

# NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER QUINN  
PAUL HENNING  
OK

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

CHICAGO OUTLET

( 8:30 - 9:00 PM ) ( APRIL 23, 1938 ) ( TUESDAY ) DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Not Carried*

Page 2

WIL: When you walk on Wax, You Save Your Floors!

ORCK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" DOWN FOR -

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program, presenting Fibber McGee & Company, with Billy Mills' Orchestra. The program opens with "WHO KNOWS"!

ORCK: "WHO KNOWS" down for -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:



CUE: (WILCOX) Now, we want to tell you about a very special offer. (PAUSE)

How would you like to have a beautiful rainbow garden of Gladiolas this summer? By acting at once you can get Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas - an assortment of ten bulbs - for only one dime and a sales slip showing your purchase of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT on any one of the other famous JOHNSON WAX polishes. Molly McGee's GIANT Gladiolas are very superior to the common varieties with which you are familiar. They are all special named varieties - all of them prize winners at the great Flower Shows. Your garden can outshine all the others in the neighborhood if you have Molly McGee's special assortment of GIANT Gladiolas. Every rainbow hue is represented in this remarkable assortment - pink, red, yellow, orange and lavender. The flowers grow to enormous size - a dazzling display of beauty! Easy directions for planting will be sent with the bulbs. So be sure to purchase some JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT - JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (paste or liquid) - JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER - or JOHNSON'S CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH. Send one dime and a sales slip from any one of these fine JOHNSON WAX products. Address JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: THIS IS A BIG DAY IN WISTFUL VISTA. THEY ARE LAYING THE CORNERSTONE FOR THE NEW COURTHOUSE, AND GUESS WHO IS GOING TO MAKE THE DEDICATION SPEECH. OH SOMEBODY TOLD YOU! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. AND HERE DISCUSSING THE EVENT WITH SILLY WATSON, WE FIND FIBBER (VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: So ye see, Sil. I was the logical one to make the speech because -

SIL: Esscuse me suh, but why is they so much fuss abou' plasterin' down a lil ole cornerstone?

FIB: Why SIL! It's a ceremony. Like...like baptisin' a baby. Or...er

Well, didn't you ever see a newsreel of a battleship being launched and a bottle of champagne bein' busted across the bow?

SIL: Oh yassuh...ah sho' did.

FIB: Well, didn't it impress you?

SIL: Yassuh. It impress me as bein' a awful waste o' champagne, Suh.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, or not, it's a pretty solemn occasion. Why if I didn't -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Come in!

DOOR LATCH: CLANK OF CHAINS

SIL: LOOK, MIST MCGEE...LOOK! It a sperrit, suh.

FIB: HEY YOU...WHAT IS THIS, HALLOWEEN? COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT BEDSHEET AND LET US LAUGH TOO.

HOLLOW VOICE: Are you...Fibber...McGee?

FIB: Yes I am.



VOICE: Have you prepared your speech for the cornerstone ceremony?

FIB: Why...we...why yes, I guess I'm all set. Why?

VOICE: Then...you don't need...any help?

FIB: NO I DONT...BESIDES, WHAT'S IT TO YOU? WHO ARE YOU?

VOICE: I'm a Ghost Writer! (SHADOW LAUGH)

GONG:

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well fer the... (LAUGHS) Well, I didn't need his help, but I liked the spirit in which it was offered. (LAUGHS) Get it Sil? I says HEY SIL...WHERE ARE YOU?

SIL: (OFF MIKE) Right heah suh. Undeh the davenport.

FIB: How'd you ever get under there?

SIL: Ah caint remembah, suh. All ah remembah was in he come and heah ah was... (ON MIKE) He gone suh?

FIB: Yes and quite shakin'...it was just some practical joker anyway.

SIL: Phew!.. But is you really got yo' speech ready fo' the mortification suh?

FIB: It ain't a mortification. It's a DEDication.

SIL: Yassuh...but don' MORT mean DAID? That's why ah thought that lile ole ghostie was -

FIB: Aw fergit it Sil. And dont worry about my speech either. I'm on a guy that can talk on any subject, extemporaneous. Yes, and without any notes, either. AND FAST, TOO. Shucks, they think this Floyd Gibbons guy can talk fast!

SIL: He sho do talk fast though, suh.

FIB: Oh yeah? Well do you know that at a Kiwanis meeting I talked for a whole hour in exactly 42 minutes?

SIL: You did?

FIB: Yessir...I talked so fast, and my tongue was so far ahead of my brain that after I'd said THANK YOU, I stood there 18 minutes before I sat down. It's a peculiar feelin', too, when your face is ready to sit down and your body stays standin' up: Why I remember -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

SIL: Wh--who who dat?

FIB: Oh quit shakin'. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

CLARK: Hello, Fibber...WHAT'S UP?

FIB: Oh Hiyah Clark. I gotta make a speech at the courthouse this afternoon.

CLARK: You get pinched again?

FIB: NO I DIDN T. They're layin' the cornerstone today and I gotta make the dedication speech. Shucks, you musta knew about it. They says you were gonna sing.

CLARK: Oh is THAT what it was? CORNERSTONE? I thought they said at the corner saloon. Gee, I NEVER have any fun.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Corner Saloon! I think he's just tryin' to bock out of it. Sil,

SIL: Yassuh. Ah wouldn't be a bit supri-

DOOR KNOCK:

SIL: Iffen that who I hope it aint, suh, ah'll be right heah undeh the davenport again.



FIB: You stay where you are. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Oh Hiyah Harpo. You gonna hear my speech this afternoon?

WIL: What speech is that?

FIB: WHAT SPEECH! Why it's in all the papers. Fibber McGee makes dedication speech at laying of courthouse cornerstone.

WIL: You actually lay the stone yourself?

FIB: Well-1-1 no. I just make the speech.

WIL: Oh, I see. Kinda like an old rooster, eh?

FIB: Whaddye mean, Harpo?

WIL: Somebody else does the actual laying and you do the crowing. Well I'll be there, pal.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Imagine that Sil? He thought I was gonna carry that two ton stone up there myself. I'd never of thought he was so gullible, would you?

SIL: Oh yassuh, Mist Wilcox he real gullible, suh. He got no' guhls than anybody. Ah see him out wif a diffen't guhl mos' every ni--

FIB: No no no. I meant can you imagi--

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: We're broadcastin' from the wrong side of the door, Sil. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: It Mistah Mills, please suh.

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Billy, Come on it.

MILLS: Hello Boys. I hear you're making a speech at the new jail today, Fibber.

FIB: It ain't a jail. It's the new courthouse.

MILLS: Well, it's got a jail in it, hasn't it?

FIB: Yes it has, if it makes any difference. I suppose if you wanted a new watch you'd go into a jeweler's and ask for a hair-spring.

MILLS: Oh don't be so fussy. My band is playing in the parade, did you know that?

FIB: I didn't even know they was gonna be a parade. Whatcha gonna play, Billy?

MILLS: Coffee and Kisses!

FIB: Let's hear it. FOLKS, BILL MILS AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLAY COFFEE AND KISSES, and the second cup is free...POUR IT OUT, BILLY!

ORK: "CORFEE AND KISSES"

APPLAUSE:



2nd Spot

FIB: Nice goin', Billy. Hey Sil...Imagine Billy callin' the courthouse a jail?

SIL: That was kinda dumb wasn't it, suh?

FIB: Well what can you expect. You can get mills out of a cent but you cant get any sense out of Mills. Say, did he say there was gonna be a parade in connection with this cornerstone layin'?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Well hand me that paper there...I wanna see what the lineup is...

SIL: Yassuh...heah you is...

RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Hmmm. I guess there IS A parade at that. Here's the lineup: First a parade...that's swell. The head of the parade is the Wistful Vista Bagpipe, Drum and Zither Corps, then the Boy Scouts, the American Legion, the Ladies Auxiliary of the Royal Order of Loyal Sons and Daughters of The American League for Industrial Democracy, Freedom of Speech and More Seats in our Street Cars. (Must be quite an outfit.)

SIL: Mist Mills say he gonna have his band theah, too, suh.

FIB: That's down here. He's the twelfth unit in the line o' march. Right between the Moose and the Elks. He better explain that to the boys or they'll be carryin' rifles instead o' saxaphones. Then come the floats.

SIL: The wah?

FIB: Floats. You know...flat wagons all covered over with paper roses, and cornercopias and tissue paper with a girl dressed in a bathin' suit carryin' a sign that says "Snickelfritz's RUBBER PANTS FOR BOUNCING BABIES" and all stuff like that there.

SIL: Oh yassuh. They is real pretty ain' they. But wheah does you come in suh?

FIB: Oh, I'll probably ride in a big car with the top down with the city officials. Let's see now...After the Knights of the Purple Camel Drill Squad comes a batallion of cross red nurses... (must be a typographical error) ... Then a couple more floats... THEN the City Officials... AHHA... Let's see now... where am I? In the first big open car, is Mayor Applepuss, The City Treasurer, Two County Commissioners and the Dog Catcher.

SIL: How he git in theah?

FIB: Probably his car. Say this is gonna be quite a lineup. If there's anything I'm weak for, it's a parade.

WIL: Oh yes -- SEE YOUR DEALER THIS WEEK FOR SOME GLO COAT THE POLISH THAT HOUSEWIVES HAVE PARAYED FOR. ITS THE EASLEST TO USE PROTECTION FOR FLOORS AND LINO.

FIB: HARPO: "The polish that housewives have parade for!" Aint you ashamed? AINT YOU?

SIL: He sho' LOOK ashamed, suh.

FIB: Well, don't pott about it, Harpo.



HARPO: I'm not pouting. I cant help it if my lips stick out. I'm marching with the boy scouts and I've been practicing my bugle.  
Look!

SOUND: BLAST ON TRUMPET

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I can just see old Harpo in a boy scout uniform. It must have been doin' all them daily good turns that made him so dizzy. Let's see now...line of MARCH...line of march...second car, Chief of poli...the secretary of the Chamber of com...third card...co. fourth c... (PAUSE) WELL FER THE...SO THEY THINK I'M GONNA RIDE IN THE NEW PATROL WAGON DO THEY? WELL, I'LL SHOW 'EM WHO -

SIL: Scuse me suh, but iffen you is gonna be a prominet man today, you bettan git a haircut.

FIB: Say, that's right. I'll go right over to the barber shop.

SIL: Bahbeh shop is close suh. On account of a holiday on account of the parade.

FIB: DAD RAT IT THEN HOW CAN I GET A HAIRCUT?

SIL: Ah dunno suh.

FIB: Well then why did you mention it? See if you cant get a barber to come over here.

SIL: Yassuh.. A 50¢ one or a 25¢ one?

FIB: NOW, Sil...did you ever hear me dicker over a little thing like 25¢

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: All right, then. Get me the 25¢ one. I'm strictly a guy who -

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: COME IN?

DOOR LATCH:

OLD M: Hello there, Johmy. You the feller that wanted the barber?

FIB: Why yes...er...we...but we ain't even called for one yet. You ain't due for three pages.

OLD M: I know it, Johnny. But you know how competition is, with us barbers.

FIB: Yes, they kinda get in your hair, don't they?

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says my counsin wears a toupee. Do you call for and deliver?

OLD: Heh heh. That's pretty good, Johnny. But that aint the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, SAYY, HE SAYS, I SEE WHERE THEY'RE GIVIN' AWAY FLOWERS ON THAT FIBBER MCGEE PROGRAM. IS THAT SO, SAYS THE OTHER FELLER. SMELL GOOD? No, SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, NO BETTERN USUAL, BUT THE FLOWERS DO. HEH HEH.. EVER SMEL.....er...EVER HEAR THAT SHOW, JOHNNY?

FIB: No I'm usually busy about that time, Junior.

OLD: Well some folks have all the luck. So long, Johnny.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: He's gotta lotta nerve, makin' wise cracks about this show. I'll bet he'll miss us this summer. I'm gonna listen to the radio myself then. Particularly the horse racin broadcasts by Clem McCarthy?

SIL: Is he gonna announce races suh? Wah does a lil ole dummy know about hosses?

FIB: You're thinkin' about CHARLIE McCarthy, Sil. He only knows sawhorses. I meant CLEM McCarthy.



SIL: Oh yassuh. HIM. He real good. Callin' hosses is duck soup fo' him.

FIB: That ain't duck soup. That's Clem Chowder. (LAUGHS) Get it, Sil? You says it was duck soup and I says -

DOOR KNOCK:

FIB: AHEM. Come in.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh it's Gooley Fooley. What's on your mind, Fooley?

CHINK: Sousee me please...you makee speechee clornerstone celemony today?

FIB: That's me, Fooley. Why you askee?

CHINK: Speechee gonna be bloodclast on ladio, mebbeso?

FIB: Why...why I dunno, Fooley. Whyja ask?

CHINK: Well...(MUTTERS) Wanchee hear speechee on ladio if bloodclast.

No have gotta big receiving set. Only headphones.

FIB: Well if only got a set with head phones you could get the broadcast anyway, Fooley.

CHINK: Oh suah. But wifee going to beauty parlor, wanchee know whether gettee long wavee or shorty wavee..

FIB: Oh tell her just to get a finger wave, and I'll wig wag it.

CHINK: Ohhh...(LAUGHS) Vely smart. Goo by now.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Long wave or short wave! I think those two pieces of China are a little cracked.

SIL: Ah din know they was gonna broadcast the speech you is makin' suh.

FIB: Me either. But it don't make any difference. I can always -

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Say what is this? I dunno which'll go off it's hinges first, me, or the door. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

CLARK: Hello Fibber. What's the matter?

FIB: I was just sayin', the sound man had better out in a requisition for a set o' new knuckles. Whatocha want Clark?

CLARK: Well I wanted to ask you what I'd better sing today at the ceremony.

FIB: What was the song you were practising this morning?

CLARK: I WISHED ON THE MOON?

FIB: I WISHED ON THE MOON EH? You had a little trouble on them high notes didn't you? At the end, there?

CLARK: Yeah...there was an eclipse just as I was finishing.

FIB: Oh, Well try it again, Clark. I WISHED ON THE MOON.

ORK: "I WISHED ON THE MOON" -- Dennis

APPLAUSE:



FIB: That was beautiful Clark. FOLKS, THAT WAS CLARK DENNIS SINGIN' I WISHED ON THE MOON. And very bright tonight, too. Hey Sil. You think I oughtta brush up on elocution before I make my speech?

SIL: Nossuh, ah don'. (Rosebud's uncle...Rosebud, tha's mah gal) Rosebuds uncle had that an' he neveh practiced atall, suh.

FIB: He had what?

SIL: Electrocutation.

FIB: No no no...I MEANT PUBLIC SPEAKIN'. Oratory. There's a elocution teacher down the street I think I'll drop in on. Let's go.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOG. OPEN AND CLOSE. TRAFFIC UP: DOWN

FIB: Hmmm. A perfect day for an outdoor ceremony, ain't it, Sil?

SIL: Look kinda like rain to me, suh.

FIB: I know. That's why it's a perfect day for an outdoor celebration. I never seen it fail.

PINCHV: Excuse me, Mister...where does the parade end? I wanta set up my stand and sell some stuff.

FIB: The parade'll probably wind up near the high school, Bud. But that's a funny way to sell souvenirs. After the parade's all over.

MAN: I ain't sellin' souvenirs.

FIB: No?

MAN: Nope, Corn plasters.

TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN.

FIB: Must be quite a trick to sell folks them things, Sil. You gotta be on their toes every minute.

SIL: Heah the lil ole public speakin' studio suh.

FIB: Oh - thanks--what's that name on the window?

SIL: Youshun, suh.

FIB: That's it. Youshun. Ella C. Youshun. Wait here for me, Sil.



DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

FIB: Hiyeh sis...

GIRL: Whoja wanna see?

FIB: I wanna see the elocution teacher.

GIRL: Oh yes...I'm her.

FIB: You mean I'M SHE.

GIRL: (LAUGHS) Oh yes....I should have knew better than that, didn't I? Did you wish to have me learn you some elocution?

FIB: Yes, I'm the speaker at the layin' of the courthouse cornerstone, sis, and I thought I'd brush up on my public speakin' and grammar a little.

GIRL: Well, Mr. McGee, you sure come to the right jernt.

FIB: How do I start....I ain't got but a hour or so.

GIRL: Well we always learn our pupils a lesson in breathing first.

FIB: Oh I know how to breathe. Been doin' it for years.

GIRL: Oh well, you gotta learn yourself to breathe different for public speaking..you gotta breathe down in your diagram.

FIB: Don't you mean diaphragm?

GIRL: What's that?

FIB: That's the upper stummick. Or is it? Gotta dictionary? I'll look it up.

GIRL: Has a dictionary got a diagram, too?

FIB: Has a di....AHM. Listen sis...how long you been at this job?

GIRL: Oh a couple weeks. I just got my diplomat from Wellseley.

FIB: DIPLOMA.....no T.

GIRL: Me either. It keeps me awake. ALL RIGHT, MR. MCGEE... SAY THIS AFTER ME, REAL SLOW.

FIB: SLOWLY

GIRL: Aw you're getting me all confused.

FIB: Oh I'm sorry. Go ahead.

GIRL: NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THE PARTY.

FIB: NOW...IS...THE...TIME...FOR...ALL...GOOD...MEN... hey ain't that a lesson in typewriting.

GIRL: Gee I guess it is at that, kiddo. I teach typing too. Anyway, I will when I get a typewriter.

FIB: Maybe we better skip the speech business, sis. How about gestures?

GIRL: Oh sure. Now when you wanna emphasize some pernt in your speech, you bang your hand down\*onna table, see? But if it's atta banquet, watch out for the forks.

FIB: This is a outdoor meeting sis. I don't think there'll even be a table.



GIRL: Oh. Well maybe you shouldn't better have emphasis in your speech then. You gonna get dramatic?

FIB: Oh I suppose so. This is a pretty big day for Wistful Vista. So I'm gonna trace our pioneer founders to this spot...talk about how they traded with the Indians... how the town was first laid out and gradually work up to a climax about the new courthouse, see?

GIRL: Gee, that's a inneresting speech, kiddo.

FIB: I thought so. Now when I get to the point in my talk when I talk about what a wonderful little community Wistful Vista is...what is the appropriate gesture for that?

GIRL: How about a handspring?

FIB: N-n-no...I don't think...How if I just extended my hands like this...palms up..

GIRL: That ain't right. That's the gesture for "WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?"

FIB: Oh yes. Suppose I just nod my head up and down, slowly.

GIRL: No...I think you should ought better to put your hands in your pockets...kinda like you was lettin' it go at that, see?

FIB: Oh...like this eh?

GIRL: Yeah...now pull 'em out again.

FIB: Okay.

GIRL: How much you got?

FIB: Four dollars and some change.

GIRL: That's enough for the first lesson.

FIB: Eh? Oh. AHM. Okay sis. Here ye are.

GIRL: That's twice as much as I usually get but you're a new student so I'm making it a little harder for youse.

FIB: I see...you got many pupils?

GIRL: I gotta a couple of radio announcers who wanted me to learn them to talk good English, and they're makin' wonderful strouds, too.

FIB: STRIDES. The Strouds are comedians.

GIRL: Well gee kiddo, you oughtta hear these guys. Look  
In here -

DOOR LATCH

WIL: Johnson's GLO COAT IS POSITIVELY...no that's wrong  
JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS POSITIVELY THE Finest...or maybe it better be...JOHNSONS GLO COAT IS THE NUTS, FOLKS, FOR PROTECT...no. More refined JOHNSONS GLO-

DOOR SLAM



GIRL: Gee you shoulda heard him when he first come in here. He used to says TEEUSDAY FOR TOOZDAY, and NEEUWS for NOOZE. I ast him what a cow does and he says MEWS and I says no that's a cat, and he says a cat don't have horns, and gee kiddo, we had it seven hands around!

FIB: I'll bet you did at that, sis. Well, thanks for the lesson.

GIRL: Oh that's okay, kiddo. Just always don't forget to breathe thru your diagram, and you'll speak real good.

DOOR SLAM. TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN.

SIL: You see the teacheh, suh?

FIB: Yes, and gee it sure done me a lotta good too, kiddo. Has the parade formed yet?

SIL: It jest stantin' suh.

FIB: Well, if they think I'm gonna ride in a patrol wagon in this parade...they're mistaken. Come on...let's walk over to the courthou-- OOP. Sorry bud...what's your hurry?

SCREWBALL: I gotta get over where the newsreel men are. Outa the way, please.

FIB: You a news reel man bud?

SCREWBALL: No, but I bet you've seen me on the screen lotsa times. Take a good look at me.

FIB: Hmm...I wonder...Hold up your right hand. That's it. Nope...you ain't Hitler. You reckognize him Sil?

SIL: Nossuh. He got too much hair to be Mistah Jim Fahley.

FIB: We give up bud...who are you? I know I've seen you someplace.

SCREWBALL: I'm the guy that always runs back and forth across the street during a parade. Remember? Scuse me now...I gotta get over to...

TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN.

FIB: I nearly had him placed there for a minute Sil. But he was too light to be Haile Selassie, and too dopey to be highly intellige-- Hey, Sil...how much time I got to get to the courthouse?

SIL: About five minutes suh.

FIB: Oh oh...and it's nearly a mile, too. I'll never make it, thru this crowd, unless...YES...THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT. HEY BILLY MILLS. A LITTLE MUSIC, PLEASE...I GOTTA HAVE A TRANSITION!

MILLS: Okay, get going.

ORK: "THERE WAS A BOY IN HARLEM"

APPLAUSE:

WILCOX: 2nd COMMERCIAL:



That was Billy Mills orchestra playing THERE'S A BOY IN HARLEM. Now, here is more information about that special offer. (PAUSE)

For a limited time you can get Molly McGee's own Rainbow Assortment of ten GIANT Gladiolas for only one dime and a sales slip showing your purchase of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or any one of the dependable JOHNSON WAX polishes. When you hear the word Gladiolas (or Gladiolas) you may picture just the common variety of this plant. So we want you to know that this remarkable selection is made up of special prize-winning varieties -- much bigger, much more beautiful than you can imagine. The offer must be withdrawn soon, so we urge you to buy one of the JOHNSON WAX products tomorrow, and to send your sales slip and one dime immediately to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin. Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas will be sent to you at once.

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

4th SPOTCROWD UP AND DOWN:

FIB: Well, we made it Sil. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could use radio technique in real life? For instance, I'd say, WELL I GUESS I'LL RUN OVER TO LONDON AND PARIS. The band plays a few bars o' something, and PRESTO, I'm walkin' down Piccadilly or the Rue de la Pew. Say...look at this crowd...I suppose somebody told 'em about me makin' a speech.

SIL: Yassuh...either somebody tole 'em or nobody warned 'em.

FIB: Oh now Sil, you don't -

SOUND: CHILD CRYING

WOMAN: Be quiet Dear... QUIET... PLEASE, Dalrymple... BE QUIET... I'm sure you must be mistaken. (ON MIKE) Pardon me sir... but is the circus parade over?

FIB: No sis. It ain't started yet. And besides it ain't a circus parade.

WOMAN: Oh thank you. You see, Dalrymple? You hear what the man said? (LAUGHS) He saw you and thought the parade was over because you were dressed in regular clothes.

FIB: Me?

WOMAN: Yes, he insisted you were one of the clowns. Come Dalrymple...

CROWD UP:



FIV: I oughtta buy that kid a balloon...and then stick a pin in it. Thought I was a clown! Of all the dumb -  
Come on Sil. Let's get goin...

MAN: BOXES...GET A BOX HERE...STAND ONNA BOX AND HEAR THE SPEECHES BETTER...GET YOUR BOXES HERE...YOU CAN'T SEE THE SPEAKERS UNLESS YOU STAND ON A BOX...How about you brother?

FIB: No thanks bud.

SIL: Mist' McGee is one o' the speakahs, suh.

MAN: WHAT? HE IS? Oh oh. GET YOUR BOXES HERE FOLKS...YOU CAN'T SEE THE PARADE UNLESS YOU STAND ON A BOX...(FADE)  
Get your boxes here, to see the parade...Boxes....

FIB: Come on Sil. I've had about enough insults for one day. I better be gettin' up on the speakers stand so -

NICK: WELL HELLO FIZZER. HELLO SILLYPUSS.

SIL: Hiyah Mist Depopolla suh.

FIB: HIYAH NICK. Some celebration ain't it?

NICK: Sure, Fizzer. It is a very auspicipuss occasium, I'm thinking. I was just being over where the parade is starting itself off, and I am never seeing so many Campfire kewpies, and boy scooters and American Legiums in all my born daisies. It is reminding me of when I am being a corpuscle in the Greek Armies.

FIB: Oh were you in the Army Nick?

NICK: Oh sure, Fizzer. I am being a very potraittic man, if you do say so myself. I am starting out as a corpuscle and working my way up to being a Admirals.

FIB: You must be wrong, Nick! Admirals are at sea?

NICK: So was I Fizzer. But anyway, all that is being water under the bridge table. As I was saying, when I am hearing all these fine Bum and Beagle Corpses playing the Left Handed Girl Behind me, I am -

FIB: You mean the GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME?

NICK: You did? We had better wait here till she is catching up. I am staying here to watch the parading anyway, Fizzer. I Love a parading. When I am hearing a militorial band playing, it is always giving me chicken pimples. Why I am never -

FIB: Sorry Nick...I gotta get up on the speakers platform...I'm makin' the principal address of the day.

NICK: Sure Fizzer. Good luck with you, and don't forget to take your flag off when my hat goes by.

CROWD UP AND DOWN.

FIB: You wait down here till it's all over Sil...I gotta get up on the platform.

SIL: Yassuh. Ah'll wait suh.

CROWD UP



FIB: Souse me folks...can I get thru there...One side there please...Thanks lady...One side there please folks...

CROWD UP AND DOWN.

FIB: Well here I am, Mayor Applepuss. Bet you thought I wasn't gonna show up didn't you?

MAYOR: Ah there McGee...good day. Yes, I had just about despaired of seeing you here. Even to the extent of getting another speaker...You sure you want to...er... well, if you are not prepared to...er... I mean...

FIB: Oh don't worry about me Applepuss. I'll make 'em a speech they'll NEVER FORGET. When do I make the speech?

MAYOR: Oh you can start any time, McGee.

FIB: WHAT? BEFORE THE PARADE? HOW ABOUT THE BANDS?

MAYOR: Oh. You'll have plenty of time. I'll introduce you now.

SOUND: GAVEL. CROWD UP AND DOWN WITH GAVEL. CROWD OUT

MAYOR: Ladies and gentlemen, as Mayor of Wistful Vista, I have chosen one of our prominent citizens to make the address of the day. (STOP TAKING BOWS, McGee...wait till you finish) I REFER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO THAT SPLENDID REPRESENTATIVE OF WISTFUL VISTAS CITIZENRY, MR. FIBBER MCGEE.

ONE PERSON CLAPPING

FIB: Thank you folks. Anyway, YOU, mister.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) Aw I was just slapping a mosquito.

FIB: OH. AHEN... MY FRIENDS...

WOMAN: Get another station quick, Joe.

MAN: Sadie, when you hear "MY FRIENDS" they're AINT any other station.

FIB: MY FRIENDS...WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY TO WITNESS THE CULMINATION OF WISTFUL VISTAS -

BAND: BURSTING INTO "SEMPER FIDELIS" UP AND FADE OUT WITH MARCHING FEET)



FIB: (CONTINUING) and in their dealings with the Indians who first populated this wilderness, we always -

BAND: BURST INTO STARS & STRIPES...FADE OUT WITH MARCHING FEET

FIB: - to the present day, when I don't care how many bands go buy I can talk 'em down. Why when I was a boy in Peoria...

FIVE AND DRUM CORPS: GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME...FADE OUT.

FIB: I was knowed as in them days. TALK 'EM DOWN MCGEE WITH MY TALENTED TONGUE A TINGLE WITH TOPICAL TEXTS OF TABLOID TYPE AND TELEGRAPH TAPE, TERRIFIC AT TELLING TALL TALES OR TEAR IN' OFF A TERSE TIRADE ON TAXES OR TENEMENTS IN THE TEETH OF TREMENDOUS TUMULT, TIRELESSLY

BAND IN UP AND OUT

FIB: BUT TEMPERAMENTAL AS A TIGER ON A TIFF AND TOLERATIN' NO TORMENTIN' TEEDLEDUM FROM TUNE TORTURERS WHO AINT BEEN TAUGHT TO TACTFULLY TACIT THEIR TOOTIN' ON TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES AND TAPPIN ON TOM TOMS WHILE TALENT TALKS, AND TITLED THE TIP TOP TONSIL TICKLER FROM THE TALL TAMARACK TIMBER OF TACOMA, TO THE TANGLED TEAKWOOD TRAILS OF TIMBUCTOO!

APPLAUSE: CHEERS

ORK: "WHO DO YOU THINK I SAW LAST NIGHT?" Down for -

WIL: 3rd COMMERCIAL - (NEXT PAGE)

CUE: (WILCOX) Here's a reminder about that special offer. (PAUSE)

It's a marvelous sight to see a rainbow garden of GIANT Gladiolas in full bloom -- pink, red, yellow, orange and lavender. Now, for a limited time you can get Molly McGee's own Rainbow Garden of ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs for only one dime and a sales slip showing your purchase of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX (Paste or liquid) -- JOHNSON'S CREAMY FURNITURE POLISH -- or JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. No finer polishes are made for protecting and beautifying the things you prize most! So buy one of the JOHNSON WAX products tomorrow! Then mail your sales slip and one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin. Molly McGee's own Rainbow Assortment of GIANT Gladiolas will soon be yours. You don't have to be an experienced gardener to have success with these Gladiolas (or Gladiolas, as you may prefer to call them). Just follow the easy printed directions. Sixty days after planting they will be great plumes of color, growing as high as four feet. Neighbors will envy you such gorgeous flowers. So send your sales slip and one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin, before it is too late!

ORGH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



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FADE ON CUE)

TAG GAG

FIB: (IN STRAINED VOICE) How'd you like my speech, Sil?  
SIL: Ah dunno suh. Them bands was makin' so much noise ah couldn'  
heah good.  
FIB: I was afraid of that.  
SIL: Aint you goin' home suh? Eveybody else has left.  
FIB: No...I'll...I'll probably be here for a while yet, Sil. I helped  
'em mortar in this co'nerstone ye know.  
SIL: Yassuh. Ah seen you.  
FIB: How long you suppose this building will stand here, Sil?  
SIL: Oh about fo'ty o' fifty yeahs suh.  
FIB: I don't think I can wait that long.  
SIL: Wait fo' wah, suh?  
FIB: TO GET MY HAND OUT FROM UNDER THIS DAD RATTED CORNERSTONE.  
Good night folks. Goodnight, Molly.

MUSIC SWELL TO FINISH.

SIGNOFF AND CREDITS

gs:mc:mr:10:30 AM  
4-26-38

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PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER M  
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ,  
( 8:30PM-9:00 PM.  
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REMARKS