

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ

(8:00-8:30 P.M.)

(JUNE 28 DATE 1939)

(TUESDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

August 24, 1939
D65446

D65446
AUG 24, 1939

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

CHK: ATTY-AT-LAW THEME #1 -- FADE FOR

WIL: Tonight the makers of Johnson's Wax present the first in a new series of radio dramas. "ATTORNEY AT LAW". The story and adventu --

FIB: (FADE IN) HEY WAIT A MINUTE...WHAT'S THE IDEA? HOLD EVERYTHING, HARLOW... (ON MIKE) Hey, what's goin' on here anyway?

WIL: Why Fibber...you're in Colorado.

FIB: I am?

WIL: Sure.

FIB: Then who's this wearin' my pants and...AW I AM NOT IN COLORADO. I'M RIGHT HERE.

WIL: I'm sorry Fibber, but according to my schedule, you're in Colorado on your vacation.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, MY VACATION DON'T START TILL NEXT WEEK. I GOTTA PROGRAM HERE TONIGHT.

WIL: Not take it easy...take it easy...but after all...a schedule is a schedule, and mine says you're in Colorado. So tonight we're beginning the new Johnson Summer Show...ATTORNEY AT LAW...ALL RIGHT BILLY, GO AHEAD...

FIB: Okay, Harlow...Okay...If you say so, I'm in Colorado. But don't be surprised if we get back WHILE BILLY MILLS PLAY THE OPENING NUMBER. What's it gonna be?

WIL: "ANYTHING GOES"

FIB: Come on Sil, let's get a running start down Pikes Peak. Go ahead, Billy!

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

For the next few seconds I'd like to talk to the men of the house. I'm sure you wouldn't enjoy wearing a suit or overcoat covered with spots and stains. Of course, you wouldn't -- for you're conscious of the fact that people size you up by the neatness of your appearance. But do you drive a car that is streaked with road film and dirt? Remember, your neighbors judge you by the appearance of your car as they do by the appearance of your clothes! If your car is wearing a sparkling coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX you can be proud of it everywhere you go -- and there's no reason why you shouldn't have the satisfaction of driving a clean, beautifully polished car, free from stains and discoloration. It's a simple matter to remove every particle of road film and dirt with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER. Then, when the finish is gleaming like new, you'll want to protect that mirror-like polish with a coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. Now if you don't feel like doing the job yourself, you can have a nearby service station Johnson-wax your car for you at very small cost. For the best possible results, insist on JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and CLEANER.

ORCH. (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SOUNDS IN QUICK SUCCESSION:

MAN #1: ALL ABOARD!

AIRPLANE MOTOR UP AND OUT:

MAN #2: TAXI HERE...TAXI!

CAR MOTOR UP WITH HORN:BRAKE SCREECH:DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:F
A
S
TFIB: (PANTING) Well, here we are, Harlow. We made it.

SIL: Iassuh...heah we is Mist' Wilcox...but ah sho' hated to leave Colorado...that's a real pretty place.

WIL: Well, as long as you're here...you better get on with the show.

FIB: Okay Harlowe...FOLKS, TONIGHT ME AND SIL ARE GONNA...HEI! WHO PUT THIS MICROPHONE UP SO HIGH? I can't reach it.

WIL: Sorry Fibber...we had to raise the mike a little for Mr. Hunter.

FIB: Hunter? HUNTER? What is this...a game preserve? AND WHERE'S THE MUSIC RACK I ALWAYS LAY MY SCRIPT ON? AND THE LITTLE RAG RUG?

WIL: Oh...those! Mr. Hunter had them removed.

FIB: SAY...WHO'S THIS HUNTER...AND WHAT RIGHT'S HE GOT...

WIL: Oh, don't you know? He's the young movie star we brought in from Hollywood to play the lead in Attorney-at-Law - our summer show. Nice guy, too.

FIB: Oh yeah...movie actor eh? One o' them profile boys with a open-collar shirt and a slave bracelet, eh?

WIL: Oh, he isn't like that. But he IS handsome...and CAN HE ACT!

FIB: And he's the one that's gonna take my place this summer, eh?

WIL: Yes. By the way...how long is your vacation?

FIB: Nine weeks. And I need every day of it, too. I'm all wore out.

WIL: Yes...that's what I've heard people say.

FIB: Well, they...EH? Whatcha mean?

WIL: I was going to say...I hope your job is still here when you come back in the fall.

FIB: You...you mean they might keep this Hunter instead o' me. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

WIL: Yes. I do.

FIB: (DEFLATE) AHEN. Come to think of it, Harlowe...nove weeks vacation is more'n anybody really needs. 6 or 7 weeks'd do me just as much good. No use bein' selfish about it. I can -

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

WINK: Excuse me...is this the Henry Hunter program?

FIB: NO DAD RAT IT...IT AIN'T...THIS IS the Fibber McGee program.

WINK: Fibber McGee...Fib...OH yes...That's the program that will substitute for Mr. Hunter during the winter.

FIB: AHEN. Sis...I think you're mother musta been frightened by a architect. You put the wrong construction on things. By the way ...who are you?

WINK: Why, I'm the...OH HELLO MR. WILCOX.

WIL: Well, hello there Betty. Fibber, this is Miss Betty Winkler, who will play opposite Mr. Hunter on the Attorney at Law show. Betty, this is Fibber McGee...who used to be on this program.

BETTY: Oh how do you do, Mr. McGibber.

FIB: McFibber...sis...I mean, McGee...HEY WHATCHA MEAN, USED TO BE ON THIS SHOW, Harlow?

WIL: Oh, I just meant you were taking a vacation.

WINK: How long are you taking, Mr. McGibber?

FIB: McGee, sis. Well, I dunno... I'd planned on nine weeks, but shucks, 4 or 5 weeks, is all I need. Just to relax a little. Where you goin, sis?

WINK: I must go and speak to Mr. Hunter. He'll be amused to know I met you.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Ah - so Hunter'll be amused, will he? Attorney-at-Law. I'll have that guy disrobed - er - disbarred.

WIL: Oh, jealous, eh? Well, don't worry about it. I think you'll like Hunter. I'll go see if I can find him. I want you to meet him.

DOOR SLAM:

SIL: Evahbody speak real nice o' Mist' Hunteh suh.

FIB: LISTEN SIL... don't fall fer that old magnetism stuff when he gets here. Then Hollywood sugs turn on the charms like a kitchen faucet. I knew a guy out there once who turned on the charms and left it runnin' while he was out on location. It caused one o' the worst floods o' personality California'd ever seen. One producer even fired two cousins.

SIL: They say Mist' Hunteh speak real good of you, suh.

FIB: Go on... he don't even know me.

SIL: Maybe that's why, suh.

FIB: I wouldn't be surpr... OH YEAH? Listen Sil. I gotta put this Hunter guy in his place see?

SIL: How you gonna do dat, suh?

FIB: Well, first thing...when we're introduced...I'll give him the old squeeze handshake...you know...shake hands with him and squeeze it till he hollers...then guys are all a bunch o' sissies, then he'll start talkin' about what he done in pitchers, and that's where you come in.

SIL: Ah does?

FIB: Yes...when I ask you how my picture is doin', you say: "PARAMOUNT SAYS IT'S STILL TOPS AT THE BOX OFFICE." Got that?

SIL: That's what ah says?

FIB: Yes...remember... "PARAMOUNT SAYS IT'S STILL STOPS AT THE BOX OFFICE"
...got it?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Good and then...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WIL: Say Fibber...I want you to meet Mr. Henry Hunter.

ART: Hello Fibber...I've heard a lot about you. Glad to meet you.

FIB: Hiyah bud...what was the name again?

ART: Hunter. Henry Hunter.

WIL: Henry's doing the Attorney-at-Law show, Fibber. Remember?

FIB: Oh...oh yes. AHEM. How are ye Hunter...shake hands. (SOUND...
BONES CRUNCHING) (PAUSE) OUCH!

ART: Oh, I'm sorry...hurt you?

FIB: Oh no...I...er...that hand's got a little touch of writer's cramp from signin' autographs. That's somethin' you'll have to get used to Hunter, in this business. It's a lot more exactin' than picture stuff.

ART: Yes, I know... I understand you've done some picture work too.

FIB: Who me? (LAUGHS) Hunter, ya see these two fingers? Well, me and Adolph Zukor are just like that.

ART: I'll write Mr. Zukor and tell him he needs a manicure. What was your last picture, Fibber?

FIB: Shucks, I dunno... I made so many it's kinda hard to... HEY SIL... HOW'S THAT LAST PICTURE O' MINE DOIN'?

SIL: Paramount says it still flops at the box office sub.

ART: By the way... how long is your vacation, Fibber?

FIB: Oh, I dunno, Hunter. Certain things has come up... that is, I don't think I oughts stay away too long, at well... I dunno. I think I'll just take a couple o' days. That's enough vacation for anybody.

ART: I don't know about that... you've been on the air now about six or seven months haven't you?

FIB: 6 or 7 months! WE BEEN ON THE AIR 3½ YEARS ..

ART: Really? Well, say YOU'VE EARNED a vacation. I think you'd better take a good long rest. Well - nice to have met you, Fibber. See you later.

DOOR SLAM:

WIL: Well, how did you like him Fibber? Nice looking boy, isn't he?

FIB: Oh, I suppose... in kind of a flashy way. Of course, he won't -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WIL: Maybe this is he coming back. No, it's Billy Mills.

FIB: Hiyah Billy.

MILLS: Hello Fibber... how you enjoying your vacation.

FIB: DAD RAT IT... I AIN'T ON MY VACATION. THIS IS STILL MY SHOW TILL AFTER TONIGHT. SEE?

MILLS: Well, all right... But say... is that ATTORNEY-AT-LAW A PROGRAM? BOY! It's colossal.

FIB: How do you know, Billy?

MILLS: I've been rehearsing the music for it.

FIB: MUSIC! Don't tell me this guy Hunter is a courtroom crooner. Or a judicial jitterbug...

MILLS: No... but he does everything BUT sing... He's marvelous.

FIB: Well, it sounds kinda dull to me. Attorney-At-Law... legal stuff.

MILLS: Oh yeah? Listen, Fibber... after he's been on a couple of weeks, you'll need a writ of replevin to get your program back.

FIB: Oh yeah. (LAUGHS) Don't make me laugh, Billy. (LAUGHS) (ASIDE)

Hey, Harlow... how do you get a writ of replevin?

MIL: I don't know... but I'll ask Hunter.

FIB: No no... don't do that...

MILLS: By the way, Fibber... how long a vacation are you taking?

FIB: Well, Billy, I'll tell you... I was plannin' on nine weeks, but certain things have come up... I mean, I might be well advised to cut it a little short... so... well, I dunno... I think I better just take Saturday afternoon off. AHM... Whatcha gonna play, Billy.

MILLS: Don't wake up my heart.

FIB: I'll try not to. FOLKS... BILLY MILLS, THE FOREMAN OF THE ATTORNEY-AT-LAW MUSICAL JURY, PLAYS DON'T WAKE UP MY HEART, WITH THE PICCOLO DISSENTING. GO-AHEAD, BILLY!

ORF: "DON'T WAKE UP MY HEART"

FIB: Well, come on, Sil...you gotta help me pack up for vacation.

SIL: Yassuh...was you really scared Mist' Hunteh'd git yo' job while you was gone suh?

FIB: Snucks, no. I was just kiddin'. Me and Holly are gonna take a vacation and enjoy ourselves.

SIL: You gonna go onna long trip suh?

FIB: Well 1-1-1 yes and no, Sil.

SIL: Yee and no?

FIB: Yes and no. Yes, if I do what I wanna, and No, if it costs what I think it's gonna. What you gonna do, Sil?

SIL: Oh ah dunno, suh. As long's we git nine weeks off, ah think ah'll span' the fuhst week puttin' up a hammock...and the next eight sleepin' in it.

FIB: Well, personally I'm gonna fish. For BIG fish. Know where there's any good sturgeon country, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh...up in Rochesteh, Minnesota, suh. Them Mayo doctors is up thesh.

FIB: I said STURGEON...not surgeon. I want Ozone, not either.

SIL: Ah thought you say once you is goin' to a dude ranch please suh.

FIB: I give up that idea, Sil. I wouldn't mind ridin' a horse if the scenery wouldn't keep jumpin' up and down. Did you locate my fishin' tackle?

SIL: Well, ah...youah WAH?

FIB: MY FISHIN' TACKLE.

SIL: MAMMAMM! You MUS' be gain' afteh big fish suh...iffen you gotta tackle 'em.

FIB: I get big ones all right...I caught a tuna once with scales a inch wide. The museum told me it was a genuine piano tuna.

SIL: This trip gonna cost a lotta money suh?

FIB: Yes, but what's the difference. Business is so good I don't have to worry. Ye know, if the stock market keeps goin' up, they're gonna change the name o' that song to TIPPI TIPPI CHROMIUM. Any o' them travel folders say anything about fishin' country Sil?

SIL: Nossuh. But heah's a real pretty steamboat book...all about a trip to Goo--am.

FIB: That ain't Goo-am. That's GWAM. That's near the island of Wacky.

SIL: That ain't Wacky suh. That's WAKE.

FIB: Oh yee. AHEM. You know Sil...there's somethin' about fish that gets ye.

SIL: Yassuh...they sho is, unless you put 'em right on ice. Ah always -

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

OLD M: Hello there Johnny. Whatcha doin' with the fishin' tackle?

No fish in here is there?

FIB: Don't be silly old timer...I'm taken 'em on my vacation?

OLD: Go on Johnny...what does a fish want with a vacation.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, I DIDN'T SAY I WAS TAKIN' THE FISH. I'M TAKIN' THE TACKLE.

OLD: EHHT?

FIB: I says...say what did you want?

OLD: I heard you might be goin' fishin' Johnny...wondered if you wanted to buy a pair of hip boots. Sell 'em to ya cheap.

FIB: Must be somethin' wrong with 'em.

OLD: There is. They leak.

FIB: WELL, WHAT WOULD I WANT WITH 'EM THEN?

OLD: You could use 'em out west, Johnny. Some o' them streams have dried up.

FIB: Well, that's a very constructive thought. You haven't got a good canoe I could use on the Lincoln Highway, have you? (LAUGHS)

OLD: Heh 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... "SAYYYY, he says, "I SEE WHERE THE MOTOR COMPANY SPONSORIN' THE LOUIS SCHMELING FIGHT ONLY HAD TIME TO GET IN TWO COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS" "ZAT SO?", says the other feller, "HOW CAN THEY RUN A 8-CYLINDER CAR ON ONLY TWO PLUGS?" Heh heh heh...had a good one about Schmeling too, Johnny, but I didn't think he could take any more ribbing.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: That reminds me Sil. Remind me to apply for a job as movie cameraman for Louis' next fight. I always did like to get home for work early.

SIL: That ole Louis boy, he ain't no mutt wif de mittens is he sub?

FIB: I'll say he aint. Why --

DOOR LATCH:

WIL: Say, Fibber - decided yet where you'll spend your vacation?

FIB: Wel-l-l-l no, Harlow...I aint. All I know is I'm goin' where there's some fishin'.

WIL: I'm going on a whaling expedition myself.

FIB: A WHALING EXPEDITION?

WIL: Yes, I'm going to talk to those housewives who are always wailing about dull dingy woodwork and floors. I'll tell 'em what Johnson's wax will do. Why if I had a wife --

FIB: By the way, Harlow...why DONT you get married?

WIL: Oh, I cant. Remember my position...I'm the Housewife's Boyfriend.

FIB: I see ... the Face on the Kitchen floor.

WIL: In a way, yes. Say you won't forget to sent me a postcard will you?

FIB: No I won't Harpo. Where'll I address it? You gotta box at the post office?

WIL: No, I always sit in the balcony. Well, good fishing, pal.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, THAT'S over with for nine weeks. Hey Sil...seen anything o' my dry flies?

SIL: Dry flies, suh?

FIB: Sure...you know...them little feathery things you catch tree branches with when ye cast fer trout.

SIL: Nossuh ah dunno wheah it is. But ah was readin' in the paper wheah a man invent a abtificial fish wo'm; that you kin squeeze out of a lil tube.

FIB: Not for me! I had a tube o' that stuff and I brushed my teeth with it by mistake one morning.

SIL: It make you sick suh?

FIB: No, but when I walked past the fish market I had a feelin' I was bein' followed. Why shucks -

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: COME IN?

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

WOMAN: How do you do... Mister McGee?

FIB: You betcha, sis. What can I do for ye?

WOMAN: Do I understand you are going on a fishing trip this summer?

FIB: Yes I am, sis. Why?

WOMAN: Well, I represent the J.T. and G. A. L.B. Railroad.

FIB: What's J. T. and G.A.L.B. stand for?

WOMAN: "Just try and get a lower berth." Our line runs up to the finest salmon country in the northwest Mr. McGee. I'll leave these folders with you.

FIB: I thought salmon was a ocean fish, sis.

WOMAN: They are....but they come up the river to spawn.

FIB: Oh yeah? (LAUGHS) What's a fish got to spawn? They don't wear no jewelry. Now if you told me that about goldfish, I might -

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Did I say something to hurt her feelings, Sil?

SIL: Nossuh. But she real silly abou' catchin' salmon. They ain' no place on a tin can fo' a hook to catch onto.

FIB: Well anyway, I like fresh water fish better. I mind one time I took a boat from Mackensak to Mackinac...

SIL: And back?

FIB: Yes...Hackerack to Mackinac and back. If I'd had a sailboat I coulda tacked to Mackinac and Back to Hackens...SAY, LET'S KICK THAT AROUND A LITTLE BIT, SIL...I THINK WE GOT SOMETHIN' THERE.

SIL: Ah don' care much fo' travelin' on watch sun. Ah even got sick on a lil ole ferry boat oms.

FIB: Oh you probably had a flat-bottom ferry with the floy floy. Always remember that --

DOOR LATCH:

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

FIB: Oh Hiyah Clark. Me and Sil are fixin' up my stuff for a fishin' trip.

CLARK: Oh are you a fisherman, Fibber?

FIB: AM I A FISHERMAN! Say, some time I'll let you watch me incudate a semi-arabstrin on a two-ply coglegfram, Clark. They put up quite a tussle. I remember one time I had a squib fringed on a three-barb chinwall, but the water was so pontrally the ningrooms alteredcosted the mundles. That taught me never to impragle a marple on too skimpy a trig. Ahem... Whatcha gonna sing, Clark?

CLARK: "SMOKE GETS IN MY EYES."

FIB: Oh that's right. Folks, Clark Dennis, who has done such a great job on this program for the last year, sings SMOKE GET IN MY EYES, which was especially requested. Go ahead, Clark.

ORK: "SMOKE GETS IN MY EYES" - DENNIS

APPLAUSE

3rd SPOT:

FIB: Thank you Clark. Folks...that was Clark Dennis singin
SMOKE GETS IN MY EYES, from the picture IT'S A GINGER
TELL A LIE. Don't go too far away Clark... we'll need
you again in September. HEY SIL!

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Look around and see if you can find my creel.

SIL: Yo' WAH?

FIB: My creel. You know...that thing you put the fish in after
you catch 'em.

SIL: Oh you mean a fryin' pan.

FIB: No no no...It's a wicked little basket...er...a little
wicker basket that -

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

- NICK: Well, hello There Fizzer and Silly puss. What are you hanging yourself around here for? Aren't you supposing to be on a vacasim or an I labeling under a misappliedumpling?
- FIB: Well, you're a week off, Nick. I don't leave till next week.
- NICK: And what is Mr. Glocoat doing with the radio program? Is he leaving himself a blank spaces on the networks, or is there being a substitutight broadcast to tell all the cush customers what kind of a Johnson's Waxing to put on the linclebum?
- FIB: Oh, they're puttin' on a great dramatic show this summer, Nick. Attorney At Law. Say - what's that book you got there?
- NICK: This book? Oh this is being another very interstretching story, Fizzer, which I am loaning to me from the Public Raspberry. It is calling itself on the tittle page by the name of JACK AND THE BUMSTICK.
- FIB: Ohhh Jack and the Beanstalk. Kind of a agricultural Anthony Adverse. I read that when I was just a kid.
- NICK: Is that so? You must have been a very preccoipuss children, Fizzer, because thought there is a boy in the story who is just for kids, the beanstick is very grown up, if I remember.

FIB: Yes, I know -- but if you don't mind I gotta make --

NICK: You see, in this story, there is being a little boy and his name is Jack who is having a mother which is an old widow -

FIB: Widow, Nick.

NICK: Sure...and she is sending the little boy to the market place to sell the cow, because Old Mother Hubbell, (who was not pitching for the Giants then,) is going to the cupboard and the cupboard is bare so she is not giving the poor dog a bone to pick with you, and so Jackie is selling the heifer for whatever you can get with a bull market, you grab me?

FIB: Yes, I know. He sold the cow for a handfull of beans, didn't he?

NICK: That is the just of the story, Fizzer. Now I will give you a short synoptipuse of what is happening then...

FIB: No never mind, Nick....I gotta fix up my fishin' tackle so--

NICK: WELL SIR...when Jack is going home that night his mamma is saying "Where is the money you are having for the cow, Squeegee?" And Jackie is being very well-red in his face, because he knows that a hatful of baked beans is not an acqueduct prices for a cowhide which is still having a cow inside of it.

FIB: Yes I know...and when he gave the beans to his mother she
tossed em out the window. But don't tell--

NICK: Sure...and she is sending those bad boy to bedtime without
his supper, which they aren't have some anyway, and in the
morning what is he seeing in the garden but a beansprite
which is sticking up out of the Mother's earth and growing
as fast as water off a back's duck --
Never mind the rest of it Nick...I gotta see about this
fishin' ---

FIB: WELL SIR, PIZZER, The remainder of the story is being so
exciting I am trembling in every limerick. It seems that
this little boy, Jackie, is getting a bright ideas to
himself to climb up the bumstick, and being a very
impulsitive kiddo, he is skinnying up the bumstick like a
chipmonkey up a strapling.

FIB: He probably thought they were Navy Beans and was looking
for the Crow's nest --

NICK: OH, DON'T TELL ME, PIZZER...I WANT IT TO BE A SURPRISE TO
YOU...well, sir...when he is reaching an attitude of five
thousand feet, above the clouds, what am I seeing but a big
Colossal....

FIB: Castle...

NICK: Sure - with a giant in it who is saying FEE FI FO FUM, I
SMELL YOU, JACKIE, YOU LITTLE BUM, and he is, too!

SIL: That's a real exciting story ain't it, Mist' McGee?

FIB: Yee but shucks, Sil, everybody's heard about -

NICK: WELL SIR, THE GIANTS IS CHASING JACK AND THE BUMSTICK, ALL
THRU THE Colossal, and Jack is grabbing me a big jackpot
of 14 carat goldpieces and is sliding down the bumstick
like a fireman going to a false alarm, with the giants
chasing him because he is as mad as a hairnet -

FIB: You mean mad as a hornet.

NICK: Have it my way... AND WHEN JACK IS GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF
THE BUMSTICK, HE IS GROBBING A BOY-SCOUT TOMMYMATCHET AND IS
WOODCHOPPING THE TRUNK IN TWO PIECES WHICH IS MAKING THE
OLD NASTYPUSS GIANTS FALL DOWN AND BREAK HIS NECKTIE. SO
JACK IN THE BUMSTICK IS GIVING HIS MAMMA THE GOLD PIECES AND
SHE IS SAYING... *NOW, WE ARE HAVING TO PLANT ANOTHER BEAN SO
YOU CAN GO AND GET SOME SILVER BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT IS NOT
LETTING PEOPLE HAVE SOME GOLD PIECES, YOU BAD BOY!

FIB: Well, that ain't the way I heered it, Nick. But I ain't
got time to correct you on the minor points. I gotta get
this fishin' tackle in shake to --

NICK:

Oh that is ugly duckly Fizzer. You don't have to apologize to me. Well, I hope I will see you again in September, unless this Returney-at-Lawyer is being so good that Mr. Gleecat is being satisfied with a bird in the hand and is giving you the bird in the bushes.

DOOR SLAM

SIL:

Mist' Deoop'lie sho' read a lotta books don' he sun?

FIB:

Yes, but we oughtta be glad he don't WRITE 'em. I think we better ask the quartette to sing somethin' while I look over these fish lines, Sil. KEY... THE FOUR NOTES... COME HERE A MINUTE.

NOTE:

What can we do for you Fibber?

FIB:

I want you four to do a number while I look over this vacation stuff.

FIB:

Whatcha gonna sing, bud?

HAN:

Johnny One Note.

FIB:

Good. Folks, the Four Notes, aided and abetted by Billy Mills, sing "JOHNNY ONE NOTE". Pay it off, kids.

CRK.

"JOHNNY ONE NOTE"

APPLAUSE:

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

The last few years we have heard a lot of talk about "ultra violet rays", but it may be hard for you car owners to realize that the rays of the sun are powerful enough to ruin the beauty of your car. These sunrays get right at the pigment in the paint, eventually destroying the finish, unless the car is properly protected against them. The sensible, economical way to shield your car against all kinds of weather conditions (sizzling heat as well as dampness and fog) is to give it a tough, protective coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. When your car is wax-protected, the finish will stay bright as new! Car washings will be out way down, for dirt and grease can't stick to the gleaming polish! And don't forget that when you want to trade in your car on a new one, you'll get a much better allowance on it if the finish has been kept beautiful with JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and CLEANER. Don't delay another day, wax your car the Johnson Way!

ORCH:

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

with SPECT:

FIB: Well, Sil...this fishin' tackle is in pretty good shape.

SIL: It is?

FIB: I'll say it is...listen to this reel hum....

SOUND: HUM OF FISH REEL

SIL: That sho' is a reel hum, ain' it suh? How you stop the line from
runnin' out too much?

FIB: Well, you gotta brake it with your thumb.

SIL: Break the line?

FIB: No...brake the reel.

SIL: Kin you fix it again, suh?

FIB: I don't mean BUST IT. I mean BRAKE IT. Put on the brake. Here...
I'll show you how to cast...You bring the rod back over your
shoulder...

SIL: Ah always bring the fish back over my shoulder too, suh.

FIB: Quit interruptin'. Ye bring the rod back...slow and easy...like
this...takin' great pains with it...then, with a quick flip,
ye cast the bait out like this....

SOUND: SWISH...GLASS CRASH.

FIB: Oh oh....

SIL: You took a pane with it the very fust time, suh. That's
wonderful.

FIB: AHEM. Well, that wasn't exactly -

END LABEL

MAN: Hiyah Buddy...I'll fix your window for four bits.

FIB: Okay Bud...go ahead. BUT HOW'D YOU GET HERE SO QUICK?

MAN: My girl works in the mineograph department.

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Say that guy's got a great system worked out. I wonder if he does anything besides window repairin'. HEY SOUND MAN. GIMME A BLOWOUT EFFECT WILL YE?

VOICE: Certainly.. Here you are.

SOUND: BANG...HIS OF AIR

FIB: Now if he's really on the job -

DOOR LATCH:

MAN: Hiyah Buddy...repair your tire for four bits.

FIB: (LAUGHS) No thanks, bud. I'll run on the flat for the rest o' the program. We ain't got far to go.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: He must have a uncle in the sound department too. Well come on, Sil...let's get this fishin' tackle all in one pile, so -

SIL: Yasauh. Ah sho' wish ah was goin' along wif you this summah, suh.

FIB: Me, too, Sil. It's gonna be wonderful...wadin' up a burblin' brook, fightin' my way past submerged logs...boulders, mosquitoes, and all stuff like that there.

SIL: Is they mosquitoes wheah you is goin' suh?

FIB: On the other hand, I go where the mosquitoes are. Where ye find mosquitoes ye find fish and where ye find fish ye find me. I mean, I always go -

L: You gotta good mosquito lotion to rub on yo' face an' hands
suh?
IB: Yes, I have. I mixed it up myself. It's a compound of
sulphurous oxidate, with a infusion of carbo-arsenic in solution.
SIL: Do it keep the mosquitos off suh?
FIB: Nope. But it makes your face feel so numb ye don't notice 'em.
I remember a little trout stream up in Canada I used to fish.
First time I was there I seen a big sign with a game warden
standin' beside it. The sign says DON'T FISH HERE. And I says
to the game warden, I says, yes, I says, I think they do. In
fact, I says, I think they year very good, and started fishin'.
Well sir, the fine was only fifteen dollars, so -

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

ART: Hello, there Fibber.

FIB: Oh Henry Hunter. Hiyah Henry, old man.

ART: I see you're all set for a good summer of fishing. I used to
do a good deal of that when I was in college.

FIB: Ye did eh? Where'd you go to college, Henry?

ART: In England.

FIB: Ohhhh yes... that was one of the movies you made wasn't it? A
hang at Oxford.

ART: (LAUGHS) I just came in to wish you a very pleasant vacation, Fibber.

FIB: Well, thanks, Henry. And I hope you have a lotta success with Attorney at Law. I know you will.

SIL: Yassuh...me, too, Mistah Huntah suh.

ART: Thank you Fibber...and you too, Silly.

FIB: You know, I'll be listenin' to your show, Henry. And you better be good on that legal stuff because I'll be checkin' up.

ART: Oh are you a legal expert?

FIB: AM I! Why - bud, I been in this law business since I was just a boy. Even then my name was news. Every time I appeared in court it was plastered on every front page. COURT PLASTER MOGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...COURT PLASTER MOGEE, THE CLEVEREST KID WHO EVER KEPT A CULPRIT FROM COOLIN' IN THE CALABOOSE.... KEENLY CUNNING AT COAXIN' CLEMENCY FOR MY CLIENT FROM A COLD BUT COMPETENT COURT WITH CANNY COUNTER-CLAIMS AND COLLECTIN' A COLLOSAL COMMISSION IN THE CAPACITY OF COUNSELLOR....CONSTANTLY CONQUERIN' CASEY COMPETITORS WHO CARED COMBAT ME, CATCHIN' 'EM IN CONTEMPT OF COURT WITH MY CONFUSIN' CROSS-QUESTIONIN', OR CONTRIVIN' TO CONTINUE CASES CALCULATED TO CONDEMN MY CLAIMANT.... CONSULTED BY CORPORATION CAPITALISTS, CRAFTY CRIMINALS AND CONTEMPORARY COLLEAGUES....CAUGHT BY THE CANDID CAMERAS OF COLUMNISTS...AND COMMONLY CONSIDERED BY CORRESPONDENTS AND CRITICS AS THE KING KING OF THE COURTROOM FROM THE CATCH AS CATCH CAN COURTS OF THE CATTLE COUNTRY TO THE CAPER CUTTER CONSTABLES WHO CONTROL THE CONFINES OF THE CATSKILLS.

APPLAUSE:

FIB: There ye are, My fine attorney...kick THAT around until
September. Whaddye say?

ART: Oh Pahaw!

GRK: 'IT'S RAINING SUNSHINE' Down for --

FIB: Folks...we gotta pleasant little surprise for you tonight, and I hope you'll be as happy about it as I am...So many of you have inquired about Molly, I thought I'd get the best possible authority to answer you...MOLLY HERSELF! AND HERE SHE IS!

MOLLY: Hello, everybody...!

APPLAUSE: (BUT TERRIFIC)

MOL: Heavenly days...all that for me?

FIB: It ain't for me.

MOL: Quiet McGee. (LAUGHS) Folks, even though we're leaving for our summer vacation this summer tonight, I just felt I had to come down and thank all of you for your wonderful letters and interest and all, and for bein' so nice to McGee while I was off the show. I am much better now and thank you all for a much needed rest. I hope you all have a pleasant summer and that we'll all be together again in September. By the way McGee... there's somebody else here who wants to see you.

FIB: Eh? Who? OHNNNNNNH, HIYAH LITTLE GIRL.

TEE: (GIGGLES) Hiya mister. Are you goin' on a vacrashion? Haa.

Are you?

FIB: You betcha sis. Whydja, ask?

TEE: Huumm?

B: I says why?

EE: Why what?

FIB: Well, you asked me if I was... I mean, you're the one who...

WELL, WHY DID YE WANNA KNOW IF I WAS GOIN' ONNA VACATION?

TEE: Well gee, I guess all the radio people are, I betcha. Jack Benny, and Eddie Cantor, and Joe Penner and Good News and -

FIB: And Fibber McGee.

TEE: Sure. That's the Good News. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Good night.

MCL: Good night all!

GRK: UP TO CLOSE.