

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
CHICAGO OUTLET (WMAQ ())
8:30 - 9:00 P.M. MARCH 29, 1938 TUESDAY DAY
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

WRITER DON QUINN
OK

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

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" FADE FOR

WIL: The Johnson Wax program, presenting Fibber McGee and Company
with Billy Mills' Orchestra, opening the show with "A NEW SUN
IN THE SKY"

ORK: "A NEW SUN IN THE SKY" FADE FOR

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Up-to-date housewives know the secret of keeping their floors and linoleum beautifully bright and clean without scrubbing. Sounds impossible? Well, just learn this easy way. Buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT from your dealer. Pour a little of this remarkable no-rubbing polish right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread it lightly around with a soft cloth or a long-handled GLO-COAT Applier. There's really no work to it! GLO-COAT dries in twenty minutes to a gleaming, protective polish that saves your linoleum from wear and shuts out dirt and grime. A dry dusting will keep your polished floor clean and shining. Soiled spots can be quickly wiped away with a damp cloth. If you want to be free forever from floor-scrubbing, buy JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- spelled G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

(RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN) (FADE)

WIL: WELL, FIBBER IS TO BE BEST MAN AT A WEDDING TODAY. BUT THE CEREMONY IS QUITE A WAY OUT OF TOWN AND WITH NO CAR OF HIS OWN, HE'S WONDERING HOW TO GET THERE. AND HERE, IN MORNING COAT, CHECKERED PANTS TAN SHOES AND RED BOW TIE. PROBABLY THE WORST DRESSED BEST MAN IN MATRIMONIAL HISTORY, WE FIND, FIBBER MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

FIB: Hey, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You know anybody that's gotta car I can borrow to get to this dad ratted wedding?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Well, I ain't walkin'. Not in these formal clothes.

SIL: Oh, is them clothes formal, suh?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN ARE THESE CLOTHES FORMAL. Ye ever see a morning coat at a ball game?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Oh well, I suppose Harpo, or Billy Mills'll gimme a lift out there and back. I asked Harpo to stop by on his way to -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

SIL: Tha's him now, suh.

FIB: How do ye know?

SIL: I peeked ahead a few lines, suh.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Come in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

FIB: Oh, Hiyah Harpo.

WIL: Hello Fibber. What was it you wa- HEY... WHERE'S THE MASQUERADE?

FIB: What masquerade? I'm goin' to a wedding. I'm best man.

WIL: You are? You know all the duties of a best man?

FIB: Oh, just roughly, Harpo. The best man is supposed to walk in with the bride -

WIL: Oh NO. He walks in with the groom. The bride's father gives the girl away.

FIB: He does, eh. He oughtta keep his mouth shut till after the wedding.

WIL: What else?

FIB: Well, the best man always carries a flask o' apple-jack or somethin' with him so if the groom gets weak in the knees, he can give him a slug o' courage.

WIL: That's right. The idea is the best man is supposed to protect the groom all the way along, until the wedding party leaves.

FIB: Aint't that a silly idea?

SIL: Why, suh?

FIB: Well, shucks, nothin's gonna happen to him during the ceremony. It's after the honeymoon that the poor guy really needs protec- OH BY THE WAY, HARPO. This wedding's about 18 miles outa town. How about givin' me a lift in your car?

WIL: Oh, say, I'm sorry, Fibber. I've got a crap game scheduled today. Where's your car?

FIB: I ain't had one for a long
if ye hear of a good used
market. You're the first

WIL: All right.

FIB: But don't tell everybody

WIL: I'll be quiet as a little
luck!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: There's a picture for you
cigars tryin' to act like
ask me.

SIL: Yassuh, but maybe Mist' B

FIB: Shucks, I hope I don't ha
shoes'll kill me.

SIL: Why you git new shoes, su

FIB: I'll tell you why. Last
my soles and when I fillo
got my feet full o' thorn

TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it. I hope the
Hello. OH LONG DISTANCE
Wonder who'd be callin' m
MCGEE SPEAKIN'... WHAT?
MARKET FOR A GOOD USED CA
TOO FAR AWAY. (CLICK)

FIB: I ain't had one for a long time... but listen... confidentially, if ye hear of a good used car, lemme know. I'm in the market. You're the first one I've mentioned it to.

WIL: All right.

FIB: But don't tell everybody or they'll be at the door all day long.

WIL: I'll be quiet as a little tentsy wentsy mousey. Well, good luck!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: There's a picture for you, Sil. Harpo with his big black cigars tryin' to act like a mouse. A tobacco rodent, if you ask me.

SIL: Yassuh, but maybe Mist' Billy Mills'll give you a lift, suh.

FIB: Shucks, I hope I don't have to walk out there. These new shoes'll kill me.

SIL: Why you git new shoes, suh?

FIB: I'll tell you why. Last wedding I went to, they was holes in my soles and when I fillowed the flower girl up the aisle, I got my feet full o' thorns.

TELEPHONE

FIB: I'll get it. I hope the wedding has been cancelled. (CLICK)
Hello. OH LONG DISTANCE FROM LOS ANGELES? OKAY, I'LL TAKE IT
Wonder who'd be callin' me from Los Ang... Hello... YES, FIBBER
MCGEE SPEAKIN'... WHAT? YOU HEARD WHAT? THAT I WAS IN THE
MARKET FOR A GOOD USED CAR. SAY, WHAT THE... SORRY BUD YOU'RE
TOO FAR AWAY. (CLICK)

SIL: Them teentsy weentsy mice sh
FUBL: There's only one thing that
that's a rumor. That's why

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh, Billy Mills. Hiyah. BIL

MILLS: Hello Fibber. What's the id
in the garden?

FIB: No I ain't. I'm best man at
me a lift out there and back

MILLS: I'm sorry. the man from the
today. But I heard three or
market for a good used car -

FIB: THREE OR FOUR PEOPLE? Harpo

MILLS: So I took the liberty of aski
on you, with some good used c

FIB: Well, I'm much obliged, Billy

MILLS: T1 P1 T1 P1 Tin.

FIB: Okay, FOLKS. BILLY MILLS PLAY
WHITE AND THE SEV-

MILLS: HEY WAIT A MINUTE. THAT NUMB

FIB: Really? Well, ain't that a no

ORK: "TI PI TI PI TIN."

APPLAUSE:

SIL: Them teentsy weentsy mice sho' do git aroun', don't they suh?
FUBL There's only one thing that travels faster than light, and
that's a rumor. That's why I always -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh, Billy Mills. Hiyah Billy.

MILLS: Hello Fibber. What's the idea of those clothes? Been working
in the garden?

FIB: No I ain't. I'm best man at a wedding. How about you givin'
me a lift out there and back. It's only 18 m-

MILLS: I'm sorry... the man from the finance company's using my car
today. But I heard three or four people say you were in the
market for a good used car -

FIB: THREE OR FOUR PEOPLE? Harpo musta hired a sound truck.

MILLS: So I took the liberty of asking a couple of friends to call
on you, with some good used cars.

FIB: Well, I'm much obliged, Billy. Whatcha gonna play?

MILLS: Ti Pi Ti Pi Tin.

FIB: Okay, FOLKS. BILLY MILLS PLAYS TI PI TI PI TIN. FROM SNOW
WHITE AND THE SEV-

MILLS: HEY WAIT A MINUTE. THAT NUMBER ISN'T FROM SNOW WHITE.

FIB: Really? Well, ain't that a novelty? Go ahead, Billy.

ORK: "TI PI TI PI TIN."

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT:

FIB: That was Biddy Biddy Mills playin' Tippy
I'll --

SIL: Scuse me, Mist' McGee, suh... heah come a
street an' the drivah look lak he lookin'

FIB: Probably a used car for sale. Let's go

DOOR SLAM: WHEEZY CAR FADE IN UP AND OUT WITH CLATTER

MAN: You Fibber McGee?

FIB: You betcha bud. That car for sale?

MAN: Yes, it is. What'll you pay?

FIB: Oh, not more'n twenty five bucks. But I
got here with that old crate. Wonder the
out before you --

SOUND: CRASH. CLATTER OF PARTS

FIB: I shouldn't of said that so loud, bud. S
bugglee is sensitive. I can't give you n
for that car.

MAN: Well it can be fixed. Make it nineteen
in perfect condi-

SOUND: TWO LOUD BANGS AND DEFLATING HISS.

FIB: Fifteen dollars.

MAN: Oh come on... Make it 16.50. It's got a s
on it. Here... listen.

SOUND: VERY SQUEAKY PEEP-POOP

2ND SPOT:

FIB: That was Biddy Biddy Mills playin' Tippy Tippy Tin, folks, and I'll --

SIL: Scuse me, Mist' McGee, suh... heah come a lil' ole cah down the street an' the drivah look lak he lookin' for somp'm.

FIB: Probably a used car for sale. Let's go outside.

DOOR SLAM: WHEEZY CAR FADE IN UP AND OUT WITH CLATTER

MAN: You Fibber McGee?

FIB: You betcha bud. That car for sale?

MAN: Yes, it is. What'll you pay?

FIB: Oh, not more'n twenty five bucks. But I'm surprised you ever got here with that old crate. Wonder the engine didn't fall out before you --

SOUND: CRASH CLATTER OF PARTS

FIB: I shouldn't of said that so loud, bud. Some o' these old buggies is sensitive. I can't give you more'n eighteen bucks for that car.

MAN: Well it can be fixed. Make it nineteen. The tires are still in perfect condi-

SOUND: TWO LOUD BANGS AND DEFLATING HISS.

FIB: Fifteen dollars.

MAN: Oh come on... Make it 16.50. It's got a swell two toned horn on it. Here... listen.

SOUND: VERY SQUEAKY PEEP-POOP

FIB: Thirteen bucks.

MAN: Aw don't be like that, McGee. Make it fourteen, anyway. Those fenders are solid as a rock. Look.

SOUND: POUNDING WITH HAND ON FENDER. CLATTER OF FENDER ON PAVEMENT.

FIB: This is kind of a automotive strip-tease. Ten bucks.

SIL: Iffen he keep on demonstratin' suh, you gonna git it for free.

MAN: I think it's still worth more'n ten bucks, McGee. Why, it's worth twenty for junk.

FIB: I ain't in the junk business, bud.

MAN: Well, you are now! So long, pal.

SIL: Mist McGee - maybe you kin git this car fix up enough to git you to the weddin -

FIB: No sir. I don't ride in no 10-dollar jaloppie-I want a good car. When I get a car I'm gonnapay at least 30 or 40 bucks.

WHY DO YOU REALIZE, SIL..WHAT THE MOST DANGEROUS VEHICLE IS ON THE HIGHWAY TODAY?

SIL: Yassuh. A motorcycle wif a cop on it.

FIB: It ain't never no such a thing! It's the car with bum tires and no brakes. Look at this one here. The only thing on this car that's any good is the floorboard.

WIL: AND, AS CHAIRMAN OF THE FLOOR BOARD, I WISH TO REPORT THAT GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST PROTECTION FOR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM.

FIB: HARPO! You back again?

WIL: Yes, I just wanted to remind you to be sure and wear a boutonniere at the wedding.

FIB: Wear a what?

WIL: A boutonniere.

FIB: OH YEAH...TRYIN TO MAKE A MONKEY OF ME EH? A BOUTON.. A BOO- OH NO YE DON'T. I AINT WEARIN NO STUFF LIKE THAT THERE.

WIL: All right. I'm just telling. That's all. (FADE OUT) BUT if you won't take good advice...

FIB: WISE GUY! I SHOULD WEAR A BOUT-.....hey, Sil. What's a bootenyear?

SIL: Ah dunno, suh. Ah think it kind o a corsage, suh

FIB: CORSAGE, EH? I guess I gotta good enough figger without wearin' no sissy stuff like that! I should lace myself up in a straight front corsage.

SIL: Scuse me suh. Heah come another lil ole cah,

FIB: HmMMMM. That bus has got-

SOUND: RATTLY CAR UP AND OUT WITH CLANKS

OLD M: Hello there Johnny. You the feller that wants the used car?

FIB: Yes, but I don't want one that's been used as much as that one.

OLD M: EH?

FIB: I says, IS THAT THE ONE YOU WANNA SELL?

OLD M: SURE, Johnny. Why not?

FIB: It's too decrepit, Junior. And where's your muffler?

OLD M: My wife's wearin' it, Johnny. Heh heh -

FIB: You pulled the choke out too far that time, Junior

OLD M: HEH HEH HEH...that's pretty good Johnny. But that ain't the way I heered it. HEH.HEH. THE WAY I HEERED IT JOHNNY, ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER FELLER, SAY, HE SAYS, I HEAR THIS FIBBER MCGEE BOUGHT HIMSELF AN INTEREST IN A PRIZE FIGHTER.. IS THAT JUST A GAG? AND THE OTHER FELLER SAYS, I HOPE SO. HE NEEDS ONE. HEH. HEH. Want that car, Johnny?

FIB: NO, I don't..

OLD M: I'll give it to ya. Tain't mine anyway. (FADE OUT) Nice young feller...deserves every bit of it...

FIB: HEY COME BACK HERE? TAKE THIS OLD...NOW I GOT TWO O' THESE JUNK HEAPS ON MY HANDS..AND I NEED SOME NEW GAGS DO I?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: EH?

SIL: I mean, tha's wha HE says suh. Puhsonnaly, ah think you does yo' jokes jus' as good as anybody else does 'em.

FIB: Well, I should hope to...SAY WYADD YOU MEAN? YOU MEAN I..

SOUND: CHUG CHUG OF CAR UP AND OUT WITH WHEEZE:

FIB: Oh, it's Clark Dennis. That car looks like it just got back from a nice long rust in the country

CLARK: I heard you wanted to buy a used car, Fibber.

FIB: You mean you actually think I'd BUY that rheumatic puddle-jumper?

CLARK: Oh come on. Make me an offer.

FIB: Well, it MIGHT get me to the wedding. Five bucks, Clark.

CLARK: Only five dollars? Say, that's a brand new buggy whip I got on there.

FIB: BUGGY WHIP. WHat's that for? You gotta weak plug?

CLARK: No. But I've seen lots of other cars with 'em on, so I bought one.

FIB: Listen Clark. Them buggy whips you seen on other cars is radio aerials.

CLARK: Honest, are they? Gee, no wonder I couldn't get anything but race results.

FIB: Aw fer the - WHATCHA GONNA SING, CLARK?

CLARK: A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody.

FIB: A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY. There's probably a great gag in that someplace, but I'm too worried to think of it. GO AHEAD, CLARK.

ORK: "A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY" - DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT:

FIB: That was swell, Clark. That number's got a lotta mileage left in it yet.

SIL: Scuse me, Mist' McGee, but you bettah stah't figgehin' on how you is gonna git to that lile ole weddin'.

FIB: I know it Sil. But I ain't gonna hire no taxi, and nobody'll gimme a lift.

SIL: Well whadda they gonna do iffen you don' git theah suh?

FIB: I guess they'll just have to Lohengrin and bear it.
Dad rat Sil, I gotta get out to that weddin'. THIS IS A FINE HOW DO YE DO.

WIL: How do you do. Have you heard about Johnson's Auto Wax and cleaner. Fibber? Why it will make those old junks look like new. It will protect them from sun and rain and ..

FIB: HARPO! Go away. Can't you see how busy I am tryin' to find me a good used car?

WIL: I should know, at that. My brother is in a similar business.

FIB: He is?

WIL: Yes, he's manager of a dog pound. Kind of a barking lot.HAH HAH.

FIB: I thought you was gonna say he was in the used cur business.
(LAUGHS)

WIL: LAUGHS HEARTILY.

FIB: You liked that one eh?

WIL: I didn't hear it. I'm still laughing at my own.(EXIT LAUGHING)

3RD SPOT:

FIB: That was swell, Clark. That number's got a lotta mileage left in it yet.

SIL: Scuse me, Mist' McGee, but you bettah stah't figgehin' on how you is gonna git to that lile ole weddin'.

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FIB: HARPO! Go away. Can't you see how busy I am tryin' to find me a good used car?

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FIB: He is?

WIL: Yes, he's manager of a dog pound. Kind of a barking lot.HAH HAH.

FIB: I thought you was gonna say he was in the used cur business.
(LAUGHS)

WIL: LAUGHS HEARTILY.

FIB: You liked that one eh?

WIL: I didn't hear it. I'm still laughing at my own.(EXIT LAUGHING)

FIB: That guy could put on a audience participation show all by himself. How we gonna get rid o' these cars, Sil?

SIL: AH dunno suh - maybe we can sell 'em fo'junk. Dey is good steel in a chassy, suh.

FIB: That's pronounced SHASSY, Sil. In French the CH is sounded like SH. That's because - HEY WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SIL: Nothin' suh. Ah was jus' watchin' a shipmunk runnin' up that ole shesnut tree.

FIB: He's probably afraid we got a shotgun. Now let's see...

SOUND: OLD CAR RATTLING IN...UP AND OUT

SCOT: Beggin' yerrrrr parrrrrdon laddie, would ye be the mon who was wantin' a used-car?

FIB: You betcha, Scotty. That's me. And believe me, you got the worst junk that's been in here yet!

SCOT: Go on wif ye, Mon. This is ma new carrrr. I'll send the old one overrrr tonight.

FIB: Whaddye mean, that's your NEW car. Why the wheels don't even match. You got smaller wheels on front than ye have on back.

SCOT: Aye.,But It's a grrrreat savin' on gasoline, laddie.

FIB: How 's that?

SCOT: I'm goin' doon hill a' the time. Good day to ye.

CAR UP AND OUT

SIL: Mist' McGee.

FIB: Whatcha want, Sil?

SIL: Mist' McGee, please suh, iffen you aint gonna go to the weddin', in one o' these cahs, kin ah have it, suh?

FIB: They aint mine, Sil. But -- Whaddye want it for?

SIL: Ah thought maybe ah could take Rosebud fo' a ride, suh. Iffen you'd pay me mah back salary ah could buy me that \$10 car --

FIB: Sil-- I think too much of you to let you buy a car like these. They're dangerous.

SIL: Well, ah couldn' go no place much in it. Ah'd jus' park it in front of Rosebud's house, afteh ah painted mah initials on de do' of de cah so evahbody' know ah had me ...(PAUSE) Oh, Oh,--ah cain' do that eitheah.

FIB: Why not? You could paint S.W. on the car door, couldn't you?

SIL: Yassuh, but evahbody'd think it belong to Snow White, suh.

FIB: Say, I never thought --

TELEPHONE

SIL: Telephone's ringin' suh.

FIB: I know. That's one o' the nice things about radio, Sil. You could be nine miles out in a rowboat and still get your phone calls. (CLICK) HELLO. WHO? OH, HELLO JOE. (It's the bridegroom, Sil) NOW DON'T GET NERVOUS JOE, I'LL GET THERE OKAY. HUH? SURE I KNOW WHAT TO DO...I USED TO BE BES' MAN WHEN I WAS JUST A BOY. I CARRIED MORE RINGS THAN A BELL. BELL-BOY MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...BELL BOY MCGEE... THE BOLD BUMPKIN BEARING THE BETROTHAL BAND THAT BOUND BIG BIG BATCHES OF BLUSHING BRIDES AND BASHFUL BEAUS IN BLISSFUL BONDAGE...BIDDIN' BACKWARD BOOBS BUY BOUQUETS FOR BEAUTIFUL BLONDES AND BRUNETTES TO BOOST MY BUSINESS...AND BRILLIANTLY BECOMIN' THE BANE OF BACHELORHOOD FROM THE BUSHY BANKS OF THE BIG BLUE TO THE BOUNDLESS BEACHES OF BADEN BADEN.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: HELLO JOE ...SO DON'T WORRY, I'LL -- HELLO (CLICK-CLICK)
HELLO -- oh pshaw ----

ORCHESTRA: "SUNDAY IN THE PARK"

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

Your dealer knows that JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT far outsells all other no-rubbing polishes. The answer is simple. GLO-COAT gives life and sparkle to linoleum and floors that have become faded and dull. It protects new linoleum -- keeps it beautiful always! JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT never streaks or smears. It goes on in a jiffy -- dries in twenty minutes -- and gives you floors that everyone will admire. You can save yourself hours of back-breaking work if you buy JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the attractive yellow can. And remember, it's very economical to buy the larger sizes.

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

FIB: Say Sil. I'm beginning to get a little worried. I gotta get to that wedding, somehow.

SIL: Heah come Mist' Depopolis, suh. Maybe he give you a lift.

FIB: Say he might at that. HEY, NICK...COME HERE A MINUTE!

NICK: (FADE IN) Oh Hello Fizzer. What are you doing with all those fancy habberdoggerly on you?

FIB: Well, I gotta go to a wedding. I'm gonna be the best man.

NICK: IS THAT SO! IS THE HORSES NURSE ANYBODY I AM KNOWING?

FIB: The horses nurse? Oh you mean the GROOM. No, Nick I don't think so. But say...could you give me a lift out to the wedding? It's only 18 miles out and -

NICK: FIZZZZER, IT IS IMPOSSIPUSS, AND I AM TELLING A TRUTHFUL, OR WHY DOES A CHICKEN CROSS MY HEART AND HOPE TO DIE? AS A MOTHER OF FACT, FIZZER, MY BOY DEMETRIOS IS USING MY CARS TO TAKE HIS SWEET POTATO TO A BISCUITBOIL GAMES. DEMETRIOS, HE IS BEING CRAZY ABOUT BISCUITBOIL. NEXT TO FOOTSBALL, HE IS LIKING -

FIB: Then you can't take me, eh Nick?

NICK: No, Fizzer, I am not frightened.

FIB: You mean you're afraid not.

NICK: That is the roughneck idea, Fizzer. But tell me, are you being familiar with what a best man is supposed to be doing for a broodgrime?

FIB: It aint broodgrime. It's BRIDEGROOM. And yes, I AM familiar with the duties of a best man. I gotta carry the ring, walk in with the future husband, see that nobody puts rice in his suitcase and see him to the train, guard him from hodlums and all-stuff-like-that-there.

NICK: Fine, Fizzer. You are just the job for the man, I can see that with my eyeballs undressed.

FIB: You mean with your naked eye. I don't want any o' your pupils to catch cold.

NICK: Thank you. WELL, I GUESS YOU MUST BE ON MY WAY, FIZZER. AND WHEN THE ORGANS IS STARTING TO PLAY MENDELSSOHN'S BATTLE CRY, I HOPE THOSE NOODLEWEDS ARE REMEMBERING THAT THEY ARE SEEING EACH OTHER WITH ORANGE BLOSSOMS FOR TWENTY MINUTES AND WITH ORANGE JUICES FOR THE REST OF HIS NATURAL LOVE. SO LONG FIZZER.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Dad rat it, Sil, I wont be hearin' Mendelssohn's battle cry if I don't get some transportation somehow. Shucks, even a bicycle would be

SOUND: CAR CHUGGING IN AND OUT WITH GLATTER.

SIL: Heah anotheh ole cah suh. Maybe she wanna sell it.

FIB: Hmmm... Tennessee License. Harpo musta done some fast rumor spreadin'. HIYAH SIS. LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHING?

DAISY: Haowdy, mistah. Which way is the world's Faith?

FIB: The world's fair! Which one?
 DAISY: How many is they, mistah?
 FIB: Why..why they aint any just naow .. er .. now, sis.
 DAISY: Aint they a worlds fair in Chicawgo, mistah?
 FIB: There was - four years ago. It's tore down now.
 DAISY: Well smoke mah hams. Yo heah then LEM? The worlds fair is tore daown.
 LEM: I TOLD ye we shouldn't oughtta of stopped fer that double feature in Saint Looie, Daisy.
 FIB: I'll tell you what, though. There's a worlds fair in New York next year. San Francisco, too.
 DAISY: Is that fur from here, mistah?
 FIB: Oh quite a piece .. er .. spell. A long way, sis. New York's on the Atlantic Ocean and San Francisco's on the Pacific.
 LEM: Let's go home, Daisy. Ah caint swim.
 FIB: No no no...I mean they're right on the EDGE of the ocean. But at the rate you're goin' you better hurry.
 DAISY: Thanks mistah. Comeon, Lem. Let's git a goin'.
 LEM: Want me to drive, Daisy?
 DAISY: Ah shore do, Lem. Heah...you take the shoes.
 SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT...
 FIB: Dad rat it, Sil--if I don't get to that wedding, somehow, I'll never be able to --
 SOUND: HORSES HOOFS IN....WAGON

MAN: WHOAAA, there, WHOAAA...Hey are you mister McGee?
 FIB: That's me, bud. Whaja want?
 MAN: I heard you wanted a used car, so I thought I'd bring mine over--
 FIB: Howja expect me to drive it if you have to haul it over here.
 MAN: Oh--did you wanna drive it? I just heard you wanted a used car and this one's been used all right.
 FIB: I'll say it has-- . Here..here's 25 bucks.
 MAN: I thought you didn't want it.
 FIB: I don't. I'm buyin' the horse! UNHITCH HIM, BUD...I'M ON MY WAY.
 MAN: Okay

SOUND: JUNGLE...HOOFS...WHINNY....

MAN: There you are.
 FIB: Thanks. BOOST ME UP, SIL...NO, THE OTHER WAY, I WANTA FACE THE WINDSHIE'.er..HIS HEAD. (GRUNTS)
 SIL: Aint you afraid you is gonna git all mussed up suh wif them weddin' clothes on?
 FIB: DID PAUL REVERE WORRY? MUCH OBLIGED, BUD...SO LONG SIL...
 SIL: So long suh. Happy landin's.
 MAN: IS THIS YOUR WEDDING YOUR GOING TO, MR. MCGEE?
 FIB: NOPE. I'M GONNA BE BEST MAN.
 MAN: I SEE. YOUR GOING TO STAND UP FOR THE GROOM.
 FIB: BUD.. AFTER 18 MILES ON THIS NAG, I'M GONNA STAND UP, PERIOD !! GIDDAP, HORSIE !

SOUND: HOOFS UP 'D GALLOP AND OUT....
 ORCHESTRA: "FEELING HIGH AND HAPPY."

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

We had a letter the other day from an interior decorator who for the first time had tried JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH. She was surprised to find how quickly and easily this new Furniture Polish cleans any surface, how it revives the beauty of the wood.

JOHNSON'S NEW FURNITURE POLISH, you know, is a creamy white liquid, which contains no oil to cause streaks or collect dust. It gives furniture an exquisite, satiny lustre, and the protection of a real wax finish. So if you want your furniture to have that expensive, hand-rubbed appearance, a gleaming lustre without hard rubbing, ask your dealer tomorrow for a bottle of JOHNSON'S NEW CREAMY WHITE FURNITURE POLISH.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

END
OF
REEL