

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

WMAQ

:00-8:30 P.M.

FEBRUARY 21, 1938

MONDAY

REBROADCAST: 11:00-11:30 P.M.

*W. Quinn*

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 "RISE 'N' SHINE"

ORK: "RISE AND SHINE" down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: WITH MOLLY ABSENT, FIGGER'S FINANCIAL FAN MAIL HAS PILED UP. WE DON'T THINK HE REALIZES JUST HOW FAR BEHIND THE FISCAL EIGHTBALL HE REALLY IS. BUT HERE, IN ALL HIS SERENE SATISFACTION WITH THE STATE OF THE WORLD, WAITING FOR SILLY WATSON TO SERVE HIM HIS BREAKFAST, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND, FIBBER (IGNORANCE IS BLISS) MCGEE!

\* \* \*

SOUND: TAP OF SILVER ON CHINA

FIB: HEY, SIL!! (CLINK CLINK) HURRY UP WITH THEM EGGS AND TOAST.  
SIL: (FADE IN) Ah cain't, please suh.  
FIB: You CAN'T! Why not?  
SIL: They ain' no gas. It been shut off, ah reckon.  
FIB: It's been shut o...WELL FER THE...THEY AIN'T GOT ANY BUSINESS DOIN' THAT TO ME. WHAT'D THEY DO THAT FOR?  
SIL: Reckon you ain' paid the bill, suh.  
FIB: WHADDYA MEAN I AIN'T PAID THE B...WHY I CERT--..er..say, I guess it DID slip my mind at that. Oh well...fry my eggs on the electric grill, Sil.  
SIL: Yassuh, but ah cain't do that e'theh, suh. Lil ole lecttristy been unoneected too.  
FIB: IT HAS? Did I forget to pay THAT, too? Shucks. Well, forget the eggs. Bring me some cold cereal and the morning paper.  
SIL: Yassuh...but the cereal is all gone, and the lil ole groc'y say he won't sen' noffin' mo' unless he git comp'n on account suh.

FIB: OH HE DID, DID HE...you tell him I'm liable to take my grocery business someplace else.

SIL: Ah did suh. And he say kin he depend on it?

FIB: Why the old...oh well...I ain't very hungry this morning anyway. Gimme a glass o' milk and the paper.

SIL: Ain no milk, suh. Milkman leave a note an' say "no money, no milk, no cash, no cream."

FIB: YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE AND TELL ME...say this looks like a conspiracy to me. It's a capitalistic plot, that's what it is. They're crackin' down on the little fellow. It ain't right. Well...forget breakfast and gimme the morning paper.

SIL: Ain't none, suh. Deliv'y boy say ain' no use leavin' a papeh fo' folks that cain't read.

FIB: THAT CAN'T READ. WHAT GIVE HIM THE IDEA I CAN'T READ?

SIL: Well he say iffen you could read, you'd of read the handwritin' on the wall, suh. Ah dunno wah he means, but that's wah he say.

FIB: Well I'll be a...NO BREAKFAST, NO GAS.. NO LIGHTS, NO GROCERIES. NO PAPER, NO JUSTICE. Gimme my pants. I'll go read the riot act to some of these guys.

SIL: You ain't got no pants suh.

FIB: I WHAT?

SIL: Ah took 'em all oveh to the presser, suh, to git 'em pressed an' he holdin' em till you pay's up yo' back bills.

FIB: Dad rat the dad ratted...SAY SILL...WHY DIDN'T YOU LEMME KNOW I WAS LETTIN' THEM BILLS GO? WHADJA LET 'EM PILE UP, LIKE THAT FOR?

SIL: Well, suh, ah tried to tell you seve'l always say don' botheh you now.

FIB: Well get all the bills and bring 'em 1

SIL: Yassuh...beah they is, suh.

FIB: Phew...are them all BILLS? Run thru 'em

SIL: ain't at least one Valentine among 'em

SIL: Nossuh. They's all bills, suh.

FIB: I ain't seen so many windows sence I m

SIL: a greenhouse. Shucks, I don't even kn

FIB: Iffen ah kin make a suggestion suh..yo

SIL: yo' is goin' need - like EATIN!

FIB: Good idea. Where's the grocery bill?

SIL: Right theah, suh. Them seven.

FIB: (GROANS)

PAPER TEARING

FIB: Hey looka this...5 baskets o' groceries

SIL: COULD I EAT FIVE BASKETS O' GROCERIES?

FIB: You din't suh. Them ah the Christmas

SIL: Eh? Oh yes. AHM. You git one, Sill?

FIB: Yassuh. Thank you suh.

SIL: Oh that's okay. Is it er...is it all

FIB: Yassuh. Long time ago, suh.

SIL: You shouldn't eat so fast, Sill. It ai

FIB: AHM.

SIL: Is they anything ah kin do suh?

SIL: Well, suh, ah tried to tell you seve'l times suh, but you always say don' botheh you now.

FIB: Well get all the bills and bring 'em in here.

SIL: Yassuh...heah they is, suh.

FIB: Phew...are them all BILLS? Run thru 'em quick and see if there ain't at least one Valentine among 'em.

SIL: Nossuh. They's all bills, suh.

FIB: I ain't seen so many windows sence I made a parachute jump into a greenhouse. Shucks, I don't even know where to start.

SIL: Iffen ah kin make a suggestion suh..you bettah pay up de places yo' is goin' need - like EATIN!

FIB: Good idea. Where's the grocery bill?

SIL: Right theah, suh. Them seven.

FIB: (GROANS)

PAPER TEARING

FIB: Hey looka this...5 baskets o' groceries, at \$5 a piece. HOW COULD I EAT FIVE BASKETS O' GROCERIES? 25 bucks, worth o' grub!

SIL: You din't suh. Them ah the Christmas baskets you give away, suh.

FIB: Eh? Oh yes. AHM. You git one, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh. Thank you suh.

FIB: Oh that's okay. Is it er...is it all gone?

SIL: Yassuh. Long time ago, suh.

FIB: You shouldn't eat so fast, Sil. It ain't good for either of us. AHM.

SIL: Is they anything ah kin do suh?

FIB: Yes...sort all the bills into receiveable, accounts payable

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Don't tell me they've disconn

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Good morning.

FIB: What's good about it? And pa

MAN: Oh, that's okay. You oughtta

FIB: That's me...have a chair.

MAN: All right. I'LL TAKE THIS ON THE FURNITURE STORE AND WE'LL

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well fer the...HEY...BILLY MI

MILLS: YES I HAVE!

FIB: Well whaddya waitin' for?

ORK: "HEAR ME SHOUT BUBLICHKA"

APPLAUSE

FIB: Yes...sort all the bills into three piles. Accounts receiveable, accounts payable, and accounts put-offable.

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Don't tell me they've disconnected our doorbell, too, COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Good morning.

FIB: What's good about it? And pardon my bathrobe, bud.

MAN: Oh, that's okay. You oughtta see mine! You're Fibber McGee?

FIB: That's me...have a chair.

MAN: All right. I'LL TAKE THIS ONE HERE. (CLUNK) PAY YOUR BILL AT THE FURNITURE STORE AND WE'LL SEND IT BACK. THANKS.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well fer the...HEY...BILLY MILLS...HAVE YOU BEEN PAID?

MILLS: YES I HAVE!

FIB: Well whaddya waitin' for?

ORK: "HEAR ME SHOUT BUBLICHKA"

APPLAUSE

2ND SPOT

FIB: Dad rat it, Sil...this sityeashun is desperate. I never realized how them bills was accumulatin'. My bank balance is way down, and I gotta stall these creditors till I get some more dough.

SIL: Yassuh...but wheah you gonna git it?

FIB: Well, I gotta retrench, for one thing.

SIL: Yassuh. Dig it deep enough fo me to hide in too, please suh.

FIB: No I mean I gotta cut down on expenditures. Matter o' fact, I gotta cut OUT expenditures. I ain't got nothin' to expend. Now let's see...Maybe I better go to a finance company and get a loan to cover all my bills. Put all my eggs in one basket as it were.

SIL: Yassuh...ah tried that once too suh. An' somebody kicked the basket.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there Johnny. You Fibber McGee?

FIB: That's me, old timer. What's on your mind?

OLD M: Eh? What say?

FIB: I says what can I do for you?

OLD M: I'm the egg man Johnny.

FIB: Oh yes...you're the guy that delivers the prairie oysters.

OLD M: The what?

FIB: The Hen fruit. THE CACKLE APPLES.

OLD M: Oh you mean the cock-a-doodle doughnuts. How about payin' up fer last month, Johnny. Dollar sixty.

FIB: Well, I'll tell you, old Timer ... I'm ... er ... just a little ...er.financially ... er ... I mean ... just at this moment I... well, things are kinda bad right now and...er...I'd appreciate it if you go along with me on this thing. How about it?

OLD M: (HEH HEH) That's pretty good, Johnny. But that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, Say, he says, I SEE THEY'RE CHARGIN' TWO DOLLARS ADMISSION TO SEE THIS NEW FREDDY MARCH PIRATE PICTURE, and the other feller says, well he says, that comes out even. A buck an ear, would be two dollars a hear! HEH HEH. BUCCANEER!

I like this young feller...always got the latest yarns.

DOOR SLAM:

SIL: Ah don' think he unnerstood you, suh.

FIB: Well, I'm glad he didn't, because -

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Better pay fer them eggs, Johnny, or I'll sue ye.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Speakin' o' eggs, Sil. I'm hungry as a goat. We got ANYTHING TO eat in the house?

SIL: This is all they is, suh. Jus' a can o' onion soup please suh.

FIB: Onion soup eh? It makes a fine breakfast, if you ain't got anything else. Let's see it.

SIL: Heah tis, suh.

FIB: Hmmm. EUREKA ONION SOUP. I dont, but I'm going to. Open it up, Sil, and - HEY WAIT A MINUTE...LOOK. IT SAYS "IF YOU ARE DISSATISFIED WITH EUREKA ONION SOUP, WE WILL GIVE YOU DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK." Hot dog!

SIL: Yassuh...but that don' do much good, suh. It only cost eleven cents.

FIB: What of it? DON'T YOU SEE THE POSSIBILITIES? Take it back and get 22%. Then go someplace else and buy two cans. Then take em' back and get 44%. Keep that up and let's see...say this is a terrific idea...gimme a pencil.

SIL: Heah suh...

FIB: 22¢ cents....33, 88,...176....3.52....(MUTTERS) HOT DOG SIL! LOOK. FIFTEEN TRANSACTIONS LIKE THAT AND YOU KNOW WHAT WE'LL HAVE? One thousand, eight hundred and two dollars and 24 cents!

SIL: Hot diggety. That ain' ONION soup suh...tha's MUSHROOM SOUP.

FIB: I'll say it is. Only thing is, it'll take a few days to make all them deals. I gotta get some dough to cover me until we get that 1800 bucks.

SIL: Yassh, but w'y hold yo'se'f down to 1800 suh. One mo' stop at a groc'y sto' and you gits you 36 hunnerd, suh...and one MO stop and you gits 7200 and one MO stop and you git fo'teen thousa'n and -

FIB: WHOOA SIL...whoa...I'm ashamed of you...that's just a lot of selfishness.

SIL: Yassuh. It's an awful lotta soup, too suh.

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SIL: Yassuh. It's an awful lotta soup, too suh.

FIB: Well - all in good time. borrow some capital. I company and -

SIL: You caint suh. You ain'

FIB: Eh? Oh dod rat it. HEY

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Good. You can stay and got on.

SIL: Yassuh...but they gonna walk, step short an' sit

FIB: Come on, come on, come on IDEA...FIBBER MCGEE, THE I'll have a million in c

WIL: AND WE HAVE THE INTEREST

CAPITAL PERFORMANCE. WH

NO B-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh hello Fibber. Say I j that seven bucks, you've

FIB: Oh you mean that ... er

WIL: That seven bucks.

FIB: Oh yes. That sev...Oh y all at once, Harpo?

Page 10

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Page 11

FIB: Well - all in good time. But before we get started I gotta  
borrow some capital. I think I'll run down to some finance  
company and -

SIL: You caint suh. You ain' got no pants.

FIB: Eh? Oh dod rat it. HEY YOU GOTTA EXTRA PAIR OF PANTS?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Good. You can stay and watch the house and I'll wear them you  
got on.

SIL: Yassuh...but they gonna be awful tight fo' you suh. You bettah  
walk, step short an' sit down cautious.

FIB: Come on, come on, come on! I gotta get started...BOY WHAT AN  
IDEA...FIBBER MCGEE, THE SOUP KING...Oh boy oh boy oh boy...  
I'll have a million in capital in two weeks, and with the  
interest on that, I'll have the world by the tail!

WIL: AND WE HAVE THE INTEREST OF THE WORLD, WITH THE TALE OF GLOCOAT'S  
CAPITAL PERFORMANCE. WHY WHEN PEOPLE HEAR ABOUT THE NO RUBBING,  
NO B-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh hello Fibber. Say I just dropped in to see if you could spare  
that seven bucks, you've owed me for so long.

FIB: Oh you mean that ... er ... that ... er ...

WIL: That seven bucks.

FIB: Oh yes. That sev...Oh yes. AHEM. Did I...er...did I borrow that  
all at once, Harpo?



WIL: No...first you wanted to make a phone call, and borrowed a nickel. Then it was two bits...and then a dime...and a quarter and so on. Now it's seven bucks.

FIB: I'm glad you reminded me of it Harpo. I'm too dad ratted conscientious not to give it back exactly the way I got it. Here's the first nickel I borrowed. And much obliged.

WIL: Well how do you like that! Of all the...well, that's Wilcox. Just a sucker for an honest face, and smooth talk...you wait till I -

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, it looks like my troubles are over. If I can only persuade the finance company to cover me, until -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: COME IN! You cant scare me now!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, it's Clark Dennis, Hiyah Clark.

CLARK: Hello Fibber. I was just going past the house, and I thought I'd stop in and have breakfast with you.

FIB: Oh, I...I see. AHEM. Well...er...to tell the truth Clark, we..er.

SIL: We is busted, Mist' Dennis.

CLARK: Oh really...well say, is there anything I can do to -

FIB: No no no...matter of fact in a few days I'll be worth millions, Clark. I got a great idea -

SIL: He gonna double his money on soup and keep on doubl-

FIB: QUIET SIL...You'll spill the beans ONIONS. Why dont you sing something

CLARK: All right. What'll I sing?

FIB: Oh something appropriate...like

CLARK: No, I'll sing "I see Your Face"

FIB: Well, shut your eyes, and go ahead

ORK: "I SEE YOUR FACE BEFORE ME"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: QUIET SIL....You'll spill the bea...er the mushroo...er the ONIONS. Why dont you sing something Clark? That'll help a little.

CLARK: All right. What'll I sing?

FIB: Oh something appropriate...like "I Got PLENTY OF NUTHIN'".

CLARK: No, I'll sing "I see Your Face Before Me."

FIB: Well, shut your eyes, and go ahead, Clark.

ORK: "I SEE YOUR FACE BEFORE ME"

APPLAUSE:

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND DOWN

FIB: Now I wonder where the finance Company ... HEY THERE CHINA BOY. OH - SAY, AIN'T YOU GOOEY FOOEY, THE LAUNDRY MAN THAT DOES MY SHIRTS?

CHINA: Suah. Me Gooey Fooey. You Mist Flibber McGlee, no pay fo' doee shirtee for three weeks now?

FIB: DO I OWE YOU FOR THREE WEEKS? Well I'm sorry - but I cant pay now...but I'm on my way to the finance company to arrange a loan. Me be in tomolow to pay up. You catch on?

CHINA: Me savvy. Tomolow washeeton Bliirthday. You no pay, we clebrate bliirthday.

FIB: Whaddye mean, if I don't pay, you'll celebrate Washington's Birthday?

CHINA: Send hatchet man. Goo-by now.

TRAFFIC UP

FIB: Hatchet man eh? Hmmm. I better pay or he'll have the edge on me - HEY OFFICER...WHERE'S THE FINAGGLE FINANCE COMPANY?

COP YER STANDIN' IN THE DOORWAY OF IT, YE BLATHERSKIT. (LOUD) AND WHERE'D YE GET THIM PANTS?

FIB: I got 'em from a policeman. That's why they're so loud, and tight.

DOOR SLAM. TRAFFIC OUT.

GIRL: Whooja wanna see?

FIB: I'm Fibber McGee, sis, and I -

GIRL: Whooja wanna see?

FIB: I'm tryin' to tell ya. I'm Fibber McGee and I -  
GIRL: WHOOJA WANNA SEE? CANCHA HEAR?  
FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DONT KNOW WHO I WANNA SEE.  
GIRL: Then whadja come in for?  
FIB: Because I wanted to see someone about -  
GIRL: WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN. WHOOJA WANNA SEE?  
FIB: (SIGHS) I dunno why everything connected with money has to  
be so dad ratted unpleasant. Listen sis...IS THIS THE FINAGGLE  
FINANCE COMPANY?  
GIRL: Yes it is...whoja wanna see?  
FIB: ANYBODY DAD RAT IT...ANYBODY.  
GIRL: Mr. Grant?  
FIB: Yes yes yes...lemme see Mr. Grant.  
GIRL: He's outa town. Who else ja wanna see?  
FIB: I DONT CARE...JUST LEMME SEE SOMEONE. I AINT FUSSY.  
GIRL: Well if ya aint fussy, You better see Mr. Gersten. Waita minnit.  
MR. GERSTEN. SOMEBODY TO SEE YA. No, a little sawed-off guy with  
glasses and either short pants or long knickers. (ASIDE) Wanna  
see about a loan?  
FIB: (WITH DIGNITY) I'll discuss that with Mr. Gersten.  
GIRL: HELLO. YEAH. IT'S A LOAN. OKAY MR. GERSTEN. Go wan in Mister.  
Third door on the left.  
FIB: Thanks sis.  
DOOR SLAM. TYPING EFFECT...VOICES HUMMING...DOOR SLAM  
MAN: Whoja wana see?

FIB: You people around here musta cut your teeth on a rubber stamp.  
I wanta see Mr. Gersten.  
MAN: J.B. or M. W.?  
FIB: Either one's O.K.  
MAN: I'm J.B.  
FIB: Oh hiyah, J.B. I'm F.M.  
MAN: Siddown.  
FIB: Thanks ... (GRUNTS) Oooh!  
MAN: S'Matter? Rheumatic joints?  
FIB: No, Watson's pants. Here's my sityeashun, J.B. Ye see I -  
MAN: How much you want?  
FIB: I'll get to that. Ye see, -  
MAN: We make a specialty of just that sort o thing, F.M. Our slogan  
is "COME IN WITH YOUR TROUBLES, WALK OUT WITH OUR MONEY." I  
thought that one up; myself.  
FIB: Say that's pretty good. Used to be quite a slogan boy myself.  
Wrote one for a barber college once. IF YOU LIKE OUR HAIRCUT,  
TELL US, IF YOU DONT LIKE OUR HAIR CUT, KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT.  
Ye see, I -  
MAN: How much you want?  
FIB: Well, it's like this, J.B...  
I'm temporarily short o' dough, and I've decided to borrow enough  
to pay all my bills which total \$79.85 and pay back one lump  
sum, see? That way.  
MAN: How much you want?  
FIB: Oh, in the neighborhood of -  
MAN: Never mind the neighborhood. Move in somewhere.

FIB: A hundred bucks.  
 MAN: \$100. Mind answering a few questions?  
 FIB: No...as long as ye dont ask me who I wanna see.  
 MAN: Roll up your sleeve.  
 FIB: Okay but what's the...HEY WHAT'S THAT THING?  
 MAN: Lie detector.  
 FIB: Oh...go ahead, J.B.  
 MAN: Who's your employer?  
 FIB: Eh? Well, I...er...I aint emplo....that is, I dont work, except  
 when I absolutely have to...I mean to say, I have a small income  
 and -  
 MAN: Married?  
 FIB: Yes.  
 MAN: Children?  
 FIB: No. We're grown up.  
 MAN: I mean, got'ny kids?  
 FIB: Nope.  
 MAN: Any collateral?  
 FIB: Well, I own my house, and I got a little insurance, and a car  
 and I got a great idea with onion soup, that -  
 MAN: Okay. Any outstanding debts?  
 FIB: Have I! Say I got the most outstanding debts in town, J.B. Why -  
 MAN: Ever borrow before?

FIB: Who, me? MILLIONS, J.B. Why back in Walla-Walla I used to be  
 Credit Man for the Woman's Exchange.  
 WIL: AND WE'LL GIVE ANY MAN CREDIT IF HE'LL EXCHANGE HIS WOMAN'S SCRUB  
 BRUSH FOR A CAN OF GLOCOAT, THE EASY TO USE FLOOR POLISH THAT -  
 FIB: HARPO! Go away.  
 WIL: Oh. You vant to be aloooooone?  
 FIB: No, Aye vant to MAKE A Loaaan.  
 WIL: Ya sure.  
DOOR SLAM.  
 MAN: Go on, F.M.  
 FIB: Okay, J.B. As I says, I used to do all the credit work for the  
 Exchange. Buyin', too. Used to be knowed by everybody as a  
 strictly cash customer. They called me Cash Cuss, for short.  
 CASH CUSS MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.  
 MAN: NO, F.M.!  
 FIB: Yes, J. B. CASH CUSS MCGEE, THE GLEVER KID O' THE CREDIT OREW,  
 CAUSIN' THE COLLAPSE OF CROOKED CONCERNS CREATED TO CRIPPLE THE  
 COMMUNITY, GOOLLY COPIN' WITH THE CANNY KINGS OF CAPITALISM WHO  
 COAX COIN FROM COUNTLESS COUPLES BY CORNERIN' CURRENCY AND  
 CALLOUSLY CALLIN' FOR CRUEL COLLATERAL, CALMLY KICKIN' THE WHOLE  
 KIT AND CABOODLE OF CORNER-CUTTIN' CASHIERS INTO THE GLINK, AND  
 KEENLY CARVIN' A CAREER AS THE COURTEOUS CAPTAIN OF CASH AND  
 CREDIT IN CUTE COTTAGES AND COSTLY CASTLES FROM THE CAPE OF  
 CAPRICORN TO THE COLORFUL CANYONS OF COLORADO!  
APPLAUSE:  
 FIB: That's why I says, J.B., that-  
 SOUND: POP OF GLASS...TINKLE OF PARTS AND PUNGGG OF SPRING..

FIB: What was that?  
 MAN: Lie detector. Couldn't take it. Well, just sign these papers, F.M. On that line there...that's it...and there...once more over here...This one, too...Never mind reading them...it's just routine. You know, assignment of your car and house and insurance, and. - now, if you'll just pay me a dollar and a quarter  
 FIB: Eh? What for? Shucks, I just got a dollar thirty with me.  
 MAN: Well, you know how it is. Before we make a loan, we first deduct the interest, carrying charges and notary's fees.  
 FIB: Well, that's fair enough.  
 MAN: The carrying charges are \$47.50, the interest is \$52.50 and notary fees one twenty five. Total, one hundred one, and twenty five cents.  
 FIB: Okay..here's the one twenty five..and..HEY...YOUR CHARGIN' ME MORE THAN I BORROWED!  
 MAN: Yes, that's the way it works out...well, come in again, F.M. GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE.  
 FIB: HEY YOU CAN'T DO THAT...I COME IN HERE TO -

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Why the...of all the...oh well...wait'll I get my soup exchange goin'. I'll make that guy come beggin' to me with - OOOOP, sorry sis.  
 GIRL: WHOOJA WANNA SEE:  
 FIB: Oh pshaw!  
 GIRL: O. Shaw is out to lunch. But I'll give you B. Mills.  
 ORK: "LOVE IS HERE TO STAY"

APPLAUSE:

End COMMERCIAL.4th SPOT:TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND DOWN..

FIB: Let's see now...double my money back on one can o' 11¢ soup is 22¢ then 44¢. 88¢...yes it works out...HOT DOG WHAT AN IDEA! If I can only -  
 NICK: OH HELLO THERE FIZZER.  
 FIB: OH NICK DEPOPOLIS.  
 NICK: AND WHAT IS MAKING YOU WALKING ALONG TALKING TO MYSELF LIKE A MAN WHO IS HAVING A hornet in his hat?  
 FIB: You mean bees in his bonnet, I ain't cuckoo, Nick. I was just figgerin' out how I'm gonna make me a fortune in the next few days  
 NICK: Is THAT SO! IS SOMEBODY DYING TO LEAVE YOU A FORTUNES, OR ARE YOU ROBBING PEWTER TO PAY A PALLBEARER?  
 FIB: Look, Nick. If I can get enough to live on the next few days, I'm all set. I got a can o' soup, see?  
 NICK: Hmm. This must be alphabeautiful soup to be spelling out all these fine fortunes, Fizzer.  
 FIB: Wait a minute...The label says, DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THE SOUP. That means I get twice the eleven cents I paid for the soup. 22¢. I buy two more cans and take 'em back. 44¢. Four more cans...88¢. See how it works out. IN FIFTEEN TRANSACTIONS I GOT 1800 and some odd dollars. Just a beginning!  
 NICK: WELL, FOR SCRIMS, SAKE! FIZZER, YOU ARE A FINANCIAL GENIPISS!

FIB: Oh I dunno. But I gotta snicker when I think o' muggs wastin' their time on gold mines and oil wells. I'm gonna carve out a fortune with a can opener. Only thing is, how'll I get by for the next few days?

NICK: Oh don't let that worry me, Fizzer. Look! I have got a roll of money which is choking a cowboy if I am feeding it to one, but don't think I will. I am not as stupid as you look.

FIB: Whew....WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THAT DOUGH, NICK?

NICK: Oh a racing horse is coming down my chimney at Santa Claus Anita. I am putting a hundred dollars across his room and board and he is a fifty-to-one, long-bang short-tail.

FIB: You mean a long shot bangtail.

NICK: What is the difference being? So here is a hundred dollars, Fizzer, and I hope your soup is not spilling down your neck.

FIB: Much obliged, Nick. I'll pay it back in a few days. Meantime this will settle the collection sharks.

NICK: Okay, Fizzer! Now you had better be homeward musclebound and declare a moratorlupuss with the crediturtles. Remember the old saying, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER POKE IN THE NOSES IF YOU ARE NOT GETTING IT.

TRAFFIC UP...

FIB: Hot dog...GOOD OLD NICK. Now watch my smoke...I'll -- and there's Sil lookin' out the window...

SOUND: RUNNING FEET UP STEPS.. DOOR LATCH. SLAM.

FIB: I GOT IT SIL..I GOT IT...WE'RE ALL SET...IT'...Hey..what you lookin' so worried about? Them creditors been at you again?

SIL: Noesuh. But w'en ah seen you runnin' up them steps wif mah pants on ah expected the wo'st, suh.

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SIL: Noesuh. But w'en ah seen you runnin' up them steps wif mah pants on ah expected the wo'st, suh.

FIB: Oh forget it...one o' these days you'll have all the clothes you can wear...

SIL: You git the money from de finance compn'y suh?

FIB: Eh? Well-1-1 no...there was a..a slight technicality. The interest got the decision over the principal. But Nick Depopolis loaned me a hundred. GET THE CAN O' SOUP, SIL.

SIL: Yassuh...you gonna staht out exchangin it right away, suh?

FIB: Oh no. We gotta be ethical about this, Sil. It says you can't get your money back unless your dissatisfied. So I'm gonna taste it first, just to satisfy my conscience.

SIL: Yassuh. Heah is the soup suh. An' heah is a can openeh,

SOUND: CLINK OF CAN OPENER AND CAN...

FIB: Thank goodness, I don't like onion soup! Now I can swing into this thing with a...GIMME A SPOON, SIL.

SIL: Yassuh. Ain' you gonna heat it up a lil, suh?

FIB: Nope. First place we ain't got any gas or electricity, and second place it'd taste better if it was heated and I don't WANT it to taste better. Now let's see....

SOUND: WHOOFLE OF SOUP...REPEAT...(PAUSE)

SIL: Hot doggetty. He don't like it!

FIB: Sil...SIL...it..it's ALL OFF!!...WE'RE RUINED! THERE GOES A MILLION BUCKS RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!

SIL: Bu'.but why suh?...

FIB: DAD RAT ED, stuff is Delicious.

ORK: "SWEET STRANGER" :DOWN FOR 3rd COMMERCIAL.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON. INC.-FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY-FEBRUARY 21, 1938-MONDAY  
OPENING COMMERCIAL - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

Oil is good for lubricating but smeared over your furniture it collects dust, shows smudges and finger-prints, gives no protection to your furniture. Johnson's Creamy White Furniture Polish contains not one drop of oil but it does contain wax that gives an exquisite, satiny lustre to your tables, chairs, radio cabinet or piano. Fingerprints don't show when you use this new type Johnson's Creamy Furniture Polish, dust cannot stick to surfaces polished with it. Call your dealer tomorrow for Johnson's Creamy White Furniture Polish.

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

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

When several million women insist on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT for their floors and linoleum there must be a pretty good reason for this overwhelming preference. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply that a child can use it. Just pour a little of this remarkable liquid right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread it lightly around with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT applicator. In twenty minutes your floor will be dry -- shining with a beautiful gleaming polish -- a polish that protects the floor from wear -- shuts out dirt and stains -- does away with floor scrubbing. Why not follow the example of millions of the most successful housewives and order JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow from your dealer. 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 - FADE ON CUE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

We can all remember the time when linoleum was used mainly on kitchen floors. But today, interesting floors of linoleum add color and beauty to living rooms, sun parlors, and dining rooms. To keep these modern floors clean and shining is a big job unless you know the right way to care for them. Fortunately the right way is an easy way and here are the simple directions: Buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from your dealer. 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 Applicator. In twenty minutes your floors will be dry, protected by a grand polish. The colors will stay clean and bright! Scuffing shoes can't harm the linoleum. You'll be saved hours of cleaning work and everyone will admire your lovely, shining floors if you protect them with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN")

nr: 3:00 PM  
2-21-38