

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY  
CHICAGO OUTLET WDAQ ( )  
8:00-8:30 PM ( )  
JANUARY 24, 1938 MONDAY

WRITER  
OK DON QUINN  
PAUL BENNING

PRODUCTION  
ANNOUNCER  
ENGINEER  
MARKS

11:00-11:30 PM

*Not correct*

Page 2.

ORK: 1st PHRASE

WIL: When you walk on wax, you save your floors!

ORK: 2nd PHRASE

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee and Company!

ORK: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW "

WIL: Billy Mills and his orchestra open the show with "FINE AND DANDY"

ORK: ("FINE AND DANDY")

Down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

It's easy to understand why JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT far outsells all other no-rubbing polishes combined. GLO-COAT is so easy to use. It never streaks or smears. Just apply a little of this remarkable liquid to your kitchen linoleum -- give it twenty minutes to dry -- and see the transformation! You can always have bright, sparkling linoleum and floors instead of dull, dreary floors if you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, the no-rubbing polish that seals out dirt and stains -- and saves your floors from wear. Look for the attractive yellow can with the lettering: G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN") (FADE)

WIL: WELL, THIS IS THE DAY FIBBER HAS BEEN WAITING FOR. NOTHING TO DO BUT STAY AT HOME FOR A LITTLE REST AND RELAXATION. ALL HE WANTS TODAY IS A MAGAZINE AND A GOOD CIGAR. ON SECOND THOUGHT, IT DOESN'T EVEN NEED TO BE A GOOD CIGAR. SO HERE, IN THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WITH HIS MONDAY-MAN FRIDAY SILLY WATSON, WE FIND FIBBER -- ("DO-NOT-DISTURB") MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

FIB: Ahhhh, this is the stuff, Sil. Nothin' like a quiet day at home. Only thing better'n this is a little shack in the South Seas someplace.

SIL: Is it, suh?

FIB: Yep...THAT'S the place to get back to nature. Ye know, them natives down there, when they go swimmin', they like nothin' better'n a heavy suit of woolen underwear?

SIL: Honest, suh?

FIB: Yep...they like nothin' MUCH BETTER than a heavy suit of woolen underwe-

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it. (CLICK) McGee residence, if it ain't important, hang-up. EH? This is McGee speakin'. WHO? OH, SAM SAGAMORE. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN TOWN? GOT YOUR CIRCUS HERE, EH? WELL I'LL COME DOWN AND SEE IT SOME DAY THIS WEE...eh? NO I DON'T WANT A JOB SAM. MY CIRCUS DAYS ARE OVER...YOU KNOW THAT. EH? I DON'T CARE HOW BIG A JOB IT IS, SAM...I AIN'T INTERESTED. I'M STAYIN' HOME TO RELAX THIS WEEK. OKAY SAM...THANKS FOR CALLIN' ANYWAY. (CLICK)

FIB: Imagine offerin' me a job with his circus.

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Mrs. Fidditch.

MRS. F: Oh how do you do, Mr. McGee...Tell me, do you like children...?

FIB: Why...why yes, Mrs. Fidditch. I'm real fond of the little

MRS. F: Oh I just KNEW IT. And do children like you?

FIB: I'll say they do. The minute they say me, they start cryin' to think they gotta leave me so soon. Why'd ye ask, Mrs. Fidditch?

MRS. F: Well, I just got to thinking...here you are right next door, and with your wife away you must wonder what to do with your time and I simply MUST go to the beauty parlor, and you get along SO well with children --

FIB: Oh oh...well, I didn't mean -

MRS. F: ----So I'm going to let you have my little Rose for a few hours...  
WON'T THAT BE FUN?

FIB: Hey now...wait a minute, Mrs. Fidditch, I can't...er...that is, I gotta...I don't know anything about...

MRS. F: Just don't let her swallow things and here's a bottle with her formula and you'll find everything you need in this shopping bag. It isn't everyone, I'd leave her with, you know. I almost ENVY you, you lucky man!

DOOR SLAM: BABY WHIMPERS

FIB: Well fer the...of all the ner...HEY SIL!

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You...you know anything about babies?

SIL: Yassuh, when ah was real little, ah used to be one.

FIB: No I mean...(GROANS) what are we gonna do with this one...

BABY: Gah?

FIB: What say, sis?  
 BABY: Gragem?  
 FIB: (LAUGHS) Say, she's kinda cute at that, ain't she Sil?  
 Where'll I put her? On the davenport?  
 SIL: You bettah put er on the flo' suh! She can't fall offen  
 that.  
 FIB: Good idea....(GRUNTS) There ye are, baby. Look at them  
 little toes, Sil. Aint they cute?  
 THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET...  
 THIS LITTLE PIG HIT THE HAY.  
 THIS LITTLE PIG WAS PLOWED UNDER  
 BY ORDERS OF THE A. A. A.  
 THIS LITTLE PIG --  
 BABY: WAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!  
 SIL: Look like po'k don' agree with her suh.  
 FIB: Hmm. Maybe we better sing to her. Know any lullaby's Sil?  
 SIL: Only Rock an' Rye, mah baby, suh.  
 FIB: You mean Rockabye baby. Let's try it...  
 DUO: ROCKABYE BABY, ON THE TREE TOP...WHEN THE WIND BLOWS..  
 FIB: By the way, Sil. You better be sure the back door's closed.  
 we don't want no drafts on this kid. Do we, Rose?  
 BABY: Gla..  
 FIB: I should say not.  
 BABY: Sknaaa.  
 FIB: Sure.  
 BABY: Mniff?  
 FIB: Eh? I didn't get that last.

BABY: Gneefna?  
 FIB: Oh oh yes. You betcha - Hear that Sil?  
 SIL: Kin you undehtan' that stuff suh?  
 FIB: Shucks, every word of it.  
 BABY: Sna wha..an sem dawwaaa...whiss ..wha ya waaa...  
 SIL: Wah she say then?  
 FIB: She says she wants to hear Billy Mills play - WHISTLE  
 WHILE YOU WORK, FROM SNOW WHITE AND THE 7 DWARFS. HEAR  
 THAT, BILLY MILLS?  
 MILLS: Daa - daaa.  
 ORK: "WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK"  
APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOTSOUND: BABY CRY.....WHIMPER AND OUT

FIB: Dad rat it, Sil...why'd I ever let that dame talk me into takin' care of this baby?

SIL: Ain' it about time she oughtta be fed, suh?

FIB: I tried that bottle of stuff in the bag there and it don't taste good. I aint gonna feed no baby that stuff.

SIL: Nossuh. What IS you gonna feed her?

FIB: Well, the newest thing for kids is strained vegetables and mashed bananas. What vegetables we got, sil?

SIL: Cabbage, onions an' baked beans.

FIB: Well, when you get time, go strain 'em. And mash a banana.

BABY CRY

FIB: Ah fer the.....NO NO NO, BABY! Mustent chewy on toesy. Better put a blanket down Sil, so's she can crawl around. She sure covers a lotta floor without much effort.

SIL: AND SO DOES JOHNSONS GLOCOAT, THE EASY TO USE, NO RUBBING FLOOR POLISH THAT SHINES AS IT DRI\*

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello Fibber. Hello Silly.

SIL: Hiyah Mist Wilcox, please suh.

FIB: Know how to handle babies, Harpo?

WIL: No, I don't, Fibber - HOW OLD?

FIB: One year?

WIL: No, I dont.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: You better look up the number of some good nursery in the phone book Sil. We might as well learn to do this thing right.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Come on, baby...let's play pattycake pattycake...

Patty cake patty cake, butchers' man...er...doctor lawyer, merchant chief...when your mama comes back it'll be a relief...

PATTY CAKE PATTY CAKE...(FADE OUT)

SIL: (Fade in) (TO HIMSELF) Nursery...nuhs'ry...nushary...heah they is "SEEDLING AND SAPLING NUHS'RY COMPNY"...That soun' lak a good one. HEAH MIST MCGEE...WIS'FIL VISTA 2400.

FIB: Much obliged...you play with Rose while I call 'em. (CLICK) HELLO OPERATOR GIMME WISTFUL VISTA 2400. Hello is this THE NURSERY?

TELEPHONE VOICE: Yes, it is. Mr. Anthemum, speaking.

FIB: Hi, Chris? This is Fibber McGee, 79 Wistful Vista...mind if I ask you a few questions.

MAN: Not at all...not at all.

FIB: Seems like I oughtta talk to a woman about this but...oh well..

MAN: That's all right, McGee.. I've been taking care of Mother Nature's little darlings for several years now.

FIB: Well this one's a Rose, bud.

MAN: A rosebud? What kind...a rambler, a climber or a Beauty?

FIB: Well, this one's a combination climber and creeper, bud.

MAN: Have you got a lattice for her?

FIB: No I aint, bud....wait a minute. Hey SIL!  
SIL: Yassuh.  
FIB: Get the baby some lettuce. I KNEW she oughtta have vegetables.  
SIL: Yassuh.  
FIB: HELLO BUD, What else should she have?  
MAN: Have you taken any slips off her?  
FIB: It ain't been necessary yet.  
MAN: I see. What's her color?  
FIB: Oh, kinda pale pink.  
Say, bud, should we oughtta keep Rose wrapped in a blanket?  
MAN: Oh never...too hot! An old piece of gunnysack is better.  
Burlap. Better air circulation.  
FIB: A gunnysack, eh? That's a new one.. But then, I don't know  
much about this business.  
MAN: Oh is this the first one you've raised, McGee?  
FIB: Yes it is.  
MAN: Well, I started out in a small way myself. The first year  
I only had fifty..  
FIB: FIFTY!  
MAN: Yes and now we have over a thousand.  
FIB: A thou -- (LAUGHS) and I think I got trouble!!  
MAN: Are her stems good and straight?  
FIB: STEMS? Oh, oh yes... well they're pretty short, but she  
ain't bowleged that I can see...

MAN: (LAUGHS) Now you're being funny, McGee. (LAUGHS) By the  
way, are her stems nice and green?  
FIB: (LAUGHS) NOW who's bein' funny?  
MAN: (LAUGHS) Well tell me, did your rose come of good stock?  
FIB: Well, I dunno, bud. I aint one to talk about the neighbors,  
but -  
MAN: I see. You got it from a neighbor.  
FIB: Yes.  
MAN: Not a Nursery?  
FIB: No. I dont think so.  
MAN: Probably just grew wild in somebody's garden.  
FIB: (LAUGHS) Kinda poetic, aint ye, bud? Whoever heard of a baby  
growin' in a garden?

MAN: A WHAT?  
 FIB: A BABY.  
 MAN: A BABY!  
 FIB: YES, A BABY!  
 MAN: OHHHHH, NO WONDER! WHAT YOU WANT IS A DAY NURSERY. THIS IS A  
 PLANT NURSERY! (LAUGHS)  
 FIB: A PLANT NURSERY...WELL WHAT'S THE IDEA O' STRINGIN' ME ALONG?  
 I THINK - I'LL JUST COME AND CALL ON YOU, BUD!  
 MAN: (LAUGHS) YEAH? I'LL EXPECT YOU UP IN THE SPRING, WITH THE  
 REST OF THE SAPS! (CLICK)

ORK: "EASY TO REMEMBER" -- --DENNIS  
 (INTRO OVER INTRO)

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: There there, baby...there there...she seems kinda contented here  
 at that, don't she, Sil?  
 SIL: Yassuh, she sho' do. Look lak you got the real maternity instink,  
 suh.  
 FIB: Oh I dunno.. Hey show her the Doll, Sil.. HERE BABY. SEE THE NICE  
 MAMMA DOLL UNCLE FIBBER BOUGHT YOU. SHOW HER THE DOLL, SIL.  
 SIL: Yassuh, Uncle McGee, suh.  
MAMMA DOLL: MAMMA-ing  
 SIL: She don' like it, suh.  
 FIB: Show her the price tag. See baby? 5.98.  
BABY: (HAPPY GOO)  
 FIB: Hmmm. I should a sneaked a fake price tag onto it. I KNOW...Hand  
 me the goldfish bowl, Sil. That oughtta catch her eye.  
 SIL: Yassuh. Heah you is.  
 FIB: Ahhh...SEE BABY...SEE THE PRETTY FISH? PRETTY FISH? NO NO..DON'T  
 LOOK AT ME..LOOK AT THE FISHBOWL...COOTCHY COOTCHY..PRETTY FISHIE..  
BABY: Mlug?  
 FIB: See, Sil? I knew these'd get her...!  
SOUND: SLAP...GLASS CRASH ... SPLASH OF WATER..  
 FIB: Dad rat it, HEY SIL....PICK UP THEM FISH QUICK...PUT 'EM IN A  
 SAUCEPAN OR SOMETHIN'.  
 SIL: Yassuh..with watch or buttah?  
 FIB: THEY AIN'T GOOD TO EAT...HURRY UP..  
 SIL: Yassuh...come on fishie...come wif Silly...silly put you back in  
 acqua firma again...come on...(FADE OUT)  
 FIB: Why baby...was that nice? Slappin' the goldfish puta Uncle  
 Fibber's hand?

BABY: Mknnee?

FIB: Okay. I accept your apolog--

TELEPHONE:

FIB: DAD RAT IT..WHY DON'T PEOPLE..(CLICK) HELLO. WHO? SAM SAGAMORE?  
AW FER THE...LISTEN SAM..FOR THE LAST TIME, I DON'T WANTA A JOB  
WITH YOUR CIRCUS...NO. BESIDES, LAST TIME I WORKED FOR YOU, YOU  
GIMME A RAW DEAL. EH? OH YOU REMEMBER ALL RIGHT, SAM. I HAD MY  
OFFICE IN THE HOTTEST TENT ON THE GROUNDS. AND YOU WOULDN'T EVEN  
LET ME BORROW THE FAN DANCERBETWEEN PERFORMAN---OKAY SAM. AND  
DON'T CALL ME AGAIN, BECAUSE MY MIND IS MADE UP. (CLICK) You put  
them gold fish back in the water, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. They is wigglin' real contented suh.

FIB: I envy 'em. Their lives may be public, but they're peaceful.  
After we get rid of this baby, I think I'll dive in wth 'em. I -

BABY WHIMPER

FIB: Now now now..don't cry, baby.. HERE LOOK AT THE NICE WATCH...  
TICKY TICKY....

BABY: Gurgle.

SIL: She like that lil ole watch, suh.

FIB: That's a girl for you..fickle. Show 'em a new face and they go  
gaga.

BABY: Gaga?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Hear that, Sil? LOOK BABY...HEAR THE WATCHY WATCHY...

SIL: She wanna take hold if it, suh.

FIB: Okay, but I'll <sup>hang</sup> onto the chain...I ain't no fool. HERE, BABY.

BABY: Nyaaaa. Glug.

FIB: Yes...yes...HEY, QUIT YANKIN'!...HEY YOU'LL BUST THE CHAIN! QUIT!

SOUND: CLATTER...GLASS TINKLE...SPANGGGGG OF WATCH SPRING..TINKLE OF PARTS

FIB: Ohhhhh..now look what she done...my new watch!!! Well, I don't  
wanna be cheap about it. Bring in the grandfather's clock in the  
hall, Sil. She'll get a BIG kick outa that...

SIL: She musta seen wha time it was, suh. She look kinda sleepy.

FIB: Say, she does, don't she...HERE BABY...LET UNCLE FIBBER ROCK YOU  
TO SLEEP...THERE THERE...GOO TO SLEEP...SLEEEEEEEEEEP....

ROCKA BYE BABY, ON THE TREE TOP..  
AS A SUBSTITUTE MOTHER, MCGEE IS A FLOP..  
WHEN THIS ROW ENDS, -

Hey, look, Sil. She's asleep.

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: (GROANS) Dad rat it...don't answer it, Sil...YES, YOU BETTER TOO  
MAYBE IT'S MRS. FIDDITCH AFTER THE BABY...

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: HELLO THERE SONNY. HOW ABOUT A VACCUUM CLEANER?

FIB: Shhhhhh..be quiet, Old Timer...

OLD M: EH WHAT SAY?

FIB: I says BE QUIET...TAKE IT EASY....

OLD M: SPEAK UP JOHNNY.. GOT A COLD?

FIB: No, I ain't gotta cold..I gotta baby.

OLD M: Congratulations...where's the cigars.....

FIB: Dad rat it, I ain't got any cigars...IT AIN'T MY BABY.

OLD: EH?

FIB: I SAYS IT AIN'T MINE...NOW PIPE DOWN...

OLD M: YEP..five down and three a month. Put it on your <sup>light</sup> bill...How  
about a demonstration? Finest vacuum cleaner on the marke-



FIB: NO DAD RAT IT...I AINT INTERESTED...NOW SCRAM. OUT THE DOOR!

OLD M: SLAM THE DOOR? Okay, but it might wake the baby....

LOUD DOOR SLAM.

BABY CRY.

FIB: Aw fer the....DAD RAT IT SIL....CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHIN' TO KEEP  
HER QUIET?

SIL: Why don' you jiggle her on yo' knee suh?

FIB: That's a idea. Here baby..you and Pappa Fibber are gonna have fun  
RIDE A COCK HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS...TO GRAND MOTHER'S HOUSE  
WE GO.. WITH SILVER BELLS AND THREE BLIND MICE, UP ON THE  
HOUSETOP CLICK CLICK...say who ever wrote them things was crazy.

BABY: Glah?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh you think so too, eh?

BABY: Mnyahhh.

FIB: Sure. Let's try it again...PEASE PORRIDGE HOT. PEASE PORRIDGE COLD

WIL: (WHISPER) A Johnson Wax floor will never grow old.

SIL: Who dat?

FIB: Search me. PATTYCAKE, PATTYCAKE, BUTCHER'S MAN

WIL: YOU SAVE ONE THIRD ON THE LARGE SIZE CAN.

FIB: HARPO..COME out from behind that davenport! Can't you see we're  
tryin' to get this baby to sleep?

WIL: You'll never get her to go to sleep that way.

FIB: Yeah? What do you know about 'em?

WIL: Well, for that matter what do you know about 'em?

FIB: WHO, ME? WHY I was in charge o' Child Warfare...er..Child Welfare  
in Peoria. Shucks, them kids loved me! They'd gurgle and coo  
every time I looked at 'em. COO, COO MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN  
THEM DAYS...

BABY: Mnyahhh?

FIB: (LAUGHS) You betcha, sis. COO COO MCGEE, KING OF THE KID  
CUDDLERS, CLEVERLY CORRECTIN' CARELESS CRADLE CONDUCT, GOAXIN' AND  
CODDLING CANTANKEROUS KIDS TO CONSUME CODLIVER, CAMPHOR, CALOMEL &  
CASTORIA AND CONSTANTLY CONSULTED BY CRADLE CLIENTS FOR CLEAN CUT  
COMMENTS ON CALORIES AND CLOTHESPINS, AND CLASSIC CONSULTANT OF  
KID CLINICS FROM COLORADO TO CAROLINA!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Whaddye think 'o' that, baby?

BABY: GLA-GLA...

ORK: "I DOUBLE DARE YOU"

APPLAUSE:

ld Warfare...er..Child Welfare  
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S, AND CLASSIC CONSULTANT OF  
NA!

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

Do you realize that snow and ice and sleet are plotting together to try and ruin the finish on your car? They'll never succeed if you protect your car now with a shining, tough coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. This superior wax polish will keep your car beautiful always. It will save you money in car washings -- and increase the trade-in value of your car. So don't delay another day -- Wax your car the JOHNSON way!

ORCH: (RIDIN AROUND IN THE RAIN) (FADE)

4TH SPOT:

FIB: Boy, am I  
HAPPENS...

little tyk

Well, mayt

while...gl

SIL: Can't sub.

FIB: (GROANS)..

SIL: She was tr

FIB: WITH MY BE

sciss--

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Well, I ho

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: 'Oh, Nick D

NICK: HELLO FIZZ

am coming

FIB: You don't

NICK: Well, soon

you are ha

about you?

or are you

FIB: Neither on

moment of

NICK: Well, I ho

Fizzer. A

SOMEBODY,

together to try and  
 u protect your car  
 is superior wax  
 you money in car  
 So don't delay

4TH SPOT:

FIB: Boy, am I tired...HERE I TRY TO GET A LITTLE QUIET REST AND WHAT HAPPENS...(SIGHS)...Even so, Sil...I'm gittin' kinda fond of this little tyke...

Well, maybe she'll behave for a while so's I can set down for a while...gimme my pipe, Sil.

SIL: Can't suh...Baby busted it...

FIB: (GROANS)...She busted it! HOW?

SIL: She was tryin' to scratch her initials on the piano, suh...

FIB: WITH MY BEST PIPE? Why didn't you give her a knife, or a pair of sciss--

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Well, I hope that's Mrs. Fidditch...Come in!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, Nick Depopolis...HIYAH NICK!

NICK: HELLO FIZZER...I an noticing those perambusooner on the porch so I am coming in to see what I am all about.

FIB: You don't mean Perambusooner, Nick. Perambulator.

NICK: Well, sooner or later, it is the same difference. How is it that you are having a little infantry, and I am not knowing something about you? Is this kewpie being brought with a stork in it's beak or are yousdapting some little Orphan Fennie?

FIB: Neither one, Nick. One o' the neighbors left it with me in a moment of delirium, or something. AND BELIEVE ME...IF I EVER LET

NICK: Well, I hope you are not giving this babies too much troubles, Fizzer. AS THE TRIGGER IS BENT THE TREE WILL GROW UP AND SHOOT SOMEBODY, you know.

FIB: Don't worry...Nick.  
 theme song from now

NICK: That is a very fine I  
 with it. Remember th  
 PEANUT IS GROWING UP.

FIB: It ain't maple. It's

NICK: Sure. It is oak with

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Here Sil...put these  
 can't eat anyway...

BABY: CRY..

FIB: What's the matter ba

BABY: GAGGA?

FIB: One...two...three...

BABY LAUGHS:

SIL: She like that suh...

FIB: Okay...hand me some

(CLATTER OF PLATES)

BABY LAUGHS:

SIL: You don' have to jug

BUST 'em...

FIB: That's a idea...hand

CRASHES...INTERSPERSED WITH BAE

FIB: FUN...EH BABY? A 11

deaf sil...so's we c

(BABY CRY)

GET A LITTLE QUIET REST AND WHAT  
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Orphan Fannie?

neighbors left it with me in a

g. AND BELIEVE ME...IF I EVER LET

this babies too much troubles,  
THE TREE WILL GROW UP AND SHOOT

FIB: Don't worry...Nick. This is my last experience with babies. My  
theme song from now on, is "HE AIN'T GONNA WEAN NO MORE"

NICK: That is a very fine resolusham, Fizzer, and I hope you get stuck  
with it. Remember the old sayings, BIG MABLE TREES FROM A LITTLE  
PEANUT IS GROWING UP.

FIB: It ain't maple. It's OAK

NICK: Sure. It is oak with me too. So long, Fizzer.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Here Sil...put these plates away...I'm so nervous and upset I  
can't eat anyway...

BABY: CRY..

FIB: What's the matter baby...here WATCH UNCLE FIBBER JUGGLE THE PLATES..

BABY: GAGGA?

FIB: One...two...three...four... (SLAP OF PLATES AND CRASH)

BABY LAUGHS:

SIL: She like that suh...

FIB: Okay...hand me some more dishes...nothin' matters now...WATCH BABY.  
(CLATTER OF PLATES) (CRASH)

BABY LAUGHS:

SIL: You don' have to juggle 'em suh...it save time iffen you jus'  
BUST 'em...

FIB: That's a idea...hand me a stack o' dishes...(CLATTER) thanks..

CRASHES...INTERSPERSED WITH BABY LAUGHS

FIB: FUN...EH BABY? A little expensive...but fun...too bad she ain't  
deaf sil...so's we could use paper picnic..plates..

(BABY CRY)

FIB: OH PLEA

Give he

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: GLASS C

SIL: It was

FIB: (GROANS

basemen

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN

NOW?

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: How do

FIB: Yes it

MAN: YOU'RE

INSURAN

FIB: OH I'M

MAN: That's

...YOUR

FENDERB

Let's g

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WHY OF

BABY CRY:

FIB: PLEASE

BABY: Gaaaaa?

FIB: Yes...

FIB: OH PLEASE BABY...CAN'T YOU SEE UNCLE FIBBER IS NERVOUS...Here Sil.

Give her the rubber ball...it's too big for her to swallow.

SIL: Yassuh...heah you is baby...

SOUND: GLASS CRASH

SIL: It wasn't too big to big to go thru the window suh...

FIB: (GROANS) They oughtta build a nursery for this kid in a bombproof basement...

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN COME IN COME IN ... ALL OF YOU COME IN...WHAT CAN I LOSE NOW?

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: How do you do sir...IS THAT YOUR AUTOMOBILE OUT IN FRONT?

FIB: Yes it is, Bud, but...

MAN: YOU'RE MR. MCGEE? WELL MR. MCGEE HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE?

FIB: OH I'M COVERED ON EVERYTHING...BUD.

MAN: That's fine...I JUST SMASHED INTO YOUR CAR AND RUINED THREE WHEELS ...YOUR FRONT AXLE...AND THE RADIATOR...HERE'S MY CARD...JAMES J. FENDERBENDER.

Let's get together for lunch some day soon.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: WHY OF ALL THE...Dad rat the dad ratted...

BABY CRY:

FIB: PLEASE BABY...BE GOOD TO UNCLE FIBBER...

BABY: Gaaaaa?

FIB: Yes...

SIL:

FIB:

SIL:

SOUND:

BABY LAUGHS

FIB:

SIL:

FIB:

DOOR KNOCK

FIB:

DOOR LATCH:

MAN:

FIB:

MAN:

DOOR SLAM:

FIB:

TELEPHONE:

FIB:

VOUS...Here Sil.

to swallow.

uh...

id in a bombproof

.WHAT CAN I LOSE

IN FRONT?

ED FOR AUTOMOBILE

UINED THREE WHEELS

Y CARD...JAMES J.

SIL: She seem real quiet now...suh...LOOK...she takin a fancy to the table cover...

FIB: Good...she can't hurt that any...NICE FRINGY WINGY BABY?

SIL: LOOK OUT MIST' MCGEE...SHE PULLIN THE COVEH OFF THE TABLE...

SOUND: CRASH ... CLATTER...THUDE

BABY LAUGHS

FIB: PICK UP THAT LAMP QUICK...SIL...HURRY..

SIL: YASSUH...BUT AH GOTTA BLOT UP THIS HEAH WRITIN INK BEFO' IT RUIN THE RUG...

FIB: OHHHH...WHAT DID I EVER DO TO DESERVE.....

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: IF THAT'S MRS. FIDDITCH...COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: MCGEE?

FIB: YES!

MAN: A SUMMONS FOR YOU...JURY DUTY!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (ALMOST WEeping)...OH..WHAT A DAY...OF ALL THE...NO...NO...NO... BABY...MUSTN'T EAT THAT CIGAR BUTT...NO...NO...HEY SIL DO SOMETHIN ...I'M GOIN' CRA...

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I hope that's the coroner tellin' me I died last night...(CLICK) HELLO...WHO...SAM SAGAMORE...WHAT...NO...YES...YES...HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU I DON'T...HEY...WHAT KIND OF A JOB IS IT? IT IS? AFTER WHAT I BEEN THRU ITS A CINCH! FINE...I'LL TAKE IT...(BE RIGHT OVER) (CLICK) You watch the kid, Sil...I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY MORE...I'M TAKIN' A JOB WITH THE CIRCUS...

SIL: What kind of a job, a

FIB: LION TAMER!

SIL: AH! PSHAW!

ORK: "THAT MOON'S HERE AGA

ORK: DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL:

...she takin a fancy to the

E FRINGY WINGY BABY?

E COVEH OFF THE TABLE...

Y..  
SAH WRITIN INK BEFO' IT RUIN

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.NO...NO...HEY SIL DO SOMETHIN

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SIL: AH! PSHAW!

ORK: "THAT MOON'S HERE AGAIN"

ORK: DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

Do you know that JOHNSON  
linoleum gleam like new  
true! You don't have t  
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. Th  
makes your floors much  
without floor scrubbing  
rugs -- painted or varn  
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHIN  
sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC)

ea; mc; mk; js  
10:30  
1-24-38

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

Do you know that JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT makes dull, lifeless linoleum gleam like new while you sit back and take it easy? Well, it's true! You don't have to do a bit of rubbing or buffing when you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. This labor-saving, liquid polish goes on in a jiffy -- makes your floors much easier to clean -- keeps them beautiful and bright without floor scrubbing! If you have inlaid or printed linoleum - linoleum rugs -- painted or varnished wood floors -- be sure to protect them with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. And remember you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON CUE)

ea; mc; mk; js  
10:30  
1-24-38

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