

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON. INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(8:00-8:30 PM WMAQ) (JUNE 22ND 1938)

(TUESDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2.

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

ORK: THEME

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program presenting Fibber McGee and Company, with Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with "LOUISIANA HAYRIDE".

ORK: "LOUSY HAYRIDE" - FADE FOR

1st COMMERCIAL:

There is no question but what your neighbors judge you, more or less, by the appearance of the car that you drive. If your car is dirty and streaked, it certainly doesn't make a very good impression on anyone! On the other hand, if your car sparkles and gleams with a JOHNSON WAX polish, it commands the respect of everyone! Now, it isn't a difficult job -- not expensive either-- to keep your car shining like a mirror with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and WAX. Your neighbors will admire its beauty -- your family will take real pride in the car -- and at the same time you'll be saved the trouble and expense of many car washings! Later on, when you come to trade in your car, you'll get a better allowance for it, if the finish has been kept beautiful as new with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and WAX. Don't delay another day, wax your car the Johnson Way!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL HOT SUMMER DAY AT WISTFUL VISTA AND THE WHOLE TOWN HAS FLOCKED TO THE BEACH. AND AMONG THOSE PRESENT, IN A VERY LOOSE, BAGGY BATHING SUIT OF RED AND YELLOW STRIPES, TALKING TO SILLY WATSON, WE SEE FIBBER, (WHAT-ARE-THE-WILD-WAVES-SAYING) MCGEE!

FIB: Shucks, Sil...I dunno what everybody stares at me for. Ain't they ever seen nobody in a bathin' suit before?

SIL: Not like yours, suh, ah reckon.

FIB: Well, can I help it if my grandfather was a bigger man than me? My family has been in this bathing suit...er... I mean this bathing suit has been in my family for fifty years. More'n that, maybe. Why just think...the original McGee might o' swum ashore from the Mayflower in this suit.

SIL: He sho' was an original McGee, wasn' he suh?

FIB: I'll say so. Just because I'm too conservative to wear only a pair o' them skinny little trunks and a belt don't prove nothin'. By the way, what time is it?

SIL: It's still early suh...why?

FIB: Well, when I chased the moths outa this suit, I promised 'em I'd bring it back by supertime. HEY...what are all them people laughin' at over there?

SIL: They ain' laughin' at nothin' oveh theah suh. They is laughin' at somp'm oveh heah. You sho is creatin' a lotta excitement.

FIB: Yeah...I always did stir up comment in a bathin'suit.
I mind one time I was walkin' down the beach with Johnny Weissmuller. I could hear the whisperin' as we went by. "Look", they was sayin', "There goes Tarzan and one of his apes". I always resented that crack because Johnny never looked like no ape.

SIL: Nossuh. Johnny Weissmullah is TAHZAN, suh.

FIB: HE IS? Then who was they callin' a ap-...OH! AHEM. Oh well...Now don't disturb me for a while, Si....I'm gonna take a nap on the sand and soak up some o' this sunshi-
Parrdon me laddie...could ye be tellin' me whereabouts to find the lifeguarrrrrd?

SCOT: Lifeguard? Yes, you'll find him up on that raised platform over there Scotty...overlookin' the beach and lookin' over the girls.

FIB: Thank ye...do ye think he would be charrrrgin' me anything to rrrrescue ma wife from drrrrrownin'?

SCOT: Not a cent, Scotty.

FIB: Thank ye...(CALLS) TIS FRREEEE, ANNIE...TIS FREEEE!!
HANG ON LASSIE, AND HE'LL BE THERRRE IN A MINUTE...(FADE OUT) Oh Lifeguarrrrrdddd...

FIB: That reminds me Sil...don't you go swimmin' for a while yet.

SIL: Why not suh?

FIB: You'll get the cramps...it's too soon after eatin'.

SIL: Tha's all right suh. Ah had fish fo' dinnah.

FIB: Oh...well, that's different. I'll wait a while because I had coffee and sinkers. Hey who's the athletic lookin' guy over there with the picnic basket and all the good-lookin' gals? He looks kinda familiar.

SIL: Oveh theah suh? Why tha's Mist' Wilcox suh.

FIB: HARLOWE? It is eh? HEY! HARLOW! ...HARLOW WILCOX!
Look, Sil...let's go over there. He's beckonin' to us.

SIL: Tha's the first time ah evah see anybody beckon wif a GO-AWAY motion, suh.

FIB: Well, he'll probably call me over when he unpacks the lunch. You a good swimmer, Sil?

SIL: Well, ah kin do the CRAWL, suh.

FIB: The crawl, eh? That's about the fastest stroke there is. Don't it make your arms tired?

SIL: Nossuh...but it sho' make mah knees muddy.

FIB: I ever tell you about the time I had me a swimmin' act in vaudeville with a trained seal, Sil?

SIL: Nossuh...wha's that?

FIB: What's a seal?

SIL: Nossuh...what's vaudeville?

FIB: Oh that was some stuff they used to spread on theatre stages to keep 'em from lookin' so bare between pictures. Well, sir, this seal o' mine quitt the act because he was jealous on account of I could swim better'n he could. Besides he says thay wasn't no future in vaudeville. He wanted to MAKE somethin' of hisself.

SIL: Wha'd he wanna do suh?
FIB: He wanted to be a fur coat on a movie actress. He done
 it, too, I guess, because once when Marlana Dietrich
 was passin' thru town I seen one of the redcaps carryin'
 her coat.
SIL: What about it suh?
FIB: Well, just as he passed me one of the arms of the coat
 waved at me...and I'll swear I seen one of the buttonholes
 wink.
SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM
MILLS: Hello Fibber. Hello Silly.
SIL: Hiyah Mist' Mills, suh.
FIB: Listen, Billy...what's the idea o' the door slam? They
 ain't no doors on a bathin' beach.
MILLS: Bathing beach?
FIB: Why yes...we're out here on the beach today. Didn't you
 hear the opening announcement?
MILLB: Oh, I'm sorry. Shall I go home and change?
FIB: No,...you ain't got time now.
MILLS: Well...all right...Say, have you got a bathing suit on
 under that thing you're wearing?
FIB: WHATCHA MEAN? This IS my bathing suit.
MILLS: It's a little baggy at the knees isn't it?

FIB: Wel-l-l maybe...a little. That's because my Uncle
 Dennis was always gettin' into a crap game on the beach.
 Whatcha gonna play, Billy?
MILLS: CRY, BABY, CRY.
FIB: CRY BABY CRY...what's the baby cryin' for, Billy?
MILLS: For nothing.
FIB: Oh...kind of a charity bawl, eh? Well, go ahead Billy...
 CRY BABY CRY.
ORK: "CRY BABY CRY"

APPLAUSE

2nd SPOT

FIB: Ahh this is the life, Sil....The rollin' ocean...the warm sand...ye know I think I got sailor's blood in me. In fact I KNOW I have.

SIL: How you know dat suh?

FIB: Well, once when I was gonna have a operation, they took a sample of my blood...and I seen the nurse turn to the doctor, shake her head and say "N. G., Doctor". Though how they could tell I was a Navy Guy just by that little samp--

WOMAN: Pardon me, sir...which way are the sand dunes?

FIB: The dunes, sis? Why there they are up that way...don't you see good?

WOMAN: I didn't mean those BIG sand dunes...I'm looking for a smaller one.

FIB: Why, sis?

WOMAN: Willie and I buried papa in the sand and we forgot where it was. HERE WILLIE...OVER THIS WAY...I SEE A FOOT STICKING OUT...

BOY: That can't be papa...he don't paint his toe-nails red...
(FADE OUT) Let's try this mound here, mamma...it's high in the middle...like pappa...

SIL: Ah sho hopes they fine him, suh.

FIB: Oh don't worry. Sooner or later a bunch of picnickers 'll build a fire on top of him; That'll get him up.
Hey...WHAT'S THAT big bunch o' gals doin' over there?

SIL: They is talkin' to the life gahd, suh.

FIB: Probably makin' appointments to be rescued. That must be a great life. Settin' all day under a beach umbrella, snoozin' in the sun, rescuin' rich heiresses outa the water and all stuff like that there. Shucks, I wish I was a...SAYY...WHY AIN'T I? WHY THAT'S JUST THE JOB FOR ME!

SIL: Yassuh...but is you the one fo' the job? Kin you swim?

FIB: CAN I SWIM? Why, Sil, I been fond o' the water ever since I was a tyke. On summer days, you could always find me lyin' beside the sea. SEA LION MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS.....

SEA LION MCGEE, THE SUN-SOAKED SENSATION O' THE SEASHORE, SKIMMIN' CIRCLES AROUND SHADS, SHARKS AND SHARDINES WITH MY SPECTACULAR SPEED THRU THE SALTY SPRAY, SPENDIN' THE SWEET SUNNY SUMMER SEASON SNOOZIN' SOFTLY ON THE SILVERY SANDS, SLICKER'N A SWORDFISH AT SLICIN' THRU SLASHIN' STORMS WHILE SWIMMIN TO SAVE SINKIN' SOULS, SUBDUIN' THEIR STRUGGLES WITH A SOLID SOCK ON THE SKULL, SEIZIN' EM BY THE SCALP AND SHOOTIN' 'EM ASHORE IN A SINGLE SECOND AND CELEBRATED IN SONG AND STORY AS THE ST. BERNARD O' THE SEASHORE, SAVIN' SCORES OF SWIMMERS FROM SNIFFIN' A SNOOTFUL O' SANDY SURF, FROM THE SALT SPRAYED SANDS OF SAN SALVADOR TO THE SINISTER SILENCE O' THE SARGASSO SEA.

APPLAUSE:

SIL: You is still doin' it ain't you suh?

FIB: Doin' what?

SIL: Lyin' beside the sea. Kin you swim undeh wateh suh?

FIB: Sure I can. Why I stayed under water forty-five minutes once.

SIL: You DID?

FIB: Yep. That was the time I had a blowout goin' thru the Holland Tunnel. Anyway, I can swim good enough for a life guard job. All they do is set up there on that platform all day. Why I even met one of 'em in the drugstore yesterday, buyin' ointment for a dry skin.

SIL: Well, maybe it'd be a good thing iffen you took a couple lessons first suh.

FIB: Oh year...Fish dont take no lessons do they?

SIL: Nossuh...but kin you wiggle yo' tail like a fish?

FIB: Maybe not...but I can glow bigger bubbles. Come on..let's go over and talk to the life guard. I wanna ask him who I have to see about a job.

GIRLISH VOICES AND LAUGHTER FADE IN:

- A. Isn't he just the handsomest thing, Henrietta?
- B. Gee, Genevieve, the last time he rescued me, I was going down for the 23rd time. I thought he'd NEVER get there, really...
- C. So I said to him, I said SAY, I said, next time you drag me ashore don't drag me by the hair because I just got a permanent and he said, well gee, kiddo, I gotta hurry because I left a ice cream cone on the platform and I said...

FIB: EXCUSE ME GIRLS...CAN I GET THRU HERE A MINUTE...I WANNA TALK TO THE LIFE GUARD...HEY LIFEGUARD!

OLD M: Hello, there, Johnny...you wanta speak to me?

FIB: Well fer the...are YOU the lifeguard here?

OLD: EH?

FIB: I says are you the lifegua...I mean..ain't you kinda old fer this kinda stuff?

OLD: Nope...been swimmin' ever sime I was knee high to a sand-flea, Johnny. Used to live on the Beach at Waikiki, till the cold water started givin' me the sniffles.

FIB: That wasn't the sniffles. That was a little Hawaiian catarrh.

(LAUGHS)

OLD: HEH 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.. SAIYYYY, HE SAYS, I SEE WHERE BABE RUTH IS MAKIN' FIFTEEN THOUSAND A YEAR COACHIN THE DODGERS. HE COULDN'T GET THAT MUCH AS A BATTER NOW, COULD HE? NOPE SAYS THE OTHER FELLER, 15,000 IS MOR'EN HE COULD SHAKE A STICK AT....HEH HEH HEH. By the way, Johnny, wanta rent out part o' that bathin' suit?

FIB: NO..I DON'T! All I wanta know is who do I see about a job as a life guard?

OLD: Over at the administration building, Johnny. Come on, girls...I'll race you out to the raft and back...

GIRLISH LAUGHTER UP AND OUT

FIB: Why, that old cuttlefish...he's gotta lotta nerve, critisizin my bathin' suit...and that snippy little blonde girl...what's she whisperin' about while I was talkin' to the old gent?

SIL: She say youah bathin' suit was the fust pup tent whe evah saw with sleeves in it, suh.

FIB: Oh yeah? Just because I like a lotta room for muscular action in my clothes. You realize the influence radio advertisin' has had on swimmin' suits, Sil?

SIL: Nossuh.

FIB: Well, it has...people have got so used to tearin' off the tops o' things, they dunno when to stop. Why it's -

WIL: (FADE IN) HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS...ICE CREAM...ICE CREAM AND HOT DOGS.

FIB: Go away, bud, we dont want no hot dogs or ice cre...Oh it's HARLOW WILCOX...HIYAH HARLOW.

WIL: Oh Hello, folksies...

FIB: What's the idea you sellin' hot dogs and ice cream?

WIL: Oh I'm not really selling 'em. I was just calling attention to my car over there...HOT DOG, doesn't it look beautiful with that Johnson Wax job on it? HOT DOG!!..it's been protected from the sun and rain all summe r...HOT DOG!!

FIB: That's a pretty silly commercial, Harlow...whaddye do if nobody asks you what your yellin' hot dog for?

WIL: I SCREAM...GET YOUR ICE CREAM HERE...HOT DOGS...HOT DOGS...ICE CREAM ..(FADE OUT) HOT DOG...HOT DOG...ICE CREAM..

FIB: I'm afraid Harlow should oughtta wear a hat in this hot sun. Come on, Sil...I wanna get my bid in for that lifeguard job.

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

FIB: Oh Clark Dennis..Hiya Clark. I'm on my way to take an examination for lifeguard.

CLARK: Really? Gee, I knew a lifeguard once...but he gave it up. He had a terrible experience.

FIB: He did?

CLARK: He sure did. Somebody's cat fell overboard and he had to make nine trips out to save it.

FIB: Ahem...Whatcha gonna sing, Clark?

CLARK: "AT YOUR BECK AND CALL"

FIB: At your Beck and Call. Go ahead, Clark...I'll call beck later.

ORK: "AT YOUR BECK AND CALL" - DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: Thank you Clark. That was nice becking and calling. Listen Sil...you wait out here while I go in and cinch this job..

SIL: Yassuh. It gonna take long suh?

FIB: Oh no - these athletes are a dumb lot - easily convinced. I'll be right out.

SIL: Yassuh...tha's what ah thought, too.

FIB: Sil...I hope you didn't mean that in the way it certainly sounded like I hope you didn't. On account of I'll probably be a life guard before this day is over. In fact I feel like one right now...HEY. BUD...NO BONFIRES ON THIS BEACH!

TOUGH: OH NO? WHADDYE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

FIB: Well, okay...just a small one then. AHEM. Ye see, Sil...you gotta use tact with people like that. Now you wait here, while I go in and see about this thing.

SIL: Yassuh.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Hiyah Sis...who's in charge of the lifeguards?

WOMAN: Well, I wish I was, for five minutes...I'd show 'em a thing or two.

FIB: What's the matter sis?

WOMAN: One of them saved my little girl this morning...that's what's the matter!

FIB: You ain't sore about him doin' that, are ye?

WOMAN: Yes, I am...the big hulk lost her new hair ribbon. (FADE) The idea ...here we pay taxes and what do we get...

FIB: Hmmm. Well, it takes all kinda o' people to make a world, only some get taken oftener 'n others....Now let's see..where's the director's office...(HUMS)

Oh, mother may I go out to swim,
Yes, my darling Liza
If you rip your rubber bathing suit
Go find a vulcaniza....

KNOCK AT DOOR:

VOICE (OFF MIKE): Come in!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Hiya Bud...What floor is the Chief life guard on?

WIL: Well the chief guard on the life of any floor is Johnson's
Glocoat, because it gives positive protection against dirt &
wear, and -

FIB: Harlow! Excuse me - I'm in the wrong office -

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, I only have to take that stuff from him one more week....
This must be the swimming instructor here. MR. WILLIAM FLOP.
Oh yess.... good old Billy Flop!!

KNOCK AT DOOR:

VOICE: COME IN! (OFF MIKE)

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: You Billy Flopper the Chief lifeguard, bud?

MAN: Yes, I am. What was it you wished to see me about....as if I
didnt know.

FIB: I wanna life as a jobguard.

MAN: You mean you want a gob as a jife-lard?

FIB: Let's get this straight, bud...I WANNA GUARD AS A LIFE JOB,
understand?

MAN: Oh certainly. You are an expert swimmer, I suppose?

FIB: You betcha bud.

MAN: Fine! ...what do you know about resuscitation?

FIB: I think it's just temporary bud. Everybody I talk to says the
resuscitation will soon be over and prosperity will be back.

Why I even -

MAN: No no no...I mean...er, - well, never mind - How far can you
swim under water?

FIB: Eighty yards in daytime...half a mile at night.

MAN: Why are you able to swim so much farther under water at night?

FIB: Well, at night nobody can see you come up and sneak a little
fresh air. Ye see bud....

MAN: Yes yes - now the duties of this job are simple....but
important.

FIB: Oh thats me, bud...simple but import...er...I mean...I think I
can handle it okay. All I do is set up there on that wooden
platform till somebody hollers for help.

MAN: Yes...then what do you do?

FIB: I LEAP outa my chair...throw off my bathrobe, wet my finger and
hold it up to see which way the wind is from....

MAN: What's that for?

FIB: So my popcorn wont blow away. I always eat popcorn between
rescues. I find I can float better if I -

MAN: Yes yes yes...then what do you do?

FIB: Where was I?

MAN: You had just thrown off your bathrobe and stood up.

FIB: Oh yes...Then I swim out to the overturned canoe...throw the ukulele into it -

MAN: What ukulele?

FIB: Search me...but what's a canoe without a ukulele? ...then I swim rapidly to shore...pushin' the canoe ahead of me.

MAN: Hold on a minute...what about the people who were in the canoe?

FIB: Aw forget 'em. Anybody that paddles around a bathin' beach playin' a ukulele dont deserve to be rescued.

MAN: McGee...I can see you have the right idea

FIB: Do I get the job?

MAN: Oh you'll have to pass a few simple swimming tests first -- in the outdoor pool. Have you a bathing suit?

FIB: HAVE I GOTTA BA.....whaddye think this is I got on?

MAN: You tell me.

FIB: IT'S A BATHING SUIT, DAD RAT IT.

MAN: Is that so.... anybody in there with you?

FIB: NOW LISTEN BUD...I'VE STOOD ABOUT ENOUGH O' THIS JOSHIN' ABOUT MY -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN!

MAN: Listen, that's MY door they're knocking on. I must say you have presumption.

FIB: That aint presumption, bud...all of us McGees is hollow chested like this.....COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Oh It's Billy Mills...sorry we cant use you as a life guard, Billy. You aint quite got the physic for it.

MILLS: I dont want a job as a life guard. I just wanted to tell you we're ready to play OH MAMMA...for the Four Notes.

FIB: Oh yes...Ever hear our quartette - The Four Notes, Flopper, old Man? They're swell...Before we go out to take the swimmin tests...you sit right here with me while Billy Mills backs 'em up with one of his great arrangements. Would ye like that?

MAN: Would I!- - Oh manna!

FIB: That's right. OH MAMMA. Go ahead, Billy!

ORK: "OH MAMMA!" (FOUR NOTES)

APPLAUSE:

WIL: 3rd COMMERCIAL

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

Here is a suggestion that will save you women both work and worry this summer. Protect the floor of your sun parlor as well as your out-of-door porch with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, and you will have cleaner, better looking porch floors than you ever thought possible! GLO-COAT, the marvelous no-rubbing polish, never lets your porch floors get dingy or dull. It keeps them in perfect condition and makes them very easy to clean. Mud that is tracked onto the porch can be quickly wiped off. Dirt can't stick to the beautiful, polished surface. Try GLO-COAT tomorrow on your porch floors, as well as on your kitchen linoleum, asphalt base, painted or varnished wood floors. There is practically no work to it. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- the easy-to-use floor polish that dries in twenty minutes without rubbing or buffing. Don't accept a substitute. Look for the familiar yellow and red can, with the lettering G-L-O hyphen G-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

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

4TH SPOT:CROWD MURMUR... LAUGHTER... ETC...

MAN: Right over this way to the pool, Mister McGee...

FIB: Okay, Flopper old man...I was just lookin' for my man...Silly Wa--oh there he is HEY SIL...OVER HERE...

SIL: (FADE IN) Hiyah Mist' McGee suh...you git the job?

FIB: I think so...all I gotta do is pass the swimmin' test...By the way Flop...this is Silly Watson Mr. Billy Flop, Sil. The head life guard.

MAN: Good day, Watson.

SIL: Hiyah suh. Is it true suh that all you athletes is awful dumb, like Mist McGee says?

FIB: AHEM...WE GOTTA NICE DAY FOR THE SWIMMIN' TESTS, AIN'T WE FLOP, OLD MAN?

MAN: Yes...almost too good. Too calm for ideal test conditions. How do you like it, Windy?

FIB: Eh?

MAN: I says, how do you like it, Windy?

FIB: Ohhh, I ain't fussy. What do I do first?

MAN: Well, first I think you should show me a few dives.

FIB: Shucks, I dunno if I can do that, bud...the Mayor has closed up the worst places and --

MAN: NO NO NO...I mean high dives..low dives..jacknife dives...off the springboard..here...I'll clear the crowd out of the way...**ALL NIGHT FOLKS...CLEAR THE POOL PLEASE...THIS GENTLEMAN IS TAKING THE EXAMINATION FOR LIFEGUARD...**

CROWD UP AND DOWN

GIRL: Where'd he get the Sing Sing swimming suit?

FIB: WHADDYE MEAN SING SING SWIMMING SUIT, SIS?

GIRL: Well, it looks like somebody had done a long stretch in it.

LAUGHTER

FIB: Well, at least this is a bathin' suit, sis. That's better'n two bandannas and a smile o' confidence. You oughtta be ashamed.

FIBERS:

SIL: Wha' you gonna do first suh?

FIB: I dunno...what test do I take first, bud?

MAN: Well, I think short dives first...then later from the ninety foot tower.

FIB: The ninety foot tow...AHEM. Much later, I hope.

MAN: What's that?

FIB: I says NOT MUCH LATER, I hope...high dives are my specialty.

MAN: (OFF MIKE) HEY JOE...TAKE A GANDER AT THAT MUGG'S SEA-GOIN' ROMPERS!

MAN #2: (OFF MIKE) I SAW 'EM. HE DON'T NEED A SPRINGBOARD...HE NEEDS A MORNING MAST.

MAN #1: (OFF MIKE) YEAH...THEY'RE LOOSER'N THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A GUINEA PIG.

FIB: OH IS THAT SO! WELL I'LL SHOW YOU WATERLOGGED WISECRACKERS...Come on bud...gimme the first test.

MAN: I'm sorry, McGee...I'll have to go back for my stop watch. I'll be right back...(FADE)...One side there please folks...

SIL: You think you kin pass all right suh?

FIB: Sire I can Sil. These bee-brained beach combers think they can get my goat but I'll show 'em they -

NICK: WELL HELLO THERE FIZZER...What is this I am hearing about you taking the examining nation to be a mudguard?

FIB: Life guard, Nick. What are you doin' down here on the beach?

NICK: Oh I am often coming down here, Fizzer, just go get away from my boy Demetrios, who is always wanting me to play with him a game which is calling it lawn tennipuss

FIB: Oh lawn tennis, why that's a great game, Nick...don't you like it?

NICK: Fibber, I think it is the most undignity way a mon who is not being in his second childhood can waste your time. But Demetrios is always giving me the rickets -

FIB: Rackets, Nick.

NICK: Sure...those are being a pair of snowshoes which nobody is wearing on his feet. You are grobbing it with my hand and hitting a little white balloon and somebody says "I LOVE YOU" and then the little balloon is landing in a fish net. It is ridicupuss.

FIB: Oh I dunno, Nick. You know in Tennis, "LOVE" means nothing.

NICK: That is exactly what it is meaning to me, Fizzer, because I love nothing better than not to have something to do with it, if you grob me. Demetrios is always saying it is "my serve", and when I am running in the house for something to eat for everybody Demetrios says, "NO, PAPA, SERVE THE TENNIS BALLS". And who is wanting to eat a tennis balls? Now if they are being MEAT balls...

FIB: I'm afraid you don't get the idea of the game, Nick. When you SERVE A TENNIS BALL, you just slam it over the net so your opponent can't hit it back, see?

NICK: Oh so that is the roughneck idea, are you? But if I am doing that Demetrios is saying I am in the wrong courts, and what kind of a outspout doors is it if I am having to sue somebody every time he is waving a snow shoe at me?

FIB: What a minute, Nick...COURT is just a term for the different sections of the place where you play tennis. You gotta place the ball inside the white lines.

NICK: Is that so! Well, I guess I was labelling under a misappledumpling. But I am still a little puzzled, Fizzer, why I should love forty because I am not enough of an athlete's foot to be a jumping-jackass with the rickets?

FIB: You got the wrong attitude, Nick. Tennis is a great game. Why there are some guys who don't do anything else but play tennis.

NICK: IS THAT SO! Well, any time I am having to earn a livelihood making an exhibusiness of myself playing pong ping with a snowshoe, I hope somebody is hitting you on a baseball bat with my head. Well, so long, Fizzer...

FIB: So long, Nick.

NICK: I hope you are passing the examiners nation to be a peppermint lifesaver.

FIB: Well, you can hardly blame, Nick, Sil, considering -

SIL: Scuse me suh...heah come Mista Flop back again...

MAN: (FADE IN) ALL RIGHT MCGEE...I GOT MY STOPWATCH HERE SO I CAN CHECK YOUR SWIMMING SPEED. ALL READY?

FIB: You betcha bud...Whaddyewant...a running dive with a double jackknife or a triple bounce with a one-and-a-half twist in midair?

MAN: Oh nothing fancy, McGee...just step out on the springboard and dive.

FIB: Okay, bud...Watch this Sil...this is gonna be terrific.

SIL: Yassuh...ah wouldn't be a bit surprised suh.

FIB: ALL RIGHT FOLKS...ONE SIDE THERE PLEASE...READY BUD?

MAN: READY!

FIB: HERE I GO!

SOUND: POUNDING OF FEET...PAUSE. GREAT SPLASH..

LAUGHTER:

SIL: Is he come up yet suh?

MAN: I don't see him...oh yes...there he is...under the water over there.

SOUND: BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB BLUB..

VOICE: SOLD! To the American Tobacco Company!

LAUGHTER:

FIB: (SPLUTTERING) Hey bud...OVER HERE...HEY BUD...MR. FLOP!

MAN: That was a terrible dive, McGee...I'm afraid you lost the job.

FIB: Bud you dunno the half of it. I lost MY BATHIN' SUIT!!

ORK: "I'M SAVING MYSELF FOR YOU" .. DOWN FOR

e springboard and

terrific.

BY BUD?

r the water over there

BLUB BLUB BLUB..

...MR. FLOP!

you lost the job.

IN' SUIT!!

THIRD COMMERCIAL:

I wonder if you realize that every day that your car stands out in the street or in a parking lot, the car finish has to take a lot of punishment from the sun's ultra violet rays. These powerful sun rays, you know, are destructive to the pigment in the paint. If you're wise, you'll do as thousands of car owners are doing -- you'll protect the finish of your car with a gleaming coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. Then, its beauty can never be ruined by ultra violet sun rays. A JOHNSON waxed car can stand out in all kinds of weather without harm to the finish. Now is the time to make your car beautiful with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and WAX. The CLEANER quickly takes away the veil of road film which hides the lovely, gleaming polish. The WAX insures lasting protection to that shining polish! If you have a little spare time, you'll find it a simple matter to use JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER and WAX, but, if you don't have an opportunity to do the job, yourself, you can drive into a nearby service station and have the car waxed for you at small cost. Just be sure to specify JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and CLEANER!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC .. FADE ON CUE)

mo: gs; mf: js
10:45 6-21-38

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

ADVERTISER

FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY #168

PROGRAM TITLE

CHICAGO ~~CLEVER~~ WMAQ
6:00 PM

SEPTEMBER 6, 1938

TIME

DATE

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS