

NBC

ADVERTISER THE JOHNSON WAX COMPANY WRITER DON QUINN
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY OK
CHICAGO 8:00 PM WMAQ SEPTEMBER 27, 1938 TUESDAY
(TIME DATE DAY)
PRODUCTION
ANNOUNCER
ENGINEER REVISED
REMARKS

not carried

Page 2.

1. WIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!
2. ORK: THEME...."SAVE YOUR SORROW"
3. WIL: The Johnson Wax program, presenting Fibber McGee and
4. Company, with Donald Novis and Billy Mills orchestra.
5. The show opens with "WHAT GOES ON HERE IN MY HEART"
6. ORK: "WHAT GOES ON HERE IN MY HEART" ... DOWN FOR
7. WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:
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1. OPENING COMMERCIAL - GLO-COAT

2. Do you remember the old days when it was considered the duty of
 3. every housewife to get down on her hands and knees and scrub her
 4. kitchen floor at least once a week? You modern housewives can be
 5. thankful you are liberated from such back-breaking drudgery. If
 6. you are really an up-to-date person, you have discovered that
 7. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT will keep your kitchen linoleum
 8. so beautifully polished and clean that you never have to do any
 9. floor scrubbing! GLO-COAT seals the cracks and pores -- gives the
 10. floor a lovely, gleaming surface that everyone will admire. Dirt
 11. just can't fasten itself to the beautiful GLO-COAT polish. Spilled
 12. food can be easily wiped away. You'll have much less work and much
 13. more time for play if you protect your linoleum with JOHNSON'S
 14. GLO-COAT, the remarkable no-rubbing polish that dries in twenty
 15. minutes. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S
 16. SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

17.
 18. ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)(APPLAUSE)
 19. SEGUE
 20. ("RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN")(FADE)
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1. WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS BEEN, DURING THE PAST FEW DAYS,
 2. THE VICTIM OF A BAD COLD. AND, HAVING HEARD THE OLD
 3. ADAGE "STARVE A COLD AND FEED A FEVER", HE'S ALSO
 4. A LITTLE WEAK FROM HUNGER. AND HERE, WALKING DOWN
 5. THE STREET AT 14th & OAK, WISTFUL VISTA, WITH HIS
 6. HELPER SILLY WATSON, WE FIND FIBBER (WHO'S GOT A
 7. SANDWICH?) MCGEE!

8. -----
 9. APPLAUSE: TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND DOWN

10. FIB: Sil, I dunno if I can walk the rest o' the way home or
 11. not. You realize I ain't et hardly nothin' for the
 12. last four days?
 13. SIL: Yassuh, but iffen you kin jus' keep it up fo' a while,
 14. suh, you sho gonna knock that cold in the haid.
 15. FIB: Somebody oughta knocked me in the head before I started
 16. this thing. "Starve a cold and feed a fever". I'll
 17. bet whoever made that rule up had a fever and not a
 18. cold.
 19. SIL: Don' you feel any bettah suh?
 20. FIB: I dunno. I'm so dad ratted hungry, I dunno HOW I feel.
 21. MAN: (WHINING VOICE) Excuse me, buddy...
 22. FIB: Well...whatcha want?
 23. MAN: Will you gimme a dime for a cuppa coffee?
 24. FIB: Bud, I'll give you a DOLLAR for a cuppa coffee. Where
 25. is it?

1. MAN: Where's what?
 2. FIB: Where's the coffee? Gimme a coupla doughnuts with it
 3. and I'll make it a dollar'n a quarter.
 4. MAN: All right, wise guy!...all right! (FADE OUT)
 5. SIL: He wasn't SELLIN' coffee suh. He wanted to buy some.
 6. FIB: Well, he ain't got nothin' on me. HEY...THERE'S A
 7. FRUIT STAND, SIL.
 8. SIL: What of it, suh? You ain't gonna bust up yo' diet
 9. now is you?
 10. FIB: Wel-l-l no...I guess not. But here...you take hold
 11. o' my hand. I'm gonna close my eyes as I walk past
 12. the stand....that's it...
 13. WOMAN: Oh you poor man.....here boy....here's a banana for
 14. the blind man.
 15. SIL: He ain' blind, ma'am. He jes' don' wanna look. Thanks
 16. anyway.
 17. WOMAN: Well! I never heard o' such a thing!
 18. TRAFFIC UP AND OUT:
 19. FIB: Are we past it, Sil?
 20. SIL: Yassuh. But you bettah shut yo' eyes, again...we is
 21. comin' past a bakery.
 22. FIB: Aw lemme look in the window. Oh Boy...looka them cream
 23. puffs...
 24. NANCE: SIR!..Were you addressing us?
 25. FIB: NO I WASN'T.

1. NANCE: Well it's a good thing for you, you ruffian. Come on,
 2. Chauncey!
 3. FIB: Imagine that, Sil? I didn't know a dad ratted little
 4. cold could have so many complications. Hey don't you
 5. think my cold is enough better so I could eat a couple
 6. o' them cookies in there?
 7. SIL: Did you smell that lil ole bakery as we was comin'
 8. along suh?
 9. FIB: No, why?
 10. SIL: Then you ain' enough bettah. You ain' got no sense o'
 11. smell.
 12. FIB: Well, anybody doin' radio gags these days can't afford
 13. a sense o' smell. Ye know it - must be wonderful to
 14. be born a moth and have nothin' to do all day but set
 15. around and munch on a nice herringbone sport coat.
 16. SIL: Ain't you talkin' kinda delirious, suh?
 17. FIB: Maybe I am...but so would you, if you'd been puttin'
 18. yourself to sleep for four nights countin' lamb chops
 19. jumpin' over a gravy boat. Shucks, I....OH HIYAH HARLOW.
 20. WIL: Hello Fibber...say...what's the matter with you? You
 21. look sort of weebegone.
 22. SIL: He IS kinda gobewan, suh...on account o' he ain't been
 23. eatin' muffin!
 24. FIB: I gotta cold I'm tryin' to get rid of Harlow...you know
 25. the old sayin'..."STARVE A COLD AND FEED A FEVER"

1. WIL: Why that isn't how it goes...it's "FEED A COLD AND
 2. STARVE A FEVER".
 3. FIB: WHAT? IT IS? YOU SURE?
 4. WIL: Why certainly. "FEED A COLD AND STARVE A FEVER"
 5. FIB: Well fer the...AND HERE I BEEN STARVIN' MYSELF TO...
 6. HEY SIL...LET'S RUN BACK TO THAT BAKERY!. No, let's
 7. walk...I'm too weak to run. Listen Harlow...you're
 8. sure about that ain't ye?
 9. WIL: Why certainly...just ask the first person you meet.
 10. Ask this lady here.
 11. FIB: Okay....excuse me sis - could you tell me -
 12. WOMAN: No, I'm a stranger here myself...
 13. FIB: Hmmm. Well, I'll try this guy. HEY BUD - Oh it's
 14. Billy Mills.
 15. MILLS: Oh hello Fibber. What's the matter. Hello Harlow...
 16. and Silly.
 17. AD LIB HELLOS
 18. FIB: Listen Billy...if you'll settle a question for me, I'll
 19. buy you a nice lunch.
 20. MILLS: Sure...what's the question?
 21. FIB: What's that sayin' about a cold and a fever?
 22. MILLS: Oh THAT. It's STARVE A COLD AND FEED A FEVER.
 23. FIB: HOT DOG!!..WE EAT!...LET'S GO TO THE...(PAUSE) What'd
 24. you say, Billy?
 25. MILLS: I said the saying is: "STARVE A COLD AND FEED A FEVER."

1. WIL: Well, I guess I was wrong Fibber...so long Pal. Come
 2. on, Billy, I know a swell place where we can get corn
 3. beef and cabbage that melts in your mouth...
 4. SIL: It look lak we right back wheah we stahed, suh, don' it?
 5. FIB: Listen Fellas....one of you must be wrong. Come on
 6. now...THINK...Which is it, FEED A COLD!...or STARVE A
 7. COLD?
 8. WIL: Billy's right, Fibber. It's starve a cold. HEY GRAB
 9. HIM SILLY! HE'S GOING TO FAINT....
 10. WIL: Shall we call you a cab, Fibber?
 11. FIB: No...just call me a darn fool for ever startin' this
 12. crazy idea. Hey, Billy...
 13. MILLS: Yeah?
 14. FIB: I don't think I got strength enough to walk home, and
 15. I don't wanna waste no dough on a taxi. Will you
 16. play a number for us? That way we can open the next
 17. bit right in the house, see?
 18. MILLS: Is that good radio?
 19. FIB: Would it be good radio fer me to finish this program
 20. layin' there in the gutter? Whatchagoona play?
 21. MILLS: "DON'T CROSS YOUR FINGERS, CROSS YOUR HEART"
 22. FIB: Okay...and if ye have any pickled downbeats left
 23. over, send 'em out.
 24. ORK: "DON'T CROSS YOUR FINGERS, CROSS YOUR HEART"
 25. APPLAUSE:

1. FIB: Boy, it's good to be home again! If I gotta starve to
 2. death, I wanna do it in comfort. Does my voice sound
 3. any better, Sil?
 4. SIL: Any bettern wah?
 5. FIB: Well, any bettern' it has?
 6. SIL: Nossuh. But it kinda hahd fo' me to tell please suh. Yo'
 7. voice nevah was real musical.
 8. FIB: Oh I dunno. I remember one apartment we lived in, whenever
 9. I used to sing Pagliacci in the bathtub, everybody in the
 10. buildin' used to stop whatever they was doin' and applaud.
 11. SIL: They did?
 12. FIB: I'll say they did....you never HEARD such a radiator-
 13. poundin' in your life. AHEM. Anything in the house to
 14. eat, Sil?
 15. SIL: Yassuh, but you caint have none suh. Remembah....STARVE A
 16. COLD an' Feed a feveh.
 17. FIB: Shucks,....there ought to be SOME way outa this. SAY...aint
 18. a cold a form o' hay fever? And hay fever's a fever aint
 19. it? And your supposed to feed a fever...THROW A STEAK ON
 20. THE STOVE SIL, I'M GONNA -
 21. SIL: Nossuh. Ah ain gonna be responsible suh, iffen you has a
 22. real lapse. You promise you is gonna stick to stshvin' yo'
 23. cold.
 24. FIB: Ah fer the -
 25. DOOR KNOCK:

1. FIB: COME IN!
 2. DOOR LATCH:
 3. GILL: Oh Hello, Mr. McGee.....remember me?
 4. FIB: Ohh yes...you're Mrs. Fidditch's little niece. Nancy,
 5. aint it?
 6. GILL: That's right...mamma heard you had a bad cold so she sent
 7. you over this bowl of caramel custard....
 8. FIB: Well, say, sis that's swell. I certainly appreciate it.
 9. Though I'll have to set it aside for a while...I'm on a diet.
 10. You know the old sayin' - STARVE A COLD AND FEED A FEVER
 11. GILL: Oh but that isn't right, Mr. McGee....it's FEED A COLD AND
 12. STARVE A FEVER.
 13. FIB: IT IS? HEY SILL.....GIMME A BIG SPOON AND A NAPKIN....
 14. GILL: Oh but wait a minute...maybe I'm wrong...maybe it IS
 15. starve a cold and feed a fever....
 16. FIB: (GROANS) Dad rat it, sis, make up your mind will ye? Cant
 17. ye see I'm just tremblin' from hunger?
 18. GILL: Oh dear...isn't is exasperating...but I think I was right
 19. the first time...it's FEED A COLD...that's it..FEED A COLD.
 20. FIB: WHY OF COURSE IT IS...SET DOWN SIS, SO you can tell your
 21. mamma how much I enjoyed this custar-- What's the matter?
 22. GILL: I'll bet I'm wrong. It's starve a fever.
 23. SIL: Yas'm that's what it is all right.
 24. FIB: You stay outa this Sil. Let her decide.
 25.

1. GILL: Oh I've decided...It's STARVE A COLD....I'm so sorry to
 2. have upset you Mr. McGee...let me take the custard.
 3. FIB: Aw sis...please...whatcha gonna do with it?
 4. GILL: I'm taking it across the street to Mrs. Uppington. She has
 5. a little fever! G'byeeee...
 6. DOOR SLAM:
 7. FIB: Hey Sil....call up Mrs. Uppington in a mysterious voice
 8. and tell her to remember the old sayin'....STARVE A FEVER AND
 9. FEED A COLD. Then maybe she'll refuse that custard.
 10. SIL: That wouldn't be honest suh. An' besides --
 11. FIB: Say listen! WHO APPOINTED YOU MY GUARDIAN?
 12. SIL: You did, suh. You say iffen ah evah see you bustin' yo'
 13. diet to smack you down.
 14. FIB: Yes but you wouldn't really do that, would you?
 15. SIL: Yassuh...fo' yo' own' good. Ah think so much o' you,
 16. Mist' McGee that if it gonna he'p you any, ah poke you
 17. right in de nose.
 18. FIB: My pal! Well, there's nothin' like a nice affectionate
 19. little kick in the teeth, they tell me. But I wish this
 20. cold'd clear up so's I could have me a square meal and
 21. (PAUSE) HEY SIL....
 22. SIL: Yassuh?
 23. FIB: Look out the window...LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S MOVIN' IN NEXT
 24. DOOR.
 25. SIL: Yassuh...they is.

1. FIB: Aint that a tough break. We haven't used up all the kindling
 2. them last people left in the back yard over there.
 3. SIL: Yes we has, suh. In fact, ah used two boards outa theah
 4. back fence to build a fish in the fuhname this morhnin'.
 5. FIB: WHAT? YOU DELIVERATELY tore two boards out of the back
 6. fence next door to use in OUR furnace?
 7. SIL: Yassuh...did ah do wrong?
 8. FIB: You certainly did. Think what two boards out of a fence
 9. does to it. Let's stray cats and dogs in and out. Now if
 10. it was FIVE boards gone, it'd be space enough to put in a
 11. gate. You take three more boards tonight.
 12. SIL: Yassuh. But -
 13. DOORBELL:
 14. FIB: COME IN!
 15. DOOR LATCH:
 16. WIL: Say, Fibber.
 17. FIB: Whatcha want, Harlow. AND QUIT NIBBLIN' THAT CHOCOLATE BAR
 18. IN FRONT O' ME. You know I can't eat.
 19. WIL: Oh I'm sorry. But look...I hear you've got some new
 20. neighbors moving in next door.
 21. FIB: That's right, but -
 22. WIL: Well, look...do you think they're the right kind of people...
 23. socially, I mean? Are they from the right side of the tracks?
 24. FIB: Listen Harlow...this is a democratic country and if you're
 25. too snobbish----

1. WIL: No no no ...Look. If they use Johnson's Wax on their
 2. floors it doesn't matter because in that case there
 3. AREN'T ANY TRACKS. It protects floors against all kinds
 4. of....

5. FIB: ALL RIGHT, HARLOW....ALL RIGHT. They use Johnson's alright.
 6. I seen 'em unload a large size can from the movin' van.

7. WIL: Hmm...economical people too, eh. Well, that's all I
 8. wanted to know, pal.

9. DOOR SLAM:

10. FIB: The right side o' the tracks! Of all the - HEY SIL....We
 11. can switch back to the main line now...the commercial
 12. just went past.

13. SIL: Yassuh...can ah git you some water or somp'm suh?
 14. FIB: Yes, get me a big pan o' water.

15. SIL: A big pan of it, suh? Waffo,
 16. FIB: And before ye bring it in, boil a chicken in it. Then
 17. throw away the water and bring in the chicken.

18. SIL: You is jus' jokin' suh, ah reckon. We aint got no
 19. chicken.

20. FIB: WE AINT? THERE WAS ONE IN THE REFRIGERATOR A COUPLE O'
 21. DAYS AGO.

22. SIL: Yassuh ah know it. But ah was afraid it would spoil wile
 23. you was on yo' diet.

24. FIB: So whadja do with it?
 25. SIL: Well-l-l...ah ain' on no diet.

1. FIB: This is a fine how-do-you-do. Starve a McGee and feed a
 2. Watson. Of all the -

3. DOOR LATCH:

4. OLD M: Hello there Johnny? Wanna buy a nice fruit cake? Just
 5. made fresh.

6. FIB: NO DAD RAT IT...I CAN'T EAT FRUIT CAKE. I'M STARVIN A COLD.

7. OLD M: Ehrrrrr?

8. FIB: I SAYS I'M STARVIN' A GOLD. Though to tell the truth the
 9. cold is doin' all right and I'm doin' the starvin'. (LAUGHS)

10. OLD M: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny. But that aint,
 11. the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says
 12. to the other feller - "SAYYYYYY," HE SAYS, "I SEE WHERE
 13. THE LATEST THING IN WOMEN'S STYLES IS THE OLD-FASHIONED
 14. HOOP-SKIRT. THINK THEY'LL LAST?" "WHY NOT?" SAYS THE
 15. SECOND FELLER, "THE CORSET HAD QUITE A STAY" Heh heh heh.
 16. Hope my grandmother ain't listening in, Johnny. She'll
 17. box my ears.

18. DOOR SLAM:

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1. FIB: That old fossil. Tryin' to sell me a fruit cake. And me
 2. emptier than a political promise.
 3. SIL: Scuse me suh...but if you is interested in the man movin
 4. in next do' theah he is...stahdnin' out theah talkin' to
 5. the movin' man.
 6. FIB: Who, that big guy with the little black beard?
 7. SIL: Yassuh...and the lil black bag . Look lak a doctoh.
 8. FIB: Oh well, I...WHAT? A DOCTOR? RIGHT NEXT DOOR? Say, maybe
 9. he'll be a authority on whether it's FEED A COLD AND STARVE
 10. A FEVER OR STARVE A COLD AND FEED A FEVER. I'M GOIN' OVER
 11. THERE AND ASK HIM.
 12. SIL: Ah bettah go wif you suh.
 13. FIB: Why Sil...don't you trust me?
 14. SIL: Oh yassuh...ah trust' you okay suh. But yo' appetite is
 15. real treacherous..
 16. FIB: Okay...we'll call on the doctor. Nothin' like bein' a
 17. good neighbor anyway. Get my hat, Sil.
 18. SIL: Yassuh.
 19. FIB: And my coat.
 20. SIL: Yassuh.
 21. FIB: And my muffler.
 22. SIL: Yassuh.
 23. FIB: And Billy Mills! Play for Donald Novis to sing YOU
 24. GO TO MY HEAD.
 25.

1. MILLS: Yassuh.
 2. FIB: WHAT?
 3. MILLS: I mean OKAY.
 4. FIB: Come on, Sil...GO AHEAD, DON!
 5. ORK: "YOU GO TO MY HEAD" -- NOVIS
 6. APPLAUSE:
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1. FIB: Thanks Don...that was beautiful. Why don't you take off
 2. your sombrero and spurs and stay while I run next door and
 3. see the new doctor?
 4. DON: (MEX) Oh I can't do that, Fibber...I don't think you should
 5. have so many people around...You are not so good looking.
 6. FIB: EH? Whatcha mean I ain't so good looking.
 7. DON: I mean you aren't looking so good.
 8. FIB: Oh...well, I ain't feeling so good either, Don. I been
 9. hungry so long, even the tongue on my belt buckle is
 10. droolin!
 11. DON: Well, I hope you will feel better by the first part of
 12. last week.
 13. FIB: You mean the first part of NEXT week. You're kinda gettin
 14. your calendar mixed up.
 15. DON: Oh no no Fibber...a calender is very familiar with me.
 16. FIB: Oh yeah? You know how many days in the different months?
 17. DON: Oh si si... Thirty days hacienda, April May and Sombrero
 18. and all the rest have thirty one except my brother Ignacio
 19. Fernando Gonzales who is getting ten days for speedeeding.
 20. DOOR SLAM
 21. FIB: Well, come on, Sil. Before I pass out cold from hunger,
 22. I gotta find out from that doctor next door if you're
 23. supposed to starve a cold or feed it.
 24. SIL: Maybe he don' remambah it suh. Doctoha is awful absent
 25. minded.

1. FIB: I'll say they are. Why when they operated on Uncle Dennis
 2. for appendicitis, they left a sponge in him.
 3. SIL: They did?
 4. FIB: Well, at least he ACTS like they did. I never seen a guy
 5. who could soak up so much liquid and --
 6. DOOR LATCH:
 7. WIL: Say, Fibber -
 8. FIB: You back again, Harlow? Whatcha want?
 9. WIL: Listen, I just thought of a cute idea. You know Jack
 10. Benny is coming back to the air Sunday night.
 11. FIB: Yes yes yes...I know that...
 12. WIL: Well why don't you send him a telegram...something like this.
 13. WELCOME BACK, JACK. STOP. JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST
 14. NO-RUBBING FLOOR POLISH THERE IS. STOP. HOW'S KENNY
 15. BAKER? STOP. YOU SAVE UP TO ONE THIRD ON THE LARGE SIZE
 16. CAN. STOP. REGARDS TO MARY LIVINGSTON. STOP. REGARDS..
 17. FIBBER MCGEE.
 18. FIB: I don't get it, Harlow...what's the idea of puttin' in
 19. all that there stuff about Glocat in there?
 20. WIL: Well look...suppose he reads that wire over the air. Think
 21. how pleased our sponsor'll be.
 22. FIB: Yes...I know...But how about HIS sponsor! How'll HE like
 23. it?
 24.
 25.

1. WIL: HIS SPONS ... OH HAS HE GOT A SPONSOR NOW? I THOUGHT HE
 2. WAS ON A SUSTAINI-...oh well, I'm sorry. Well, I'll think
 3. up another idea.

DOOR SLAM

5. FIB: I wonder if Harlow's heard about Henry Ford buildin' a
 6. factory to make horseless carriages. Sometimes I think -
 7. SIL: See me suh...heah's yo' hat an' coat.
 8. FIB: Oh thanks, Sil. Let's go call on the doctor next door.
 9. SIL: Why is you goin' to see him, suh? Iffen you is goin' to
 10. a doctoh w'y don' you go to yo' own?
 11. FIB: AND PAY OUT GOOD MONEY just to clear up a little cold?
 12. Look Sil...I'll pull the good neighbor act with this new
 13. guy and he'll probably give me a lotta free advice, see?
 14. Come on...

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM...

16. FIB: I hope he tells me what I need is nourishment. He -
 17. SOUND: BICYCLE BELL
 18. MAN: Chocolate ice cream bars...get your chocolate ice cream
 19. bars here.
 20. FIB: Oh oh...HEY BUD...OVER HERE!
 21. SIL: You ain' gonna have one o' them is you suh?
 22. FIB: Quiet Sil..
 23. BICYCLE BELL
 24. MAN: Wanta chocolate ice cream bar sir? All flavors...
 25. raspberry, vanilla, mint, choco ---

1. SIL: Don' sell him one suh...he suppose to be stahvin' a cold.
 2. FIB: HEY BUD...HOW ABOUT LETTIN' ME RIDE YOUR BICYCLE AROUND
 3. THE BLOCK? Give you a quarter.
 4. MAN: Cant do it, buddy. It's got all my ice cream bars in it.
 5. FIB: Aw come on...I ain't rode a bike in years. Give you fifty
 6. cents.
 7. MAN: Nothin' doin'. I got four dollars worth o' stuff in the
 8. box there.
 9. FIB: Okay...I'll make it four dollars. That's how bad I wanta
 10. a couple o choco...er...how bad I wanta ride a bicycle.
 11. MAN: Four dollars...just to ride this bike around the block?
 12. What would you gain?
 13. SIL: Ten pounds.
 14. MAN: What's the matter with this guy anyway?
 15. SIL: He so hungry he dunno what he doin' suh...Come on, Mist'
 16. McGee..
 17. FIB: Aw shucks, Sil...you don't lemme have any fun.
 18. SIL: Sorry suh...but you know the sayin'...STAHVE A COLD-AN'
 19. FEED A FEVEH.
 20. FIB: Yeah, I know...but just because it's an old saw, do I
 21. have to cut my throat with it? I - oh hell! little girl?
 22. GIRL: Hello.
 23. FIB: Whatcha eatin?
 24. GIRL: Bread'n jelly.
 25. FIB: Bread'n jelly eh? It...er...it looks real good.

1. GIRL: Tis.

2. FIB: Tis eh? How about givin' Uncle Fibber a Bite? Give you
3. a nickel.

4. GIRL: No!

5. FIB: Oh come on. You dont wanna be a selfish little girl do ye?

6. GIRL: Yes.

7. FIB: Oh come on...just a nibble...

8. GIRL: No...(CRYS) WAHHHHH ...

9. SIL: Don't cry lil guhl...he ain't really gonna take a bit. Ain'
10. you ashame, suh...she afraid you is gonna grab it away
11. from her.

12. FIB: I kinda had me scared for a minute there, myself. Oh well.
13. Let's get this over with. Ye know, if this doctor tells me
14. I oughta FEED this cold, I'm gonna get Mills and Wilcox if
15. it takes the rest o' my life.. Otherwise, the rest o' my
16. life'll be too short to worry about. You wait out on the
17. porch here Sil...while I go in.

18. SIL: Yassuh...what'll ah do to amuse mahse'f suh?

19. FIB: Oh you can listen to the notea, singin' DIXIELAND BAND...
20. Play that for Sil, Billy.

21. ORK: "DIXIELAND BAND - FOUR NOTES"

22. APPLAUSE:

23.

24.

25.

4th SPOT

1. FIB: Shucks, I hope the doc ain't left on any calls yet. I
2. Gotta know if I can eat while I'm still able -

3. NICK: Oh hello there Fizzer. Where are you going with such a
4. hungry look on your physiogripuss?

5. FIB: Don't detain me, Nick...I'm a sick man and I'm callin' on
6. our new neighbor next door there. He's a doctor.

7. NICK: Is that so?...well I am never forgetting the last times
8. I am lying back on my flat in a houseprattle, Fizzer. I
9. am having myself a sickness which I am not knowing what
10. is wrong with me and I am going there for observasin while
11. the doctor is making diagramnostipuss.

12. FIB: You mean a diagnosis. But please Nick...I'm afraid the
13. Doc will get away before I -

14. NICK: Well sir, Fizzer, as it is turning out, there was nothing
15. being the matter with me except I am having a bad case of
16. roof-slats?

17. FIB: Roof slats?

18. NICK: Sure ... shingles...but while I am in there they think they
19. are just as well seeing if something else is being the
20. matter too, so I am being a human gonyy pug while they are
21. lookin' at me thru a scrape-the-floor.

22. FIB: Fluoroscope...but please Nick...I gotta get goin' so...--

23.

24.

25.

1. NICK: And then what are they doing to me but tuning in on my
 2. wishbone with a stethoscope and the doctor is having an
 3. earmuffs on and he is listening to something and I am
 4. saying if you are listening to a firesides speech, doctor,
 5. don't kid myself...that is just heartburn. HEH HEH Heh..

6. FIB: Yes I know, Nick, but please...I'm in a hurry and -

7. NICK: Well sir, Fizzer, then a pretty little kewpie is coming in
 8. with a bot water hottle and she is saying, MR. DEPOPOLIS
 9. do I think you can keep this on your stomick? And I am
 10. saying, KEWPIE, I am saying...I don't even think I can eat
 11. it.

12. FIB: No she just meant that --

13. NICK: AND THEN, what is hopenning, they are saying I must be
 14. having my jonquills out -

15. FIB: Your TONSILS.. But please Nick I ain't got time to -

16. NICK: BUT WITH THAT FIZZER, I AM MAKING A STRENUPUS objective.
 17. I am not needing my jonquills out and that was those! So
 18. just then I am looking up and saying...what is this
 19. departohment of the horseprattle, Kewpie, and the nurse
 20. is daying, we are being a little shorts handed with room
 21. Mr. Depopolis, so we are having to put you in the
 22. fraternity ward.

23. FIB: You mean Maternity.

24. NICK: Sure...BUT THEY ARE NOT DOING THAT TO ME FIZZER. I am
 25. hopping myself out of those bed, and as fast I can I am
 panting into my slip...

1. FIB: You mean slipping into your pants.

2. NICK: Have it my way...ANYWAY, I AM GOING AWAY FROM THOSE PLACES
 3. LIKE A DOSE OF LIGHTNING. I am too old to be a mother again
 4. at my age, I'm thinking. Well, so long Fizzer, I hope
 5. whatever is something wrong with me, that is nothing trivipuss.

6. FIB: A fine lotta sympathy I get when I'm sick...shucks. Oh well..
 7. I hope the doc comes across with that free advice..

8. DOOR BELL OFF MIKE

9. DOOR LATCH:

10. DOC: Yes:

11. FIB: Hiyah, Doc. I'm Fibber McGee-- your next door neighbor.

12. DOC: Oh yes...glad to know you...won't you step in?

13. FIB: Thanks Doc.

14. DOOR SLAM

15. FIB: Just a friendly call, Doc...just wanted to be a good neighbor
 16. ye know.. (LAUGHS)

17. DOC: Well.. well...that's very friendly of you, McGee. Oh by the
 18. way...my name is Densmore.

19. FIB: Glad to know ye Doc. Anything I can do to help ye move in or
 20. anything?

21. DOC: Oh no, thank you. We're pretty well organized now.

22. FIB: That's fine...er..just wanted to be a good neighbor ye know..
 23. er...mind if I set down Doc? I...er...I'm kinda weak.

24. DOC: Is that so. Too bad. Nothing serious, I hope.

25.

1. FIB: Oh no...just a bad cold. I been followin' that old wheeze
 2. about starve a cold and feed a f-...hey that's a nice lookin'
 3. basket o' fruit ye got there on the table.
 4. DOC: Yes...(LAUGHS) It is, isn't it? Wonderful what they can do
 5. with wax these days.
 6. FIB: WAX? Oh...AHM... Quiet Doc...you'll have Wilcox bustin' in
 7. here again. Boy am I week. I ain't et a good meal in a week.
 8. I feel awful.
 9. MAN: No...you don't look very well...
 10. FIB: I don't at that, do I?
 11. MAN: No you don't.
 12. FIB: Everybody says I look terrible.
 13. MAN: They're right. You do.
 14. FIB: Yes, I guess I do, at that.
 15. MAN: Yes, you do.
 16. FIB: AHM. (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Hope I ain't holdin' you up any Doc.
 17. MAN: Oh no...a few minutes won't matter. My, you ARE pretty pale.
 18. aren't you? Feel dizzy?
 19. FIB: N-n-o, I don't...
 20. MAN: You don't? You certainly ACT dizzy.
 21. FIB: I do eh? (LAUGHS) AHM. What...er...what do you usually do
 22. in a case like mine, Doc?
 23. MAN: I don't know, I'm sure. I don't believe I ever felt as bad
 24. as that.
 25. FIB: No, I mean what do you think I better do?

1. MAN: Well now, let me see...
 2. FIB: What I really wanna know, Doc...just off hand o' course, is
 3. this...IS IT "STARVE A COLD AND FEED A FEVER? OR FEED A COLD
 4. AND STARVE A FEVER?"
 5. DOC: Have you asked your doctor?
 6. FIB: Oh I ain't that interested Doc... this is more of a literary
 7. than a medical question.
 8. DOC: Well, I've heard it said both ways.
 9. FIB: Ye have eh?
 10. DOC: Yes I have. (PAUSE) Wel...er... HARRUMPH...if you'll excuse
 11. me, McGee...I have a few professional calls to make and --
 12. FIB: Wait a minute Doc...I...er...I thought that inasmuch as we're
 13. neighbors and all...I...er...well...I...WED DAD RAT IT DOC,
 14. ARE YOU GONNA STAND THERE AND WATCH A FELLOW HUMAN BEING SUFFER
 15. LIKE THIS? AIN'T YOU GOT ANY PROFESSIONAL ETHICS?
 16. MAN: Ethics?
 17. FIB: YES ETHICS...DAD RAT IT IF I HAVE TO I'LL PAY YE...BUT DO
 18. SOMETHIN! A FINE DOCTOR YOU ARE!
 19. MAN: Doctor? I'm not a doctor...
 20. FIB: I'll say you al...ER? YOU AIN'T?
 21. MAN: NO...I'M A PIANO TUNER.
 22. FIB: A piano tu -- then that little black bag way -- Oh pshaw!
 23. ORK: "CONFIDENTIALLY" .. DOWN FOR
 24. WIL: COMMERCIAL:
 25.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - GLO-COAT & INSTITUTIONAL

1. Fibber will be back in just a moment but in the meantime, I'd like to
 2. ask a question of the housewives who are listening tonight. Would you
 3. be willing to spend just ten minutes applying JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT to
 4. your kitchen linoleum if you were satisfied that GLO-COAT would make
 5. your floors much brighter and lovelier and save you many hours of
 6. tiresome floor cleaning work? Then buy a can of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT
 7. tomorrow. Pour a little of this remarkable liquid onto the floor and
 8. spread it lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or the long-
 9. handled GLO-COAT Applier. There is no work to it -- no rubbing or
 10. buffing. Twenty minutes later you'll have a beautiful, gleaming floor
 11. that will stay clean for a long, long time.
 12. Do you know that there is a special JOHNSON WAX polish for every
 13. household need? JOHNSON'S genuine WAX -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-
 14. COAT -- JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH -- and JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX and
 15. CLEANER. For the past fifty years S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. have been
 16. perfecting the finest wax polishes that can possibly be made. You are
 17. never taking a chance when you buy a JOHNSON WAX polish. You get more
 18. value for your money -- the greatest satisfaction from the use of the
 19. product. Don't accept substitutes. Be sure you see the name JOHNSON
 20. on the yellow and red can.

22. ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC .. FADE ON CUE)

24. mh; mc; js; gs;
 10:05 - 9-27-38

26.

TAG

1. SIL: Mr. McGee - you shouldn' a believe so strong in little
 2. ole sayin' somebody make about starvin' a cold.
 3. FIB: I know it, Sil. Dad rat it, seers and sooth-sayers
 4. always was my downfall. Why even as a boy I was a
 5. sucker for a seer. BEER SUCKER MCGEE I WAS KNOWED
 6. AS IN THEM DAYS...
 7. SIL: Hold on to sumpin'.
 8. FIB: SEER SUCKER MCGEE, THE SUPER SAP O' THE CENTURY...
 9. SACRIFICIN' SUCCULENT SERVINGS O' SAVORY SOUP AND
 10. SUMMER SAUSAGE TO SATISFY SOME SOOTH SAYER'S SILLY
 11. SLOGAN SAYIN' "STARVE TILL STIFF TO STOP A SNIFF".....
 12. SCOFFIN' AT SAFE AND SAFE SCIENTIFIC CERTAINTIES BUT
 13. A SCAPEGOAT FOR SCREWBALL SIGNS AND SYMBOLS AND A
 14. SUCKER FOR SENSELESS SUPERSTITIONS LIKE SPILLIN' SALT
 15. OR SEEKIN' A SLUG O' SLUMBER BY SORTIN' SHEEP ...
 16. SINGLED OUT BY SNIPE-HUNTIN' CITY SLICKERS AS THE
 17. SIMPLETON TO SIT BY THE SACK WHILE THEY SNEAKED AWAY
 18. SPLITTIN' THEIR SIDES... SOFT-SCAPED BY EVERY SON OF
 19. A 90-AND-SO IN-THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND SELECTED BY SOCIETY
 20. AS THE SULTAN OF SUCKERS FROM THE SIDE STREETS OF
 21. CINCINNATI TO THE SEA SIDE SAMPANS OF SINGAPORE.
 22. APPLAUSE
 23. FIB: Good night folks.
 24. ORK: CLOSING SIGNATURE - SEGUE TO "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

1. WIL: This is HARLOW WILCOX SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF
2. JOHNSON'S WAX AND GLO-COAT - RACINE, WISCONSIN,
3. INVITING YOU ALL TO BE WITH US AGAIN NEXT TUESDAY
4. AT THIS SAME TIME. GOOD NIGHT ALL.
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