

NBC

ADVERTISER S. G. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY OK
CHICAGO OUTLET (WMAQ (MAY 10, 1938) (TUESDAY DAY))
(8:30-9:00 PM)
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER
REMARKS

Page 2.

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

ORK: THEME: fade for

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

ORK: "FINE AND DANDY" - fade for

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CUE: (WILCOX) Now, we have an important message for you. (Pause)

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You have only four more days in which to send for Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas (or Gladiolas, if you prefer). So if you have put off sending for those ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs, you should get your letter off at once! Just send 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 FURNITURE POLISH -- or JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Soon the postman will bring you a wonderful assortment of ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs-- special named varieties -- prize-winners, all of them -- far superior to the common type of Gladiolas with which you are familiar. They will produce enormous clusters of rainbow colored blooms -- pink, red, orange, yellow and lavender. You can cut brilliant bouquets for your table and have exquisite flowers left to give to your friends. This is the last night that Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden will be offered on this program. Your letter must be postmarked not later than Saturday, May 14. So send one dime and a sales slip without delay to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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

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ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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

WIL: WELL, THIS SEEMS TO BE A YEAR OF UPSETS. IT RAINS IN CALIFORNIA, A LONG SHOT WINS THE DERBY, BRIDGE DECKS GET A NEW SUIT, AND MOST STARTLING OF ALL, FIBBER HOLDS A JOB FOR TWO WEEKS IN SUCCESSION! YES, HE'S STILL MANAGER OF THE BIJOU THEATRE. AND HERE IN HIS OFFICE, ABOUT TO INTERVIEW STAGE TALENT, WE FIND, FIBBER ("Walk,-dont-run,-to-the-nearest-exit") MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Hey, Sil. Did all them stage acts I was gonna interview show up?

SIL: Yassuh...all but them folks that does rope tricks.

FIB: That's okay...they told me they might be tied up today. Come on...let's go in and see what them others have got.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM. SOUND: DOGS BARKING, BABEL OF VOICES, XYLOPHONE PRACTICING, WOMAN TRILLING HIGH NOTES, TAP DANCING.

FIB: QUIET EVERYBODY...QUIET PLEASE...QUIET!!

SOUNDS OUT

WOMAN: Oh, Mr. Manager...please hear me swing Loch Lomond for you. (SINGS) "I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD, AND YOU TAKE THE LOW ROAD"..

FIB: That's enough, sir. That's enough. And if I get to Scotland afore ye, I'll wait in the drug store. (ASIDE) Ye hear that Sil? With a map like hers she'll get off the high road before -

DOGS BARKING

FIB: DAD RAT IT...KEEP THEM DOGS QUIET...You own this dog act, bud?

MAN: Yessir. And believe me.....

FIB: Well, what have you got NBC painted on their feet for?

MAN: Oh them paws are for station identification.

FIB: I see. I'll keep their claws in your contract.

XYLOPHONE AND TAP DANCING UP...

FIB: QUIET!!!! QUIT HAMMERIN' THAT SYNCOPATED SAWHORSE WHILE I'M TRYIN' TO TALK, BUD...AND LISTEN, DO YOU ALWAYS WEAR THAT NET OVER YOUR HEAD WHILE YE PRACTISE?

MAN: NO...I WAS JUST REHEARSIN' "THE FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLEBEE."

FIB: WELL, TELL YOUR BEES THEY CAN BUZZ OFF. WE ONLY ALLOW ONE KIND O' WAX ON THIS PROGRAM. BESIDES --

AND WOMAN SINGING UP. TAP DANCING.

FIB: STOP IT!!!!...QUIT!...QUIET!...HOW ABOUT YOU...THE TAP DANCER OVER THERE...CAN YOU DO A BUCK-AND-WING?

BOY: NOT SINCE THE RECESSION SIR. IT'S A NICKEL-AND-WING NOW.

FIB: Well, I'll have the band leader accompany you with "Pennies From Hoofin'".

DOGS BARKING...WOMAN SINGING

FIB: QUIET!

DOGS AND WOMAN OUT

FIB: How about them dogs, Bud - they pretty smart?
MAN: I'll say they're smart. Why, way last Thursday I ast one of 'em what she thought of the Kentucky Derby, and she run acrost the theatre and scratched a stagehand.
FIB: She did eh? Then I suppose she took five bucks outa your pocket, ran down to the railroad station and put it on the Chief.
MAN: Yeah...and was she sore when it ran out!
FIB: It's a good thing you ain't got any fighting fox terriers.
SOUNDS: XYLOPHONE...WOMAN SINGING...DOGS BARKING...
FIB: ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT...I'LL TALK TO YE ALL LATER.. COME ON SIL...
BACK IN THE OFFICE.
DOOR LATCH AND SLAM....SOUNDS OUT
FIB: Phew! Sil, ain't there any vaudeville left that ain't noisy?
DOOR LATCH:
MAN: Sure there is, mister. I got a nice quiet refined act for the family trade.
FIB: Hey...how'd you know what I was talkin' about...with the door shut?
MAN: I'm a mind reader.
FIB: Oh yeah? don't gimme that stuff, bud...that mind readin' is all a fake it's the bunk. (LAUGHS) Suppose you read my mind.

MAN: Sure...YOU'RE THINKIN' YOU'RE THE SMARTEST GUY IN THE THEATRE BUSINESS. YOU'RE THINKING THERE NEVER WAS A MANAGER WITH YOUR ORIGINAL IDEAS. YOU'RE THINKING YOUR GONNA REVOLUTIONIZE STAGE SHOWS.
FIB: Why, Sil...this guy's wonderful! You're hired bud! Report next week.
MAN: Okay.
FIB: By the way...where was you reading minds last?
MAN: Night clubs.
FIB: Whydja quit? No business?
MAN: No. No minds.
DOOR SLAM:
SIL: We bettah quit thinkin' suh, till he git outa the buildin'
FIB: Oh no...if he reads my mind now, he won't DARE come back.
DOOR LATCH:
WOMAN: Excuse me, Mr. Manager...but won't you get a picture with the Marx Brothers in it?
FIB: Why certainly sis. Make a note o' that Sil. You like the Marx Brothers, sis?
WOMAN: I really do. I think Freeric Marx is one of our finest actors.

FIB: Me, too sis. I also like that dance team..Joan and Brother Crawford.

WOMAN: Oh yes..and Laurel and Judge Hardy..they're wonderful! Well, thank you very much.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Fredric Marx! Sil, it's gags like that that bring down our Bing Crosley.

SIL: Excuse me suh..but ain' you gonna hiah no actorbats, suh?

FIB: Acrobats? You betcha I am. Bein' a old acrobat myself, I naturally favor 'em. I was in a act once where I was top man on a human pyramid of thirteen acrobats. I'd climb up, stand on the shoulders o' the top man and wave a little American flag.

SIL: That musta been real excitin' suh..why you evah give it uh?

FIB: Well, one night in Peoria, just as I got up to the top o' the pyramid, the acrobats union called a strike and them guys all walked out on me.

SIL: Did you fall, suh?

FIB: Nope - but only my patriotism held me up - I refused to lower that American flag - so I stayed suspended there until---

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: Heah Mistah Billy Mills, suh.

FIB: Oh Hiyah Billy. I wanted to talk to you.

MILLS: What about?

FIB: The music in this theatre. I got an idea that folks are tired o' swing music, Billy, They want classical music..Now - for instance - Take some of your classical musa...WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE COMPOSER?

MILLS: Saint-Saens.

FIB: Yes, Sa- WHO?

MILLS: Saint-Saens.

FIB: You chewin' tobacco, Billy?

MILLS: No, I'm not. Saint-Saens is a famous composer.

FIB: Well, be that as it may or may not be, or not..let's hear your next number. What is it?

MILLS: You're an Education.

FIB: Is that by Sah-sah?

MILLS: No, it's by _____

FIB: Okay..but you better get goin! This is my DeBussy day! (Return that gag when you get thru with it. I got to give it back to Burns and Allen.) FOLKS, PROF. WILLIAM RANDOLPH MILLS AND HIS SOPHOMORES PLAY "YOU'RE AN EDUCATION". MATRICULATE, MILLS:

ORK: "YOU'RE AN EDUCATION"

APPLAUSE:

END SPOTS

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FIB: That was Billy Mills and his orchestra playing YOU'RE AN EDUCATION. AND IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF, IT WAS A -

DOOR LATCH:

WOMAN: Are you the manager?

FIB: You betcha sis. How much was in the coin purse of the pocketbook you left on some seat during the last show?

WOMAN: I didn't leave my purse.

FIB: You didn't? Listen, if you're just a female impersonator, bud-

WOMAN: PLEASE!!!! I came in to tell you that one of your ushers was impudent to me.

FIB: Well, I'm glad to hear that sis -

WOMAN: WHAT?

FIB: I mean, I'm always happy to get reports on any o' the help that ain't doin' his duty. What'd he do?

WOMAN: Well, he asked me if I liked to sit way down in front and I said yes and he said it was bad for my spine to do that, and then he turned his flashlight on my hand and started to tell my fortune.

FIB: Say, I'll have to promote that guy..he's got ideas..was it a good fortune, sis?

WOMAN: Well, he said the orchestra seats were all taken so I was going on a long journey up to the balcony, and if a dark man crossed my path it was Ronald Colman, and I would have an unsuccessful business venture with the candy machine in the lobby because it was out of order.

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FIB: Sis..You leave it to me. I'll speak to him when he goes off duty at 12:30.

WOMAN: He goes off duty at 12:45.

FIB: How do you know?

WOMAN: He's going to drive me home.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: He's going to drive me nuts. Hey, Sil...

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: What's all these cans of fillm on my desk here?

SIL: Ah dunno. Suh. The man from de projeckshun booth he brung 'em in. He say de labels is all tore off 'em and he don' know what fillums they is.

FIB: Well, I'll see if I can identify 'em. Open this can here.

SIL: Yassuh.

RATTLE OF TIN: TERRIFIC WIND. RATTLE OF TIN.

FIB: That's "The Hurricane". Try this one.

SOUND: RATTLE OF TIN "SAWING NOISE" RATTLE OF TIN

FIB: "Tom Sawyer." Now this other one.

RATTLE OF TIN: DOG BARK SWARE - DRUMMING: RATTE OF TIN.

FIB: Hmmm..I wonder what that is..

SIL: Ain' that Bulldog Drummin' suh?

FIB: Oh yes..Well, tell the projectionist that these fillums are -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) BIJOU THEATRE. MANAGER MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHAT SAY, BUD?
NO, I THINK OUR NEXT FEATURE WILL BE A RACE HORSE PICTURE..

YES.. "A SLIGHT CASE OF MUDDER". OKAY BUD. (CLICK)

SIL: Excuse me suh..they's a man wanna see you. He say he a magician.

FIB: Oh swell. I'll put him onnext to that soprano..maybe he'll saw her in half. Bring him in.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH: SLAM:

FIB: Now let's see..here's a letter wantin us to revive the 3 Musketeers - I didn't even know they were unconscious -

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Bon jour M'sieu. I am Wizardo Ze Great. I make ze magic treek, ze great Illusion. I am wave ze magic wand and POUF! I am make ze elephant disappear.

FIB: Whaddye mean YOU make the elephant disappear! It's been gone since 1932. (AHEM!) How long is your act, bud?

WIL: Ze act of Wizardo Ze Great is take wan full hour, M'sieu.

FIB: Too long. We can only allow 20 minutes to an act. CAN'T YOU BOIL IT DOWN TO 20 MINUTES?

WIL: NON NO NON...EET EES IMPOSSI- ..but wait..AHHHH.. OUI OUI..I HAVE ZE MOS MARVELOUS TREEK WHICH IS TAKE BUT TWENTY MINUTE!

FIB: Good..what is it? A disappearing act?

WIL: OUI! (STRAIGHT) I can make dull floors disappear with Johnson's Glo-coat, so that in only 20 minutes THEY ARE DRY AND SHINING LIKE NEW..WHY YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A MARVELOUS -

FIB: HARPO!!! Take off that beard - I know ye!

WIL: Oh how did you know who I was?

FIB: It was easy - You shouldn't step out of character.

WIL: Shouldn't what?

FIB: Step out.

WIL: All right.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I wonder why it is that all radio announcers wanna be actors. They ain't got any sense of timing.

SIL: Scuse me suh, but you is half a houah late fo' you' appointment wif mistah Dennis.

FIB: EH? Oh well, send him in Sil.

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: (OFF MIKE) You kin come in now Mistah Dennis, please suh.

CLARK: All right, Silly. SAY FIBBER..WHAT'S THE IDEA OF KEEPING ME WAITING?

FIB: I'm sorry Clark. What was it you wanted?

CLARK: I want a job singing at this theatre...how about it?

FIB: Well, I dunno, Clark..it might be a idea. I'm fixin' up the musical policy of this theatre, and maybe I can use you. Here fill out this application form.

CLARK: All right.
FIB: Where was you born, Clark?
CLARK: Flint, Michigan. They used to call me the Flint Flash.
FIB: Sounds like a cigarette lighter. No wonder you don't work very often. What would you like to sing, Clark?
DENNIS: "I FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU EVERY DAY"
FIB: Every day! What cupidity!! WELL, GO AHEAD, CLARK. I FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU EVERY DAY.
ORK: "I FALL IN LOVE WIT YOUSE EVERY DAY, KIDDO." -- Dennis
APPLAUSE:

3RD SPOT:

FIB: Folks. that was Clark Dennis, the Flint Flash, singing
I FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU EVERY DAY. Nice falling, Clark!
I think I can arrange-

DOOR LATCH:

ELL: Scuse me, suh..but they is a couple o' tumblehs out theah waitin' to see you.
FIB: Tumblers eh? Well, put 'em on a tray and tell 'em to wait. I ain't got time to -
OLD M: Hello there Johnny. You the manager again this week?
FIB: You betcha old timer. What's on your mind?
OLD: Ever book an adagio acts, Johnny?
FIB: You mean them kinda acts where two guys throw a gal across the stage to each other? Why yes, I think we-
OLD: Well, me and my wife and another fella got an act. Wanna try us out?
FIB: Oh I dunno, Old Timer. You don't seem to be in very good -
OLD: EH?
FIB: How much you want?
OLD: Oh we ain't fussy Johnny. Other feller and me won't kick and it's a toss up with my wife.
FIB: Well, itain't every married man that gets paid for throwin' his wife around

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, YOU BEEN READIN' ABOUT THE WAGE AND HOUR BILL? AND THE OTHER FELLER SAYS, YES BUT I DONT UNDERSTAND IT. AND THE FIRST FELLER SAYS, WELL, AIN'T YOU HEARD O' THE WAGES OF SIN? AND THE OTHER FELLER SAYS YES, I KNOW ABOUT THE WAGES, BUT WHAT ARE THE HOURS? Heh heh...

FIB: Well, never mind that..how about this adagio act?

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says HOW ABOUT YOUR ADAGIO ACT?

OLD: Shucks, Johnny..I ain't got any act..I just come in here to pull a joke. You knew that.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: I guess I'm taking this business too seriously. I'm beginnin to believe it myself. Maybe I better -

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: Scuse me suh..this man heah wanna know iffen you kin see his act.

FIB: Oh Hiyah bud. ..what's the act?

MAN: Major Blow's United number 45, 198, 785. We got three shag dancers, one jug player, a trick pony, roller skaters, a scat singer, Indian club throwers and 12 living statues.

FIB: All amateurs eh?

MAN: Sure..they been amateurs for 18 years, some of 'em. Made good money at it, too. We carry our own props, our own orchestra, our own curtains. And our own ticket-taker.

FIB: Sorry bud, we've played so many units here, I don't think we could get an audience.

MAN: That's okay. We carry our own audience too. We'll start Friday noon.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Say, that guy's got some great ideas. Now if they'd only start carryin' their own theatre -

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: (GREATLY ENTHUSIASTIC) Hello Fibber Old Boy Old Boy old boy. MEET MISS WINKLER..OF WILCOX AND WINKLER..BOY WE GOTTA GREAT ACT NOW..SONG AND DANCE..MARVELOUS ROUTINE..

FIB: Why..er..howdy do, Miss Winkler..but what did -

WINK: Oh Hello Mister McGee...Mr. Wilcox was telling me you didn't like his magician stuff wo we worked up a TERRIFIC SONG AND DANCE ACT...

WIL: I'LL SAY WE DID!!..ALL NEW STUFF!!..GREAT GAGS!!..AND WATCH US DANCE!..LET'S GO, Baby! PIANO!!

PIANO: RUM TIDDY BUM BUM BUM: (Intro)

WIL & WINK: (SING) WHILE STROLLING THRU THE PARK ONE DAY..
 WE HEARD A LITTLE HOUSEWIFE SAY..
 "I DON'T HAVE TO SCRUB NO MORE
 I GOT GLOGOAT ON MY FLOOR
 SO I'M STROLLING IN THE PARK TODAY"

SOUND: TAP DANCING

FIB: Okay here..HOLD IT..HOLD EVERYTHING..DANCING OUT.

WIL: What's the matter, Fibber? Didn't you think that was cute?

FIB: Oh it ain't bad..but I gotta another verse for you..PIANO!

PIANO INTRO:

FIB: I WAS STROLLING IN THE PARK THAT DAY...
 AND IF YOU LISTENED YOU COULD HEAR ME SAY
 IN SPITE OF JOHNSONS WAX
 I DON'T LIKE YOUR ANWFUL ACTS
 SO GO BACK AND STROLL SOME MORE TODAY.

WIL: Oh all right.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Anybody else out there to see me, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh...they is a piano team suh...shall ah bring 'em in.

FIB: Why not?

SIL: Well, ah din' think you...

FIB: I'LL DO THE THINKIN' AROUND HERE...BRING 'EM IN!

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: You kin come in now, suh.

SOUND: HORSES HOOFS IN...RUMBLING SOUND

MAN: Whoaaa, THERE! WHOA!

HOOFS OUT

MAN: Where do you want the piano, mister?

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DIDN'T ORDER NO PIANO!

MAN: AINT THIS THE OPERA HOUSE?

FIB: No this is the Bijou theatre.

MAN: Oh, I'm sorry. GIDDAP THERE....

HORSES HOOFS AND RUMBLING OUT...DOOR SLAM

FIB: Piano Team! Of all the dumb...SIL, DON'T EVER

DOOR LATCH

MILLS: Hey Fibber...how about if we play Kiss me Again for the next intermission?

FIB: Kiss me again...how does that go?

MILLS: Show him, boys...KISS ME AGAIN.

ORK: KISS ME AGAIN FOR FEW BARS...

FIB: No no no...PLEASE BILLY...don't you know the public is tired o' that old fashioned stuff.

MILLS: What's the matter with it?

FIB: Why it aint got any ZIP to it, that's all. HERE...LEAVE THEM ORCHESTRATIONS HERE WITH ME. I'll fix 'em up. I'll show you what can really be done with that number.

MILLS: But you don't know anything about writing musical arrangements.

FIB: What of it? I got intelligencia ain't I? (PAUSE) AINT I?

(PAUSE) Well, I can do it all right. WHAT ELSE YOU GOT TO PLAY, BILLY?

BILL: How about "S' WONDERFUL?"

FIB: SWELL!

ORK: "S' WONDERFUL."

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 2nd COMMERCIAL

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CUE: (WILCOX) Here's an important message from the sponsors of this program. (PAUSE)

.....

If you have not already sent for Molly McGee's own Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas, be sure to get your letter off without delay. The generous offer closes this next Saturday night, May 14. Many thousands of flower lovers have already sent for this wonderful rainbow garden - ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs! Before long the plants will reach a height of three to four feet and bear great clusters of blooms in the colors pink, red, orange, yellow and lavender. If you want Molly McGee's own Rainbow Garden, send 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 FURNITURE POLISH - or JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Act at once or you will be too late!

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

4th SPOT:

FIB: Hey Sil...if anybody else wants to see me, tell 'em I'm busy workin' on this musical arrangement.

SIL: Yassuh...but Mistah Depopolis is heah suh.

FIB: Aw fer the...tell him I'm sorry but I cant -

DOOR LATCH:

NICK: Hello Fizzer. I knew I am never to busy to see you so I told me to come right in.

FIB: Oh hello, Nick. If you'll excuse me I got a musical arrangement I gotta write, so I wont have time to -

NICK: Oh that is uckly duckly, Fizzer. I am just getting home from Churchdown hills, where I am seeing the Kenderby Tucky.

FIB: THE KENTUCKY DERBY, you mean?

NICK: Sure...and BELIEVE ME, Fizzer, it was being a wonderful pair of spectacles, too! I am having myself so many Mint tulips that I am feeling like a Kentucky nut, I'm thinking.

FIB: You mean a Kentucky Kernel. You have the winner in the Derby, Nick?

NICK: No, Fizzer, you see I am taking some advices from a man who is whispering to me by the prarie-natural windows and he is knowing all about what horses is winning.

FIB: Oh he was just a tout, Nick.

NICK: Sure, Fizzer...and he is toutint me a lessons which I am not forgetting as long as I hope to die. WELL SIR, THERE IS BEING SOO MANY FAMOUS People at this races, Fizzer, I can hardly believe my face. I am seeing James Alowshipuss Farley -

FIB: How did you know it was Jim Farley?

NICK: Because I am hearing a pronouncer saying over the speak-louder "THE HORSES, ARE NEARING THE POST OFFICE." What horses were you liking for the Kenderby Tucky, Fizzer?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, Nick. I kinda fancied the CHIEF.

NICK: Well, the Chief is not having a feather in his hat that days, Fizzer. There is a horses which is naming himself the Frightened Fox who is being the favorite with the odds, but it will very very odd if he is a favorite somemore, I'm thinking.

FIB: How'd you have him Nick? Win place or snow?

NICK: I am having him to win, but in my place I will show more sense next time if I am having one. I am putting a hundreds dollars on his nose which is maybe being why he is not running good. Maybe he is not breathing thru all those money.

FIB: That Woolf Horse, Lawrin, from Kansas City was pretty good wasn't he?

NICK: Sure, Fizzer...It is looking like a wolf is beating a fox any days in my week. And then there is a horses which is being named the Cats Menow, and a Bull with a Flea, and a Daubers BUT WHEN THEY ARE COMING INTO THE HOME STREAK, WHO IS NOT BEING AHEAD BUT MY HORSES, AND THIS DAUBER IS ALSO AHEAD OF CANT WAIT WHICH IS A DIFFERENT HORSE THAN A FRIGHTENED FOX BECAUSE HE CAN WAIT A LONG TIME BEFORE.I AM BUYING HIM SOME MORE OATSMEALS.

Well, so long Fizzer.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, Sil...I got this musical arrangement of Kiss me again all set. Can you read music?

SIL: No suh...ah caint.

FIB: Neither can I...I wish I knew what this was gonna sound like.
Oh well.

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Hello there McGee...how's everything?

FIB: Oh its Mr. Silverscreen. Hiyah Silverscreen. Silverscreen this is my assistant Silly Watson...Sil, this is the owner of the theatre.

SIL: Please to meetcha Mistah Silvahscreen, Suh.

MAN: Goo day my boy. Well, McGee...what are you working on there?

FIB: It's a new musical arrangement, Chief. I'm gonna show Billy Mills, our orchestra leader just what Victor Herbert MEANT when he wrote this number.

MAN: I didn't know you were a musician, McGee.

FIB: Me either till just ...AHEM...WHO ME? WHY SHUCKS, SILVERSCREEN, I ALWAYS BEEN MUSICAL. STUDIED THE CLASSICS EVER SINCE I WAS A KID. WHY I USED TO MAKE A TRIP TO GERMANY EVERY YEAR...SORT OF A PILGRIMAGE TO LAY A WREATH ON THE BIER OF JOHANN BACH. BACH BIER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.....

SIL: Heah it come again!

FIB: BACH BIER MCGEE, BOWIN' TO THE BIG BOYS LIKE BACH BRAHMS AND BEETHOVEN, BUT BEIN' A BRILLIANT BUCKO MYSELF AT BUILDIN' BIG BANDS AND BARNSTORMIN' BOX OFFICES, BRANDISHIN' A BATON BETTERN' BILLY MILLS AT BEATIN' OUT BANG UP BRASS BREAKS BLOWIN' THE BLUES BELTIN' THE BLAZES OUT OF A BERLIN BALLAD OR BOOTIN' A BIT OF DEBUSSY, AND BALLYHOOD AS THE BARON OF BEAUTIFUL BARBARIC BABEL FROM THE BACKROOMS OF BOSTON'S BEER BARS TO THE BANJO BANGIN' BOYS WHO BEAT IT OUT BESIDE THE BAYOUS OF BALMY BIRMINGHAM.

Come on down into the theatre and I'll have the boys play my arrangement for you, Silverscreen. We'll be back in a few minutes Sil.

SIL: Okay suh.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Now the way I figger it is this way, Chief. I figger our audiences is entitled to the BEST. So I thought I'd show what could be did with some well known musical ... OH OH...watch the steps there boss.

MAN: Go ahead...you're just in time...I'll give the men the score sheets while you announce the number.

FIB: Thanks. See you later...HEY MILLS...A FANFARE, PLEASE.

ORK: FANFARE

FIB: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...AS MANAGER OF THIS THEATRE...I WANT YOU TO KNOW I HAVE YOUR INTERESTS AT HEART. I WANT YOU TO HAVE THE BEST THE BEST IN PICTURES...THE BEST IN MUSIC...SO I'VE JUST COMPLETED A NEW MUSICAL ARRANGEMENT OF VICTOR HERBERTS KISS ME AGAIN. Boys, will you give the folks a few bars of the old fashioned arrangement?

ORK: FEW BARS OF KISS ME AGAIN.

FIB: Thank you...AND NOW, FOLKS...I'LL SHOW YOU IT OUGHTTA BE PLAYED. OUR LEADER, MISTER MILLS WILL CONDUCT THE BIJOU ORCHESTRA IN THE NEW MCGEE ARRANGEMENT OF KISS ME AGAIN. TAKE IT BILLY!

SOUND: TAP OF BATON. (PAUSED)

ORK: SCREWBALL ARRANGEMENT KISS ME AGAIN.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Well, Boss..how was it? WASN'T THAT THE MOST TERRIFF...(PAUSE)
What's the matter? Didn't you like it?

MAN: McGee, I never heard such a --

FIB: OH I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT, CHIEF. AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE SOME OF MY OTHER ARRANGEMENTS....

MAN: DON'T BOTHER WITH THEM MCGEE...I'VE MADE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS MYSELF.

FIB: You have?

MAN: YES...I'M GETTING A NEW MANAGER TOMORROW! YOU'RE FIRED!

FIB: I'm fi....you mean...OH PSHAW!

ORK: "AN OLD STRAW HAT" DOWN FOR -

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

CUE: (WILCOX) Now for a final reminder of that special offer. (PAUSE)

.....

For the last time you are offered an opportunity to get Molly McGee's own Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas (or Gladiolas). If you send at once you'll receive ten GIANT bulbs with easy directions for planting. Soon you will have a rainbow garden of your own--pink, red, yellow, orange and lavender -- a gorgeous sight! These flowers should not be confused with the common varieties of Gladiolas. Molly McGee's assortment is much finer--much more colorful--and every one of these special named varieties has taken a prize at some great Flower Show. When your Gladiolas burst into bloom, you will have a garden that will be the envy of the neighborhood! Remember, this is your last chance to take advantage of this unusual offer. So purchase a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow. Or if you prefer, you may buy JOHNSON'S GENUINE WAX -- JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH -- or JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. (All of these economical polishes are made for the express purpose of giving greater beauty and protection to the things you prize most.) Send your sales slip and one dime to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin. Don't wait until it's too late!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC--FADE ON CUE)

gs:mc:mr:mh:10:30
5/10/38

TAG GAG

FIB: Well - come on Sil - I gotta go look for a new job.
SIL: Yassuh - Mr. McGee, why don' you all take up baseball?
FIB: Baseball? I ain't no baseball player, Sil.
SIL: You is had a lot of good trainin', please suh.
FIB: Whatcha mean?
SIL: Well suh - evah job you git is a short stop.
FIB: A short st --- AHEM - good night folke - good night Molly.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. . . FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY . . . ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

TUESDAY . . . MAY 10, 1938 . . . WMAQ . . . RED . . . 8:30 - 9:00 P. M. . . CREDITS

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CUE: (WILCOX) Now, we have an important message for you. (PAUSE)

.....
You have only four more days in which to send for Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas (or Gladiolas, if you prefer). So if you have put off sending for these ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs, you should get your letter off at once! Just send 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 FURNITURE POLISH -- or JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Soon the postman will bring you a wonderful assortment of ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs -- special named varieties -- prize-winners, all of them -- far superior to the common type of Gladiolas with which you are familiar. They will produce enormous clusters of rainbow colored blooms -- pink, red, orange, yellow and lavender. You can cut brilliant bouquets for your table and have exquisite flowers left to give to your friends. This is the last night that Molly McGee's Rainbow Garden will be offered on this program. Your letter must be postmarked not later than Saturday, May 14. So send one dime and a sales slip without delay to JOHNSON'S WAX - Racine, Wisconsin.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

CUE: (WILCOX) Here's an important message from the sponsors of this program. (PAUSE)

.....
If you have not already sent for Molly McGee's own Rainbow Garden of GIANT Gladiolas, be sure to get your letter off without delay. The generous offer closes this next Saturday night, May 14. Many thousands of flower lovers have already sent for this wonderful rainbow garden -- ten GIANT Gladiolas bulbs! Before long the plants will reach a height of three to four feet and bear great clusters of blooms in the colors of pink, red, orange, yellow and lavender. If you want Molly McGee's own Rainbow Garden, send 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 FURNITURE POLISH -- or JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX AND CLEANER. Act at once or you will be too late!