

NBC

ADVERTISERS. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN
PAUL HENNING

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ-RED
8:00-8:30 PM)
TIME

JANUARY 31, 1938)
DATE

(MONDAY)
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS REBROADCAST: 11:00-11:30 PM

Not Carried

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 & Company!

ORK: THEME

WIL: BILLY MILLS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "I LIVE THE LIFE I LOVE"

ORK: "I LIVE THE LIFE I LOVE" - down for

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

If you want to know the easy way to keep your linoleum and floors shining like new, here it is! Protect your floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Let me give you the simple directions for applying this remarkable no-rubbing liquid polish. First pour a little GLO-COAT right out of the can on to the clean floor. Then spread the liquid lightly over the floor surface with a clean cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT applicator. (Even a child can do it with no trouble at all.) GLO-COAT DRIES in twenty minutes to a beautiful, bright polish that sheds dirt and stains - protects your floors from wear - keeps them bright as new! GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (Swell music to finish) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("Ridin' Around In The Rain") (Fade)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

If you want to know the easy way to keep your l like new, here it is! Protect your floors with GLO-COAT. Let me give you the simple direction remarkable no-rubbing liquid polish. First pour out of the can on to the clean floor. Then spr the floor surface with a clean cloth or the lon (Even a child can do it with no trouble at all.) minutes to a beautiful, bright polish that shed your floors from wear - keeps them bright as ne G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING

ORCH: (Swell music to finish) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("Ridin' Around In The Rain") (Fade)

linoleum and floors shining
 with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
 directions for applying this
 pour a little GLO-COAT right
 spread the liquid lightly over
 long-handled GLO-COAT applicator.
 11.) GLO-COAT DRIES in twenty
 sheds dirt and stains - protects
 new! GLO-COAT is spelled
 GLO-COAT.

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

If you want to know the easy way to keep your linoleum and floors shining
 like new, here it is! Protect your floors with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
 GLO-COAT. Let me give you the simple directions for applying this
 remarkable no-rubbing liquid polish. First pour a little GLO-COAT right
 out of the can on to the clean floor. Then spread the liquid lightly over
 the floor surface with a clean cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT applicator.
 (Even a child can do it with no trouble at all.) GLO-COAT DRIES in twenty
 minutes to a beautiful, bright polish that sheds dirt and stains - protects
 your floors from wear - keeps them bright as new! GLO-COAT is spelled
 G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T, JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (Swell music to finish) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("Ridin' Around In The Rain") (Fade)

WIL:

WHEN SO

THE WEA

HAS JUS

WISTFUL

AGRICUL

HIM USE

CHARTS,

THE GRA

ORCH:

("RIDIN

FIB:

Now let

High pr

cold an

southwe

THESE H

SIL:

Is they

FIB:

A high

insuran

area ne

MONSOON

SIL:

Mmmmmmm

FIB:

You kno

SIL:

Yassuh.

FIB:

No no n

SIL:

Mist' M

to be y

WIL: WHEN SOMEBODY MADE THAT CRACK ABOUT "NOBODY DOING ANYTHING ABOUT THE WEATHER," HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT FIBBER MCGEE, WHO HAS JUST APPOINTED HIMSELF OFFICIAL WEATHER FORECASTER FOR WISTFUL VISTA...SUBJECT TO CONFIRMATION FROM THE DEPT, OF AGRICULTURE, IF YOU DON'T MIND WAITING. THE POSTMASTER HAS LET HIM USE A ROOM OVER THE POSTOFFICE, AND HERE, SURROUNDED BY CHARTS, INSTRUMENTS AND SILLY WATSON, WE FIND FIBBER(DON'T MIND THE GRAY SKIES) MCGEE!

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

FIB: Now let's see...HEY SIL..HAND ME THEM CHARTS.. thanks. HMMMMM. High pressure area comin' down from Canada. That means either cold and rain or heat and snow...unless the winds shift to the southwest in which case we get frost with light sun flurries. THESE HIGH PRESSURE AREAS IS TRICKY THINGS, SIL.

SIL: Is they suh? Well what IS a high pressuah areah, suh?

FIB: A high pressure area, Sil, is the space directly in front of a insurance salesman. (LAUGHS) But seriously..when a high pressure area meets a low pressure area ye know what the result it? A MONSOON!

SIL: Mmmmmmmmm - MRRMMMM!

FIB: You know what a monsoon is don't ye Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. That's French for mister

FIB: No no no ...that's a MONSOOR.

SIL: Mist' McGee, suh...is it true thatthe weathen ain' what it use to be yeahs ago?

FIB: Aw that's a lotta malarkey, Sil...That's what a lot of old timers say but it ain't so. Where'd you hear that?

SIL: Mah pappy say so. He say they ain' HALF as much snow now as w'en he was a boy suh.

FIB: Hmmm. Where did he live when he was young?

SIL: Winnipeg, Canada.

FIB: Where does he live now?

SIL: Birmingham!

FIB: Well..that may have some bearing on the case. Ye see -

DOCF. LATCH:

FIB: Oh hiyah sis..Welcome to the weather bureau. Fair and warmer today and tomorrow.

WOMAN: What's the temperature?

FIB: 36.

WOMAN: Above or below?

FIB: Above. Ye see, sis, temperature readings are like wimmins figgers. 36 above is okey, but when it gets 36 below, she don't---Ahem!---but what else was it ye wanted to know, sis?

WOMAN: Well, my husband is driving to Kansas City, and he wants to know what the weather will be.

FIB: Kansas City eh? Well, you come to the right place to find out, sis. See these charts?

WOMAN: Yes...

FIB: See these red circles? See what it says underneath here?
 WEATHER IN AND NEAR KANSAS CITY SUBJECT TO HIGH PRESSURE AREAS,
 MOVING SLOWLY EASTWARD, MEETING LOW PRESSURE AREAS NEAR
 INDEPENDENCE, CAUSING DISTURBANCES OF VIOLENT NATURE WITH
 READINGS OF 17.643 AT ALTITUDE OF 1500 FEET, INDICATING MILD
 PRECIPITATION OF DRYNESS UNLESS WIND VELOCITY REMAINS IN STATE
 OF FLURRY THUS EQUALING THE UNIFORM LEVEL OF HUMIDITY AS
 FORECAST IN SEMI-ANNUAL REPORTS OF JUNE, 1937. Know what that
 means, sis?

WOMAN: No, I don't!

FIB: Ye don't? Shucks, I was hopin' you did, so you could tell me.
 Ye see, we -

DOOR SLAM.

SIL: Mist' McGee...theah a letteh heah f'um a man wah wanna know
 iffen it gonna be foggy the night of February fo'teenth.

FIB: Where's the man live?

SIL: Alcatraz.

FIB: AHM. Well, write and tell him it'll be warmer in the cooler.
 Ye know, I was thinkin' of applyin' for a job at Alcatraz. As
 Swimmin' instructor. Had my own Prisoner's Song all written,
 too. (SINGS) If I had the water wings of an angel..

TELEPHONE:

FIB: WEATHER BUREAU. FAIR AND WARMER TODAY AND TOMORROW. McGee speakin
 What say sis? HOW'LL YOU FIND THE ROADS TO MONTREAL? OH JUST
 DIG DOWN THRU THE SNOW AND ICE TILL YO' COME TO THE CONCRETE AND
 YOU'LL ..Hello..Hello. (CLICK)By the way, Sil. What's it say--

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh hiyah bud.

MAN: Excuse me. I re
 know if it'll b
 next week.

FIB: What's the matt
 or just off lay

MAN: Oh we ship all
 all its eggs to
 the price of th

FIB: I catch onto it
 experience we h

MAN: Yes?

FIB: Yes, it seems a
 fast freight, b
 fraught with fr
 rates, the frui
 Friday, althoug
 if the Fordham
 Friday, we'd -

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Hmmm! Hung up

ORK: "LADY BE GOOD"

APPLAUSE:

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh hiyah bud.

MAN: Excuse me. I represent the Wistful Vista Egg shippers. We want to know if it'll be safe to ship a carload of eggs to New England next week.

FIB: What's the matter with the hens in New England. They layin' off, or just off layin'?

MAN: Oh we ship all our eggs to New England, and New England ships all its eggs to us. That way, we can add the shipping costs to the price of the eggs.

FIB: I catch onto it. Smart stuff, bud. Well, I'll tell you an experience we had yesterday bud and you can judge for yourself.

MAN: Yes?

FIB: Yes, it seems a fraternity at Fordham wanted some fruit sent by fast freight, but we told the frat that fruit by freight was fraught with fright, but if they wanted to fight the freight rates, the fruit would be freighted to the Fordham frat by Friday, although the Friday freight on fruit was flat-rate but if the Fordham frat could afford the flat rate fruit freight Friday, we'd -

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Hmmm! Hung up on me. Over the hill, Billy!

ORK: "LADY BE GOOD"

APPLAUSE:2ND SPOT

FIB: Sil, this is the softest job I've had yet. Runnin' a weather bureau. I could run this thing with my eyes shut. In fact it might even be better if I...AHHEM...But...er..

SIL: Weattheh predictin' is real scienterrific nowdays ain't it suh?

FIB: I'll say so. Why nowadays, us weather men can look at the instruments make a few notations on a chart, toss of a few lightning calculations, put down the result and PRESTO...wrong again!

But that don't mean we -

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh hiyah, Scotty. What can we do for you?

SCOT: Are you the weatherr expert, laddie?

FIB: You betcha, Scotty! March may come in like lamb, but it don't pull the wool over my eyes.

SCOT: Beggin' yerrr parrrrdon Misterrr weatherrr mon, but could ye be brrrrringin' us a wee bit o' snow by tomorrrow?

FIB: Why, I think that can be arranged, Scotty. Sil...remind me. Snow tomorrow.

SIL: Yassuh but you promised Mis' Fidditch it was gonna be clear.

FIB: I did? Sorry, Scotty, there's somebody ahead of you for tomorrow. How about Wednesday?

SCOT: Verra weel.

FIB: And why do ye want snow, anyway?

SCOTT: I'll tell ye laddie. The last snow we had I built a snow mon in ma frrrront yarrrrd and put a shovel in his hand to make it morre lifelike.

FIB: I see.

SCOT: And what do ye think I found in his hand that evenin'?

FIB: The shovel?

SCOT: Aye..AND A PAY CHECK FRA THE W.P.A.! Wednesday then, laddie!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Did you phone the papers and tell 'em today and tomorrow would be fair and warmer, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: What'd they say?

SIL: They say PHOOEY.

FIB: Oh that's just a old newspaper expression meanin' okay. Hey - Sil, remind me to go to the zoo and measure the length of the fur on the animals.

SIL: Yassuh, but whaffo'?

FIB: That's really the way to fortell the weather. If the fur's long, it means a long winter. If the fur's short it means a short winter. I mind the time I was down in Mexico City and tried it out. The only animal I could find was a Mexican hairless and sure enough, we didn't have a bit of snow down there that year. Which just goes to prove -

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: (WHISPER) Ahhh, the local weather man?

FIB: (WHISPER) That's me, bud.

MAN: (WHISPER) Well, you'd better warn everybody to fill their basements with coal.

FIB: (WHISPER) I see. You in the weather business?

MAN: (WHISPER) No. Coal business.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Say, Sil, did I ever tell you ----

SOUND: BEEP BEEP OF SHORT WAVE SET

FIB: Oh oh...there's an airplane callin with a weather report. TURN THAT SWITCH, SIL.

SIL: YASSUH...

SOUND: HETERODYNE HOWL

P.A. VOICE: X-9-12 CALLING WEATHER BUREAU. X-9-12 CALLING WEATHER BUREAU.

FIB: WEATHER BUREAU. FORECASTER MCGEE SPEAKIN'. GO AHEAD X-9-12!

P.A.: WEATHER CLEAR OVER RACINE. ALTITUDE 10,000 FEET. VISIBILITY FIVE MILES...

FIB: HOW'S YOUR CEILING?

P.A.: NOT BAD BUT YOU SHOULD SEE THE FLOOR SINCE WE POLISHED IT WITH JOHNSON'S WAX. IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING YOU EVER

FIB: HARPO... STICK TO THE WEATHER .. IT'S A CLEAR DAY UP THERE EH?

P.A.: YES AND A CLEAR SAVING OF UP TO ONE THIRD ON THE LARGER SIZES WHEN YOU ..

(CLICK)

FIB: He musta thought I says weather FLOORCAST. Shucks, he -

DOOR LATCH:

CLARK: Hello Fibber. Hello Silly.

FIB: Oh Clark Dennis. Hiyah Clark.

SIL: Hiyah Mist' Dennis suh.

CLARK: Sky, Fibber, I ve got to leave the house for a while, do you think my pipes will freeze?

Page 11

FIB: Not if you wear a wollen muffler, Clark. Watcha gonna sing?

CLARK: "THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME"

FIB: Go ahead, Clark, Bang it, Billy!

ORK: "THRILL OF A LIFETIME". ... DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Ye know, Sil...they can talk all they want men makin' bum guesses, but if the rest right as often as we are, they're would there is now. Why shucks - our record

DOOR LATCH:

PEARY: (GOOF VOICE) Is dis de weather bureau?

FIB: You betcha bud. Watcha wanna know?

PEARY: What's de charts show for next week?

FIB: Well confidentially, bud, it looks pret I'd say it was a hurrican, and you know

PEARY: I'll say so...Dorothy Lamour...ch boy.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: . Ahh this is the kind of a job that make I'm renderin' a great service.

SIL: You like it suh?

FIB: I love it. I'm as happy as a mosquito screen test. See how accurate my prediction I says it might be a little cloudy, but be fair and bright.

WIL: AND IT'S ONLY FAIR TO CLEAR UP THE MAT AND FLOORS. TO MAKE THEM BRIGHT USE A AND YOU'LL ..

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello. Hello, Silly.

SIL: Hiyah, Mist' Harpo, suh.

atcha gonna sing?

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Ye know, Sil...they can talk all they wanna about us weather men makin' bum guesses, but if the rest o' the world was right as often as we are, they're wouldn't be the trouble there is now. Why shucks - our record shows -

DOOR LATCH:

PEARY: (GOOF VOICE) Is dis de weather bureau?

FIB: You betcha bud. Whatcha wanna know?

PEARY: What's de charts show for next week?

FIB: Well confidentially, bud, it looks pretty serious. Off hand, I'd say it was a hurrican, and you know what that means.

PEARY: I'll say so...Dorothy Lamour...ch boy.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahh this is the kind of a job that makes me contented, Sil. I'm renderin' a great service.

SIL: You like it suh?

FIB: I love it. I'm as happy as a mosquito that's just passed a screen test. See how accurate my prediction was for today? I says it might be a little cloudy, but it would clear up and be fair and bright.

WIL: AND IT'S ONLY FAIR TO CLEAR UP THE MATTER OF CLOUDY FURNITURE AND FLOORS. TO MAKE THEM BRIGHT USE A LITTLE JOHNSON'S WAX AND YOU'LL ..

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello. Hello, Silly.

SIL: Hiyah, Mist' Hahpo, suh.

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Ye know, Sil...the men makin' bum gue right as often as there is now. Why

DOOR LATCH:

PEARY: (GOOF VOICE) Is di

FIB: You betcha bud. W

PEARY: What's de charts s

FIB: Well confidentiall I'd say it was a h

PEARY: I'll say so...Doro

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahh this is the ki I'm renderin' a gr

SIL: You like it suh?

FIB: I love it. I'm as screen test. See I says it might be be fair and bright

WIL: AND IT'S ONLY FAIR AND FLOORS. TO MA AND YOU'LL ..

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello. Hello, Sil

SIL: Hiyah, Mist' Hahpo

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Ye know, Sil...they can talk all they wanna about us weather men makin' bum guesses, but if the rest o' the world was right as often as we are, they'd wouldn't be the trouble there is now. Why shucks - our record shows -

DOOR LATCH:

PEARY: (GOOF VOICE) Is dis de weather bure j?
 FIB: You betcha bud. Whatcha wanna know?
 PEARY: What's de charts show for next week?
 FIB: Well confidentially, bud, it looks pretty serious. Off hand, I'd say it was a hurrican, and you know what that means.
 PEARY: I'll say so...Dorothy Lamour...oh boy.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ahh this is the kind of a job that makes me contented, Sil. I'm renderin' a great service.
 SIL: You like it suh?
 FIB: I love it. I'm as happy as a mosquito that's just passed a screen test. See how accurate my prediction was for today? I says it might be a little cloudy, but it would clear up and be fair and bright.
 WIL: AND IT'S ONLY FAIR TO CLEAR UP THE MATTER OF CLOUDY FURNITURE AND FLOORS. TO MAKE THEM BRIGHT USE A LITTLE JOHNSON'S WAX AND YOU'LL ..
 FIB: HARPO!
 WIL: Hello. Hello, Silly.
 SIL: Hiyah, Mist' Hahpo, suh.

FIB: Don't bother us, Harpo. We're very busy forecastin' the weather.
 WIL: Really? What's tomorrow going to be?
 FIB: Tuesday.
 WIL: No, I mean have you a report on tomorrow's weather?
 FIB: Yes, and it's the shortest forecast I ever made.
 WIL: Let's hear it.
 FIB: Brrrrrr. (SNAPS FINGERS)
 WIL: What's that?
 FIB: Cold snap.
 WIL: A' cold sn...OH ALL RIGHT I THINK I'LL JUST GIVE MYSELF UP. I DON'T KNOW WHY I KEEP TRYING...IT'S JUST THE SAME OLD ..

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Good old Harpo. I didn't dare tell him it was gonna rain tomorrow because he don't know enough to come in out of it. He's a -

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: What's the weather for Sunday, Mr. Weather man?
 FIB: Won't be any sis. This office is closed all day.
 WOMAN: Oh.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: There people that expect to have weather every day in the week are -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: WEATHER BUREAU. BRIGHT AND FAIR TODAY AND TOMORROW. WHAT'S SAY BUD? YES...WE MAKE SOME INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS DOWN HERE. YES INDEED. WE'RE WORKIN' ON A PLAN TO EXCHANGE WEATHER WITH OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. FOR INSTANCE CHESAPEAKE BAY WANTS TO SWAP US A NOREASTER FOR A WARM TEXAS SOWESTER... SURE...COME IN ANY TIME .. BUD. (CLICK)

GIRL: You cain't really do that stuff kin you, please suh?

FIB: Do what?

GIRL: Exchange wind with diffe'nt places?

FIB: Certainly. Didn't you ever hear of trade winds?

DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Is this the weather bureau?

FIB: You betcha sis. Can we wrap you up a nice fresh norwester or would you like a slice of Indian Summer. Come on now, a penny for your thaw.

GIRL: Oh this must be such INTERESTING WORK...Mr....er...Mr..er..

FIB: McGee, sis. Fibber McGee. We're always glad to have the citizens show an interest in our work, sis.

GIRL: How on earth do you ever know what the weather will be so far ahead? It's simply marvelous.

FIB: Yes, when we do, it certainly is. AHM. Anything in particular I can tell you about, sis?

GIRL: Yes...you see I'm getting married -

FIB: Oh you want the County Building. This is the Federal building. Marriage licenses are -

GIRL: Oh no...no...what I want to know is, WILL IT BE PERFECTLY SAFE TO HOLD AN OUTDOOR WEDDING NEXT WEDNESDAY AT NOON? I mean, will the weather be right?

FIB: Oh...next Wednesday noon, eh? Lemme look at the charts, sis. Gimme the weather charts for next Wednesday, Sil.

SIL: They ain't made up yet, Mist McGee, please suh.

FIB: THEY AIN'T? Say you're a lucky girl, we ain't fixed Wednesday's weather up yet so you can have whatever you want.

GIRL: Isn't that wonderful. Please make it extremely warm.

FIB: Okay. About eighty two be okay?

GIRL: Oh that will be lovely. You'll guarantee hot weather?

FIB: Sayyy. it'll be so warm, the groom'll wanta take off his freak coat...frock coat...

GIRL: Thank you SO much.

FIB: Oh, that's okay, sis. Just one of our services. You know, I been interested in the weather since I was a boy. I got a scholarship in college as a weather prophet. Later when I left, under a cloud, they returned my tuition. They says it was the undistributed prophets tax.

FIB: Why are you so anxious to have it hot on your wedding day, sis?

GIRL: Well, confidentially, my fiance has cold feet.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That's what I like about this, Sil. We render a service that -

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, it's Billy Mills. Welcome to the weather bureau, Billy.

You know anything about air currents?

BILLY: No, but I'm up on the current airs.

FIB: Fer instance?

BILLY: "I WANT A NEW ROMANCE".

FIB: Swell, Bang it, Billy!

ORK: "I WANT A NEW ROMANCE"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd Comm'l.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

WIL: Now we're going to call on a housewife who has been using Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat on her kitchen floor for the past three years. This lady has been kind enough to tell you her own experience with GLO-COAT. Will you step up here, Mrs. Keith?

KEITH: Thank you. I wish I were as confident about talking over the radio as I am about the results I get with my kitchen floors.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Well, I suspect you'd be a lot handier in a studio than I would be in a kitchen. Go right ahead, Mrs. Keith, and tell us about your kitchen floor.

KEITH: Well, I used to have to get down and SCRUB my linoleum every few days in order to keep it decently clean. It was an awful job. But I must say, since I started using Johnson's GLO-COAT I just NEVER have to scrub my floor. If I'd only known about Johnson's sooner, Mr. Weatherman McGee could have predicted a lot more bright days for me!

WIL: (LAUGHS) How about when your husband sneaks downstairs and raids the refrigerator. Doesn't he ever spill thing on your nice shiny floor?

KEITH: Yes, but even he knows he can wipe the spots off in a few seconds with a damp cloth. He's watched me many times whisk over the floor with a dry duster and make it shine like new. Why, when I think of the work GLO-COAT saves me, I don't see how I possibly could get along without it.

WIL: Thank you Mrs. Keith! EVERY DAY MORE HOUSEWIVES ARE DISCOVERING THAT THIS WONDERFUL NO-RUBBING POLISH QUICKLY CHANGES DULL, DINGY FLOORS INTO BRIGHT SHINING SURFACES, THAT NEVER HAVE TO BE SCRUBBED. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT IN THE ATTRACTIVE YELLOW CAN - and remember, you save money on the larger sizes.

ORK: "RIDING AROUND IN THE RAIN" FADE ---

4th SPOT:

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) WEATHER BUREAU...FAIR AND WARMER TODAY AND TOMORROW.
WHAT SAY BUD? DID WE WHAT? DID WE HAVE ANY PRECIPITATION
YESTERDAY? I DUNNO, BUD. IT WAS RAININ' SO DAD RATTLE HARD
I DIDN'T GO OUT TO LOOK. (CLICK) PEOPLE CAN ASK THE DUMBEST
QUESTIONS..

DOOR LATCH:

OLD MAN: You the weather man, Johnny?
FIB: You betcha old timer. What's on your mind?
OLD M: EH? WHAT SAY?
FIB: I SAYS WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED, GRANDPA?
OLD M: Don't want anything. I'm a rain maker, Johnny.
FIB: Oh ye are eh? (LAUGHS) You're a rain maker eh?
OLD M: Yep. On my way to California.
FIB: Ye are eh? WELL WHAT'S A RAIN MAKER GOIN TO CALIFORNIA FOR?
WHO HIRES YOU?
OLD M: EH?
FIB: I SAYS WHO WANTS IT TO RAIN IN CALIFORNIA?
OLD M: HEH-HEH, FLORIDA!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Say, I'm gettin' hungry Sil. Run down to the drug store when
you get time and bring me a weather man's lunch.
SIL: A weather man's lunch huh?
FIB: Yes, you know...PROBABLY a ham sandwich, on possibly rye bread
with perhaps coffee unless its tea, or maybe a malted milk
with unsettled whipped cream.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: and bring me a -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) WEATHER BUREAU. CLEAR SKIES AND SUNSHINE! MCGEE
SPEAKIN'. WHO? MRS FIDDITCH? SURE, GO AHEAD AND SOW YOUR
GRASS SEED, MRS. FIDDITCH. AS SOMEBODY SAID, THEY'RES NOTHIN'
AS SAD AS UNSEEDED SOD. EH? I SAID THERE'S NOTHIN' AS SOD
AS UNSADDED...ER...NOTHING AS SEED AS A UNSODDED ... WHY
DON'T YE PLANT CROCUSES? (CLICK)

SIL: Isn't it about time we oughtta go up on the roof huh, an' look
at them instruments, or shall I git you yo' lunch first?

FIB: Neither one, Sil. It's gettin' too dark. I think we'll close
up the office and call it a day. You know, there's a great
satisfaction in knowin' you been a help to your fellow citiz-

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, it's Nick Depopolis...HIYAH NICK.
NICK: Hello Fizzer. Hello Sillybuss.
SIL: Hiyah, Mist. Depopolis, huh.

NICK: Somebody is giving me an earful little cheerfults about you making all kind of producting about some weather, Fizzer.

FIB: That's right, Nick. I'm the weather forecaster around here.

NICK: Well, I am a dumbfoundling! You mean you can look my eye right in your face and tell me you are knowing what day I am going to be a rain-in-the-puss?

FIB: Well, within reason, yes. I ain't infallible.

NICK: Sure, no one is being unfoolable, Fizzer. And peoples who are wise-crackpots about a weather man having rains and snow flossies is being a fair-weather friend, you grob me?

FIB: That's right. But I know all the answers, Nick. I'm a human book of weather predictions.

NICK: Sure. kind of a predictionary. (LAUGHS) Heh heh heh...I am killing myself with these fine jokes.

FIB: Tbet was a pun, Nick. A play on words.

NICK: Oh that is all right, Fizzer. When it is coming to a hot cross pun I am hitting the bull's-pupil every time. You know the old sayin, 'THE WORDS HAVE A GREEK FOR IT.' Well, so long Fizzer. Next time I am making a jokes about the weathers being stormy you can cloud me one in the chin.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Cloud him one on the chin! Of all the...OH WELL, COME ON, SILL. IT'S CLOSING TIME, AND WE CAN WALK HOME AND GET SOME OF THIS FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.

SIL: Yassuh, but ah think -

FIB: Don't argue. Just see the windows are closed. We don't want anybody breakin' in and stealin' my thunder (LAFFS) All set?

SIL: Yassuh, but -

FIB: OKAY...HAND ME MY HAT.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Thanks. Come on.

DOOR LATCH: SOUND OF HEAVY RAIN...THUNDER...

FIB: Hey..WHAT THE...IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS!!!!

SIL: Yassuh...it sho is, ain' it.

FIB: DAD RAT IT...NOW WHAT'LL I DO? THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK TO PLAY ON ME AFTER I BEEN TELLIN' EVERYBODY IT WAS GONNA BE A NICE DAY! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

SIL: Reckon we bettah go on home suh. Heah's yo' rubbeks and yo' umbrella.

FIB: MY RUBBERS AND UMBRELLA! HOW'D THEY GET HERE?

SIL: I brung 'em this mornin' suh. Ah knew you was gonna need 'em.

FIB: You you...why ALL THESE SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS SAYS IT'D BE FAIR WEATHER.

SIL: Yassuh...ah knows it.

FIB: WELL HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS GONNA RAIN?

SIL: Mah BUNIONS, suh.

FIB: Your buni-...oh pshaw! Come on.

SOUND: RAIN UP...THUNDER...DOOR SLAM

APPLAUSE

ORK: "LOVE WALKED IN" (FADE FOR COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Do you know that there's a wonderful new type furniture polish on the market? It's name is JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH -- and it's entirely different from all others! JOHNSON'S CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH imparts an exquisite, satiny, wax-lustre to your tables, chairs and radio cabinets. Women everywhere say it's the finest furniture polish they have ever used because it contains no sticky oil to collect dust and finger marks. It shields the wood from scratches and stains. You can easily give every piece of furniture in your home lasting beauty with JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH. It comes to you in a handsome glass bottle.

RCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: Well Sil, as I always says...we can't be right every time. This weather predictin' stuff is kinda tricky business.

SIL: Yassuh...an' they is a lotta folks askin' is the lil ole grindhog gonna see his shadda Tuesday. You got the answeh fo' that, suh?

FIB: You betcha, Sil. You can quote me as sayin' DEFINITELY, that the ground hog WON'T see his shadow. Winter is over!

SIL: Is you SHUAH he ain't gonna see his shadow suh?

FIB: SURE, I'M SURE. Whaddya think I fitted him with that little blindfold fo' AHEM. Goodnight, folks.

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) - Segue - ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the Makers of Johnson's Wax at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Monday night. GOODNIGHT!

ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS) - This is the National Broadcasting Company.

CHIMES

mr/na/js/gs/10:15
1/31/38