

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN
PAUL HENNING

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(8:00-8:30 PM) (FEBRUARY 28, 1938)

(MONDAY)

11:00-11:30 PM

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

Page 2.

WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM! PRESENTING FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY, - WITH BILLY MILLS' ORCHESTRA! THE SHOW OPENS TONIGHT WITH "ANYTHING GOES"!

ORK: "ANYTHING GOES" - down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL -

Page 3.

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

When you go out to do your shopping tomorrow be sure to get a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then when you get home it will take you only a few minutes to make your kitchen linoleum bright as new with this wonderful no-rubbing polish. Just listen to these simple directions. Pour a little GLO-COAT right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread the liquid lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT Applier. Then walk away and let the GLO-COAT dry for twenty minutes. Come back and get a real surprise! Your linoleum will be shining with a wonderful protective polish that seals the floor so dirt can't get in. GLO-COAT saves your linoleum from ever getting stained and scratched -- makes it much easier to clean. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can -- and remember, you save money on the larger sizes.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

Page 4.

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS FINALLY DISCOVERED WHY MARCH COMES IN LIKE A LION. IT'S THE ROAR OF ANGUISHED CITIZENS MAKING OUT THEIR INCOME TAXES. AND HERE, WITH A BLANK IN HIS HAND AND A BLANK LOOK ON HIS FACE, WE FIND WISTFUL VISTA'S TAXPAYER NUMBER ONE, FIBBER MC GEE.

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

APPLAUSE

FIB: Hey, Harpo. You made out your income tax yet?
WIL: What do you mean, Income Tax?
FIB: EH? Whaddye mean, what do I mean? INCOME TAX. You gotta pay income tax, haven't you?
WIL: Have I?
FIB: Certainly.
WIL: Well, what will they think of next! How much is it?
FIB: DADRAT IT, HOW SHOULD I KNOW? It depends on your income. It's a certain percentage, dependin' on how much ye made last year, considerin' deductions for this and that, and dependants, and what bracket your in and - all stuff - like-that-there. Then ye take a certain percentage o' that and pay it.
WIL: Doesn't sound practical to me. They'll have to make it a little more definite than that before I'll be interested.
FIB: Yes but, look -
WIL: I'm sorry. If they want to come to me with a clean cut, practical proposition, I'll talk to 'em. But this thing is too visionary. (FADE OUT) Excuse me now, I've got to go now.
FIB: Imagine that guy not payin' a income tax. He must think he's a millionaire.

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FIB: Imagine that guy not payin' a income tax. He must think he's a millionaire.

SIL: Mist McGee. ...

FIB: Oh Hiyah Sil.

SIL: Mist' McGee, please suh, that lil ole income tax man is heah to see you about yo' tax, suh.

FIB: Oh Good. Bring him in.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: (TO HIMSELF) Let's see now. . . salaries and other compensation for personal services...Schedule A -

MAN: Excuse me. . . MR. MCGEE.

FIB: That's me, bud. You the tax expert?

MAN: Yes sir.

FIB: I kinda suspected it from the way your form's filled out.

AHEM. Shall we go someplace and sit down?

MAN: Oh.. no. . . this will only take a few minutes.

Here. . . lemme take your fountain pen. Thanks.

FIB: HEY THAT'S A CIGAR.

MAN: Well, it's got a clip on it.

FIB: I know... I was afraid I'd lose it.

MAN: Well we better get started. Let's see this is for the year 193...19... er what year is this?

FIB: This is 1938 but the return is for 1937.

MAN: Last year?

FIB: Why yes -

MAN: What's the matter? You forget to make a return last year?

FIB: CERTAINLY I MADE A RETURN LAST YEAR. But that was for the year before.

MAN: Say this is serious! Don't you realize you'll have to catch up one o' these days? Who do you think you are to keep the Government waiting for you, year after year?

FIB: Yes but shucks, I...well how do I know how much I made till the year is over?

MAN: Oh you're gonna take THAT attitude, eh? Well let me tell you, McGee, Uncle Sam doesn't have much patience with people like you. How can we run things if you're always a year late with your payments? Got any bad debts?

FIB: Who ever had any GOOD debts?

MAN: I'll just put down PROBABLY on that line...now then, IF YOU FOUND A LAPIDARY ON YOUR FRONT PORCH, WOULD YOU FRY IT, RIDE IT AROUND THE BLOCK OR SELL IT TO THE NAVY YARD?

FIB: Is that question in there?

MAN: No, I heard it on the radio last night, and I wondered what the answ-...LISTEN HERE MCGEE, ARE WE MAKING OUT YOUR TAX OR AREN'T WE? Stick to the subject here.

FIB: Well, I ain't the one who -

MAN: LOOK AT THIS: COMBINE AMOUNTS IN COLUMN NINE ACCORDING TO TIME HELD, INTO TOTALS. ENTER SAME IN LINE "W" OF THE SUMMARY TABLE. INDICATE BY "G" OR "L" WHETHER EACH ENTRY IS GAIN OR LOSS. Well...hurry up.

(PAUSE)

FIB: I'd sell it to the Navy Yard.
MAN: Well, now we're getting somewhere! THINK OF A NUMBER!
FIB: Okay.
MAN: Add three.
FIB: Okay.
MAN: DIVIDE BY TWO.
FIB: Okay.
MAN: SUBTRACT Five.
FIB: Right.
MAN: The result should be 13.
FIB: No, it's 21.
MAN: WHAT? Oh for the... (LAUGHS) IMAGINE THAT? WE'VE GOT THE
WRONG BLANK. (LAUGHS) But don't worry about it, McGee...
I'll be back tomorrow with the right blank.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: HEY, COME BACK H-... (LAUGHS) Say this income tax
expertin' is easy. I think I'll go into the business
myself! HEY BILLY MILLS.

MILLS: Yeah?

FIB: Think of a figure...

MILLS: Sally Rand. . .

FIB: No, no no! I meant a number -

MILLS: Okay.

FIB: Add three.
MILLS: All right.
FIB: Subtract two.
MILLS: I did.
FIB: Divide by eight.
MILLS: Right.
FIB: WHAT NUMBER YOU GOT?
MILLS: "WITH A SMILE AND A SONG"
FIB: That's a good number. Go ahead, Billy.

ORK: "WITH A SMILE AND A SONG"

APPLAUSE:

2nd SPOT:

FIB: Hey, Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh.
 FIB: You hang that sign on the door like I told you? "FIBBER MCGEE,
 INCOME TAX EXPERT?"
 SIL: Yassuh.
 FIB: Say, how about you, Sil? You made out a blank yet?
 SIL: Nossuh. Is I a taxacious subject suh?
 FIB: Yessir. You got any dependants, Sil?
 SIL: Any wah?
 FIB: Dependants. Does anybody depend on you for food and shelter?
 SIL: Yassuh. Mah brotkeh, Considerable Watson suh. But he dont git
 it.
 FIB: I see. Are your books kept on a cash or accrual basis?
 SIL: Cruel, suh. Real cruel. In fac', ah ain' NEVER SEEN such
 FIB: No, no, no ... I mean -

DOOR LATCH:

OLD: Hello there Johnny. You the income tax man?
 FIB: That's me, old timer. I suppose you want to fill out form
 1040-A?
 OLD: EH?
 FIB: Yee. A 1040-A
 OLD: Your watch must be fast, Johnny. Tain't that late. How about
 this income tax business?

FIB: Well it depends, Junior. What was the source of your income?
 OLD: My horse didn't have any income Johnny. Had to feed him myself.
 FIB: I didn't say horse. I says SOURCE. I mean from what business
 or profession did the main or principal part of your fiduciary
 assets accrue in the fiscal year of 1937, countin' partnerships,
 syndicates, pools and billiards?
 OLD: HEH HEH HEH. That's pretty good Johnny. But that ain't the way
 I heered it. (DOOR SLAM)
 FIB: Well let's see Sil. For 22A to Deduct -
 (DOOR OPEN)
 (CLOSE)
 OLD: The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, SAY,
 HE SAYS. I see where they're even taxin' hitchhikers this year?
 THAT SO? says the other feller? What kind o' tax is that? And
 the first feller says THUMB TAX. HEH HEH HEH Well so long
 young feller.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, at least people know we're in business.
 SIL: Yassuh, but you ain' makin' much money at it suh.
 FIB: Money ain't everything, Sil. Money can't buy happiness. Money
 can't buy love and health and the worthwhile things in life.
 Money aint really important.
 AIL: Ain' you talkin' abou' CONFEDERATE money, suh?
 FIB: AHEN. Well, the next person that comes in here is gonna get
 charged a ten dollar fee. I'm gonna make me some dough between
 now and March fifteen.

WIL: AND YOU CAN MARCH FIFTEEN OR TWENTY OR A HUNDRED PEOPLE OVER YOUR FLOORS, IF THEY'RE PROTECTED WITH JOHNSONS GLOCOAT, THE EASY-TO-USE-POLISH THAT -

FIB: HARPO! Go away.

WIL: Wait a minute...IS IT TRUE THAT YOU CAN DEDUCT BAD DEBTS FROM YOUR INCOME TAX?

FIB: Yessir. That's right, Harpo.

WIL: Thanks a lot.

FIB: HEY:...MY FEE FER ANSWERING THAT QUESTION IS 10BUCKS.

WIL: Deduct it. That's a bad debt.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well it's a great game, this tax business, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh...is it true, suh, that they's a lotta folks 'at tries to evold payin' no taxes, suh?

FIB: Plenty of 'em,Sil. But usually, when they reach up to get theirselves on the back, they find they got hold of Uncle Sam's whiskers. The difference between a legal loophole and a hangman's noose is in how far you stick your neck out. That's why I always advocate -

DOOR LATCH

WOMAN: Is this Mr. McGee, the Income tax expert?

FIB: That's me, sis.

WOMAN: Well, I wonder if you'll help me out of my dilemma.

FIB: Drive it up to the curb, sis - and I'll see what I can ---

WOMAN: You don't understand. I need help with my income tax.

FIB: Ohhhh, oh yes. You come to the right place sis. Question #1 Married?

WOMAN: No.

FIB: Check line 14, paragraph seven, Sil. No holding company.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: ANY CHIL....er...No, course not.

FIB: Well, you're entitled to \$1000 exemption, sis.

WOMAN: Am I really! Oh that's wonderful. I think I'll buy a car with it. When do I get it?

FIB: You don't get it. If you aint got it, you dont have it. I mean -

WOMAN: Now DONT TRY TO TALK ME OUT OF MY RIGHTS MR. MCGEE. I'm not going to stir from this spot till I get my fifteen hundred dollars!

FIB: Oh now look, sis, you don't grasp the ... I mean ... WELL HERE'S HOW IT'S -

WOMAN: I'LL GIVE YOU JUST ONE MINUTE TO HAND OVER MY FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

FIB: BUT I TELL YE I AINT GOT ANY FIF...YOU AINT ENTITL-

WOMAN: ALL RIGHT. IF THAT'S YOUR SYSTEM. CHEATING WOMEN AND ORPHANS OUT OF THEIR RIGHTS. I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU...I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO MORGENTHAU...
I'M GOING TO GET A POLICEMAN!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: I wonder if I WAS suppose to pay her that fiftee...shucks,
no...that can't be right. You hear that woman, Sil?

SIL: ~~Yassuh...~~ Maybe you bettah git in a lil practice on somebody
you knows suh.

FIB: Good idea..I'll try Clark Dennis. HEY CLARK!

CLARK: Don't bother me, Fibber. I'm making out my income tax.

FIB: I wanted to help YOU.

CLARK: Oh, well, thanks. Here's a question I don't know how to answer.
HAVE I DEPRECIATED SINCE LAST YEAR AND HOW MUCH?

FIB: N-no, I dont think you've depreciated, Clark. In fact I think
you're improvin' all the time. HEY LOOK AT YOUR BLANK THERE...
you answered YES on every line.

CLARK: I know. I was just trying to be agreeable.

FIB: Look at line 23 there! Inflation, OBSOLESCENCE AND DEPLETION,
EXPLAIN IN SCHEDULE D!

CLARK: What about it?

FIB: Episcopalian aint the answer to that.

CLARK: Oh what of it. FIVE lines of little X's. Isn't that cute?
Who says there's no sentiment in business?

FIB: Aw fer the...Lemme make this out while you sing, Clark. Whaddye
gonna sing?

CLARK: ONE SONG, from Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs.

FIB: Is it deductable?

CLARK: It's delectable.

FIB: Go ahead, Clark. "ONE SONG", from Snow white.

ORK: "ONE SONG" DENNIS

APPLAUSE

CLARK: It's delectable.

FIB: Go ahead, Clark. "ONE SONG", from Snow white.

ORK: "ONE SONG" DENNIS

APPLAUSE

3rd SPOT

FIB: That was very nicely done, Clark. You sing that every week and you can put me down as a dependant.

SIL: Scuse me, please suh, Mist' McGee, but they is somebody to see you, suh -

FIB: If they're properous lookin', tell 'em to wait. If they look kinda shoddy, bring 'em right in. It's them people that have got the dough.

SIL: Well suh, it's the little ole Chinaman suh!

FIB: Oh, well...bring him in. Never mind...here he comes..

CHINK: Scusee me please. You Flibber McGlee, inclum taxee man?

FIB: Oh, it's Gooey Fooey. What can I do for you, Gooey Fooey?

CHINK: Me makee out inclum taxee. Needum help.

FIB: Oh I see. Well, I'm glad to be of service to you, Gooey Fooey. Let's see your schedule.

CHINK: Schledule velly simple. Get-up five o'clockee. Go to laundry. Take lunchee 12-thirty. Worrke to ten o'clockee, play mahjogg till middle-night, go to bedee. Very simple schledule.

FIB: No, no, no. I didn't mean your LIVING schedule. Your income tax blank.

CHINK: Oh...oh yes. Me blinge'm alongside. Look.

FIB: (RATTLE OF PAPER) HEY THIS IS ALL MADE OUT IN CHINESE.

CHINK: Sure. Me chinese.

FIB: Well, I know, but the government won't be able to read it.

CHINK: You mean Uncle Sam glovernment no savvy Chinese liting?

FIB: Of course not.

CHINK: (CHUCKLES) That all I wantee know. Me mail 'em in tomollow ...bye, now.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Shucks, even at that, his return looked simpler'n mine will. Let's see. SIL, I think I'll list you as a dependant.

SIL: Yassuh. Maybe you bettah pay me fo' las' week jus' in case the checks up suh.

FIB: No hurry. I got til March 15. And Molly's a dependant. And Harpo's a dependant and -

WIL: AND ANYBODY who's dependant on Johnson's Glocoat to keep floors clean, and sparkling, can claim exemption from rubbing and scrubbing, becau-

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hello Fibber. Say how much credit do I get for each person I support?

FIB: Four hundred dollars, Harpo.

WIL: Oh oh. Ten times four hundred dollars is -

FIB: HEY YOU GOT TEN KIDS?

WIL: Oh no. This is my wife's family.

FIB: Well, not wait a minute. Surely you don't support every member of your wife's family. I'm afraid you don't know the law.

WIL: I'm afraid you don't know my wife's family.

DOOR SLAM

SIL: Mist' McGee...ah din' even know Mist' Harpo was married.

FIB: He ain't. But I didn't dare give that gag to a married guy, like Billy Mills. I ain't no fool.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

BOY: Telegram for Fibber McGee.

FIB: Right here, Bud - I'm Fib - Hey what's the idea of bringin' this in here in your pajamas?

BOY: It's a night letter.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: A night letter - here, Sil, you read it probably from some guy wanted me to chisel his tax bill down. But I won't do it. Anybody that starts shootin' dice with Uncle Sam better start hollerin' SEVEN COME ELEVENWORTH. Read that wire, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh. (PAPER TEARING) It's a lil ole telegraph from the Rotowanis Club suh.

FIB: Whadda they want?

SIL: They offeh's you fifty dollahs, suh, iffen you is givin 'em a lil speech on income tax at de next lunch.

FIB: EH? HOT DOG...FIFTY BUCKS...EH? Still, I dunno. Does it say what they're havin' for lunch?

SIL: Nossuh. Do it make any difference suh?

FIB: Oh well, I guess not. Only last time I et one of their filly mognons somebody asked where the two head waiters was. Another guy says, "They're off!" and my filley started to jump around the table. It's little things like that undermine a feller's confidence. But CALL 'EM UP SIL, AND TELL 'EM I'LL BE THERE.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You hear that, Billy? I'm gonna address the Rotarywanis Club on the subject of taxation.

BILL: I used to belong to that outfit.

FIB: When did you resign?

BILL: Just now.

FIB: Oh...Ahem...how about your taxes, Billy. You go any dependants?

BILL: Well, everybody knows I support a well known radio comedian.

FIB: Honest? Who's that?

BILL: Fibber McGee...

FIB: That name is kinda famil...OH IS THAT SO, SO YOU THINK YOU SUPP-

BILL: Oh don't get mad. I was just playing.

FIB: Well, go ahead and play...but you better change your tune.

BILL: OLAY...HOW'S THIS ONE?

ORK: "THE LADY IS A TRAMP"

APPLAUSE:

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ORK: "THE LADY IS A TRAMP"

APPLAUSE:

FIB: That was THE LADY IS A TRAMP, folks, played by Weary Willy Mills and his 'Oboes. And now I'm gonna claim a slight deduction from the program, so Mr. Wilcox, our expert on overtaxed floors can tell you how to schedule your household dividends. MISTER WILCOX.

WIL: Thanks, butch.

WIL: You know folks, I couldn't help noticing that "tax" rhymes with "wax", and it gave me an inspiration. So - with your permission - here goes:

There are income tax inspectors - Internal Revenue detectors
Who may call on you and challenge your return
But the chances are so slender - If you're not a big offender
That my warning here should cause you no concern

But friend or total stranger - Let me warn you of the danger
When neighbor folks come knocking at your door
The you greet them with affection - You can bet they make
inspection
Of your furniture, your woodwork, and your floor

Let them make no rash deduction - For with Glo-Coat in
production
You're protected from the most discerning gaze
So forget your income taxes - Just remember Johnson's waxes
Will assist you in a hundred different ways.

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

4TH SPOT:

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SOUND: CLINK OF SILVER AND DISHES....VOICES HUM.

FIB: Hey..waiter. WAITER.
MAN: No handouts, bum. Go around to the kitchen.
FIB: DAD RAT IT I AIN'T A BUM. I'M THE GUEST SPEAKER AT THIS LUNCHEON.
MAN: What do I care? I leave after the ice cream.
FIB: Listen...I just wanna be sure I'm in the right dining room. Is this the Rotarywanis luncheon?
MAN: Of course it is. Don't you hear all them guys selling each other stuff?
FIB: Oh oh yes. Much Obliged. Am I suppose to sit any particular place?
MAN: What are you...a contortionist? One side, please...I gotta get the soup.
FIB: A fine reception...EXCUSE ME, BUD..IS THIS SEAT TAKEN BY ANYB--..OH NICK DEPOPOLIS. Hiyah, Nick.
NICK: Oh hello, there Fizzer. What are you doing with the Rotarykinwanipuss lunchems?
FIB: They asked me to come over and give a little talk on income tax, Nick. Mind if I sit here till they call on me?
NICK: OF COURSE I DO, FIZZER. Sit down and make yourself as homely as you can.

NOISES UP AND DOWN.

FIB: What are ye eatin' so fast for, Nick. In a hurry to hear my speech?
NICK: No Fizzer. I am not staying to hear you talk thru your hat. I am in a hurry to go and see Snow White and the seven little quintiplers.

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FIB: YOU mean DWARFS, Nick.
NICK: Sure. I am knowing the difference, Fizzer. A dwarf is a midgit who is like a little quintipler only when he gets big he will still be small. Correct me, if I am working under a missappledumpling.
FIB: Well I don't blame you for wantin' to see it. I guess it's prettv good.
NICK: Pretty good! It is magnissipuss! I am seeing it three times and I am hardly waiting to see it some more. Shall I tell you what is happening to Snowdrift and the seven -
FIB: No no no..I wanta see it myself and -
NICK: Oh you will enjoy it even more so if I am telling you a hint of what the plot is being. ONCE UPON A TIMES, -
FIB: Oh don't tell me, Nick.
NICK: It is no trouble, Fizzer. Well this pretty little kewpie, Snowball White she is having a wicked principuss for a stepladder...
FIB: Stepmother.
NICK: Sure. and this old stepladder is wanting to Jealipuss of the Snowshoe white and is asking a looking glasses who she is better looking than somebody and the looking glasses is telling her that in a comparative, with her stepgirls, she is being a big sourpuss.
FIB: Never mind, Nick. I think I know the -

NICK: Oh you are never guessing what is happening, Fizzer. It is making my hair stand on his hind feet! This old kewpie is going into the basements of a castles and is doing the big apple in a poisons, which is making people a sleeping beautiful, you grob me?

FIB: Yes. Never mind the rest of it, Nick. I -

NICK: AND THEN, SNOWBIRD is running away into a woodforest and the little rabbits and muddleturtles and chipmonkeys is taking her to a little log cabinet where the midgits is finding her all tired up from cleaning the places out with a squirrel waving his tail at it, too, AND WHAT DO I THINK HAPPENS IN THE NEXT PLACE?

FIB: Let it go. I gotta concentrate on my speech and I can't -

NICK: Well, BELIEVE ME OR RIPLEY, the next days, this she is making believe she is not somebody who she and she is digusted like an old ladys -

FIB: Disguised, Nick. Not digusted -

NICK: She is also digusted because little Snowdrifts kewpie and she is being an old hog.

FIB: You mean HAG. If she'd been a hog, the tale would twist. Now keep quiet while I go over my notes.

NICK: WELL ANYWAY, FIZZER, little Snowshovel is biting apple and before I can wink my face she is lying floor of the little log cabinet with a sleeping Fizzer, when this is happening, my heart is beat hanger!

FIB: TRIP-HAMMER. Now please Nick, they'll be calling

NICK: NOW WE ARE COMING TO THE BIG STUFF, FIZZER. The making a little glass showcase like a drug store and everything is very sad until a prince is rid charge account and he is kissing little snowdrift and she thinks he is an alarm clock, and wakes up is living happily from now on and mostly Walt Dis

FIB: Well, there's one advantage Disney has, Nick. If of a actor, he don't have to tear up the contract up the actor - but ---

VOICES UP: GAVEL

NICK: Well, BELIEVE ME OR RIPLEY, the next days, this old witch hazel, she is making believe she is not somebody who she is really being, and she is disgusted like an old ladys -

FIB: Disguised, Nick. Not disgusted -

NICK: She is also disgusted because little Snowdrifts is being a pretty kewpie and she is being an old hog.

FIB: You mean HAG. If she'd been a hog, the tale would have had a new twist. Now keep quiet while I go over my notes and -

NICK: WELL ANYWAY, FIZZER, little Snowshovel is biting on these big apple and before I can wink my face she is lying on the glocoat floor of the little log cabinet with a sleeping sickness. Well sir, Fizzer, when this is happening, my heart is beating like a strap-hanger!

FIB: TRIP-HAMMER. Now please Nick, they'll be calling on me for my spee-

NICK: NOW WE ARE COMING TO THE BIG STUFF, FIZZER. The seven dwarfels are making a little glass showcase like a drug store for candybars and everything is very sad until a prince is riding past on his charge account and he is kissing little snowdrifts on the lipstick and she thinks he is an alarm clock, and wakes up and everybody is living happily from now on and mostly Walt Disney.

FIB: Well, there's one advantage Disney has, Nick. If he gets tired of a actor, he don't have to tear up the contract. He just tears up the actor - but ---

VOICES UP: GAVEL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: It's so easy to keep ki
know how to go about it
scrubbing when you prot
POLISHING GLO-COAT. On
blue and white linoleum
Before this woman knew
linoleum twice a week i
protects it with GLO-CO
never needs scrubbing!
never fades. JOHNSON'S
many hours of hard work
pleasure and rest and y
if you protect it with
GLO-COAT is spelled G-L
GLO-COAT. Buy a can fro

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO - FADE O

mc/gs/js/mk/na/ 10:20
2/28/38

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: It's so easy to keep kitchen linoleum clean and bright when you know how to go about it. You can say goodbye forever to floor scrubbing when you protect your linoleum with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. One of our listeners tells us she has a blue and white linoleum rug which she has used for ten years. Before this woman knew about GLO-COAT she had to scrub the linoleum twice a week in order to keep it clean. Now she protects it with GLO-COAT and it stays shining and clean -- never needs scrubbing! The colors look brighter - the pattern never fades. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT has saved this housewife many hours of hard work. You, too, can have more time for pleasure and rest and your linoleum will stay beautiful always if you protect it with this easy-to-use, no-rubbing polish. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T - JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Buy a can from your dealer tomorrow.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO - FADE ON GUE)

mc/ga/js/mk/na/ 10:20
2/28/38

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL .. JOHNSON'S WAX .. MONDAY .. FEBRUARY

TAG GAG:

FIB: Ye know, Sil, this income tax stuffain't half as it looks. It's really pretty simple.
SIL: Yassuh. But they is one thing that kinda de
FIB: What's that, Sil?
SIL: Well - why do they call this lil ole tax bla
FIB: Well, give the government some wrong answers
find out AHEM. Good night, Sil. Good nig
ORCH: CLOSING SIGNATURE .. SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORRO
WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the maker
Wax at Racine, Wisconsin and inviting you to
again next Monday night. Goodnight!
NBC ANNGR (MUSIC CREDITS) THIS IS THE N.B.C.

(CHIMES)

js 4:10
2-28-38

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bye forever to floor
with JOHNSON'S SELF-
tells us she has a
used for ten years.
had to scrub the
clean. Now she
ning and clean --
lighter - the pattern
this housewife
ve more time for
stay beautiful always
o-rubbing polish.
JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
trow.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL .. JOHNSON'S WAX .. MONDAY .. FEBRUARY 28, 1938

TAG GAG:

FIB: Ye know, Sil, this income tax stuffain't half as complicated
as it looks. It's really pretty simple.

SIL: Yassuh. But they is one thing that kinda defeats me, suh.

FIB: What's that, Sil?

SIL: Well - why do they call this lil ole tax blank a RETURN?

FIB: Well, give the government some wrong answers, and you'll
find out AHEM. Good night, Sil. Good night folks.

ORCH. 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!

NBC ANNCR (MUSIC CREDITS) THIS IS THE N.B.C.
(CHIMES)

js 4:10
2-28-38

S. C. JOHNSON

FIBBER MCGEE

WMAQ

8:00- 8:30 PM

11:00-11:30 PM