You're the fella I was..er..I I was kiddin' with on the phone. Glad to know ye, bud...er.. shortbeer.

MAN: ALL RIGHT WISE GUY. NOW LISTEN..WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS IF I DON'T GO TO PALM SPRING WIT ME WIFE?

FIB: Why why...as a principle of the business..er..our service to the Patrons..and your wife asked me to see if I couldn't get you to.. ye see, bud I was just...\*

MAN: YOU WAS JUST STICKIN' YOUR BEAK INTO MY BUSINESS, SEE? AND YOU GOT PRETTY SMART ON THE PHONE, TOO?

FIB: Oh don't mind that, Shortbeer. I guess I got kind of a blunt way o' speakin' on the phone, and..er...\*

MAN: PUT UP YOUR DUKES!

FIB: You mean..er...hey now listen, Shortbeer...you can't get away with that. SIL, go out and get a policeman...

SIL: Yassuh...

MAN: STAY WHERE YOU ARE, BOY!

SIL: Yassuh. Is ah got any choice, suh.?

MAN: NO.

SIL: Yassuh.\*

MAN: ALL RIGHT MCGEE...HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS...(SMACK)

FIB: Why you..WELL..ALL RIGHT....HAVE ONE YOURSELF!!!(SMACK)  
and here's a couple for the boys in the back room....  
(SMACK SMACK)

MAN: WHY YOU LITTLE....I'LL TEAR YOU APART...YOU BETTER MAKE  
OUT A FEW TICKETS FOR YOURSELF...YOU'RE GOIN' IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS, PUNK!\*

FIB: WELL...I KNOW MY WAY\*.....(SLAPS..SMACKS)...GRUNTS..  
SOUND OF TERRIFIC FIGHT...GLASS CRASH..

SIL: LOOK OUT THEAH, MIS' MCGEE...LOOK OUT FO 'AT OIL OLE TRUNK.

FIB: I....see it.. Sil....

FIGHTING UP..SUDDEN CRASH AND THUD ..

SIL: Look, Mist' McGee...suh...you push him right into that  
ole trunk..

FIB: SLAM THE LID, SIL...QUICK....

SIL: YASSUH!

SOUND: SLAM \*

FIB: (PANTING) Sil.

SIL: Yassuh..now do I git a cop, suh?

FIB: No. (PANTS) Lock that trunk, bore a couple o' holes  
in it and slap a shipping tag on it...addressed to Mrs.  
Gildersleeve W. Shortbeer...Palm Springs, California..\*

SIL: You mean you is gonna send him...

FIB: AND TAKE A TELEGRAM. TO MRS. SHORTBEER. PALM SPRINGS.  
CAL. IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR BUSINESS POLICY AND AS USUAL  
SERVICE TO OUR PATRONS, YOUR MALE IS BEING FORWARDED. \*

----- Signed, Fibber McGee.

ORK: "MAMMA THAT MOON IS HERE AGAIN" APPLAUSE: DOWN FOR --



ORTBEER. PALM SPRINGS.  
BUSINESS POLICY AND AS USUAL  
E IS BEING FORWARDED. \*  
igned, Fibber McGee.

APPLAUSE: DOWN FOR -

FINAL COMMERCIAL:

Hundreds of times you have heard about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT--  
and how it quickly makes linoleum and floors shine like new. Perhaps  
you have wanted to try GLO-COAT on your own linoleum -- yet you didn't  
know just how to go about it. Let me, then, give you the very easy  
directions for applying this wonderful no-rubbing polish to your kitchen  
linoleum or to your linoleum rugs. You simply pour a little GLO-COAT  
right out of the can, onto the clean floor. Then spread the liquid  
lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT  
applier. It requires no rubbing or buffing. Even a child can use  
GLO-COAT successfully -- for this remarkable polish never smears or  
streaks on the floor. It dries in 20 minutes to a beautiful gleaming  
polish -- protecting your floors from dirt and wear -- making them  
much easier to clean. Order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from  
your dealer tomorrow -- and remember you save money on the larger sizes.

ORK: UP AND DOWN FOR

TAG GAG:

ORK: SWELL TO FINISH.

APPLAUSE: SIGNOFF

mc:12/30/37: 2:30 PM  
ea:mr:js:mk:1/3/38  
11:00 AM

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON &

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE &

CHICAGO OUTLEWMAQ  
(8:00- 8:30 PM )  
11:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS