

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN  
PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY OK WIN ANDEPSON  
CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ - RED  
( 8:30-9:00 PM ) ( NOVEMBER 29, 1938 ) ( TUESDAY )  
TIME DATE DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

SECOND CORRECTION

Page 2.

WIL: The Johnson's Wax Program!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's  
Self-Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and  
Company - with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis,  
The 4 Notes, and Billy Mills orchestra. The show  
opens with "ANYTHING GOES"!

ORK: "ANYTHING GOES" Fade for -

1st COMMERCIAL:

(FIRST COMMERCIAL)

When guests come into your home, do they admire your beautiful polished floors and furniture -- or do they get a poor impression of you, because your things look rather dull and dusty? If your furniture, your floors and your woodwork are shining with a protective coat of JOHNSON'S polishing WAX, everyone will see at a glance what a good housekeeper you are! When your windowsills are wax polished, they stay clean and bright, protected from soot and dampness. And there are more than 100 other household uses for JOHNSON'S genuine WAX! For instance, if you have been bothered by dirty finger smudges showing up around the door knob on your front door, just go over this section with a little JOHNSON'S WAX. You'll find that finger marks and dirt can be easily wiped off the wax surface. And do you know that Dust can't cling to picture frames and lamp shades if they are wearing a beautiful wax polish? You actually cut your cleaning work in half when you protect the things in your home with a bright shield of wax beauty. Be sure to get the real thing -- JOHNSON'S genuine WAX. Don't accept cheap, inferior waxes that streak and smear. Remember JOHNSON'S WAX gives greater beauty and protection -- longer wear.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

SEGUE:

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

WIL: WELL, FIBBER'S BEEN INVITED TO A MASQUERADE PARTY TONIGHT, AND FOR A COSTUME, HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN TO WEAR A STRIPED CONVICT'S UNIFORM. AND HERE, RIDING ALONG IN A TAXICAB ON HIS WAY TO THE SHINDIG, WE FIND FIBBER (LIEFER-OF-THE-PARTY) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEMESOUND: MOTOR UP FROM APPLAUSE AND DOWN FOR --

FIB: Hey, Driver.

MAN: Yeah?

FIB: Can you turn off the light over the meter? It shines in my eyes.

MAN: Well, don't look at it.

FIB: Can't help it. It fascinates me.

MAN: Why?

FIB: Well, I never seen anything add up so fast...it ain't normal. I think that machine's a little hyper-thyroid?

MAN: Do you know what you're talkin' about?

FIB: AHEN. How much farther we gotta go?

MAN: About eighty cents up the road.

FIB: Well, step on it. I'm itchin' to get there. At least I'm itchin'. Maybe it's this rented costume...they usually --

SOUND: BLOWOUT AND HISS...KABUMP KABUMP KA-BUMP KA-BUMPKA-BUMP...OUT.

FIB: What was that?

MAN: What'd you think it was, buddy? The beat o' me heart.

FIB: Sounded like a blowout to me.

MAN: NO! HONEST?

FIB: Yes, it did...really.

MAN: Well t'ink of that. A blowout! I wisht you was ridin' with me all the time, buddy. Then you could tell me if we was goin' backwards or forwards. Get out...that'll be 90%.

FIB: 90%! But we're not there yet.

MAN: We're just as there as we're gonna get, buddy. I ain't gotta spare tire. You gotta walk from here.

FIB: Aw now listen bud...I can't walk no four miles in this convict's outfit...you know that.

MAN: NINETY CENTS!

FIB: Ninety cents eh? You think that's fair, bud? After all, when I got into your cab, you as good as contracted to take me to my destination. Now when a contract ain't fulfilled, the party o' the second part is entitled to -

MAN: NINETY CENTS, OR DO I SLAP YOU WIT THE JACK HANDLE?

FIB: Okay okay okay...here's a dollar...that gives you a extra dime. Have a shot of arsenic on me - Well...this is a fine state of how-do-ye-do! If anybody catches me in this - oh, HEY SIS??? CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN TELEPHONE FOR A TAXICAB?

WOMAN: Well now let me think. Oh yea, I believe there's a (SCREAMS) OOOHHH A CONVICT...HELP...POLICE...here ...TAKE MY POCKETBOOK...IT ISN'T MUCH BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE....(FADE OUT) HELP!! POLICE!!

FIB: Hey I don't want this pocket book!!...I ain't no conv...aw...shucks...Dad rat the dad ratted luck ...why does everything have to happen to me? I could fall into a gold mine and come out with lead poisoning. Here comes a guy. I'll try him. Oh oh ...HEY BUD...CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN GET A -

MAN: DON'T SHOOT...Here...take my watch...and my billfold

....

FIB: I DON'T WANT YOUR WATCH AND BILLFO--

MAN: I KNOW I KNOW...THE WATCH ISN'T VERY GOOD...AND THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE OF HUNDRED IN THE WALLET... BUT THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT...

FIB: Now wait a minute bud...this convict's uniform is just a joke, see. Here take your watch and your money...

MAN: GET AWAY FROM ME...(FADE OUT) HELLLLLP...POLICE... HELP...Help.

FIB: Well, I'll be a - this must be a pretty ritzy neighborhood everybody gets stuck up so easy...

CAR SOUND FADE IN:

FIB: Well, it looks like I put my foot in it enough...I better start usin' my thumb.

CAR IN CLOSER:

FIB: HEY...GOIN' MY WAY?

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH...

FIB: MUCH OBLIGED FOR STOPPIN', BUT...I'M IN KIND OF A JAM AND -

PERCY: You certainly are....GET THEM HANDS UP AND DON'T MAKE NO FALSE MOVES...LOOK WHAT WE GOT HERE, CLARENCE.....A CON ON THE LAN!...

CLARENCE: Keep him covered, Percy...GET IN THE BACK SEAT THERE...YOU.

FIB: Hey what is this....a HOLDUP?

LAUGHTER:

PERCY: Is this a holdup!! THIS IS A SQUAD CAR, YE LOOGAN! NOW CLIMB IN AND KEEP QUIET...I'll bet there's a reward out for this guy, Clarence.....

CLARENCE: It'll sure come in handy. I ain't paid the last installment to Alderman Snurtz for gettin' me on the force.

FIB: Aw come on fellas...listen...I'm on MY WAY TO A MASQUERADE, SEE? I'M Fibber McGee and if you'll call the Johnson's Wax people, they'll vouch --

PERCY: PIPE DOWN, YOU...GET IN! YOU CAN TELL YOUR BEDTIME STORIES TO THE LIEUTENANT. Go ahead, Clarence.

CAR UP AND DOWN WITH SIREN

FIB: Listen fellas...lemme explain will ye? I'm a respectable citiz -

CLARENCE: Better search him, Percy.

PERCY: Good idea...get them hands up, you, while I frisk you.

FIB: (GIGGLES) Hey quit that....I'm ticklish! (GIGGLES)

PERCY: AHAAAA...Look at this...He's wearin' a wrist watch and carryin' a pocket watch...he's got two wallets and a woman's purse.

FIB: Listen, I can explain that. Ye see, I was just -

P. A. VOICE: CALLING CAR 87....CALLING CAR 87....

CLANCY: That's us.

P. A.: CALLING CAR 87...PROCEED TO BOOKIE JOINT AT 14th & OAK. IF HOKEY POKEY WON THE FIFTH RACE AT HIAHLEAH, RETURN TO STATION...OTHERWISE ARREST THE PROPRIETOR AND WRECK THE JOINT. THAT IS ALL.

PERCY: If the Lieutenant don't start winnin' soon, there won't be a bookie left in town.

FIB: Say tae that gun out of my ribs will you? What is it, a water pistol?

PERCY: No, it ain't a water pistol...why?

FIB: Oh...I kinda felt you had the drop on me... (LAUGHS) Get it, fellas? I says --

PERCY: Taint funny, McGee!! Now pipe down till we get to the station...The lieutenant will...

P. A. VOICE: CALLING ALL CARS...CALLING ALL CARS...INVESTIGATE A SHOOTING AT 13th AND MAPLE. ALL CARS..... INVESTIGATE A SHOOTING AT 13th AND MAPLE..

FIB: Say this is kinda excitin' ain't it? If I didn't have to get to a party, I'd like to -

P. A. VOICE: CORRECTION...THAT WASN'T SHOOTING...THAT WAS SHOOTING...FOR BILLY MILLS AND THE 4 NOTES TO PLAY AND SING - "CHANGES!" STAND BY!

ORK: "CHANGES" - FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE:

2ND SPOT:

MURMUR OF VOICES:

LIEUT: Quiet in the court please....QUIET IN THE COURT.  
Respect the dignity of the court, please...(MOVE  
THAT SPITTOON CLOSER TO THE BENCH, O'TOOLE.) ALL  
RIGHT...FIRST CASE.

IRISH: Here's an escaped convict me and Clarence picked  
up on the highway, Lieutenant. He tried to bum  
a ride, so we GAVE the bum a ride.

LAUGHTER:

FIB: Now listen....I AIN'T NO ESCAPED CONVICT. I'm just-

LIEUT: I suppose your just wearing that uniform to a  
masquerade.

FIB: YES, I AM!

LAUGHTER:

FIB: Aw come on follas, just ask anybody who I am...  
a joke's a joke but you're carryin' this one too  
far. I'm not -

DOOR LATCH:

BILL'S NICK: Would ye wanna listen to my report now, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: No, later, Mulligan.

BILL: Okay..

DOOR SLAM:

LIEUT: What's your name?

FIB: Fibber McGee. What's yours?

LIEUT: Edward P. Crunch. I was named after my - WHAT DO  
YOU CARE?

FIB: I DON'T CARE! But I'm gettin' tired o' bein'  
pushed around. I think you're all a bunch of wise  
crackers lookin' for a bowl of soup to crumble up  
in.

LIEUT: BE QUIET. Now liste...if your not a convict,  
what's that number on your back for?

FIB: Oh just a gag, bud. That's my anti-social  
security number. (LAUGHS) Ye see, I --

LIEUT: THE PRISONER WILL CONFINE HIS REMARKS TO ANSWERING  
QUESTIONS.

FIB: A fine jail this is...they even wanna confine my  
remarks. LISTEN HERE YOU GUYS...IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL --

DOOR LATCH:

BILL: Excuse me, Lieutenant...do yez wanna listen to my  
report now?

LIEUT: No...not now, Mulligan. Later.

BILL: Okay.

DOOR SLAM:

LIEUT: Take the prisoner and lock him up, O'Toole, pending  
investigat...wait a minute...what did he have on  
him when he was picked up?

IRISH: Two wallets, two watches and a ladies pocketbook.

FIB: Oh now listen...one o' them watches is mine...and  
one o' them wallets is mine.

LIEUT: Yeah? Who's are the others?

FIB: I dunno...some people just handed 'em to me and  
ran away. Ye see, I was --

LAUGHTER:

LIEUT: Oh so they just handed 'em to you and ran away.  
Probably just the Christmas spirit.

FIB: Now listen Sargeant--

LIEUT: I'm a Lieutenant.

FIB: Oh, a shavetail, eh? Ouch,,,,,who kicked me?

IRISH: Be more respectful, ye loogan.

FIB: Okay okay...now get this straight, Captain.

LIEUT: LIEUTENANT!

FIB: Okay, if you wanta refuse a promotion. But listen  
Lieutenant as man to man...I ain't no convict.  
Shucks, just because I started to a masquerade in  
this -

DOOR LATCH:

BILL'S IRISH: Excuse me Lieutenant...can I make me report now?

LIEUT: All right, Mulligan. Let's hear your report.

SOUND: SHOT

BILL: Thanks.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: It would take a big bore of low calibre to pull  
one like that.  
Now listen Lieutenant...I'm Fibber McGee of 79  
Wistful Vista....Just call up my house and ask my  
man, Silly Watson to come down here and identify  
me.

LIEUT: I'll do that...but with all those pocketbooks and  
watches, your storie's pretty thin.

FIB: It wouldn't look thin if you wasn't a fathead.

LIEUT: Listen you...Just for that, I'm booking you thirty  
days for contempt.

FIB: (LAUGHS) Oh yeah? Well I can't start till the  
first o' March.

LIEUT: Why not?

FIB: My agent's got me booked solid for three months.

LIEUT: We'll have to lock you up - later we'll check your  
finger-prints and take your picture.

FIB: Why take my picture? You got me framed already.

LIEUT: Be quiet! Lock him up, O'Toole.

FIB: Hey you can't do that to me! I'll have you  
arrested for this....I'll....I'll....

PEARY: Come on you...here...sign the register first....  
that's it. Any baggage?

FIB: No.

PEARY: Then ye'll have to pay in advance.

FIB: What is this...The Jaildorf Astoria? Listen bud...  
see if you can give me a big double room...one  
that opens on a fire escape.

PEARY: Oh sure...and would ye like to leave a call for  
1967?

FIB: Aw quit kiddin'....I'm gittin' tired o' this...  
Why don't you look me up...why don't you verify my  
story? Where's your lie detector?

PEARY: She's home puttin' the kids to bed. Well...what  
are ye starin' at me for?

FIB: I was just wonderin' how you could be such a big mug and not have no handles.

PEARY: Come along now...

JAIL DOOR SLAM: FEET WALKING ON CEMENT

PEARY: Ye're lucky to get in here at all, me bye. We're pretty crowded.

FIB: Oh...Conventinn in town?

PEARY: Yeah...the National Society o' Firebugs.

FIB: Hey...who's that in cell 14 there? I know that guy.

PEARY: Who, him? That's Waxey Wilcox...the con man...

FIB: You musta read the indictment wrong...that's CAN... not con...HIYAH HARPO!

WIL: Hiyah Pal.....Whaddya t'ink you're doin' here?

FIB: Oh they picked me up just because I was wearin' a convicts uniform to a masquerade. It's a good thing I didn't go as King Tut, or they'd of stuck me under a pyramid. What'd they get you for, Harpo?

WIL: Aw, nuttin'. It's a bum rap, buddy. I was just sellin' Johnson's Wax, see? I was tellin' a dame how she could use it on de floor and de window sills and de lampshades and door frames and de radie, and all stuff liko dat dere - and she was innerosted too, and den a flatfoot comes up and nabs me for vagrancy. IT'S A BUM RAP, I BELL YA.

FIB: I dunno why they should pinch you, Harpo. I thought you paid protection.

WIL: Dat's wrong, cully. I don't PAY protection. I SELL protection. Johnson's Wax protects...

PEARY: All right, all right...break it up you two.

FIB: Well, I'll see you later Harpo. Say why don't you apply for a transfer to Alcatraz? You won't have to serve so much time out there.

WIL: Why not, Pal?

FIB: Well, you save up to one third on the large size can. So long Harpo.

PEARY: Here's yer room, McGee...

SOUND: CLANK OF BOLTS...KEY GRATING...CREAK OF DOOR

FIB: Why you so careful to keep those doors locked, bud - are there crooks around here? Say this is quite a place ain't it? Arrange a credit card for me will ye, O'Toolo?

PEARY: Sure sure...now wait a minute till I open the window for ye.

WINDOW RAISING:

PEARY: Let's see now...towels in the bathroom...radiator turned on...I guess that's all. And listen...don't get alarmed if ye hear somebody groanin' across the corridor...we got a Doctor over there in solitary confinement.

FIB: A Doctor? In solitary confinement? What's he expecting - a jail delivery?

DOOR CLANKS SHUT:

FIB: If this ain't a fine thing...oh well, I suppose I might as well make the best of it...(SINGS) OH IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL...OVER THESE PRISON WALLS I WOULD FL---

BOOM: QUIET DOWN THERE, MY LITTLE STIRBUG!

FIB: Ohoh...a CELL MATE! I'm sorry..bud...I didn't know anybody was sleepin' in that upper berth... WELL, IF IT AIN'T HORATIO K. BOO BOOMER...HIYA BOOMER.

BOOM: Hello, my boy...welcome to the Chateau De Habeus Corpus.

FIB: What they got you in here for, Boomer?

BOOMER: My boy, I am the victim of an international plot. Just because I happened to have the plans of a couple of battleships in my pocket, I was unjustly accused of being a spy...Ridiculous, isn't it... yes, it certainly is.

FIB: Why that's just plain persecution, Boomer. You're no spy. Didn't you have no credentials on you? No identification?

BOOM: Why certainly, certainly. Let me see where did I put my identification...Just a minute my boy...while I look...Identification...identificatio-...here's a couple of car keys...I was looking at a new car, but the owner came back too soon, drat him... ..a deck of cards...so beautifully marked I can play solitaire with 'em upside down...a clipping from the Police Gazette...pretty isn't she? Gold toothpick, a glass eye, slightly bloodshot -- and a check for a short bear...WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT.. NO IDENTIFICATION....I wonder who I am! Excuse me, my boy while I go look in the mirror...(FADE OUT) I wish my dear old mother were here...she'd know who I was.

FIB: I'm gonna be lucky if that guy don't sell me the jail before I get outa here - "OH IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL".

SIL: Yoo hoo...Mist' McGee...is dat you over theah suh?

FIB: Sil! SILLY WATSON...what you doin' here? WHERE ARE YOU?

SIL: In room 22, please suh...across de hall. Oveh heah.

FIB: WHAT? THEN WHEN THEY CALL UP THE HOUSE AND YOU AIN'T THERE TO IDENTIFY ME, IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH... (GROWNS) Oh hh now I AM in a mass...what they got you in here for Sil?

SIL: Alliyoney...

FIB: Alimony. You ain't even married.

SIL: Yassuh...ah sho' ain't.

FIB: Then how can they get you for alimony?

SIL: Not ALIMONY, SUH...ALLEY-MONEY. We was shootin craps for money in a alley and WOOF...up come de cops. And heah ah is.

FIB: Oh fer the...NOW WHAT AM I gonna do? Shucks, I can't -

OLD MAN: (FADE IN) All right, boys. Get your hacksaw blades...here...files...ropeladders...jimmies... nice fresh blow torches...anything for you today, Johnny?

FIB: No thanks, old Timer. Do they let you peddle that stuff in this jail?

OLD MAN: Ehhhh?

FIB: I says I'd like to buy some of your stuff, but I can't saw my way clear to do it just now. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: 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, "SAYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE JIM FARLEY MIGHT RUN FOR PRESIDENT NEXT TERM. THINK HE'LL WIN?" "WELL"says t'other feller, "IF KISSIN' BABIES WILL HELP, HE OUGHT TO, HE'S BEEN PLAYIN' POSTOFFICE FOR SIX YEARS"! HEH - HEH - HEH - What they got you in here for, Johnny? Parkin' too close to a payroll? Hacksaw BLADES...SKELETON KEYS...GET YOUR ROPE LADDERS HERE, BOYS...BLANK PARDONS RIGHT OFF THE PRESS...(FADE OUT)...Blow torches....

FIB: Why that old fluff! I'll bet he thinks a padded cell is a salesman's expense account. Dad rat it, I wish they'd let me outa here...oh well...

DOOR CLANK:

UPP: How do you do, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Hiyah Uppy. Boy! Am I glad to see you!

WHAT YOU CARRYIN' THE BUCKET FOR, UPPY?

UPP: I was told to come down and bail you out.

FIB: Bail me out...AHEN. Well, that's pretty nice of you, Uppy. I think all you gotta do is tell the Lieutenant who I really am.

UPP: I shall do my best, Mr. McGee....and I shall do my best to improve conditions in this jail. It's disgusting.

FIB: I think so too, Uppy...I think every cell should have French windows...opening outwards.

UPP: EVERY CELL?

FIB: Yes...bar none. Well do what ye can for me will you Uppy?

UPP: Indeed I will, Mr. McGee.

FIB: Well, it won't be long now, Sil.

SIL: Yassuh...ah hope not. An' Mist McGee!

They's somebody else you knows in de next cell.

FIB: EH? Who?

SIL: Mist' Novis. ....

FIB: Well for the...HEY DON...CAN YE HEAR ME? IT'S FIBBER MCGEE.

DON: (OFF MIKE) Hello there, Fibber..  
 FIB: What are you in here for, Don?  
 DON: They got me on a kidnap charge..  
 FIB: KIDNAP!  
 DON: Yeah...my landlady said I sang so loud her kid  
 couldn't take his nap.  
 FIB: Well, I'm glad you're here...HEY LISTEN YOU  
 PRISONERS...IF YOU WANT DON TO SING SOMETHIN'  
 FOR YOU, RATTLE YOUR TIN CUPS ON THE BARS.....

SOUND: LOUD METAL RATTLING

FIB: Hm...music lovers -- must be a bunch of Richard  
 Crooks.. Go ahead, Don.

ORK: "ALL ASHORE"...NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

3rd SPOT:

FIB: That was Donald Novis, the prisoner at the dock,  
 singing "All Ashore" and great, too, Don.

DOOR CLANK

PEARY: All right, Mr. McGee...you can go now...some lady  
 arranged for your release.

FIB: Who, Mrs. Uppington?

PEARY: I wouldn't know...but was a society lady with a  
 sore nose.

FIB: Whaddye mean, a sore nose?

PEARY: That's how I figured it...she had to hold her  
 eyeglasses on a little stick.

FIB: Oh...well that was Mrs. Uppington all right...  
 Thanks O'Toole. SEE YOU LATER SIL...I gotta get  
 to that masquerade party before it's too late.

DOOR LATCH:

FIB: Boy...don't that fresh air smell good...it's  
 wonderful to be outa that place...LET FREEDOM RING!

LOUD BELL:

FIB: Thanks, Freedom...now if I can only get a taxi-cab  
 that will...

NICK: Well hello there Fizzer!

FIB: HIYAH NICK!

NICK: What is being the idea of wearing the fine feathers  
 of a jailbird? Are you kidnapping a forger or  
 being arrested for throwing a counter fit?

FIB: Neither one, Nick...I was slapped in the jug by mistake...but if you'll excuse me now, I gotta get to a masquerade and --

NICK: Oh but Fizzer...I was wanting to tell you about a book I was reading last nights...it was being all about a KING ARTHRITIS AND HIS SATURDAY NIGHTS OF THE ROUNDHOUSE....

FIB: You mean King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table,

NICK: Sure...It was a long, long time ago, in the days of the WPA....

FIB: They didn't have the WPA in them days...

NICK: You are labelling under a misappliedumping Fizzer. It was the age of shovelry...

FIB: And never mind tellin' me about it, Nick. I gotta....

NICK: WELL SIR, ONE OF THE SATURDAY NIGHTS WAS BEING KNOWN BY THE NAME OF SIR I-USED-TO-HAVE-A-WOMAN.

FIB: You mean SIR GAL A HAD?

NICK: Sure...He was a bright night -- He would give you the shirt off his back if he had a can opened...and then there is being another horseback rider in a tin knights-gown who is calling himself Sir Dance a Lot. I think he was a jitterbug.

FIB: Not DANCE A LOT...LANCELOT...AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT NICK ...QUEEN GUINEVERE AND....

NICK: Sure and this...Queen was a cute kiddo, too, I'm thinking. She is always making those knights kneel down and is hitting him on the collarbone with a sword and he is saying a swearword...

FIB: A swearw...oh you mean they took an OATH....

NICK: Sure...I guess even a good knight is having to sow some wild oaths, Fizzer. And all the knights...

FIB: I'm sorry Knick...but I gotta get goin'...I can't

NICK: WELL SIR, WHEN SIR GUNSLAT IS GETTING KILLED VERY SERIOUSLY IN A TURTLEMENT. THEY ARE NOT HAVING A VILLAGE BLACKSMITH TO UNDRRESS HIM SO THEY HAD TO MAKE THE BEST OF A BAD SITUATIPUSS....AND THE QUEEN IS BEING VERY SAD AND WHEN SHE IS SEEING HIM LAYING ON THE BOTTLEFIELD IN HIS CAST IRON DOUBLE BREASTED SUITS, SHE IS SAYING...AH, GOODNIGHT, MY FAREWELL ...No...it was FAREWELL, MY GOOD KNIGHT...I HOPE YOU WILL RUST IN PEACE. So that is how...WHERE ARE YOU GOING FIZZER?

FIB: There's a cop comin'...I don't wanna take a chance on gettin' picked up again...I'm gonna scram...so long Nick...

SOUND: RUNNING FEET

FIB: Oh oh...he's comin' after me...

RUNNING FEET FASTER

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) HEY...COME BACK HERE...HEY...

FIB: Oh no ye don't...I've had enough of that stuff...

RUNNING FEET UP

VOICE: Wait a minute...come back here...(FADE IN) HEY  
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

FIB: (PANTING) DONT SHOOT!!! I surrender officer...  
you got me...I give up...

VOICE: Oh don't be like that, come on...

FIB: Aw please bud...do I have to...shucks, they just  
let me go and I gotta get to a party -

VOICE: Listen. You're going with me, McGee.

FIB: (GROANS) Aw have a heart, officer. I'm on my  
way to a masquerade.

VOICE: Well so am I! How do you like my cop costume?

FIB: Cop costume, oh pshaw - Oh I get it A cop and  
convict. Ha ha ha -- let's go -- Oh, if we had  
the wings --

(APPLAUSE)

ORK: "LOVE I'D GIVE MY LIFE FOR YOU" - (FADE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

Fibber will be back in just a minute, in the meantime, I want to say this. If you have an enamel refrigerator in your kitchen or if you have a kitchen cabinet, a white enamel table, and painted or chromium chairs, you should waste no time in giving them all a beautiful protective polish with JOHNSON'S WAX. This genuine wax shields the surface from scratches and stains -- gives greater beauty to the things in your kitchen -- makes everything more sanitary and healthful. You can wipe dust and finger marks off the gleaming wax polish as easily as you can wipe them off a platter. JOHNSON'S WAX saves you money in the long run because it keeps the things in your home new and fresh looking so you won't have to replace them for years to come. Buy some JOHNSON'S WAX tomorrow and see how it makes your rooms glisten and gleam! When everything is wearing a shining JOHNSON'S WAX polish, your cleaning work will be very much easier and you can take pride in the fact that your home is to quote an old adage, "as neat as wax."

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

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TAG GAG

FIB: Folks -- that was some masquerade party -- lasted till five o'clock in the morning. Only reason I stayed, is I was curious to see how some o' them strapless gowns could stay up that late - ahem -- Good night - Folks!

ORK: (CLOSING SIGNATURE)

WIL: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat at Racine, Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight!

mc: 1/24/39: 4:45 PM

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