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Hap Hazard, 1941, July 1 - Sept. 22

Fibber McGee and Molly, 1935 - 1950

The Great Gildersleeve, 1942 - 1954

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Fibber McGee
and Molly

1 volume of script
summaries, then
scripts, 1935-1950

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUIN
PAUL HENNING

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(8:30 ^{PM} 9:00 P.M.) (APRIL 5th 1938)

(TUESDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2

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

FIB: Or in other words, folks

WHEN YOUR PEDAL EXTREMITIES COME IN CONTACT WITH THE
COMMERCIAL EXTRACT OF REFINED CARNAUBA, THE UNDERLYING
FIBROUS CONSTRUCTION IS IMPERVIOUS TO ABRASION!

Go ahead, Billy.

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" .. FADE FOR -

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax present Fibber McGee and Company
with Billy Mills' Orchestra. The orchestra opens the show
with "EMBRACEABLE YOU"!

ORK: "EMBRACEABLE YOU" .. (DOWN FOR COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENT)

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

Attention, please! (PAUSE) Here's an important announcement! In order to induce thousands of new customers to try JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, the sponsors of this program are making you a remarkable free offer! Dealers are now displaying a special package containing two cans of GLO-COAT. This package contains a full pint-size and a half-pint can, both packed together! You pay only for the pint can, the other can is free! With this special package in your home you can keep your floors, your linoleum, and your painted walls shining like new without any work of rubbing or buffing. Dealers are being supplied with these free gift packages just as fast as possible. These special packages will go like wildfire, and we don't want you to be disappointed! This same generous offer is also being made on JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX as well as on GLO-COAT. So ask your dealer at once for the special free gift package of either JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (paste or liquid.)

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: WITH ONLY SEVEN DAYS GONE BY SINCE FIBBER WAS CRITIZED FOR HIS WEDDING CLOTHES, AND WITH EASTER ONLY LL DAYS AWAY, IT'S SEVEN COME ELEVEN WITH FIBBER. IN OTHER WORDS, HE'S CLOTHES-CONSCIOUS! AND HERE, WITH SILLY WATSON, DISCUSSING THE PURCHASE OF A NEW SPRING ENSEMBLE, WE FIND, FIBBER MCGEE!

ORCH: ("EASTER PARADE") ..(FADE)

FIB: You know, Sil, at a time like this I almost wish I was a woman. They get such a kick outa buyin' new clothes.

SIL: Yassuh. They sho does.

FIB: In fact, they get TWO kicks. The second one from the husband.

SIL: You know wha' you is gonna buy, suh?

FIB: I gotta rough idea. Didn't you see me lookin' at Esquire last night?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Well, don't you think I got me some fashion ideas outa that?

SIL: Nossuh. Not from the pitchhehs you was lookin' at.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, or not ye can't be too careful about clothes.

SIL: Can't yo' suh?

FIB: No sir. I remember my cousin Roscoe McGee. Roscoe was invited to a swell party and he says, shucks he says, I dunno if I got the right clothes for it, and the host says, Roscoe, he says, I ain't invitin' your clothes, I'm invitin' You. So Roscoe, bein' kind of a literal-minded guy, shows up in nothin' but a pair o' swimmin' trunks, and gets tossed out. WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS THAT CLOTHES IS A SOCIAL ASSET IF YOU --

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh, Clark Dennis. Just the guy I wanted to see.

CLARK: Hello, Fibber...what's up?

FIB: I gotta get me a new Easter outfit, and I was gonna ask your advice. You're a pretty fancy dresser.

CLARK: You think so?

FIB: Yes, I do. I always liked that green hat you got with the feathers in it.

CLARK: Oh I quit wearing that. It was too dangerous.

FIB: Whaddya mean, dangerous?

CLARK: It's those feathers. Every time I take a walk out in the country, the bird dogs stop and point at me.

FIB: You better be careful or you'll end up in retrievership.

CLARK: Well, if you really want some clothes...I think I can help you out. I own a half interest in a tailor shop.

FIB: I hope it's the bottom half; the pants are more important than the coat.

CLARK: No I mean it. I'm a partner in Dennis and Quackenbush. Here's my card. Just present this, and you can get everything wholesale. I'm in charge of buying, selling, advertising, merchandising, promotion and contact.

FIB: Oh well, you can arrange about my credit.

CLARK: No, that's in charge of Quackenbush.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh well, how much cash can we rake together, Sil?

SIL: WE?

FIB: Yes.

SIL: Is you usin' de editorial WE, or the you-and-me WE?

FIB: Well, never mind, I guess I got enough. And we better get started, too. It always takes 'em a while to fit me, on account of me bein' so broad in the -

SIL: Yassuh. You sho is.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh hello, Harpo. Glad ye came in.

WIL: Hello Fibber...Hello Silly. What's on your mind?

FIB: Well, I'm gonna step out and get me a Easter outfit. You got any idea what I oughtta get? You always look pretty good.

WIL: Oh, I'll be glad to help you out. I'm a partner in a tailoring establishment. Wilcox and Quackenbush.

SIL: Tha's the same as Mist' Dennis, suh.

FIB: This Quackenbush must be a smart guy. Instead of a suit with two pair of pants, he gives 'em one pair and a partnership.

WIL: Here...take this card and tell Quackenbush I sent you.

FIB: What does he look like?

WIL: He's a little fellow with a mouth full of pins, and a flat iron. Well, good luck, pal.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Mouth full of pins. Wonder if he whistles while he works. Maybe I could sneak an interest in that firm, too, as vice president in charge of armholes and watchpockets.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: Come in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

MILLS: Oh hello, gentlemen.

FIB: Hiyah Billy. I wanted to talk to you. I'm buyin' a new outfit for Easter, and -

MILLS: WELL, YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE. I'm a partner in a tailor shop.

FIB: I know. Mills and Quackenbush.

MILLS: How did you know?

FIB: I dunno. It just come to me. In fact it's been comin' to me for the last ten minutes. Ye know Billy, I kinda suspected you were in the tailoring business. You always look like you'd just stepped out of a bandbox.

MILLS: Well, thanks, Fibber.

FIB: That's okay. Now step back in the bandbox and play somethin'.

MILLS: All right. How about HEIGH HO?

FIB: You don't mean H.H. from S.W. and the 7 D's?

MILLS: The very same.

FIB: That's great. FOLKS, BILLY MILLS PLAYS HEIGH HO, FROM SNOW WHITE AND QUACKENB...ER...THE SEVEN DWARFS. GO AHEAD, BILLY. "HEIGH HO"

ORK:
APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT:

SOUND: (ORCHESTRA SCRAMBLE .. DOOR SLAM)

FIB: That was HEIGH HO, played by Billy Mills and his orchestra, who left immediately so as not to complicate the plot. Come on, Sil. Let's get goin'. I gotta... (PAUSE) Smatter, Sil?

SIL: Ah was jus' tryin' to think of a joke about Easteh clothes ah heard th' otheh night on the radio, suh.

FIB: Who was it?

SIL: Ah'm tryin' to think suh.

FIB: Well, maybe I can help you. Did he talk about his daughters all the time?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Couldn't have been Cantor. Did he keep talkin' about Jack Benny?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Then it couldn't have been Fred Allen. Was Allen mentioned?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Couldn't have been Benny. Was Jolson mentioned?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Couldn't have been Jolson. WHAT DID THEY TALK ABOUT?

SIL: Oh they was always talkin' about the last movin' pitcheh they made, suh.

FIB: Oh, oh. That might have been any o' 'em. I get so tired of those guys talkin about their pictures.

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Oh oh. I hope that's Paramount! That last picture we made for 'em was (CLICK) HELLO, PARAMOUNT? Oh. Oh yes, Mr. Quackenbush. Yes, I was. Okay, Mr. Quackenbush, I might drop in. Okay. (CLICK)

SIL: Was you offered a pahntehship, suh?

FIB: Nope. Not yet. Now let's see...where's a good economical place to go?

SIL: Ah know a place whesh I kin buy a suit fo' ten dollahs, suh, an' you git a set o' dishes wif it.

FIB: No pocket knife?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: That's bad. ALWAYS make 'em give you a pocket knife with a \$10 suit like that, Sil.

SIL: Why, suh?

FIB: So if you get caught in the rain you can cut your way out before it squeezes you to death.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: If these interruptions don't stop, I never will get goin...
COME IN.

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: How do you do. I'm getting signatures on a petition for women's suffrage, we believe that women should have equal rights with men at the polls, and -

FIB: Hey, wait a minute, Sil, hold it.

WOMAN: Yes?

FIB: I don't quite get this. Why, women have been able to vote in the United States since February, 1922.

WOMAN: They HAVE? Oh dear! And I had nearly enough names, too!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I'll bet she'll be excited when Dewey gets home from Manila! Say, Sil. Better write down a list o' the stuff I gotta get. A hat.

SIL: Hat, wha' size, suh?

FIB: I won't know till I get a haircut. Shoes.

SIL: You need shoes, suh?

FIB: Yes, the bottoms are all comin' loose on these. A suit.

SIL: Suit.

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: We better get out ahere before - COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there Johnny. Your mother home?

FIB: My mothe...NO. I'M the man of the house, Old Timer.

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says I'm here alone. I'M BATCHIN'!

OLD: Ye are eh? How was the last batch?

FIB: The last batch o' what?

OLD: EH?

FIB: I SAYS...LISTEN junior...what did you want?

OLD: How you fixed for garden seeds, Johnny?

FIB: Don't need any old-timer. The neighbors feed their own chickens.

OLD: 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 where this New York World's Fair is gonna take in MILLIONS o' dollars, and the other fellers says, IS THAT SO? I THOUGHT THE GOLDEN GATE WAS IN CALIFORNIA. HEH HEH. I'm two years ahead on that one Johnny. Heh..Heh!

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Sometimes I think the world's fair, and then again when I hear jokes like that, I ain't so sure.

SIL: We bettah git doin' suh, iffen you is gonna do any shoppin'.

FIB: I guess we had at that. HEY SOUND MEN...GIVE US SOME STREET NOISES, WILL YOU?

MAN: Certainly, Mr. McGee. We have several kinds of street noises. How about a quiet, residential street about 3 A.M.?

FIB: Let's hear it.

MAN: Okay.

SOUND: CAR DOOR UP AND OUT WITH LOUD BRAKE SCREECH. DOOR SLAM.

GIRL: Goodnight everybody...had a swell time.. G'night George... G'night Mabel...G'night, Wilbur...

SEVERAL VOICES: G'NIGHT, MAIZIE...G'NIGHT...G'NIGHT...

GIRL: Haddaswell time! ... G'NIGHT!

VOICES: G'NIGHT!

AUTO HORN: SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT LOUD..

FIB: What, no backfiring? What other street noises you got, bud?

SIL: Maybe you bettah git sometin' in the retail business section, suh?

FIB: You're right, Sil. How about that, got anything in the retail business district?

MAN: Certainly. Any particular kind of retail business?

FIB: Yes, tailoring.

MAN: Okay, listen to this.

MAN: (LAUGHING LIKE HELL) (FADE OUT)

FIB: Was that the tailoring district, bud?

MAN: Yes, didn't you hear that man in stitches?

FIB: Oh - Oh yes. How about the financial district, bud? Got anything there?

MAN: Sure - haw's this?

LONG PAUSE:

FIB: I didn't hear anything.

MAN: No - things are pretty quiet down there now.

FIB: Well, I think we'll take the tailoring district. This place looks pretty good, Sil - come on in.

DOOR SLAM:

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: Oh oh. You certainly get around don't ye, Sis?

GIRL: Yes I do. Whoja wanna see?

FIB: I wanna buy some clothes...who's that salesman over there. He looks familiar.

GIRL: Oh him. He don't work here no more. He's an ex-pants salesman.

FIB: An ex-pants salesman.

WIL: YES, AND FOR ANY EXPANSE OF FLOOR OR LINOLEUM, I'LL SELL YOU SOME GLO-COAT THAT WILL MAKE IT SHINE LIKE A PAIR OF BLUE SERGE PANTS ON A TAXI DRIVER. IT'S THE FINEST -

FIB: HARPO! You in again?

WIL: Yes, I had to come in and look around just to convince my girl. She's pretty dumb.

FIB: Whatcha gotta convince her about?

WIL: She saw the sign outside...TAILOR, and she insists on waiting till Robert comes out.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Reminds me of a guy I knew in Indiana who worked in a barrel factory. Always introduced himself as the Gary Cooper. (LAUGHS) Get it sis? I says this guy in Gary always -

GIRL: WHOJA WANNA SEE?

FIB: CLARK DENNIS, DAD RAT IT.

GIRL: WHAT ABOUT?

FIB: ABOUT TWO MINUTES OF A SWELL NUMBER CALLED "LET'S SAIL AWAY TO DREAMLAND."

GIRL: Yessir. Right away.

ORK: "DREAMLAND" - Dennis

APPLAUSE

3rd SPOT

FIB: You wait here, Sil. While I get measured up for a suit. HEY SIS.

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, DON'T KEEP SAYIN' that. I wanna see a tailor.

GIRL: Oh, go wan in, mister. Mr. Fitzpants will take care of you.

FIB: Thanks sis. See you later, Sil.

SIL: Ah ain' in no hurry suh.

DOOR SLAM

MAN: Ah, hello there. Are you the mugg...the man who wanted to see a tailor?

FIB: That's me, bud. Fibber McGee.

MAN: How are you? I'm Mr. Fitzpants. What kind of material did yez have in mind?

FIB: Oh I dunno. Somethin' classy, that will hold a crease, wear good, won't show spots, good all the year around and all stuff like that there.

MAN: What you want is a suit of armor. Now just slip out of your coat. Can I help youse?

FIB: No. I know the way out. There.

MAN: I can see the way you did that, that you've had that coat off before.

FIB: Several times, Bud. Is that a surprise to you?

MAN: Yes, I thought you slept in it. Now let's see..here's a nice material, Mr. McGee. It's a twist.

FIB: Do I look like a pretzel? Gimme something a little sporty bud.

MAN: Town or country?

FIB: Better make it a little of each. I don't wanna be stopped at the city limits. How's this stuff here, bud...will it wear?

MAN: WILL IT WEAR...LOOK AT THIS...

SOUND RIPPING

MAN: See? See what a ragged line this material tears in? Cheap material tears in a straight line.

FIB: It does, eh? I'll take that.

MAN: Nice choice, too. I had a suit outa that same stuff and I couldn't wear it out.

FIB: Why? Neighbors object?

MAN: I mean it wore like iron. As a matter of fact it looked rusty in three weeks. Where's my tape measure?

FIB: It's around your neck, bud. Listen bud...what style would ye make this? Peak or notch lapels? Three-button sack or two-button double-breasted?

MAN: Oh, I don't know. Frankly, I don't like the fit of the clothes you're wearing.

FIB: Me either bud; I got that suit at a walk-upstairs-and-save-\$10 place. But after I walked up, I was so tired they had to measure me lyin' down.

MAN: Is that so. Very interesting. You know, I'm working on an idea to raise my own silkworms. You just put 'em on mulberry leaves and let em eat.

FIB: I know. I tried that once and couldn't find any mulberry leaves. So I let 'em eat juniper leaves and they got so snozzled they spun me a crazy quilt.

MAN: My system is different. I place the mulberry leaves on a card of the latest styles and they weave a silk coat to the pattern.

WIL: DID YOU EVER HEAR HOW MY LITTLE GLO-WORMS WEAVE A BEAUTIFUL GLO-COAT THAT WILL FIT ANY FLOOR OR LINOLEUM AND WEAR LIKE IRON? WHY IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIF--

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Oh hello, Fibber. So you decided against patronizing Wilcox and Quackenbush, eh?

FIB: Yes, I did. All them partners made me suspicious. I figgered a suit in the hand was worth two in the Quackenbush. Now go away, I'm havin' a fit. I mean I'm -

WIL: Oh all right. But don't ask ME for any more favors...

DOOR SLAM

MAN: Isn't that Mr. Wilcox, the announcer?

FIB: Yes it is...know him?

MAN: Made a lounge suit for him once, but he complained that the springs kept jabbing him. HOLD STILL MCGEE...I'LL take these measurements. OH MISTER THREADWELL...MR. THREADWELL...WILL YOU TAKE THESE MEASUREMENTS DOWN PLEASE.

MAN#2: Soitenly Mister Fitzpants. Go ahead.

FIB: Now do this good, boys.

MAN: Don't worry McGee. We'll make it the athletic style. Broad in the hips and tapering nicely up to the shoulders. SHOULDERS!

MAN#2: SHOULDERS! HOW MANY?

MAN: TWO.

#2: TWO SHOULDERS.

MAN: HIPS!

2: HIPS!

FIB: HOORAY!

MAN: Quiet please. Now the chest -inhale, McGee -

FIB: Okay - (INHALE)

MAN: Hey - where's your chest?

FIB: It's down here, I'm a deep breather.

2: Okay.

MAN: Oh - how do you want the sleeves, McGee. From the wrist to the shoulders or from the shoulders to the wrist?

FIB: Would it be freakish to have em go both ways from the elbow?

MAN: NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL! NOW FOR THE TROUSERS. WHAT LENGTH DO YOU LIKE, MCGEE?

FIB: I like to have my shoes showing a little, if that ain't too conservative.

MAN: NOT A BIT. LEFT LEG! 32.

2: LEFT LEG, 32.

MAN: RIGHT LEG, 26.

2: RIGHT LEG, 26.

FIB: Hey wait a minute. You're makin' one leg shorter than the other.

MAN: Naturally, McGee. Don't you always sit with one leg across your knee?

FIB: Oh that's right. I'd forgot that.

MAN: I'll tell you...TRY THESE TROUSERS ON FOR STYLE...

FIB: Okay...say...these are kinda doggy ain't they?

MAN: They look fine on you...NOW WALK ACROSS THE FLOOR...

FIB: Okay.

SOUND: ACCORDIAN INHALING AND EXHALING.

FIB: Hey...what's that?

MAN: ACCORDIAN PLEATS.

FIB: I thought for a minute they had bagpipes in the knees. Here, take 'em. IS THAT ALL, BUD?

MAN: That's all, McGee. DID YOU WANT THIS SUIT FOR ANY PARTICULAR EASTER?

FIB: Yes, next Easter.

MAN: I'LL MARK IT RUSH. IT MAY CRAMP US A LITTLE, BUT YOU CAN BRING IT BACK ANY TIME AND HAVE THE BUTTONS SEWED ON.

FIB: Hey wait...you gotta sign out there in the waiting room that says SUITS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

MAN: YES, BUT MOST PEOPLE GET TIRED OF WAITING AFTER A WEEK OR SO.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, BUD I WANT THIS SUIT NOW. UNDERSTAND?

MAN: CERTAINLY MISTER MCGEE. ANYTHING TO KEEP BUSINESS AWAY FROM QUACKEN BUSH. JUST WAIT OUTSIDE.

FIB: Okay. How long'll it take?

MAN: Just long enough for Billy Mills to play "Howja Like to Love Me?"

FIB: Okay.

DOOR SLAM

ORK: "HOWJA LIKE TO LOVE ME?"

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

JUST A MOMENT PLEASE! (PAUSE)

I want to explain one point about the special free gift package now being offered to you by JOHNSON'S WAX dealers in which you receive one 39¢ can absolutely free. You know Johnson makes both GENUINE JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. The offer applies to either product. Full details of the offer will be given later in the program, but right now we want to emphasize the fact that this offer applies to either JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX OR JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: ("EASTER PARADE") (FADE)

4TH SPOTSTREET NOISES IN UP AND OUT

FIB: Come on, Sil. I gotta go to a department store and get some other stuff. How do you like my new suit?

SIL: Wheah is it, suh?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, this is it...I GOT IT ON! Pretty ritzy, eh?

SIL: Yassuh it show is, suh... When does you have to go back fo' yo' nex' fittin' on it?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN, MY NEXT FITTING. I'm finished with the tailors.

SIL: Ah don' blame you one bit suh...they is awful.

FIB: Awww don't be like that...this suit is...HEY LET'S GO IN HERE AND GET ME SOME SHIRTS AND STUFF..

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. STREET NOISES OUT.

SIL: Whaddya you gonna get in heah, suh?

FIB: Oh a hat, some shoes, socks, ties, shirts OOP...HEY WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN' BUD.

MAN: I'm sorry Mister...BUT MY WIFE TRIED TO CORNER ME IN THE LINGERIE DEPARTMENT.

FIB: (LAUGHS) She did, eh?

MAN: YES, BUT I GAVE HER THE SLIP. (FADE OUT) OH, OH, Here she comes!

FIB: I better ask at the information desk where the shirts are...HEY SIS.

GIRL: WHOJA WANNA SEE?

FIB: Oh, oh. I'll find it myself. Come on Sil. HEY LOOK AT THE SWELL PAJAMAS! Did ye ever see such beautiful -

CHINK: EXCLUSE ME PLEASE...WANCHEE DO SOME SLOPPING.

FIB: Oh, it's Goocy Fooey...watcha gonna slop...er...shop for, Goocy?

CHINK: Waachee some new plajlamas.
 FIB: You always sleep in pajamas, Gooney?
 CHINK: Oh no...Gooney Fohey never sleep in plajamy... (MUTER IN CHINESE)
 FIB: Well what...I mean why buy 'em if you don't sleep in 'em?
 CHINK: China boy wear plajamas fo' workeee. Me workee evenings in glarment flactory.
 FIB: Garment factory, eh? What doing?
 CHINK: (LAUGHS) NIGHTEE WATCHMAN. Scusee me now...gotta go slopping...

CROWD UP AND DOWN

SIL: Heah the shunt counteh-please suh...
 FIB: Thanks...HEY BUD...WHEN YOU GET THRU ADMIRIN' YOUR FINGERNAILS CAN YOU WAIT ON ME?
 WIL: (HAUGHTY) Have you an account with us, sir?
 FIB: Well, no, I ain't. But I can pay cash can't I?
 WIL: If you can, there's no accounting for appearances. What was it sir?
 FIB: Oh I dunno, I want something kinda nifty in shirts to wear for easter.
 WIL: Oh rawthet, sir. Here is our latest number. We call it the Shirto Conshirto. A symphonic color combination, you see?
 FIB: Shirto Conshirto, eh? Are the tails from Hoffman?
 WIL: Beg pardon sir?
 FIB: Tuck it in...I mean LET IT GO.
 WIL: Certainly sir.
 FIB: Come on, Sil. Let's go get me a pair of shoes... HEY SIS...CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE -
 WOMAN: I'm sorry sir...the store is closing...
 FIB: Oh DAD RAT IT, AND I AIN'T EVEN...oh well at least I gotta new suit. Let's go sil...

SIL: Heah's the do' oveh heah suh...
 FIB: Okay...
SOUND: DOOR LATCH...THUNDER AND RAIN...
 SIL: It sho is a bad time to go out in that new suit suh. Supposin' iffen you git it wet?
 FIB: That's what's got ME worried. I just happened to think. That salesman said they called this color Precipitation Purple.
 SIL: He did, suh?
 FIB: Yes, and I'll bet that's just a trade name for Shrinking Violet. DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED LUCK...LOOK AT THAT RAIN! IF THAT AIN'T THE WORST LUCK I EVER...
 MAN: What's the matter, Fibber?
 FIB: Oh, I was just. HEY AIN'T YOU THE SOUND EFFECT MAN ON OUR SHOW?
 MAN: Yes, I am. Why?
 FIB: WELL HOW ABOUT SHUTTIN' OFF THE RAIN TILL ME AND SIL GET HOME?
 MAN: NO SIR. NOT AFTER THE WAY YOU REFUSED TO PATRONIZE US.
 FIB: WHO'S US?
 MAN: HERE'S MY CARD. SOUND MAN AND QUACKENBUSH! TURN IT UP, BOYS!
 FIB: Oh PSHAW!
SOUND: LOUD THUNDER AND RAIN
ORK: "IN A HAPPY FRAME OF MIND" (DOWN FOR)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

AND NOW FOR AN ANNOUNCEMENT! (PAUSE)

Don't forget about the special free gift package of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT which your dealer is offering you for a limited time only. When you go to the store, look for the red and yellow package displayed on the counter. On the back of the package you will find printed suggestions for many household uses for GLO-COAT -- the remarkable, easy-to-use liquid that dries in twenty minutes, giving your linoleum and floors a gleaming protective polish. This special package contains two cans of GLO-COAT -- the regular pint-size can and a half pint can. The half-pint can (which sells regularly for 39¢) is given you absolutely free! You get a pint and a half of GLO-COAT for the price of one pint alone! Use one on your kitchen linoleum - the other for the many extra uses listed on the cardboard box. These free gift packages are being shipped to dealers just as fast as possible, but the supply won't last long, so don't fail to ask your dealer for the free gift package of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This same offer applies to JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (Paste or liquid), as well as to GLO-COAT. Get your free gift package without delay!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON GUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: So ye like my new suit, do ye Sil?

SIL: Did ah say that suh?

FIB: Well, no, but I can see you can hardly keep your eyes off it. But then, I always was a pretty snappy dresser, even as a boy in college. Why with my line, and my clothes, I was irresistible. CLOTHESLINE, MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS.

FIB: CLOTHES LINE MCGEE, THE CLASSIEST CLEAN CUT KID IN COLLEGE COMMONLY CONSIDERED BY CLASSMATES AND CONNOISSEURS AS THE KING O' COLOSSAL COLOR COMBINATIONS, GLAD IN A CANARY BUTAWAY, CLEVER CRAVAT AND CREAM COLORED KICKERS, CONSTANTLY CREATIN' CAPER-CUTTIN' COSTUMES CAUGHT BY THE CANDID CAMERAS OF GUTE CO-EDS AND COPIED BY CLOTHES-CONSCIOUS COLLEGIANS FROM THE CLASSIC CAMPUS OF CORNELL TO THE CONSERVATIVE CONFINES OF CULVER ACADEMY.

APPLAUSE

FIB: Goodnight folks. Good night, Molly!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) *SEGUE ("SAVE YOUR SORROW")

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Glo-Coat at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again, next Tuesday night. Goodnight

NBC ANNOUNCER: (MUSIC CREDITS) This is the National Broadcasting Company
(CHIMES)

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