

NBC

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

ADVERTISER FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY

WRITER WINS ANDERSON

PROGRAM TITLE WMAQ - RED

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET
(8:30-9:00 PM)

DECEMBER 27, 1938

TUESDAY

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2.

1. WIL: The Johnson Wax Products program!
2. OK: THEME
3. WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self
4. Polishing Glocoat present FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY,
5. with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis, The Four
6. Notes and Billy Mills Orchestra. The show opens with
7. "FINE AND DANDY!"
8. OK: "FINE AND DANDY!" -- Fade for --
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- 25.

OPENING COMMERCIALS

1. Here is a practical New Year's resolution which you housewives should
2. make for yourselves. Resolved: 'I will not be a slave to floor
3. scrubbing during 1959. I will keep all my linoleum and floors
4. beautifully clean, the modern, easy way with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
5. GLO-COAT. Then my rooms will have a brighter, fresher appearance
6. and I will have more time to rest, and read and to go out with my
7. friends.' When your floors are protected with a shining GLO-COAT
8. polish, dirt and grit cannot stick to them. A dry dusting keeps
9. them clean and sanitary. Stains from sticky food can be quickly
10. wiped away with a damp cloth. GLO-COAT is so easy to apply a child
11. can do it. This remarkable, liquid polish shines as it dries without
12. rubbing or buffing. Ask your dealer tomorrow for GLO-COAT --
13. G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Don't
14. accept a substitute.
15.
16.

17. ONE: SWELL TO FINISH

18. APPLAUSE!

1. WIL: WELL, THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF CRITICISM AIMED AT THE
2. CITY OFFICIALS OF WISTFUL WISTA - AND PARTICULARLY AT
3. MAYOR APPLEPUSS. HE EVEN GOT A MENACING LETTER,
4. THREATENING TO BLOW HIM TO PIECES ON A CERTAIN DATE.
5. TOMORROW, TO BE EXACT. BUT FIBBER, OF COURSE, DOESN'T
6. KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, AND HERE, STANDING ON THE
7. CORNER OF 14TH & OAK STREETS TALKING TO THE MAYOR, WE
8. FIND

9. FIBBER (Public Fall-Guy #1) MCGEE!

10. APPLAUSE: THEME

11. TRAFFIC UP AND FADE

12. FIB: What you so nervous about, Applepus? 'Smatter with you?

13. MAYOR: Ohhh, I er...well....I.er.....I'm not really nervous,
14. McGee---but the cares of my office, you know...the
15. responsibility to our citizens...the tremendous number
16. of...ah...details that keep piling up.

17. FIB: Well what'd you expect? If you go to a picnic you
18. gotta allow for the ants. Besides, I can't see that
19. bein' Mayor is such a tough job.

20. MAYOR: Do you--ah--think you could...ah...handle it, McGee?

21. FIB: Who, me? (LAUGHS) Shucks, Applepus, it'd be duck
22. soup. Why when I was Mayor of Wing, Minnesota -

23. MAYOR: RED WING, Minnesota, you mean?
24.
25.

1. FIB: No, WING. I took it outa the red. Why, I was such
2. a good Mayor that -

3. WOMAN: Excuse me, is this Mayor Applepus?

4. FIB: Yes he is, 'is, Why?

5. MAYOR: Have you any complaints, Madam?

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1. WOMAN: Oh no. I wanted to thank you for having the city
2. snow plows drive in such crooked line when they
3. clean the sidewalks.

4. FIB: You LIKE 'em to drive crooked, sis?

5. WOMAN: I don't, but my husband does. He says now he can
6. walk home from Joe's Taverna without any trouble. Thank
7. you, Mr. Mayor.

8. FIB: She's got something there, Applepus. I hear the number
9. of guys who stop for a quick one on the way home is
10. really staggering.

11. MAYOR: Listen McGee...I think I will appoint YOU Honorary
12. Naylor for a Day!

13. FIB: Well, thanks, Applepus, but I don't think I can. I'm
14. pretty busy. My personal affairs are so -

15. MAYOR: There would be a small honorarium, of course.

16. FIB: Who cares about the honorarium? Now if there was any
17. PAY attached to it..

18. MAYOR: That...ah...that is what I mean, Mr. McGee....I can
19. arrange a generous fee for your services.

20. FIB: That's different. Ever notice, Applepus, how much
21. easier it is to do your duty as a Citizen if ye make a
22. little dough at the same time? But I certainly
23. appreciate it...it's a great honor. And you DO look
24. kinda wore out.
25.

- 1.
2. MAYOR: You know McGee....I think I will appoint YOU Honorary Mayor
3. for a Day!
4. FIB: Well, thanks, Applepuss, but I don't think I can. I'm
5. pretty busy.
6. MAYOR: There would be a small honorarium, of course.
7. FIB: Who cares about the honorarium? Now if there was any PAY
8. attached to it.....
9. MAYOR: That...ah...that is what I mean, Mr. McGee....I can arrange
10. a generous fee for your services.
11. FIB: Oh that's different. Ever notice, Mr. Mayor how much
12. easier it is to do your duty as a Citizen if ye make a
13. little dough at the same time? I'll do it.
14. MAYOR: Fine. Ah...by the way, McGee...you...ah have a cutaway
15. and striped trousers?
16. FIB: Striped pants and a cutaway? Oh sure. Don't worry about
17. me. I'll do ye credit. Well, see you in the morning,
18. Applepuss.
19. MAYOR: Good day, McGee...
20. FIB: Let's see now...where can I borrow a pair o' striped pants
21. and a cutaw--oh, there's Harpo ...HEY HARPO.
22. WIL: Hello, Fibber. What's on your mind?
23. FIB: Can I borrow your striped pants and cutaway, Harpo?
24. WIL: No. I'm sorry, but you can't.
25. FIB: WHAT? Why not?

1. MAYOR: Oh I am...I am indeed. In fact I think I shall get out
2. of town for a day or so. I...ah...I think I shall drive
3. down to Snelited Hot Springs and take the baths.
4. FIB: Think you can get there by Saturday? (LAUGHS) Get it,
5. Applepuss? You says you were gonna take the baths and
6. I says do ye think you can?
7. MAYOR: HARRRRRRRUMPH! Ah...by the way, McGee...you...ah...have
8. a cutaway and striped trousers?
9. FIB: Striped pants and a cutaway? Oh sure. Don't worry
10. about me. What's the idea? I'll do ye credit. You sure
11. come to the right guy? Well, see you in the morning,
12. Applepuss. By the way, have a cigar?
13. MAYOR: Thank you...I have one.
14. FIB: Ye got two? Thanks.
15. MAYOR: Good day, McGee..
16. TRAFFIC NOISES UP....AND FADE
17. FIB: Let's see now...striped pants and a cutaway....where can
18. I borrow a pair o' striped pants and a cutaw--oh, there's
19. Harpo...hey harpo.
20. WIL: Hello, Fibber. What's on you mind?
21. FIB: You got a pair of striped pants and a cutaway, Harpo?
22. WIL: Yes, I have.
23. FIB: Oh that's swell. Can I borrow 'em tonight?
24. WIL: No. I'm sorry, but you can't.
25. FIB: WHAT? Why not?

1. WIL: Remember what happened when I loaned you that dress
 2. shirt to wear to the Johnson Wax banquet?
 3. FIB: Why yes...you got it back didn't you?
 4. WIL: Sure I did...but there were fifteen games of
 5. tick-tack-toe on the bosom -- IN INK!
 6. FIB: Why certainly .. I couldn't use a pencil and have the
 7. Johnson Wax people think I didn't have no confidence in
 8. myself.
 9. WIL: But that isn't all....how about that telephone number
 10. you wrote on the right cuff?
 11. FIB: I didn't write that number. One o' the other fellas
 12. done that. He said it was the number of his swimming
 13. instructor.
 14. WIL: Oh so that explains it. A swimming instructor. I
 15. called the number, and some gal told me to go jump in
 16. the lake.
 17. FIB: Yes, that's the first lesson. So ye won't lend me your
 18. cutaway eh, selfish?
 19. WIL: I'm sorry...but I won't....However...here's what I WILL
 20. do...my tailor has his shop right in this block....I'll
 21. take you in and introduce you. He's made all my clothes
 22. for years.
 23. FIB: Is he expensive?
 24. WIL: I don't know....I've never paid him. Here's the shop.....
 25. come on in.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

1. MAN: (MEN C.) Ah there - Mr. Wilcox isn't it? Recognized
 2. you at once sir, by the drape of your trowsers.
 3. FIB: Hear that, Harpe? He knew ye by the drape of your pants.
 4. WIL: He said DRAPE.
 5. FIB: Oh.
 6. WIL: Listen, Beamish. I want you to make this man a suit.
 7. MAN: Certainly sir....And if I might say so, Mr. Wilcox....I
 8. consider it extremely generous of you - quite in the
 9. Christmas tradition - picking a chap up off the street
 10. and buying him a suit. Needs it badly, too, doesn't he?
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FIB: OH YEAH? Listen here, bud...you dunno who you're talkin' to. I'm Fibber McGee...Mayor Pro tem of Wistful Vista.

WIL: Yes, Mr. McGee is one of our prominent citizens, Beamish. And one of my good friends. So treat him right.

MAN: Certainly, Mr. Wilcox - any friend of yours is an overdue account of ours.

WIL: Well, thank you, Beamish.

MAN: Don't mention it, sir.

FIB: So long, Harpo.

WIL: So long, pal.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Great guy, Harpo is. Knows everybody.

MAN: Oh yes sir...he's owed us for years.

FIB: I say KNOWS, not OWES.

MAN: Yes sir. Now what kind of material would you like for the coat sir?

FIB: Oh I dunno...I want a cheap material that looks kinda ritzy.

MAN: Certainly sir. Let me look over some of these bolts of cloth.

SOUND: THUD...THUD...THUD...SOUND: TERRIFIC THUNDER CLAP...ELECTRIC CRACKLE

FIB: What was that?

MAN: A lightning bolt sir...I don't know how that got in here.

FIB: Hmmm. Very striking material. How about this stuff here, bud? This looks nice. What is it?

1. MAN: That is a shepherd's check, sir.

2. FIB: Oh. Whaddye use for lining - deposit slips?

3. MAN: Very good, sir. Have I time to laugh heartily?

4. FIB: Go ahead.

5. MAN: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) Thank you sir.

6. FIB: Thank YOU! And - and this is the last time you act on this program!

7. MAN: But why, sir? Have I offended you by laughing?

8. FIB: OFFENDED ME! Shucks, no...from now on you get paid for settin'

9. in the audience.

10. MAN: Thank you sir....Now I think this material will be suitable for

11. the coat. And as for the striped trousers...

12. FIB: Say I like this material. This is great. Call the fitter.

13. MAN: Certainly sir, OH FITTER...FITTER!!

14. DOOR LATCH:

15. FITTER: Yeah?

16. MAN: Measure this gentleman for a outaway; and formal trousers of...

17. of THIS material.

18. FITTER: THIS STUFF? Hey this is --

19. MAN: AHMMM...Never mind, Gildersleeve. This is what the gentleman

20. wants. Now go to work.

21. FIB: Yes, I gotta have this stuff today. I start actin' as Mayor

22. tomorrow.

23. MAN: I'll write down the measurements as you call them, Gildersleeve.

24.

25.

FITTER: Width of hips...42
 MAN: Hips....42
 FITTER: Shoulders....23
 MAN: Shoulders, 23. Splendid figures sir. Were you an athlete in college?
 FIB: Yes, I was, bud. I wrestled with geometry, hurdled Latin, tackled history, and skipped chemistry. I'd of been on the basketball team too, only the school had a little bad luck.
 MAN: Bad luck sir?
 FIB: Yes, we lost our Little Yellow Basket.
 FITTER: Right leg 32
 MAN: Right leg 32
 FITTER: Left leg, 44. That's odd..
 FIB: Listen bud, you're measurin' one O' my legs and one of your own.
 FITTER: Oh yeah.
 FIB: Well, I guess you got all the measurements you need...and REMEMBER...I gotta have that stuff tonight...I start actin' as Mayor first thing in the morning
 MAN: May I ...ah..MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU UPON YOUR APPOINTMENT SIR?
 FIB: Yes bud...you may. Go ahead.
 MAN: I congratulate you sir.
 FIB: Thank you...and send that coat and them pants to 79 1stful Vista...to Fibber McGee...so long boys.
 FITTER: So long.

1. MAN: Good day sir...OH BY THE WAY SIR...about the trousers....
 2. will you be playing marbels this spring, or shall we leave
 3. the bags out of the knees?
 4. FIB: Put the bag in the seat, bud....I'm gonna be a city official.
 5. Good day!
 6. DOOR SLAM
 7. ORK: "BLOW GABRIEL BLOW" - 4 NOTES
 8. APPLAUSE:
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2ND SPOT:

1
2. FIB: . Folks, that was Billy Mills and the Four Notes playin' and
3. singin' BLO, GABRIEL BLOW, and this is now tomorrow, and
4. I'm now in the City Hall. Maybe it's a little abrupt, but
5. this way we have more time for the funny stuff.
6. MAN: What funny stuff?
7. FIB: ANEM...erwho are you, bud?
8. MAN: Oh I'm a city official. Say have you got an aspirin?
9. I feel awful...look how my hand shakes...
10. FIB: Shucks, a plitician oughtta be GLAD to have a handshake
11. like that.
12. MAN: You dog't understand...feel my pulse...feels like a machine
13. gun...and my color is bad, too. Excuse me now...I gotta
14. run down and get some bicarbonate or something...If I can
15. make it...the druggist oughtta know what to give me.
16. FIB: HEY WAIT A MINUTE...you say you're a city official? If you
17. feel so awful why don't you run in and see the Health
18. Commissioner?
19. MAN: I AM the Health Commissioner.
20. VOICES UP...MURMUR
21. FIB: Lessee now...wonder which is the Mayor's office (SINGS)
22. Oh the old gray Mayor - he ain't what he used to be -
23. ain't what he -- Oh well - I'll try this one --
24. DOOR LATCH:
25.

1 WOMAN: 22 Millions...23 million...25 millions...30 million...
2. ahhhh, that's better!
3. FIB: Excuse me, sis....where's the Mayor's office?
4. WOMAN: Next door...to the left...33 million...36 million...GOOD!
5. Only forty million...
6. FIB: She must be the City Treasurer. Forty million what, sis?
7. WOMAN: Bugs.
8. FIB: Bugs?
9. WOMAN: Yes...I'm the bacteriologist. There are only forty million
10. germs in each drop of city water this morning! Isn't that
11. wonderful? Used to be sixty million.
12. FIB: HMMMM. What are we gonna do with all them unemployed
13. germs? We'll have to organize a test-tube WPA. Thanks
14. sis.
15. WOMAN: Don't mention it. 23 million....25.....
16. DOOR SLAM:
17. MURMUR OF VOICES UP...FADE...
18. FIB: Look at all the minor politicians hangin' around the
19. corridors. Anybody'd think it was a New Year's party the
20. way they come around lookin' for Favors. (SINGS) Oh the
21. old gray Mayor, he ain't what he used to be...ain't waht
22. he used to be...ain't what he- wonder what's in here
23. DOOR LATCH..SLAM
24. MAYOR: Oh there you are, McFee...I thought you'd never get here.
25. Come come come...I'll swear you'in as acting Mayor...
26.

1. FIB: What you so jittery about, Applepuss? Take it easy...

2. MAYOR: No...I...I simply must get out of here, McGee....RAISE

3. YOUR RIGHT HAND....

4. FIB: Okay....

5. MAYOR: Do you solemnly swear to infrag the circumfermode of the

6. important ortmander and uphold the pontrade, the norgbole,

7. the bankilp and to the best of your paraclub to premately

8. and squadmire the honor of the weltergrig as Mayor of

9. Wistful Vista, so help you?

10. FIB: Do it agin, Applepuss, and don't race your engine.

11. MAYOR: You are not acing Mayor, McGee...Now I must go....I'm just

12. a bundle of Nerves...the way the work piles up on you in

13. this office is just too...well, I wish you luck, McGee...

14. FIB: Thanks, Applepuss. I can handle it. I won't let the stuff

15. pile up on me...I'll dispose of it as it comes along...have

16. a good rest.

17. MAYOR: Thank you...and if...ah...if any mysterious package should

18. arrive for me...ah...keep an eye on it, McGee....Understand?

19. FIB: Oh sure. So long Applepuss.

20. DOOR SLAM:

21. FIB: Mysterious package! I guess he's expectin' some late

22. Christmas presents. Oh well, I guess I can - Wonder if I

23. gotta secretary with this job.

24. BUZZER:

25. DOOR LATCH:

1. FIB: You the Mayor's secretary, sis? I'm actin' Mayor for

2. today.

3. GIRL: Yes sir...Mayor Applepuss left instructions about it sir.

4. FIB: I got any appointments this morning.

5. GIRL: Yessir. I have them down here in shorthand.

6. FIB: Read 'em to me.

7. GIRL: Sorry sir. I can't read shorthand.

8. FIB: Oh.

9. GIRL: I think it was just routine stuff though, sir:

10. TELEPHONE:

11. GIRL: Shall I answer it sir?

12. FIB: No I will. (CLICK) Hello, ACTIN' MAYOR HIS FIBBER HONOR

13. MCGEE SPEAKIN'. WHAT SAY BUD? WHAT? OH, THAT'S TERRIBLE.

14. WE CAN'T HAVE STUFF LIKE THAT HAPPEN...OH NO...I'LL ISSUE

15. A ORDER TO MOVE THEM TWO DEPARTMENTS TO DIFFERENT PARTS OF

16. THE CITY HALL. IT'S TOO CONFUSIN' THIS WAY. OKAY BUD.

17. (CLICK)

18. GIRL: What happened sir?

19. FIB: The dog license and marriage license counters are too close

20. together. People get confused. The license clerk says

21. just this morning two fox terriers committed bigamy and a

22. couple o' newlyweds named Barker was sent sent to the dog pound.

23. Issue that order sis.

24. GIRL: Yessir.

25. DOOR SLAM:

FIB: You the Mayor's secretary, sis? I'm actin' Mayor for today.
GIRL: Yes sir...Mayor Applepuss left instructions about it sir.
FIB: I got any appointments this morning.
GIRL: Yessir. I have them down here in shorthand.
FIB: Read 'em to me.
GIRL: Sorry sir. I can't read shorthand.
FIB: Oh.
GIRL: I think it was just routine stuff though, sir.
FIB: I suppose...like laying the cornerstone for a roundhouse,
or opening the Beauty Contest season by throwin' out the first
blonde. AND QUIT BITIN' YOUR NAILS, SIS.
GIRL: Can't help it sir...I'm just that annoyed.
FIB: What you annoyed about?
GIRL: Well, the Chief of the Fire Department gave me some new hose
for Christmas.
FIB: Why, the little squirt! Okay sis. That's all. But send the
safety director in.
GIRL: Yes sir...as soon as I find him.

DOOR SLAM

1. FIB: Now leseeeee...requisition for new mascot for Fire Engine
2. Company #6....I'll see if I can get 'em a brass pole cat.
3. Oh the old gray Mayor, he ain't what he used to be...ain't
4. what he...
5. DOOR LATCH:
6. TOUGH: Is dis de Mayors office?
7. FIB: You betcha bud....what's on your mind?
8. TOUGH: Gotta package for ya. It's a little remembrance from de
9. mob, see? Open it any time you wanna....afeth I leave....
10. FIB: Well, thanks, bud....Tell the mob we certainly appreciate
11. thsir thoughtfulness.
12. TOUGH: Sure...we t'ink youse'll get a bang out of it. (LAUGHS)
13. BATTLE OF DOOR
14. TOUGH: What's dis? Am I locked in?
15. FIB: That's a filing cabinet....the door's over there.
16. TOUGH: I'm sorry.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
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23.
24.
25.

DOOR OPEN & SLAM

FIB: I don't think it's ethical for Applepuss to be acceptin' gifts from a mob, but that's his business I guess..... wonder what it is.....

SOUND: TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

FIB: Ham...must be a clock.. Dheap one, too, judgin' by the loud tick...oh well, I guess I ain't the one to -

DOOR LATCH:

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny....how about givin' some of us City Employes a vaction?

FIB: You a city employe, old timer? Whaddye you do?

OLD MAN: EHHHHH?

FIB: I says what's your job?

OLD MAN: I'm the feller that sprinkles ashes on the icy sidewalks, Johnny, - but with all these Christmas seegars bein' smoked, you won't need me for a couple of weeks.

FIB: I think you've overconfident, Old Timer. I never saw anything about a Christmas cigar to get puffed-up about. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny, but that aint the way I heerd it. The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, "SAYYYYYY", he says "BARTENDER, GIVE THIS GUY A FEW MORE DRINKS AND WHEN HE PASSES OUT, I'LL SWIPE HIS WALLET. "OH, NO YE WONT", say: the other feller, "YOU CANT MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOUSE HERE!" Heh heh heh....Well, as I always says, Johnny, there's tow way to become a municipa; employe...you gotta have the munless or you gotta have the pull Heh heh heh.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Why that old doodle bug. What does he know about government affairs. I'll bet he think the way to melt frozen assets is to wait for a Morgan thaw. Oh, the old Gray Mayor- he ain't what he---

SOUND: TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

FIB: Dad rat that clock anyway. I wish it would run down. Maybe I better unwrap it and-

TELEPHONE:

FIB: (CLICK) FIBERR MAYOR ACTIN HIS HONR MEGTEE SPEAKIN' What say sis? CAN I MARRY YOU THIS MORNING! Certainly not! I dont even love you. (CLICK) Of all the dumbwait a minute...I guess the Mayor is supposed to perform marriages at that...That was my mista-

DOOR LATCH: SLAM

MAN: Acting Mayor McGee? I'm the Director of Public Safety. You wanted to see me?

FIB: Yes I did, bud....where you been?

MAN: I'm running for re-election and I've been out kissing babies.

FIB: Well, wipe that lipstick off you face and set down.

MAN: Okay....

FIB: Now listen bud...what you doin' to improve traffic conditions at our busy intersections?

1. DOOR SLAM:

2. FIB: Why that old doodle bug. What does he know about
3. government affairs. I'll bet he thinks the way to
4. melt frozen asses is to wait for a Morgan thaw.

5. Oh, the old Gray Mayor--he ain't what he--

6. SOUND: TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

7. FIB: Dad rat that clock anyway. I wish it would run down.
Maybe I better unwrap it and -

8. TELEPHONE:

9. FIB: (CLICK) FIBBER MAYOR ACTIN HIS HONOR MCGEE SPEAKIN!
10. What say sis? CAN I MARRY YOU THIS MORNING! Certainly
11. not! I don't even love you. (CLICK) Of all the dumb
12. ... wait a minute ... I guess the Mayor is supposed to
13. perform marriages at that ... That was my mista--

14. DOOR LATCH: SLAM

15. WILCOX: Hello Fibber! I'm the Director of Public Safety. You
16. wanted to see me?

17. FIB: Yes I did, Harpo...Where you been?

18. WILCOX: I'm running for re-election and I've been out kissing
19. babies.

20. FIB: Well, wipe that lipstick off your face and set down.

21. WILCOX: Okay....

22. FIB: Now give me your report on Public Works.
23.
24.
25.

1. MAN: I'll show you what we've done. The same thing they do
2. in Detroit and other places. I have an officer sitting
3. in a third floor window with a microphone. When somebody
4. starts jay-walking, he scolds them over a loud speaker.

5. FIB: Oh, kind of a stoplight Kal tenborn, eh? Can we hear
6. him from my office window?

7. MAN: Certainly...open the window....

8. SOUND: WINDOW RAISING: TRAFFIC NOISES UP...

9. MAN: See? there's our man in the window over there...now
10. listen.

11. WIL: (ON P.A.) NOW TAKE IT EASY FOLKS...JUST REMEMBER...

12. THOSE STOPLIGHTS ARE RUN BY ELECTRICITY, AND NO
13. PEDESTRIAN IS FASTER THAN ELECTRICITY...DONT GO AGAINST
14. THE TRAFFIC.....

15. TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

16. FIB: Say this is wonderful, bud. Great idea. When ye look
17. down there it looks like a bunch of jitterbugs at
18. traffic jam session. Let's listen again...

19. WIL: (ON P.A.) WILL THAT LADY WITH THE LITTLE GIRL PLEASE
20. TAKE HER TIME AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE TRAFFIC SIGNALS? WHAT'S YOUR
21. HURRY MADAM? DON'T YOU KNOW IF YOU USED JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
22. GLOCOAT ON YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR OR LINOLEUM, YOU COULDNT HAVE TO HURRY
23. TAKE CHANCES LIKE THAT? YOU'D HAVE MORE LEISURE FOR SHOPPING AND
24. MOVIES BECUASE GLOCOAT IS SO EASY TO APPLY IT SAVES YOU HOURS OF HOUSE
25. WORK AND GIVES YOU MORE FREEDOM FOR -

WINDOW SLAM. VOICE AND TRAFFIC OUT

1. WIL: All right - I'd like to report that the Public
 2. Works much less when they use Johnson's Self-Polishing
 3. Glo-Coat, because it is so easy to apply and requires
 4. no rubbing or buffing. Just spread it around with
 5. the long handled applicator...wait 20 minutes and you
 6. have a beautiful glistening floor or linoleum. End
 7. of report.

DOOR SLAM.1. DOOR SLAM

2. FIB: I'll get Harpo off the police force! He'll have to choose
 3. between the Blue coat and the Glocoat.
 4. ~~SCHNID~~ TICK TOCK TICK TOCK.....UP AND FADE....
 5. FIB: Listen to that dad-rattad clock! Them people couldn't o'
 6. really thought much o' the Mayor to give him a cheap
 7. timepiece like that. Bet He'll blow up when he sees it.
 8. Oh, the old Gray Mayor he aint what he used to be...aint what
 9. he....let's see now...

10. DOOR LATCH:

11. UPP: How do you do, Mr. Mayor....OH, it's Mr. McGee.
 12. FIB: Hyah, Mrs. Uppington..have a chair. Have two chairs...
 13. one for your feet.
 14. UPP: No thank you, Mr. McGee...is the Mayor in?
 15. FIB: I'm the Mayor today, Uppy. Applecuss had to get away for
 16. a while, on account of the work pilin' up on him.
 17. Anything I can do for you, get you out of, or tear up
 18. the papers on?
 19. UPP: Oh no, Mr. McGee....reahhly...I just stopped in to
 20. assure him of the support of our Ladies Improvement Club.
 21. FIB: Oh fine, Uppy. What you bee doin' to improve the Ladies?
 22. The last time I seen 'em they certainly needed a little
 23. impro-
 24.
 25.

1. FIB: That guy certainly is thrilled about Glocoat!
2. SOUND: TICK TOCK TICK TOCK...UP AND FADE
3. FIB: Listen to that dad-ratted clock! Them people couldn't
4. o' really thought much o' the Mayor to give him a cheap
5. timepiece like that.
6. DOOR LATCH:
7. UPP: How do you do, Mr. Mayor....OHH, it's Mr. McGee.
8. FIB: Hyah, Mrs. Uppington....have a chair. Have two chairs....
9. one for your feet.
10. UPP: No thank you, Mr. McGee....is the Mayah in?
11. FIB: I'm the Mayor today, Uppy. Applepuss had to get away
12. for a while, on account of the work plin' up on him.
13. Anything I can do for you, get you out of, or tear up
14. the papers on?
15. UPP: Oh no, Mr. McGee...reahhhly....I just stopped in to
16. assure him of the support of our Ladies Improvement
17. Club.
18. FIB: Oh fine, Uppy. What you been doin' to Improve the
19. Ladies? The last time I seen 'em they certainly needed
20. a little impro-
- 21.
- 22.
- 23.
- 24.
- 25.

1. UPP: PLEASE....Mr. McGee....I wanted to tell the Mayah,
2. that there had been a GREAT deal of adverse
3. criticism of his extravagance in buying forty two
4. new steam rollahs for the City. But I told the othah
5. girls that it was reahhly a legitimate expense....
6. FIB: Ye did eh? Whadja tell 'em?
7. UPP: I told the girls that the steamrollers were needed
8. for the Civic Farm project....I said GIRLS....WE ARE
9. GOING TO RAISE MASHED POTATOES FOR THE POOR PEOPLE
10. OF WISTFUL VISTA.
11. FIB: Great stuff Uppy. The poor get the potatoes and
12. the aldermen get the gravy.
13. UPP: Anothah thing, Mr. McGee....the girls are INTENSELY
14. interested in the new canal project...tell me...what
15. are you going to call it?
- 16.
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1. UPP: Oh no, Mr. McGee...I'm quite a law abiding citizen, reashly.
2. I just wanted to tell the mayah about an idea I proposed to
3. the girls of our club. We are ALWAYS trying to give the
4. Mayah our helpful advice...it's too bad he isn't heah.
5. FIB: Uppy, that's probably one reason WHY he ain't here. But
6. what was your great thought?
7. UPP: Well, I proposed that the city buy several dozen steam
8. rollahs for our Civic Farming project.
9. FIB: Steam rollers for a farm project?
10. UPP: Yes...Oh I hope I hope I'm not being a silly girl, but my ideah
11. was that we could raise MASHED POTATOES.
12. FIB: (LAUGHS) Great stuff, Uppy. They poor get the potatoes and
13. the aldermen get the gravy. But I'm afraid we're too busy
14. building our new canal.
15. UPP: Ohhhh yes...the canal...WE CLUBWOMEN are INTENSELY
16. interested in the new canal. Tell me, is it going to
17. have a pretty name? Something...ah Venetian...and..ah..
18. Romantic?
19. F B: No, Uppy. we thought as long as it starts up near the
20. grade school, we'd call it the Elementary Canal.
21. UPP: Deah me...HOW PHYSICAL! Good day, Mr. McGee.
22. FIB: So long, Uppy.
23. DOOR SLAM.
- 24.
- 25.

1. FIB: Well, Uppy, you can tell those old...er, ...tell the
 2. girls as long as it starts up there by the Grade School
 3. we thought we'd call it the Elementary Canal.
 4. UPPY: Deah me...hoy physical! Well good day, Mr. McGee.
 5. FIB: So long, Uppy.
 6. DOOR SLAM
 7. FIB: Now where was I? Oh yes...requisition from Traffic
 8. Officer Errigan 12 and Elm streets, wants to know if
 9. he can discard his clarinet....so he can practice and
 10. work at the same time. Request refused. There's too
 11. much truckin' on that street now!...Ohhhh the Old Gray
 12. Mayor he ain't what he used to be....
 13. DOOR LATCH:
 14. GOOF: Say buddy...where's de Missing Person Department?
 15. FIB: Four doors down the hall, bud...who are you?
 16. ~~GOOF:~~ Oh just a mug...lookin' for Tom and Jerry.
 17. DOOR SLAM
 18. FIB: Thought maybe he was a Scotch Detective, lookin' for
 19. Doc & Doris.
 20. TELEPHONE:
 21. FIB: (CLICK) Hello. MAYOR FIBBER ACTIN' MCGEE HIS HONOR
 22. SPEAKIN'. What say, sis? Your basement is full of
 23. water? What's the address? I'll come over and take ye
 24. for a canoe ride over to the fruit cellar and back.
 25. WHAT? Why sis....what language! (CLICK)
- TICK TOCK TICK TOCK:

FIB: Dad rat that thing....I never heard anything tick so loud. That aint a clock..it's a calendar with the hiccups.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: COME IN, COME IN,,WHOEVER YOU ARE!

DOOR LATCH:

SIL: Hiyah Mist' McGee suh.
 FIB: Oh, Hiyah Sil.....
 SIL: Ah heah you is gotta job asayah, protein.
 FIB: Not Protein, Sil Pro Tem. Protein is a food element.
 SIL: Yassuh...any job is a food element ah reckon, suh.
 How you like it as fah as you is gone?
 FIB: Oh not bad....How'd Santa Claus treat you Sil? Pretty good?
 SIL: Oh yassuh...he sho' did...Rosebud (Rosebud, tha's mah gal) Rosebud she gimme a real pretty necktie...hahdly been used. An' she wrote a awful cute cahd to go wif it too.
 FIB: Oh that's nice. Four-in-hand?
 SIL: Well suh, ah er. WAH?
 FIB: I say was it a fore-in-hand?
 SIL: Nossuh...she wrote in real good English, please suh.
 FIB: No I meant the tie...was it a bow tie or one like the one I got on?

1. SIL: Well suh it ain' a bow tie...an' it ain' like the one
 2. you got on eitheh...Rosebud she got real good taste.
 3. FIB: Oh yeah? Well, all I gotta say is...hey what's the
 4. matter with your handit's all bandaged up.
 5. SIL: Yassuh....ah gotta piece of! glass in it from de
 6. Christmas tree trimmin's.....
 7. FIB: Oh that's too bad...musta been a bad cut.
 8. SIL: Nossuh...not bad...but when ah cut made'f, Rosebud she
 9. say she gonna kiss mah fingah an' make it well...an' ah
 10. say- (jus' kiddin) - if she don't od it, ah fine
 11. somebody else to do it.
 12. FIB: So she didn't kiss you finger.
 13. SIL: Nossuh....she BIT it. Well, Happy New Yeah, Mist'
 14. McGee!
 15. FIB: Thanks Sil...same to you, boy.
 16. SIL: Thank you suh...an' the smae to you.
 17. FIB: Thanks. And the same....AHM. So long, Sil.
 18. DOOR SLAM
 19. FIB: Well I better get this stuff cleaned up for old
 20. Applepuss I kint leave this stuff piled up on him
 21. when he comes back -- oh the Old Gray Mayor - he ain't
 22. what he used to be--
 23. DOOR LATCH:
 24. BOOM: Good day your honor! allow me to introduce myself. I
 25. am Horatio K. Boomer, the Real Estate Broker.

1. SIL: Well suh it ain' a bow tie...an' it ain' like the one
 2. you got on eithah....Rosebud she got real good taste.
 3. FIB: O h yeah? Well, all I gooa say is...hey what's the
 4. matter with your head? What you got it all bandaged up
 5. for?
 6. SIL: Ah out mah fingah-
 7. FIB: Your finger! Then why you got your head bandaged?
 8. SIL:But when ah out mah fingah, Rosebud she say she
 9. gonna kiss it an' make it well.....so ah take out mah
 10. razah an' staht slashin' mahself. Well, Happy New
 11. Year Mist' McGee!
 12. FIB: Thanks Sil....same to you, boy.
 13. SIL: Thank you suh...an' the same to you.
 14. FIB: Thanks. And the same.....THEM. So long, Sil.

15. DOOR SLAM

16. FIB: Well I better get this stuff cleaned up for old
 7. Applepuss I cant leave this stuff piled up on him
 18. when he comes back -- oh the Old Gray Mayor - he
 19. 'ain't what he used to be --

20. DOOR LATCH:

21. BOOM: Good day your honor! allow me to introduce myself. I
 22. am Horatio K. Bommer, the Real Estate Broker.
 23.
 24.
 25.

1. FIB: Yes, I reckonized you, Boomer.. So you're a Real
 2. Estate Broker now eh? Well, it's time you got into
 3. something legitimate....
 4. BOOM: Yes, I thought I WOULD TRY MY FORTUNE IN THE HINTERLAND
 5. ...BEING A WORLD TRAVELER - DID I EVER TELL YOU OF THE
 6. VAST AMOUNT OF MONEY I MADE IN AFRICA, MY BOY - SELLING
 7. LIPSTICK TO THE UBANGIS?
 8. FIB: How was the market on stilts for the dignys?
 9. BOOM: I SOLD SHORT ON THOSE. BUT MY MISSION WITH Y-U, IS
 10. PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF OUR FAIR CITY OF PEORIA.....
 11. FIB: This is Wistful Vista, Boomer. Not Peoria.
 12. BOOM: Ah yes... I HAVE SO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE, SMOKE GETS
 13. IN MY EYES..... HAD A BIG DEAL IN PEORIA LAST WEEK...TRIED
 14. TO COLLECT FOR PUTTING A NEW ROOF ON THE COUNTY BUILDING
 15.BUT IT FELL THRU.....
 16. FIB: Listen Boomer...get to the point...I'm a busy man and -
 17. BOOM: Certainly Certainly.....IT HAS OCCURED TO ME, MY BOY
 18. THAT THIS CITY IS MAKING A MISTAKE RENTING THIS BUILDING
 19. FOR THE CITY HALL....THE CITY SHOULD OWN IT'S OWN CITY
 20. HALL....AND AS MAYOR OF THIS COMMUNITY, I THINK YOU
 21. SHOULD BUY IT. I WILL SELL IT VERY CHEAPLY.
 22.
 23.
 24.
 25.

FIB: Well now I dunno, Boomer...I didn't know you owned this City Hall building....

BOOM: JUST ONE OF MY MANY HOLDINGS, MY BOY. I ALSO AM SOLE OWNER OF A BURLAP SACK MILL IN KALAMAZOO....MY PARTNER RAN OUT AND LEFT ME HOLDING THE BAG FACTORY. COME..COME...A DECISION... YES OR NO.

FIB: Well, now I dunno...Let's see your deed to the building.

BOOM: AH YES...THE DEED...WHERE DID I PUT THE DEED...LET ME SEE... DEED DEED DEED? Here's a platinum ladies wristwatch. Pretty isn't it? Very fond of platinum ladies myself --- HERE'S A SHORT LENGTH OF WIRE....IN CASE I HAVE TO START SOMEBODY'S CAR ON A FROSTY MORNING....

FIB: Hurry up, Boomer. I ain't got time to --

BOOM: DON'T BE IMPATIENT MY BOY...HAVE THE DEED HERE SOMEWHERE..LET ME SEE...HANDFUL OF RINGS...WITHOUT THE SETTINGS...THERE'S GOLD IN THEM MOUNTINGS, MY BOY...SMALL PACKAGE OF STAGE MONEY.. AND I'M GETTING TO THE STAGE WHERE I'LL HAVE TO USE....CHECK FOR A SHORT BEER....WELL WELL WELL IMAGINE THAT...NO DEED!!! MUST HAVE LEFT IT IN MY OTHER SUIT WHEN I WAS TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS IN A CARD GAME LAST NIGHT....WELL, I'LL GO BACK TO MY OFFICE AND WRITE OUT ANOTHER ONE...GOOD DAY, YOUR HONOR.

DOOR SLAM:

1. FIB: Imagine that guy...tryin' to sell the Mayor the City Hall!

2. Well he oughta to go big in real estate...he's got plenty

3. o' frontage....

4. TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

5. FIB: Dad rat that noisy clock!

6. BUZZER:

7. DOOR LATCH

8. GIRL: Sir?

9. FIB: Sis...find a pair of scissors or somethin' to unwrap this

10. package....I gotta make it quit tickin'. ANYBODY WAITIN TO

11. SEE ME?

12. GIRL: Yes sir...two gentlemen...Mr. Mills and Mr. Novis...they

13. were involved in a traffic accident. Here's the traffic

14. officer 's report on it.

15. FIB: Oh, Mills and Novis eh? Send 'em in.

16. GIRL: (FADE) Come in Gentlemen...his Honor will see you.

17. DOOR SEAM:

18. MILLS: Hello Fibber.

19. DON: Hiyah Fibber.

20. FIB: Hello Billy...and Don. what's this about you two bein'

21. involved in a traffic accident?

22. DON: That officer didn't know what he was talking about, Fibber.

23. MILLS: No...we were way over to the right of the white line, weren't

24. we, Don?

25. DON: Certainly. was watching it all the time.

FIB: Oh there ain't any rush about it Boomer - what's your hurry?

BOOM: Well, I've got to hurry down and hear my old friend Don Novis sing "I've Got You Under My Skin," on my car radio - if I can find a car with a radio - good day shortcake!

DOOR SLAM:

ORK: "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN" - NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

1. FIB: Hmm...that's strange...the officer says you were on the wrong side o' the street.

2. DON: We were not.

3. MILLS: I tell you we were ABSOLUTELY ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE WHITE LINE.

4. FIB: Let's see the report....(RATTLE PAPER) What street was this Billy?

5. MILLS: Oak street.

6. FIB: I thought so...there's no white line on Oak Street. The Officer says you were following a leaky milk truck. So after this be more careful. What'cha gonna sing, Don?

7. DON: "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN"

8. FIB: Well, that ain't the first time I've been called a blister. Go ahead boys....FOLKS...DON NOVIS SINGS I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN. TAKE IT BILLY!

9. ORK: "I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN" - NOVIS

10. APPLAUSE:

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1. 3RD SPOT:
2. FIB: That was very good, Don. Thank you. And don't get mixed
3. up in any more traffic arguments.
4. DON: All right Fibber. Say, what's that tickings noise?
5. SOUND: TICK TOCK TICK TOCK....ETC.
6. FIB: Oh that's a clock somebody sent the Mayor....probably a
7. late Christmas Present....and the dad ratted thing is gettin'
8. louder all the time.
9. DON: I hope it isn't an eight day clock. They're a nuisance.
10. FIB: How so, Don?
11. DON: Well, I had one once, and everytime I wound it, it ran
12. eight days. There's only seven days in a week so at the
13. end of the year I had 52 days left over.
14. FIB: Wahda do?
15. DON: Went fishing. Well, so long, Fibber.
16. DOOR SLAM:
17. FIB: Hello....MAYOR FIBBER ACTIN' MCGEE SPEAKIN' MAYOUR: YES..WHAT?
18. YOU WANNA COMPLAIN ABOUT THE PAVIN ON MAPLE STREET? Yes
19. bud...I know ...don't worry about it...Us officials realize
20. that street needs more concrete and we're gettin' our heads together on
21. it tonight. Okay bud. (CLICK) Let's see now...report from the Play-
22. ground superintendent....he says the kids refuse to teach him how to
23. play baseball...oh the old gray Mayor ain't wha
24. DOOR LATCH:
- 25.

1. NICK: Well hello there Fizzer.
2. FIB: Oh hiyah Nick.
3. NICK: What is this I am hearing about you being Public Citizen
4. Nuber first? Is this an impractical joke or is it a
5. goodness-to-hones-facts?
6. FIB: No it's true Nick...they had to have a smart responsible
7. guy like me to take charge o' things while the Mayor was
8. gone. Things were piling up on him so fast he had to get
9. away for a rest.
10. NICK: Is that so? Well can you use you tinfluensa...Fizzer to
11. get my cousin Andreapopolis Depopolis a permission to
12. sell some bananas and other assortments of veg' and
13. fruitstables from a shove wagon?
14. FIB: A push cart? Nope. Sorry Nick...but push carts ain't
15. permitted in the city limits...tain't fair to the merchants
16. that pay rent and taxes.
17. NICK: But in the old country in Greece, where I am coming from
18. there is being a law where a mon can do it in one parts of
19. town, Fizzer.
20. FIB: Yes, I know I've heard...the Greeks had a Ward for it..
21. Sorry Nick...but we can't please everybody you know.
22. NICK: Well, I was only trying to help a lending hand to my cousin
23. Andreapopolis. And as for pleasing all of the people some
24. of the time, you know the old Fables, Fizzer about the Man
25. and the boy, and the Donkey.

NICK: Well hello there Fizzer.

FIB: Oh hiyah Nick.

NICK: What is this I am hearing about you being Public Citizen Number first? Is this an impractical joke or is it a goodness-to-hones-facts?

FIB: No it's true, Nick..they had to have a smart responsible guy like me to take charge o' things while the Mayor was gone. Things were piling up on him so fast he had to get away for a rest - everybody was criticising him.

NICK: Well all the people can't please some of the people all of the time - You know the old fables about the man and the boy and the donkey ----

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1. FIB: Yes, + know the story, Nick, so don't bother to -
2. NICK: Well sir, it is seeming that this mon is walking along
3. with a jackdoneky, and his little boy is riding on the
4. back of the animals...and some man is saying, oh so you
5. are being a disrespectful boy, kewpie, to let your papa
6. be a hooper while you are a mule-jokey.

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FIB: Yes yes, yes...so the boy got off and let his father ride the donkey.

NICK: SURE...AND THEN SOMEBODY IS SAYING, WELL, FOR SRIMS SAKE, THIS IS BEING A FINE THING WHEN A BIG MON IS TAKING A DISADVANTAGES OF A SMALL KEWPIE AND MAKING HIM A PEDESTRIAMAN WHILE I AM HORSEBACK RIDING ON A POOR LITTLE DRESSER.

FIB: Dresser?

NICK: Sure..a bureau.

FIB: YOU MEAN A BURRO.

NICK: I stand connected. ANYWAY, THEY ARE THEN BOTH GETTING ON THE BAKS OF THE MULEJACK AND ALL THE PEOPLES IS MAKING NASTYPUSS REMARKS TO THEM FOR BREADING THE SPRINGS ON THE POOR LITTLE LONG-SNUFFERING JASSACK.

FIB: Yes, I know, Nick, so they --

NICK: SURE..SO THEY ARE BOTH GETTING OFF AND CARRYING THE DONKEYS THEMSELVES..AND THE MORTAL OF THE STORY IS BEING, IF YOU ARE TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY WHO IS BUTTING INTO MY BUSINESS, IT WILLBE A HORSE ON YOU.

Well so long, Fizzer.

1. DOOR SLAM:

2. FIB: Well, I better get down to business and -

3. TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

4. FIB: dad rat that olock anyway...HEY SECRETARY.

5. DOOR LATCH:

1. GIRL: Yessir?

2. FIB: Did you find somethin' to open this package with?

3. GIRL: No sir. There's no scissors in the building, sir.

4. FIB: Oh there must be....this is sheer nonsense....Okay sis...

5. Okay. That's all.

6. DOOR SLAM: TICK TOCK TICK TOCK:

7. FIB: Well I can't stand this any longer.. Christmas present or no Christmas present, I'm gonna throw throw this thing in the corner.

9.

10. SOUND: THUD...TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION...CLATTER...EXTENDED.

11. EXCITED VOICES FADE IN

12. 1. What happened? What was it?

13. 2. An explosion...in the Mayor's office..

14. 3. It must have been a bomb..anybody hurt?

15. 4. Don't know yet...let's see..

16. SOUND: CLATTER OF WOOD...THUDS..

17. GIRL: Mr. McGee! MR. MCGEE!!!!...WHERE ARE YOU?

18. FIB: (WEAKLY) Over here sis...under all this wreckage...Somebody

19. lift this dad ratted filing cabinet offa me...

20. CLATTER OF WOOD AND VOICES.

21. MAN: Are you hurt, Mr. McGee?

22. FIB: No..I...I guess not....but you can tell Mayor Applepuss

23. he was right...THIS JOB SURE DOTS PILE UP ON YE!

24. ORK: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THE REST OF MY LIFE?" Fade for -

25.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

1. Fibber will be back in just a minute, but now may I say this. You
 2. housewives have a lot of extra work this time of year, cleaning up
 3. after the Christmas celebration - and getting ready for New Year's.
 4. But if there is a GLO-COAT polish on your floors and linoleum, you'll
 5. have a much easier time of it! GLO-COAT protects floors from wear --
 6. keeps them clean and bright - does away with floor scrubbing. Buy a
 7. can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT tomorrow. Pour a little of
 8. this amazing liquid right onto the clean floor. Spread it lightly
 9. over the surface with a soft cloth or long-handled GLO-COAT applicator.
 10. There's no work to it - no rubbing or buffing! GLO-COAT dries in 20
 11. minutes to a wonderful polish which seals out germs and dirt - gives
 12. you floors that everyone will admire. And here's a word of caution.
 13. Cheap, inferior polishes are always disappointing. So whenever you
 14. need a polish for your floors, your furniture, your linoleum or your
 15. car, insist on one of the JOHNSON WAX products. These famous products
 16. give greater beauty, longer wear!

17. ORK: THEM UP - FADE FOR

19. ab,gs,js,ah: 10:50

20. 12/27/38

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1. JOHNSON'S WAX - FIBBER MCGEE PROGRAM - ADDITIONAL MATERIAL - DEC. 27, 1938

2. TAG GAG:

3. FIB: Folks, on behalf of the boys and girls in our show, the
 4. Johnson Wax people, and myself, I wanna wish you all
 5. a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and if you go to any
 6. New Year's Eve Parties I hope you don't have an experience
 7. like I did one New Year's Eve. I was drivin' home with
 8. Molly and she says "McGee...get over on your own side..." "Shucks,
 9. Molly", I says, I AM on my own side....see that white line in
 10. the middle of the road?" "McGee," she says, "that aint the white
 11. line and it aint in the middle of the road. You're followin'
 12. a leaky milk truck." AHEM.
 13. Goodnight, folks!

14. ORK: SWELL TO FINISH

15. APPLAUSE:

16. CREDITS:

17. SIGN OFF:

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