

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN AND
WINSOR ANDERSON #184

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ RED
8:30-9:00 P.M.
TIME

DECEMBER 20, 1938
DATE

TUESDAY
DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

MARKS

SECOND CORRECTION

Page 2

1 WIL: The Johnson Wax Products Program.
2 OK: THEME
3 WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Self-Polish Glocoat present
4 Fibber McGee and Company, with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald
5 Novis we hope, Billy Mills' Orchestra and our special guest
6 for tonight, Schlepperman. The show opens with "I HIT A
7 NEW HIGH!"
8 OK: "I HIT A NEW HIGH" FADE FOR
9 WIL: (1st Commercial)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

Page 3

You'll probably have many people coming and going through your home between now and the new year and it's important that your floors be clean and shining -- protected from wear. So without delay you should buy a can of JOHNSON'S SELF POLISHING GLO-COAT and let this remarkable no-rubbing polish make your floors shine like new! It takes only a few minutes of your time to apply GLO-COAT. Just spread the liquid lightly over the surface with a soft cloth or long-handled GLO-COAT Applier. Then go about your other affairs. Twenty minutes later your floor will be gleaming with a wonderful GLO-COAT polish. After the Christmas festivities are over, your cleaning work will be easy and your floors will have a bright start for the new year! GLO-COAT keeps kitchen linoleum spick and span -- protects the surface of varnished and painted wood floors from scuffing feet -- makes your home more sanitary and more attractive. Ask your dealer for JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT -- the no-rubbing, liquid polish that never streaks or smears. G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Don't accept a substitute!

OPK (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SECUE

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

Page 4

WIL:

WE'RE SORRY IF IT COMES AS A SHOCK TO YOU, FOLKS, BUT TONITE FIBBER IS NOT DOING HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING! IT'S ALL DONE. HOWEVER, HE'S SO AFRAID NOBODY WILL GIVE HIM THE THING HE REALLY WANTS, THAT HE'S BUYING IT FOR HIMSELF. AND HERE SQUIRMING AND ELBOWING HIS WAY THRU THE MOB OF BELATED BUYERS AT THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE, WE FIND

FIBBER (The-Crowd-Rears) "McGEE!"

8 APPLAUSE. THEME

9 CROWD MURMUR

10 FIB: Boy what a jam! I wonder where the ... HEY FLOORWALKER.

11 FLOORWALK: YES SIR?

12 FIB: Where do I find the stationery?

13 FLOOR: The stationery what?

14 FIB: The statio---listen bud...that wasn't a very good joke.

15 FLOOR: I know it sir...but at this time of year we employees must

16 take our fun where we find it.

17 FIB: Yes, I suppose so. I'll bet if all the Christmas shoppers

18 that ask you foolish questions were laid end to end you

19 could have a lotta fun with a steam roller.

20 FLOOR: Yes, or a lawn mower, if they all had beards. What was it

21 you wished to buy sir?

22 FIB: A pencil. A automatic pencil.

23 FLOOR: Yes sir...we have two kinds of automatic pencils sir. The

24 kind that you lose the eraser out of the 1st day and the kind

25 that runs out of lead while you are making notes during an

important conference.

1 WOMAN: Excuse me, Floorwalker. Whom do I speak to about a card
2 table I bought from a salesman that has wobbly legs?

3 FLOOR: The old-age pension clerk... fourth floor... NOW THEN SIR,
4 about the pencil... you'll find them second aisle over.

5 FIB: Thanks, bud... and Merry Christmas.

6 FLOOR: The formal answer to that sir is "the same to you", but
7 my heart isn't in it. Good day sir.

CROWD UP

8 FIB: Hey sis... do you carry pencils at this counter?

9 GIRL: How do you think we make out our orders... by sky writing?

10 FIB: You ought to, from what I've seen of your prices. Now
11 look, sis I ain't a Christmas shopper. My shoppin' is all
12 took care of. I want a good automatic pencil for myself.

13 GIRL: Why don't you wait? Maybe somebody will give you one
14 for Christmas?

15 FIB: Forget Christmas for a while... let's pretend this is the
16 middle of August.

17 GIRL: All right... let's go swimming when I get thru work.

18 FIB: No no no... I mean forget the Christmas stuff... just sell me
19 a plain automatic pencil... nothin' fancy. Cath onto it?

20 GIRL: Why certainly sir... here's a beautiful pencil... with six
21 different colored leads. It comes in a beautiful gift
22 box and -

FIB: I DON'T WANT A GIFT BOX AND I DON'T WANT A PENCIL WITH
COLORED LEADS. All I want is a good, plain automatic
encl that makes black marks on white paper. That's
simple enough ain't it?

GIRL: Oh certainly... who is it for? Your little boy?

FIB: Dad rat it, I tell ye it's for me. This has nothing to
do with Christmas.

GIRL: Then why did you want it in a gift box?

FIB: Simply because I... I DON'T WANT IT IN A GIFT BOX.
... I GOT MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING ALL DONE. SEE? I'M
THROUGH IT'S FINISHED... WASHED UP. UNDERSTAND?

GIRL: I think I do sir. It's not for a Christmas gift.

FIB: Well, I finally got THAT settled.

GIRL: But then, it's just as good for a birthday gift.

FIB: DAD RAT IT, IT AINT A GIFT. IT'S FOR ME. I'm buyin' it
Because I need it.

GIRL: I see. Look, do you think he'd like this one... in gold
and onyx?

FIB: Do I think who'd like it?

GIRL: Whoever you're giving it to.

FIB: I SAIT I AINT... oh shucks... listen sis... now concentrate...
HOW MUCH IS THAT PLAIN BLACK PENCIL IN THE CASE THERE?

GIRL: Special for Christmas, one dollar. Ordinarily, 75¢.

FIB: Okay, wrap it up.

GIRL: As a gift?

1. FIB: Yes, as a gift...NO DAD RAT IT...I...Oh what's the use...
 2. yes...wrap it as a gift. And put a card in it...that
 3. says "TO FIBBER MCGEE, FROM FIBBER MCGEE...WITH DIFFICULTY."
 4. and send it to me at 79 Wistful Vista. Now then, ya got
 5. that straight?

6. GIRL: Yes sir, and I can promise you sir, it will reach you in
 7. time for Christmas.

8. FIB: Ohhhhh!---

CROWD UP AND FADE

9. FIB: Shucks, I shoulda knew better'n to buy some trivial item
 10. till after the Holidays. Them clerks are so full o'
 11. Christmas they look for antlers on dray horses. Now let's
 12. see...which way is the --

13. MAN: Excuse me sir, can you tell me where the children's toys are?

14. FIB: Well it depends, bud. If ye come home late from a movie,
 15. they're usually in the middle of the floor where you can
 16. stumble over 'em. On the other hand -

17. MAN: Oh a wise guy... (FADE OUT) Here I ask a civil question and

1. FIB: Askin me where the children's toys are and we were standing
 2. right in the middle of the department. Of all the dumb -

3. SCHLEP: (FADE IN SINGING) Oh there's something about a soldier... there's
 4. something about a soldier, he walks along with a 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

5. FIB: SCHLEPPERMAN!

6. SCHLEP: Hello STRANGER!

APPLAUSE:

7. FIB: What you doin' here in the Bon Ton, Schlep?

8. SCHLEP: I'm a special salesman Fibby. Catering to the swanky trade. I
 9. am just transferred from the men's fashions.

10. FIB: Mens fashions eh? Say there's somethin' been meanin' to find
 11. out. Suppose I wear a brown suit, brown tie, brown hat and brown
 12. shoes. How about socks?

13. SCHLEP: Put on a pair. It's considered smart.

14. FIB: I dunno why they ever had you in the fashion department. You
 15. don't exactly look like you'd been tore out of Esquire.

16. SCHLEP: It was my collegiate background, Fibby. I was a cheer leader
 17. for my alma mater.

18. FIB: You'd be a natural for that. Whenever I see you I feel like
 19. yelling myself. What was one of your cheers?

20. SCHLEP: You'd like to audition one? Listen: RAH RAH RAH, SIX BOON BAR,
 21. SCHLEPPERMAN IS FINE AND SO IS HIS PA. WHOSE STORE IS OPEN FROM
 22. EIGHT TO SEVEN, SUITS 22 DOLLARS AND UP, OR DOWN. WITH TWO
 23. PAIRS PANTS, YOU GO TO TOWN SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, WITH BELTS
 24. IN THE BACKS WALK UP A FLIGHT, TAKE A LOOK AT OUR SLACKS. CLOSED
 25. ON SUNDAYS, EXCEPT FEBRUARY WHICH HAS TWENTY EIGHT. YEAHA TEAM!
 How do you like it Fibby?

FIB: I'll bet the class voted you the man most likely to succeed in flunking.

SCHLEP: Oh not me Fibby. I don't do my own flunking in college. I had flunkies for that.

FIB: Flunkies, eh? You must have quite a background. Has your family a coat of arms?

SCHLEP: With things as they are, we're lucky to have a pair of pants.

FIB: Oh yeah? What's the matter with the country?

SCHLEP: Oh it's wonderful...I go there every summer. But this isn't paying attention to business. Would you like something today in a cheap high class bargain?

FIB: Nope. I got my Christmas Shoppin' all done, Schlep.

SCHLEP: I don't agree with you.

FIB: Whatcha mean you don't agree with me. I guess I know when I got my shoppin' done I guess.

SCHLEP: Fibby, I hate to disillusion you, but when you meet a special salesman like yours truly, you're not finished shopping.

FIB: Oh yes I am. I ain't buyin' another thing. I'm thru.

SCHLEP: Excuse me a minute, please.

SOUND: HISSESSSS

FIB: What's that?

SCHLEP: My safety valve. I'm a high pressure salesman.

FIB: Well, you can't high pressure me. I ain't buyin'. My shoppin' is all done.

SCHLEP: Except maybe this tricycle for your little nephew. What a bargain this is!

1. FIB: I don't care if you're givin' 'em away as prizes to everybody
2. who can guess correctly the number of feet on a horse. I DON'T
3. WANT A TRICYCLE.

4. SCHLEP: My my my...up on the housetops, click-click-click, and he
5. wouldn't give his little nephew a tricycle! Who are you - a
6. Scrooge?

7. FIB: No, I AIN'T A SCROOGE. But I got my Christmas shoppin' all done
8. I tell you.

9. SCHLEP: A fine Uncle for a little nephew you are Fibby. For him a
10. tricycle would be just the thing! You ask me why? Because they
11. are stirlined. Strirlining is from a teardrop. Whose teardrops?
12. Your nephew's. Why? Because you are surprising him with this
13. beautiful tricycle? Shall I wrap it up?

14. FIB: Aw now listen Schlep, I don't --

15. SCHLEP: Look at this tricycle -- real leather in this saddle. Just like
16. the Lone Strangher. And only three wheels... a coaster wagon has
17. four - you save one wheel. It's a bargain, Fibby.

18. FIB: Yes, but, shucks -

19. SCHLEP: Listen! To the bell.

20. SMALL BELL (BICYCLE TYPE)

21. SCHLEP: It's so musical, I hate to let it go at 14.50. A tricycle with
22. such a bell shouldn't go for less than 17.50. It's a sacrifice.
23. With a capital G.

24. FIB: But I tell ye I DON'T ...

25. SCHLEP: All right...12.50 and remember, Fibby, you talked me out of 14.
What a chisleh!

FIB: Well, maybe that IS a good price but shucks, I don't --

SCHLEP: A small additional charge for delivery, but I can arrange you don't have to pay it.

FIB: Oh, that's swell.

SCHLEP: You can carry it home. My my my...what a proud nephew you'll have. Here...carry it like this...over the shoulder...

FIB: Okay. Thanks.

SCHLEP: Don't mention it. Do you want to pay cash or retard prosperity? Take my advice and pay cash...paying cash doesn't fluctuate.

FIB: Okay...here ye are...well, so long Schlep. I gotta grab a street car and get home...MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SCHLEP: And a fancy new year, Fibby...and may you have so many blessings as the stars in the sky, with a small discount for comets. Oh there's something about a salesman, there's something about a salesman...No that's a soldier. Oh well, we both get a commission.

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "MUTINY IN THE NURSERY." ...FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE:

End SPOT:

TRAFFIC NOISES UP AND FADE

FIB: Folks, that was MUTINY IN THE NURSERY, played by Captain Bligh Mills and sung by the Four Fletcher Christian Notes. And now that law and order has been restored - HEY OFFICER... IS THIS WHERE I CATCH A 14TH STREET CAR?

GOP: Sure and it is, me bucko. Do ye think you can get on a street car with that tricycle?

FIB: Oh I think so...you'll admit it's easier'n gettin' on a tricycle with a street car. Oh oh...here she comes.

SOUND: STREET CAR FADE IN AND UP... OUT WITH DOOR LATCH AND AIR BRAKE

HAL: 14th Street Car...ALL ABOARD...easy with that tricycle mister. We're pretty crowded...MOVE BACK IN THE CAR PLEASE.

MURMUR OF VOICES

FIB: Excuse me, folks...lemme thru there will ye bud. thanks. Oooops...sorry sis...

WOMAN: Who do you think you are...gettin' on a crowded street car with a tricycle!

FIB: Keep your shir...er...don't get excited sis. I'm just takin' this tricycle out to a midget for the three-day bike races. OKAY conductor! I'm on!

SOUND: DING DING...CAR UP AND FADE FOR

FIB: Say this is kinda crowded ain't it. Anybody got a gallon of olive oil we can pour over us?

MAN: What for?

FIB: Well, we might as well SMELL like sardines, too.

MILLS: Say, conductor. will you give me a transfer?

HAL: Certainly sir...wait till I punch it.

SOUND: PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH

1. FIB: There ain't gonna be much left of that transfer when you
2. get thru punchin' it, Bud.
3. HAL: I know...but I'm going to a New Year's party and I need the
4. confetti. (LAUGHS) Here you are, Sir
5. MILLS: Thanks.
6. FIB: Incidentally, Billy...how did YOU get on this street car?
7. MILLS: Well, we saw a sign that said RAPID TRANSIT, and we thought
8. it it said rapid transition. So we ALL got on.
9. FIB: The whole band, too?
10. MILLS: All but my tuba player. He had to ride on the roof.
11. FIB: Where's Harpo?
12. MILLS: Up ahead someplace. See? Up past the fellow carrying the
13. Christmas tree?
14. FIB: Is he the one with the green fedora standing under the
15. words No Rubbing - No Buffing on that Johnson's Glocoat
car card?
16. MILLS: I think so.
17. FIB: I'll find out. HEY HARPO...
18. WIL: (OFF MIKE)
19. FIB: IS THAT YOU UP THERE UNDER THE GLOCOAT CAR CARD?
20. WIL: The won that says JOHNSONS SELF POLISHING GLOCOAT IS THE
21. EASIEST-TO-USE PREPARATION FOR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM BECAUSE
22. IT SHINES AS IT DRIES AND GIVES A BEAUTIFUL POLISH WITH NO
23. RUBBING OR BUFFING? Yes, this is me.
24. FIB: That's him, Billy. Is Don Novis aboard?
25.

MILLS: Yes, he is.

FIB: I thought so. He always rides free.

MILLS: Why?

FIB: Well, no conductor can ever change a tenor. Say whaddaye think o' the tricycle I got for my little nephew? It's a dilly, ain't it?

MILLS: The rubber tires taste very good.

FIB: Oh, excuse me...CAN YOU FOLKS GIVE US A LITTLE MORE ROOM HERE? Thanks...pretty crowded isn't it, Conductor?

HAL: Yes...(LAUGHS) There's even some MEN standing up. ALL RIGHT FOLKS...23rd street, I believe...23rd street. Anybody want to take a chance on this being 23rd street?

FIB: Don't you KNOW the streets, bud?

HAL: Too many people...I can't see out the window...but I can guess pretty accurately...

FIB: You can? Where are we now?

HAL: Just passing the brewery...NO, WE'RE NOT EITHER...stop breathing down my neck will you, brother?

BILL: I'M SORRY.

FIB: I hope it ain't this crowded up where the motorman is...or we'll wind up spendin' Christmas in Peoria.

HAL: There's no danger of that sir...I can always tell when this car is going over a dirt road.. LADY, DID I GET YOUR FARE?

LADY: I gave it to this gentleman to give to you.

MAN #1: Yes, and I passed it to this guy.

1. MAN #2: - and I gave it to that guy.

2. MAN #3: You did not.

3. MAN #2: I DID TOO!

4. MAN #3: I SAYS YOU DIDN'T...WANNA MAKE SOM'N OUT OF IT?

5. FIB: He's already made seven cents out of it.

6. MAN #2: You keep out of this, shorty. ALL RIGHT, WHERE'S THAT LADY'S MONEY...YOU?

7. MAN #3: Go wan...YOU DIDN'T GIVE IT TO ME, SEE? AND ONE MORE CRACK

8. OUTTA YOU AND --

9. MURMUR OF VOICES UP

10. FIB: HEY CUT THAT OUT...QUIT IT!! Ain't you guys got any Christmas Spirit? Don't you know the Holidays is a time for good will to everybody?

11. MAN #2: Say...that's right...sorry, mister.

12. MAN #3: Aw that's okay, doc...I...I...I guess I forgot it was the Holidays...

13. MAN #2: Me too. Say, where can I meet you January 2nd? I still wanna knock your block off.

14. MAN #3: OH YEAH? SAY LISTEN YOU --

15. STREET CAR UP AND DOWN...WITH CLANGS.

16. HAL: 3rd Avenue, I guess...all out for third avenue, I think.

17. CROWD UP AND DOWN...DOOR SLAM...CAR UP AND FADE

18. FIB: They shouldn't oughtta allow so many people on a street car at one time. I can hardly breathe. I'm all choked up.

19.

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

HAL: No wonder...two people got hold of the ends of your muffler. THE STRAPS ARE OVERHEAD, FOLKS.

LADY: Oh, excuse me.

FIB: Yes, AND SOMEBODY'S STANDIN' ON MY LEFT FOOT...WHO IS IT?

MURMURS OF "I DON'T THINK IT'S ME," ETC.

HAL: Will the person who thinks he might have his foot on Mr. McGee's foot, please stamp twice?

PAUSE:

FIB: Well, maybe it's me. SAY IT IS ME! Sorry folks...I had my right foot standing on my left one. Hey sis...is the handlebars of this tricycle botherin' you?

LADY: No, but I wish those two gentlemen back of me would stop playing roulette with the front wheel.

FIB: CUT THAT OUT, YOU FELLAS. Ain't it enough of a gamble just to ride on this dad ratted street car? HEY CONDUCTOR...WE ANYWHERE NEAR 14th STREET?

HAL: How many times has the trolley come off?

FIB: Three times.

HAL: Well, then, we have quite a ways to go yet. (LAUGH) Trolley usually comes off six times before 14th street.

FIB: Well, I gotta get off at 14th street.

HAL: Let me see now...14th street...14th street...oh yes...that's that government slum clearance project isn't it?

FIB: NO IT AIN'T...14th street is a nice residential district. I live there.

10 HAL: ONE of those statements must be wrong. Excuse me...
21 9th STREET. 9th STREET...ANYBODY WANT OFF AT 9th STREET?
3. (PAUSE) Darn it, nobody wants off at 9th Street.

4. FIB: Why'd you want 'em to, Bud?

5. HAL: Well, there's a big puddle of water in the gutter at 9th street and I got a bet with the motorman he can't stop exactly in front of it every time.

8. FIB: You oughtta get a job in Venice - conductor on a *ndola*.

9. Hey whaddye think o' the tricycle I got for my little nephew.

11. HAL: Very nice -- but ...

12. OLD MAN: (GIGGLES) Hello there, Johnny! (GIGGLES)

13. FIB: Oh hello there Old Timer...what's so amusing?

14. OLD MAN: (GIGGLES) EHHH?

15. FIB: I says WHAT'S SO AMUSING?

OLD MAN: (GIGGLING) You busted my fountain pen with one o' them handlebars, Johnny. And the ink is runnin' down and ticklin' my stummick. (GIGGLES)

FIB: It is eh? (LAUGHS) Well, if it was warm enough to go without a shirt, you could pass as Little Boy Blue. Of course, if its black ink, that joke's no good. (LAUGHS) (DEFLATE) I guess it's no good even if it's blue. (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 that other feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says "I SEE WHERE A CABINET OFFICER BAWLED OUT A COUPLE OF OUR PROMINENT CITIZENS FOR ACCEPTIN' MEDALS FROM THEM FOREIGN DICTATORS." "WELL", SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "HE'S RIGHT. WE DON'T WANT 'EM TO PIN ANYTHING ON US!" HEH HEH HEH. Gotta watch out for them fellers Johnny. What looks like a decoration might turn out to be a double-cross. Lemme off conductor... this is as far as I go this week.

CAR UP AND OUT... DOOR LATCH... DING DING... CAR UP AND FADE.

FIB: Why that old crutch-bender. What does he know about diplomacy. I'll bet he thinks a Prime Minister is a parson with a pump. If he only... OH HELLO SIL... I didn't know you were on this street car.

SIL: Hiyah, Mist' McGee... wheah you git the lil ole tricycle?

FIB: Bought it for my little nephew, Sil. Cute ain't it?

SIL: Yassuh it sho is. He gonna be real happy wif dat.

Ah jus' been doon mah shopping, too

FIB: Good for you. Hope you didn't spend too much money.

SIL: Nossuh... thanks to you.

FIB: Oh, I've taught you economy eh?

SIL: Nossuh. You taught me never to expect mah wages till ah gits 'em

FIB: Oh AHEM... Well... er... what'd you get Rosebud, Sil?

SIL: You mean mah Gal, Rosebud? Oh I gotta lotta stuff fo' her, please suh. Fo' one thing ah got her a big bottle, o' Ten Nights in a Floweh Shop toilet watah, and

HAL: 14th STREET, I BELIEVE... 14th STREET... 14th STREET

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN....

FIB: Oh oh... see you later Sil... LEMME OFF HERE CONDUCTOR.

CAR STOP... DOOR LATCH... MURMUR OF VOICES

FIB: Lemme thru there will ye folks?... LEMME OUT... HEY ONE

20. SIDE THERE... I GET OFF HERE... Hey sis... outa the way, will you? CAN I GET THRU THERE PLEASE? HEY, DON'T CLOSE THAT DOOR YET!

CAR: DING-DING UP AND FADE

24. FIB: Dad rat it, conductor... I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO GET OUT BACK THERE....

HAL: Sorry Mr. McGee, can't stop too long...we must keep on schedule you know.

FIB: I know...you're like the gal in the Folies Bergere who mislaid her mascara and couldn't renew her frencheyes. (LAUGHS) AHEM. What else did you get Rosebud, Sil?

SIL: Oh jus' little stuff suh exceptin' a new dress. But ah ain' gonna give her that till after New Years.

FIB: Afraid she'll go to a party and spill something on it?

SIL: Nossuh. But iffen she gits it fo' Christmas, it only gonna be a week befo' she kin staht complain'in' about it bein' a las' yeah' dress.

FIB: Pretty smooth psychology, Sil.

SIL: Nossuh. It's silk.

14 MURMUR OF EXCITED VOICES OFF MIKE

15 FIB: What's the matter up there? Oh I see...a man gave a lady his seat and she fainted.

17 SIL: Yassuh...and LOOK...now he fainted, too.

18 FIB: Yes...she thanked him. Say this tricycle is gettin' a little heavy...WOULD YOU FOLKS MIND MOVIN' JUST A LITTLE BIT PLEASE...SO I CAN SET THIS TRICYCLE DOWN.

21 MAN: What is this - a street car or a garage?

22 FIB: Listen, bud, if you had a little nephew who wanted a tricycle like this and -

24 UPP: WOOWOO...PLEASE, Mr. McGee...watch out where you put those handle bars!

FIB: Oh excuse me, Mrs. Uppington...I didn't see you there. I didn't know you ever rode the street cars, Uppy.

3 UPP: Well, reahhly, I rarely do.

4 FIB: Oh reahhly rahely, eh?

5 UPP: Yes but I consider it quite amusing at times...one meets such QUAIN'T characters, you know, doesn't one? Tell me, how much should one tip the portah on a street cah?

7 FIB: Tip the porter?

9 UPP: Yes...some man took my hat and handbag a little while ago, and took them away in a papah bag. He said he hoped I'd have a nice trip. He was veddy courteous.

12 FIB: Listen Uppy...there ain't any porters on a street car. YOU BEEN GYPED OUT OF A HAT AND A PURSE YOU REALIZE, THAT?

15 UPP: Reahhly! (LAUGHS) Isn't that amusing?

16 FIB: Was there much money in the handbag?

17 UPP: Oh no. Mr. McGee...just a few dollars and a Christmas Check from my brothah for a hundred dollahs.

18 FIB: A HUNDRED DOLLERS. Look, do you realize that all he's gotta do is forge your name on the back and get the money?

21 UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh don't be upset, Mr. McGee. he couldn't, you know. He wouldn't know what name to forge, reahhly.

23 FIB: Why not? It's made out to you ain't it?

24 UPP: Of course not, Silly Boy! It was made out to CASH.

25 FIB: Ohhhhhh...

UPP: So you see, there's reahly nothing to be upset about.
OH, CONDUCTAH! CONDUCTAH!

HAL: Yes ma'am?

UPP: Tell me, Conductah... is that Kramahs Drug Store going
pahst out theah?

HAL: Yes ma'am.

UPP: Splendid.... This is wheah I came in. Lovely trip....
Good day, Mr. McGee.... Good day, Conductah.

CAR STOP. DOOR LATCH. DING DING. UP AND FADE

FIB: Don't forget to tell me when we get to 14th street again,
bud.

HAL: I won't Mr. McGee. By the way - did I get your fare, sir?

FIB: MINE?

HAL: No, the heavy set gentleman behind you.

1. FIB: I'd like to see, but I ain't got room to turn around.

2. BOOM: I think the nickel nudget refers to me, my boy.

3. FIB: Oh I know that voice... HORATIO K. BOOMER. How are ye,
4. Boomer.

5. BOOMER: Very well, thank you, Spark Plug.

6. HAL: Well, I still didn't get your fare, Mister.

7. BOOM: Oh yes. The fare... forgetful of me... the fare... I think
8. I have a transfer here somewhere... let me see... transfer
9. transfer...

10. FIB: HEY THAT'S MY POCKET!

11. BOOM: Oh yes... so it is, so it is... natural mistake... used to
12. have a suit just like that myself... but I tore the seat
13. of the pants one night jumping out of a patrol wa... er,
14. out of a friend's limousine. Let me see now... where did
15. I put that transfer...

16. FIB: You probably got absent minded again and picked your own
17. pocket.

18.

19.

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

BOOM: If I had, I'd of caught me and made me put it back.
 Let me see, where did I put that transfer...transfer,
 transfer...here's a small coil of rope...lends an
 informal touch in checking out of hotels...Christmas
 Card I'm sending to the Quintuplets mother...what's
 that address again? Oh y-s...General Delivery...
 Half a dollar with two heads...I collect coins you know...
 this is what I collect with them...Roll of adhesive tape...
 reminds me of a gag about a nightwatchman...ladies platinum
 wrist watch...ahh the dear girl!..and to think I shall
 never meet her again - if I have any luck. Let's see
 now...gold toothpick...stethoscope for listening to vault
 combinations...heard one last night with a leaky
 ventricle. Interesting case...needed a complete change
 and rest...I left the change and completely took the
 rest...WELL WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT...NO TRANSFER!
 OH WELL...MUST BE GETTING OFF HERE ANYWAY...I'M TAKING
 POT LUCK TONIGHT WITH A SMALL GROUP OF POKER PLAYERS.
 Good day, MEATBALL!

FIB: So long, Jailbait.

SOUND: CAR STOP DOOR OPEN AND SHUT...CAR UP AND FADE...

HAL: 14th street is coming up, Mr. McGee...

FIB: Oh thanks, bud...I hope, I can get out the door this time.
 YOU FOLKS MIND MOVIN' A LITTLE SO I CAN GET THIS TRICYCLE
 OUT...

MURMUR OF VOICES...

FIB: Come on, bud...GET UP OFF THAT TRICYCLE SADDLE. Who do
 you think you are - Tom Mix on wheels?

DON: Oh, I'm sorry Fibber...you talking to me? This your
 tricycle?

FIB: Hello Don...yes, I bought that for my little nephew.
 Say I understand you had a bad cold last week...how's
 it now?

DON: Much better thanks.

FIB: Glad to hear it. Next time you have a cold, try drinkin'
 3 glasses of vinegar and warm milk with a tablespoonful
 of tapioca just before goin' to bed.

DON: What does that do?

FIB: That's what I'm tryin' to find out. It's a remedy I
 invented myself, and I'm so scared to take it, I never
 catch cold. Kind of a preventative, you might say.

DON: Well, be careful...I've noticed quite a draft blowing
 thru some of your wise cracks.

MILLS: Yes but that's hot air. He won't catch cold from that.

FIB: Oh hello, Billy...say I think Don's got time to sing a
 number before we get to 14th Street. Whatcha got ready?

MILLS: How about Deep in a Dream, Don?

DON: All right. Let's go.

MILLS: LADY...WILL YOU MOVE A LITTLE TO ONE SIDE SO MY TROMBONE
 PLAYER CAN GO TO WORK?

LADY: I'm sorry. I can't move an inch.

FIB: Well how about bendin' your 'elbow a little?

LADY: No thank you...I'm on the wagon...

FIB: That ain't what I mea...AHM. WELL GO AHEAD, BILLY,
FOLKS, DON NOVIS SINGIN' "DEEP IN A DREAM". In 3-snore
time.

ORK: "DEEP IN A DREAM" - NOVIS.

APPLAUSE:

1. FIB: That was beautiful, Don. You oughtta sing on the
2. street car oftner...you certainly pack 'em in.

3. WIL: Say Fibber.

4. FIB: Whatcha want, Harpo? I thought you was still up front
5. studyin' that Johnson's Glocoat Car Card.

6. WIL: I was. I was trying to work out something neat about
7. this surface line and Johnson's having the best line
8. of surface protection but I dunno. I didn't get anywhere.

9. FIB: No, I wouldn't bother with it.

10. WIL: That's what I thought. So I wormed my way back here
11. to speak to you.

12. FIB: Well, it's a long worm that can't turn into a commercial.

13. WIL: Forget the commercial. I wanted to ask you if you'd come
14. over to our house tonight and play Santa Claus for my
15. kid brother. I've got the uniform and everything.

16. FIB: Why don't you do it?

17. WIL: He's laying for me...because I gave him an air rifle
18. instead of a 22 last year. He's got skyrockets aimed
19. up the chimney and everything.

20. FIB: Oh he has...well what makes ye think I'm more fireproof
21. than you? (LAUGHS) Not that I couldn't do it. I used
22. to be a professional santa claus. And all the kids'd
23. raise Cain if I didn't bring 'em some candy. CANDY
24. CAIN MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

25

FIB: (CONT'D) CANDY CANE MCGEE, THE CLEVER CONSIDERATE COLD-WEATHER CONJUROR, CONSTANTLY CALLIN ON CONVENIENT COMMUNITIES WITH CARLOADS OF CLEVER CONTRIVANCES FOR CUDDLY KIDS, CRAWLIN' THRU CASEMENTS WITH CASES O' CAKES, COOKIES AND CANDIES, CAUTIOUSLY CREEPIN' ACROSS CARPETS WITH CORNUCOPIAS CRAMMED WITH CREAM CARAMELS, CRISP COCCANUT AND KINDRED CONFECTIONS, CAPABLY COMFORTIN' JRMIN KNEWPIES WITH CAREFUL KINDNESS AND COLLECTIONS O' COTTON CATS FOR CUNNING CUBSES IN COVERED CRIBS, CRACKIN' THE KINGS OMTA CUSSED KILLJOYS CRABBIN' ABOUT CHRISTMAS AND CONSIDERED BY CROSS-COUNTRY CONSCENSUS THE KING KONG OF KRIS KRINGLEES FROM THE COLD CRASS OF COLORADO TO THE CRESTED COMBERS OF THE CARRIBEAN.

APPLAUSE:

HAL: 14th STREET, I BELIEVE 14th STREET, NO DOUBT... Mr. McGee here comes 14th Street again.

FIB: Thanks, bud... ALL RIGHT FOLKS... NOW PLEASE LET ME GET OUT THIS TIME... One side there sis... please.

CAR UP AND OUT WITH DOOR LATCH

FIB: Lemme out please folks... DONT CRAB THE TRICYCLE LITTLE BOY. That's a good boy... EXCUSE ME BUD... CAN I GET THRU HERT?

MURMUR OF VOICES... OUT WITH DOOR SLAM... CAR UP AND OUT

1. FIB: Phew! I'm certainly glad to get out that street car. I
2. ain't been squeezed so hard since I made out my income
3. tax. Now I'll take this tricycle home and --
4. NICK: WELL HELLO THERE FIZZER... A MERRY NEW YEARS AND A DELIGHTFUL
5. YULETIDES TO YOU AND THE SAME TO ~~ME~~, THANK YOU.
6. FIB: How are ye, Nick... Walk along with me to the House... I'm
7. glad to et the fresh air after ridin' ~~in~~ that street car.
8. NICK: Sure... riding a ~~crowded~~ streets cars is not my ideas of
9. a thing to do if I can avoid you. But why are you taking
10. a streets cars when you are having a cutes little
11. velocipus you can ride yourself away with?
12. FIB: Oh this velocipede is for my little nephew, Mick. Got the
13. shopping done for all your kids?
14. NICK: Oh sure... Saturday nights I am dressing up in a Krouse
15. Krumble red unions suits and I am coming down the
16. smokestacks like a stork bringin a new babies only I
17. hope not. My little Demetrios is hardly waiting till
18. Santy Puss is starting to drive his team of buffalos thru
19. the snow drifts.
20. FIB: NOT BUFFALOS... REINDEER.
21. NICK: Thank you, sweetheart. ANYWAY, I THINK I AM MAKING MYSELF
22. A VERY FOOLISH-PROOF SANTY KRINGLE WHICH IS ONLY ME
23. TRAVELING IN GOGNIGHTGOWN. MY RED SUITS IS FITTING ME
24. LIKE THE WALLPAPER ON MY BACK.
25. FIB: In short, you think you'll do all right.

NICK: No, Fizzer...in shorts, I would freeze my knees off, I'm thinking. So, you are giving your little nephlittle a velocipuss.

FIB: Not nephlittle...NEPHEW.

NICK: Well, a little is a few. How old is this kids being, Fizzer?

FIB: Oh he's just a little tad. He's only...only...(PAUSE) Well I'll be a... well fer the...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME ANYWAY!

NICK: It is taking me too long to go into that now, Fizzer. What do you think?

FIB: YOU KNOW WHAT I DONE, NICK? I LET A HIGH PRESSURE SALESMAN NAMED SCHLEPPERMAN SELL ME THIS TRICYCLE FOR MY LITTLE NEPHEW!

NICK: Sure...I think that is a very appropriate Christmas presence.

FIB: BUT YOU DON'T understand...I AIN'T EVEN GOT A NEPHEW!

NICK: Well for scrim's sake! How do I like that?

ORCH: "IMAGINE MY SURPRISE" Fade for -

1. CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

2. Fibber will be back in just a minute, but now, I think you'll be

3. interested to know that more than a million new housewives have started

4. using Johnson's Self-polishing Glo-Coat during the past two years.

5. Hundreds of these new users have written us to tell how easy they find

6. it is to apply GLO-COAT, and how this amazing liquid polish never gets

7. gummy -- never streaks on the floor, as cheap, inferior polishes do.

8. GLO-COAT gives linoleum and other floors a shield of bright protection,

9. closing the cracks and pores against dirt and germs. When your kitchen

10. linoleum is wearing a beautiful GLO-COAT polish, it will be as easy to

11. clean as a china plate. You owe it to yourself to learn this modern,

12. labor-saving way of caring for all your floors. GLO-COAT assures you

13. less work and more play -- and it earns you the reputation of being a

14. wonderful housekeeper! Buy a can of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow.

15. Insist on the real thing -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. And,

16. remember, whenever you buy a polish for your floors, your furniture,

17. your linoleum or your car, you can have special confidence in all the

18. JOHNSON WAX products.

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

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

1. TAG GAG:

2. FIB: FOLKS, IN ADDITION TO THANKING MR. SAM HEARN - SCHLEPPERMAN,
3. FOR BEING OUR GUEST TONIGHT, WE WANT TO EXTEND OUR SINCERE
4. WISHES FOR A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TO ALL OF YOU. YOU'VE
5. GIVEN US THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT YOU POSSIBLY COULD BY
6. MAKIN' THIS THE BIGGEST YEAR THAT JOHNSON'S WAX EVER HAD,
7. AND WE HOPE YOUR NEW YEAR WILL BE AS BRIGHT AS THE FLOORS
8. AND FURNITURE YOU USED THAT WAX ON. I GUESS THAT'S ALL.
9. EXCEPT THAT MOLLY, THOUGH SHE CAN'T BE WITH US ON THE
10. PROGRAM YET IS STILL WITH US IN SPIRIT AND WANTS ME TO
11. WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR HERE...SO HERE IT IS...

12. MERRY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS!

13. ORK: UP TO FINALE

14. CREDITS AND SIGNOFF:

15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20. bh, js; ga; ah; mc; 12:20:38

21. 11:00 AM
22.
23.
24.
25.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
ADVERTISER FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
PROGRAM TITLE WMAQ - RED
CHICAGO OUTLET
(8:30-9:00 PM)
TIME

DECEMBER 27, 1938
DATE

DON QUINN
WRITER
WINS ANDERSON
OK

TUESDAY

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ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS