

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. WRITER DON QUINN
WINS ANDERSON

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ - RED JANUARY 3, 1939 TUESDAY
(TIME) (DATE) (DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

SECOND CORRECTION

Page 2.

1. WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM.
2. ORK: THEME
3. WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self
4. Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Company
5. with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis, the Four
6. Notes and Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens
7. with "OF THREE I SING!"
8. ORK: "OF THREE I SING" - Fade for -
9. WIL: 1st Commercial;

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

May we take a moment to ask you a simple question? Why are millions of floors in America (whether they're painted or varnished wood, or linoleum) wearing a beautiful GLO-COAT polish as they start the New Year? Well, here's the answer: It is because GLO-COAT is self-polishing -- requires no rubbing or buffing at all -- and yet it gives floors a beautiful polish, protects them from dirt and wear -- makes them very easy to clean -- does away with floor scrubbing! No wonder GLO-COAT is becoming more popular every day! Why not buy some JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT tomorrow? Let this easy-to-use liquid put a grand polish on your floors without rubbing or buffing. In 20 minutes they will be bright as new; for GLO-COAT works like magic! After you have used it on your own floors, you'll join millions of other housewives in saying they prefer JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT because it's so easy to use, is so economical. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Be sure you get the real thing.

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

ORK: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

1. WIL: WELL, FIBBER DOESN'T FEEL VERY WELL TODAY. HE HAS
2. SHARP, SHOOTING PAINS ALL OVER AND HE'S DETERMINED TO
3. SEE A DOCTOR ABOUT IT. SO HERE, JUST ABOUT TO ENTER
4. THE WISTFUL VISTA MEDICAL CENTER, WE FIND -
5. FIBBER (Fit-as-a-fiddle-but-a-little-unstrung)

6. MCCEE!

7. -----
8. APPLAUSE: THEME

9. TRAFFIC NOISE UP AND FADE:

10. FIB: Shucks, I hope I ain't got anything serious. Oh it,
11. CAN'T be anything serious because I - OUCH!...
12. still it might be at that...On the other hand, I
13. feel so good most of the time that - OUCH! There it
14. goes again...I guess I better play safe....if I got
15. ripsibozo of the encanflimmium I oughtta know it, so -
16. UPP: Ohhhh, how DO you do, Mr. McGee---
17. FIB: Hiyah, Mrs. Uppington.
18. UPP: Oh, I'm very.. HEAVENS...what is the mattah with you,
19. Mr. McGee?
20. FIB: Eh? Why nothin' except a little sharp...shootin'
21. pain that keeps.. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW? DO I LOOK
22. SICK?
23. UPP: REAHHLI, Mr. McGee...you look horrible...simply
24. TEDDIBLE! And just yestahday you were the PICTCHAH
25. of health!

1. FIB: Well, I suppose the paint has gotta crack sometime,
 2. Uppy, even on a picture of health. But what's the
 3. matter with my face?
 4. UPP: Oh you should SEE it, Mr. McGee...it's REVOLTING...
 5. really...Those lines...and splotches!!!
 6. FIB: On my face...HONEST? Oh gee...well, I'm on my way
 7. to the doctor right now...
 8. UPP: Oh I'm SO glad...I just came from theah myself...
 9. we girls of the Ladies club just gave our favorite
 10. doctors each the most positively DUCKY little set
 11. of teacups...
 12. FIB: Teacups? What's the idea?
 13. UPP: Oh we believe in keeping up with the new movements
 14. you know...
 15. FIB: Yes, but TEACUPS...what modern movement -
 16. UPP: Oh my DEAH...SOCIALIZED MEDICINE, YOU KNOW. We girls
 17. think medicine can be REAHLLY FAH more social than...
 18. (PAUSE)OH! (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee....(LAUGHS)
 19. FOR-GIVE ME! FORGIVE ME!
 20. FIB: Quit talkin' like Ben Bernie...whatcha mean, forgive
 21. you? Fer what?
 22. UPP: Oh...for what I said about your face...that network
 23. of lines and splotches..(LAUGHS) Oh, I'm such a silly
 24. girl, reahilly...I FORGOT I WAS LOOKING AT YOU THRU MY
 25. VEIL! (LAUGHS) Well good day, Mr. McGee!

1. FIB: Socialized medicine! Have a lady finger with your
 2. housemaid's knee...have a little tea with your
 3. ptomai-- OUCH...there it goes again...I guess I
 4. better -
 5. OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny! How about donatin' a Quarter for
 6. a good cause?
 7. FIB: Why certainly, Old Timer...here ye are...now what's
 8. the cause?
 9. OLD MAN: EHHHHH?
 10. FIB: I says what you takin' up the collection for?
 11. OLD: Oh...HEH HEH HEH...we're buyin' arch supports for
 12. Flat Foot Floogle.
 13. FIB: Oh ye are, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, if you have any left
 14. over, see if you can rent a room for them Two Sleepy
 15. People everybody's singin' about. They keep me awake.
 16. (LAUGHS)
 17.
 18.
 19.
 20.
 21.
 22.
 23.
 24.
 25.

1. OLD: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good Johnny, but that
 2. ain't the way I heered it...the way I heered it,
 3. one feller says to tother feller, "SAYYYY", he says,
 4. "I SEE WHERE A COUPLE O' KIDS BUSTED INTO THE UNITED
 5. STATES MINT IN SAN FRANCISCO". "SO I HEARD", says
 6. tother feller - "UNDERSTAND THEY GOT CAUGHT IN THE
 7. PENNY DEPARTMENT!" "YEP." SAys the first feller... "THEY
 8. SHOULD'A KNOWN THE PLACE WAS FULL O' COPPERS!"
 9. Heh heh heh...Know why the Lone Ranger calls his
 10. horse "Silver", Johnny? He's always good for a couple
 11. of bucks. Heh heh heh...I like this young feller...
 12. meet him someplace almost every week.

TRAFFIC UP AND FADE:

14. FIB: If I hear one more gag about the Lone Ranger's horse
 I'm gonna whinny! Ouch! Dod-rat that pain -- guess I
 16. better get goin'.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

18. GIRL: Good day sir. Something for you? Tonsilectomy?
 19. Exray? Throat spray! We are having a special bargain
 20. sale on appendectomies all this week.
 21. FIB: Yeah, I know...everything is out after Christmas. Is
 22. Dr. Splint in?
 23. GIRL: Yes sir...but there are several patients ahead of you.
 24. Will you sit down and wait? I'm his nurse.
 25. FIB: His nurse? Is he sick?

1. GIRL: Oh no...I mean I help him in the office.
 2. FIB: Well, he MUST be sick if he's gotta be helped into
 3. the office. Smatter with him?
 4. GIRL: I tell you sir...there is NOTHING the matter with
 5. him, I am his assistant.
 6. FIB: OHHHHH...why didn't you say so. Okay sis...I'll
 7. wait. Thanks, Sis. Excuse me, bud...move over a
 8. little so's I can set down, will ye.
 9. MAN: Oh sure...
 10. FIB: Thanks...you waitin' to see the doctor?
 11. MAN: Yep. I come every week.
 12. FIB: Something chronic?
 13. MAN: Yep. Piano installments.
 14. FIB: Oh. A collector. Well, I always says that doctors
 15. oughtta use more music. Music is therapeutic.
 16. MAN: Yes...but it makes an awful lotta noise.
 17. FIB: Oh I dunno...it's a mental stimulus, bud. Even to
 18. animals.
 19. WOMAN: Excuse me...sir...did you say even animals react to
 20. Music?
 21. FIB: You betcha sis...animals and people have a good deal
 22. the same emotions and diseases.
 23. WOMAN: Goodness me! and I have a couple of baby bears -
 24. do cubs have anything that's catching?
 25. FIB: Yes - Gabby Hartnett.

1. WOMAN: Oh dear...what are the symptoms?
2. FIB: Red face, sore thumbs, shin guards and a kind of a
3. wriggley feeling.
4. DOOR OPEN. THUDS AND THUMPS

1. MUGG: Hey sisteh? Wheah do we take de plow?
2. GIRL: Oh the plow! Take it into Dr. Schmaltz's office...right
3. away.
4. MUGG: Okay...grab it, Mike!
5. SOUND: THUDS AND THUMPS TO DOOR SLAM
6. FIB: Hey sis...what's Dr. Schmaltz want with the plow?
7. GIRL: He wants to locate a patient. She was taking a mud bath
8. and went too deep.
9. FIB: Oh I see. They should o' turned the sun lamp on her and
10. waited for her to sprout. OUGH!! There it goes again!
11. DOOR LATCH:
12. MILLS: Say, Snooky - is Doctor Lancet in?
13. GIRL: No he isn't Mr. Mills...but he'll be back any moment.
14. Won't you sit down?
15. MILLS: Thanks, Babe!
16. FIB: What's the matter with you, Billy? Sprain your arm on a
17. downbeat?
18. MILLS: No, I want to see the doctor about my little boy. He
19. chewed up a page out of a school book, and he's had the
20. hiccups ever since.
21. FIB: Ah...that's probably just history, repeating itself.
22. MILLS: You think so? I was afraid maybe he'd swallowed that story
23. about Hannibal crossing the Exps.
24. FIB: That was the Alps.
25. MILLS: Oh.

FIB: Whatcha gonna play while we're waitin' for the doctor, Billy?

MILLS: "I FOUND MY LITTLE YELLOW BASKET". The Four Notes are going to sing it.

FIB: Oh that's fine...the three boys can carry the melody and the girl can carry the basket....take it Billy! My Little Yellow Basket!

ORK: "I FOUND MY LITTLE YELLOW BASKET" ... "FOUR NOTES"

APPLAUSE:

1. END SPOT:

2. FIB: Thanks, kids...that was very good and I'm glad you found

3. it. That yellow basket has been mislaid oftener'n the lost

4. chord. If you can -

5. GIRL: Excuse me, Mr. McGee...Dr. Splint will see you now.

6. FIB: Thanks, sis...

7. FOOTSTEPS. DOOR LATCH

8. DOC: Han there, McGee...what's wrong with you? Nothing we can't

9. cure with a major operation and a large fee, I hope. (LAUGHS)

10. FIB: Ye know, Doc...I think it's wonderful how you doctors can

11. be so dad ratted cheerful about other people's troubles.

12. It's a very... OUCH!

13. DOC: What's the matter?

14. FIB: That's what I wanna know...I get them little shootin' pains

15. every now and then...

16. DOC: Is that so...how old are you, McGee!?

17. FIB: 42.

18. DOC: Hmmm...can't be growing pains, or can it? We'd better

19. give you a thorough examination, McGee...MISS WHITECAP...

20. OH MISS WHITECAP! Bring your notebook...

21. GIRL: Yessir.

22. DOC: We'll take Mr. McGee's history. Now then, McGee...PARENTS?

23. FIB: Yes. Two of 'em.

24. DOC: Two parents...very interesting. Male or female?

25. FIB: I think there was one of each.

1 DOC: Ahhh yes ... make a note of that, Miss Whitecap. Now then
 2 how long have you had these sharp pains, McGee?
 3 FIB: Ever since I got up this morning, Doc. They been...OUCH!
 4 There's another one...
 5 DOC: Any other symptoms?
 6 FIB: N-no-o, I don't think... well...yes...there's one more thing
 7 ...my feet make a funny noise when I take my shoes off.
 8 DOC: Is that so...sort of a crackling sound...like you might
 9 have a loose bone? Or is it sort of a howling noise, like
 10 your metatarzan?
 11 FIB: Neither one...here, I'll take my shoe off and show you.
 12 PAUSE: THUD
 13 SOUND: DOVE COOING...COO COO COO COO COO COO COO COO COO COO
 14 DOC: Ahhhhhhaaaaa...PIGEON TOES! Very interesting!
 15 FIB: Pigeon toes, eh? Maybe I can train 'em to carry messages.
 16 Footnote or something. (LAUGHS) Get it, Doc? I says
 17 maybe -
 18 DOC: AHRRRRRUMPH...Ah yes...er...take his temperature, Miss
 19 Whitecap.
 20 GIRL: Yessir...open your mouth, sir.
 21 FIB: Glass...
 22 DOC: Now a few more questions...ever suffered from elscred of
 23 the trimpallet, McGee?
 24 FIB: Hnlwawahh...
 25 DOC: Is that so...how about emfragment of the uppermidwip?

1 FIB: Mlawa...hna...
 2 DOC: HMMMMM...no indication of qulprag...groopmuzzle...proflatus
 3 or lardproan. What's his thermometer reading, Miss Whitecap?
 4 GIRL: 67°, with a strong west wind and snow flurries in the late
 5 evening. Tomorrow unsettled.
 6 FIB: Now don't tell me you gotta remove my vernal equinox, Doc.
 7 DOC: McGee...this looks very serious...I think you need a
 8 complete check-up from top to...er...well, a complete
 9 check-up.. Have any trouble with breathing?
 10 FIB: Yes...a little.
 11 DOC: Well, we can stop that...Now McGee...I think first we'll
 12 check your eyes. The Doctor in the next office is our eye
 13 specialist. OH DOCTOR!
 14 WIL: Yes Doctor?
 15 DOC: Doctor, will you check this gentleman's eyes for me, please
 16 ...and keep a sharp lookout for any indications of
 17 brogtwitch or conjuncture of the infidian.
 18 WIL: Certainly. Just step this way, please. Thank you...now
 19 read the chart on the wall there...how does the first line
 20 read?
 21 FIB: Sklmpahtsdrmdg!
 22 WIL: Don't try to pronounce it. Just read the letters.
 23 FIB: G...P...X...Y...M...O...C...J...K...M...
 24 WIL: Very good. Your co-axial interdependence is astigmatically
 25 refractory.

1 FIB: Yes that's a family characteristic we inherited our eyes
2 from Grandpa McGee - he done crossword puzzles on
3 horseback.
4 WIL: Very interesting. Now read the second line.
5 FIB: (READS) JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST... NO RUBBING POLISH
6 TO BEAUTIFY AND PRESERVE... FLOORS AND LINOLEUM... Say, what
7 is this...
8 WIL: Next line please...
9 FIB: IT IS... SO EASY TO... APPLY... THAT IT SAVES... HOURS OF
10 HOUSEWORK AND ENDS THE DRUDGERY OF FLOOR SCRUB... say listen,
11 Doc - I -
12 WIL: Now the last line
13 FIB: AND... YOU SAVE MONEY... BY BUYING IT IN THE LARGER QUANTITY
14 ... Now listen... Harpo... what's the idea... you ain't no eye
15 specialist.
16 WIL: I know - but I always say, a Glocoated floor is a sight for
17 sore eyes, so I --
18 FIB: How do ya get outa here!

DOOR SLAM:

20 DOC: Ah there McGee... thru so soon?
21 FIB: Yea and a fine eye specialist Wilcox is. You go in for
22 bifocals and he makes ye buy Glocoat.
23 DOC: Oh he's a fine doctor, McGee... a fellow of the Royal College
24 of Surgeons, a Fellow of the International Society of -
25 FIB: Ain't you thinkin' of a couple of other fellows, Doc?

1 DOC: (LAUGHS) AHM... now as to your diagnosis, McGee... I think
2 I'd better pump your stomach.
3 FIB: Pump my stom -- oh no ye don't... I'LL TALK!
4 DOC: Oh come come... it's nothing... can you swallow this rubber
5 tube?
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25

FIB: Well, I'll try doc..but it seems awful big..and how about this brass nozzle?

DOC: What brass noz...OH THAT'S THE FIRE HOSE..I gave you the wrong tube..well never mind.

FIB: Okay Doc..but I'm glad I didn't have to eat the firehose. I'd a felt kinda but out (LAUGHS) Get it? I says -- OUCH!! There's another one o' them stabbing pains, Doc.

DOC: Well, we'll soon see what's wrong. I think ..HERE.HERE HERE..LEAVE MY FLOWERS ALONE. What's the idea of eating those roses?

FIB: Well, I thought as long as you were gonna take photographs of my interior, I'd kinda like to look pretty

DOOR LATCH:

BOOM: Excuse me, Doctor..excuse me..could you loan me about four liquid milligrams of nitro glycerine until tomorrow? I have to perform an operation for a bad case of excessive mazuma...

DOC: Why..ah..I don't believe I know you, Doctor.

BOOM: Ahhh..yes..allow me to introduce myself. I am Doctor Horatio K. Boomer..M.D., B.S.c., PH.D., D.D.S., LL.D. and SK.D...

FIB: What's SK.D., Boomer?

BOOM: Doctor of Skullduggery, Termites! If you have any skulls you want dug, Doctor, I shall be only too happy to consult -

FIB: Ask to see his degree, Doc..I don't think Leavenworth has gotta course in medicine.

DOC: Ahhh..yes..er..would you mind showing me your degree, Doctor?

BOOM: Ah yes..my medical degree..just a moment..should have it here somewhere..degree degree degree..have several degrees..just took the third one at the police statio...er..at a famous universi... now where did I put that degree,....here's a small pair 'f nippers... for cutting burglar alarms..hate to disturb people after they've been working hard all day..half a dozen upset emeralds..did I say UPSET? I meant UNSET..it's the former owner who is upset..letter from my dear old mother..she'll be paroled in April...theatre ticket stubs...a few compromising photographe of a bank president...he'll be quite up in the air about it, till I shake him down..set of false teeth, with a genal expression..and a check for a short beer..WELL, WELL, IMAGINE THAT!...NO DEGREE! As the union organizer said when he picked up his worker full of shotgun slugs..."SOMEBODY MUST HAVE POKED MY PICKET!" Good day, gentlemen.

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Ye know, Doc...that guy is...OUCH!! there's one o' them pains again.

DOC: We'd better have that exray, McGee..right in here please. Now lay down on the table..

SOUND: OREAK... THUD.

FIB: Now take some good pictures, Doc. And don't try to flatter me just make 'em look natural.

DOC: I'll do my best, McGee..Ready, Miss Whitecap?

GIRL: All ready Doctor.

DOC: Turn the switch.

SOUND: HUMMING SOUND..FADE FOR -

DOC: Well well well..this is odd! Look here Miss Whitecap.. just look at this area to the right of the pandemonium, here...

GIRL: Oh for goodness sake!! What is it, Doctor..looks like a lot of little men throwing cannonballs!

DOC: Miss Whitecap..you have the exray machine turned up too strong. That's the bowling alley on the first floor of this building.

GIRL: Oh dear..

FIB: Tune in again and see if you can get the Rosebowl game.. no, that was yesterday, wasn't it..

DOC: Quiet McGee...one more shot, Miss WHITECAP..a little to the right..that's it.

SOUND: HUMMING..UP..FADE:

FIB: That thing won't burn this shirt, will it Doc? I got it for Christmas and -

DOC: No no no..don't worry McGee..but you may get off the table now..

CLINK OF BOTTLES.

1 DOC: And here's some medicine for you to take while I
2 develop these plates. One for external use and one for
3 internal use. See the labels? This is external..
4 this is INTERNAL.

5 FIB: Do I need medicine?

6 DOC: Probably..I'm taking no chances..those shooting pains
7 may be some deep-seated trouble..

8 FIB: No..it's higher up than that, doc...I -

9 DOC: HARRRRRUMPH..just wait in the outer office for a few
10 minutes, McGee..and better take some of that medicine.

11 DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

12 DON: Hello Fibber..what are you doing here?

13 FIB: Hiyah Don..Oh I'm just gettin' a checkup..excuse
14 me while I take some medicine..

15 SOUND: POP OF CORK..SLUGGING..

16 FIB: Ahhhhhh..terrible stuff..you come to see the
17 doctor, Don?

18 DON: Yes...I still have a slight cold in my head..he's
19 got me on a light diet.

20 FIB: A light diet for a head cold, eh? Whatcha been eatin'?

21 DON: Noodle soup.

22 FIB: Hmmm..how about vegetables? are they pretty healthy?

23 DON: I guess so...I never heard one complain.

24 FIB: You never heard one compl..AHM. Whatcha gonna sing Don?

25 DON: CHARMAINE.

FIB: Oh that's a beautiful numbe...OH FER THE!! OH MY
GOSH!! I JUST MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.....OOOOOOOH!
OOOOOOOH!

SOUND: JUMPING UP AND DOWN.

DON: FIBBER...WHAT'S THE MATTER..STOP JUMPING AROUND!!!
FIBBER..HEY NURSE...DOCTOR!! COME HRE QUICK!!!

DOOR LATCH: VOICES..

DOCTOR: What's the matter McGee - did you take the wrong
medicine?

FIB: Eh? Oh no - I took the right medicine but I forgot
to shake the bottle -

CHORUS: GROANS - INTO

ORK: "CHARMAINE" - NOTIS

APPLAUSE:

3rd Spot

FIB: Thank you Don. That was beautiful. Why with a voice
like yours and a personality like mine, you could -
OUCH?

SIL: Whassa mattah, Mist' McGee, Please suh?

FIB: Oh Hello Sil. I didnt see you come in...

SIL: You feel pretty bad suh?

FIB: Oh no...matter of fact I feel pretty good except for
them stabbing pains...but the exray's oughtta show
what's wrong...probably just a case of nerves.

SIL: Tha's probably it, suh. You gotta lotta that.

FIB: Yes, I...EH? Say what you here for Sil?

SIL: I gotta see the doctah, please suh...maybe he gimme a
tonic or somp'm.

FIB: A tonic? You kinda run down, Sil?

SIL: Ah wouldnt be a bit surprised, suh. Ah seemsto be
tiahed all the time lately.

FIB: Ye are eh?

SIL: Yassah...particklar at night...you see durin' the

day ah reckon ah don' have time to notice it...ah

is so busy buildin' fuhnace fias fo', you an' Mist'
Mills and Mist' Wilcox...and carryin' out the ashes fo'

Mrs. Uppin' ton, and shovelin' the snow offen the

sidewalks fo' Mist' Kramah, and Mist' Novis, an doin' housewo'k fo'

Mist' Depopolis an' washin' windows fo' a few folks and stuff, an totin'
trunks around fo' the Transfer Company and doin' odd jobs in between. Ah
w'en ah go callin' on Rosebud at night...Rosebud, that's mah gal! Ah
just don' seem to have no pep.

FIB: Well a little tonic'll fix you up okay, Sil.
 SIL: Yassuh...tha's what Rosebud say...she say, BOY YOU
 GO GIT THE DOCTAH TO INSCRIBE YOU A TONIC...WHAT YOU
 NEED IS...ER...AH THINKS SHE SAY WINE WIMMIN AN' SONG
 or som'n. Is they a tonic by that name suh?
 FIB: There certainly is -- but she probably meant BEEF IRON
 AND WINE.

1 SIL: Oh yassuh. Tha's it. BEEF IRON AN' WINE. She say
 2 when ah gits mo' iron, she gonna do less Whin'in and
 3 beefin'.
 4 GIRL: Silvus Watson...the Doctor will see you now...
 5 SIL: Scouse me please suh...an' ah hopes you feel bettah
 6 soon.
 7 FIB: Thanks, Sil. Same to you...HEY SIS...MY EXRAY PLATES
 8 ABOUT READY?
 9 GIRL: They will be in just a few moments, sir...da you feel
 10 any better?
 11 FIB: We-l-l, yes, I guess I...OUCH...dad rat it...no I,
 12 dont either...Tell 'em to hurry up, will ye? I cant
 13 wait all day for -
 14 DOOR LATCH:
 15 NICK: Hello Fizzer...for the sakes of goodness why are you
 16 doubling yourselves up like a pretzel? Are you
 17 having tramps in the stomachache or did you eat something
 18 that I dont agree with you?
 19 FIB: Oh I got shooting pains, Nick...dunno exactly what is
 20 wrong.
 21 NICK: Hasnt the Doctors given you a diagrmnostipuss?
 22 FIB: He's workin' on a diagnosis now...developing ex-ray plates
 23 and all that stuff like that there...what you here for
 24 Nick?
 25

NICK: It's about my little boy Demetrios...If I am not labelling under a misappledumpling, I think the surgin is going to excavate his appendississithiss.

FIB: Oh that's too bad...the kid probably overate during the holidays.

NICK: Sure...that is baseballically what is the matter. When it ishaving candy in our house it is glutton glutton who is the biggest glutton, and Demetrios is always winning in a walk, only he eats so much he cant do it, you grob me?

FIB: Kinda greedy eh?

NICK: Sure...he islike the little doggie in the old Eastyslops Fable Fizzer. Remember? CACE UPON A TIMES, WAY BACK IN THE LONG LONG AGC -

FIB: Never mind Nick...I know the story, and OUCH...there it goes again.

NICK: Sure...here it comes again...ONCE UPON A LONG TIME AGO, THERE IS BEING A LITTLE POOCHIE WHO IS FINDING HIMSELF A BIG PORKCHOPS, AND IS TROTTING HOME WITH IT, IN ANTICIPASIM OF A BIG DINNERS. WELL, SIR THIS LITTLE J-? -

FIB: J-? Oh you mean K-NINE!

NICK: Sure...so this little ninekay was being very happy and carefare -

FIB: Carefree -

NICK: I stand conncted. But he is very happy until he is.. crossing a bridges across a little cricklet, and then he is looking down and seeing a refraction of himself in the water, which that day was being such an old smoothie it waslike a looking-mirror, you grob me?

FIB: Yes I know...and he thought his reflection was another dog, and beging greedy he started to growl and frighten it off so he could get the other porck chop and when he opened his mouth he dropped his own dinner into the creek. Now please -

NICK: THAT, FIZZER, IS THE SUM AND SUBWAY OF THE WHOLE STORIES. and the mortal of it is being: -

"A BIRD DOG WITH A PROCK CHOP IN HIS FACE IS WORTH TWO IN THE WATER, IF I STOP TO REFLECT, SO YOU ARE MORE LIKELY TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEAT, IF YOU KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT."

GIRL: Mr. McGee...your diagnosis is ready

FIB: Oh oh...excuse me, Nick...I'll see you later... shall I go right in sis?

GIRL: Yes sir....Dr. Splint's office.

DOG LATCH AND SLAM:

DOC: Ah there, McGee...here are your xray plates.. and a very interesting case it is, too.....

FIB: Is it...er.. is it serious, Doc? After all I cant afford to...OUCH....chhhhh...there it is again....

DOC: No...it's nothing serious, McGee...take a look at
 2. this plate...I'm sorry to have taken so long, but
 3. I had to retouch your left ribs a little.
 4. FIB: I hope you were careful Doc...I'm pretty ticklish.
 5. But what's wrong? Does it show?
 6. DOC: Oh very distinctly, McGee...see these black lines here
 7.and here and here's another one up here....there's
 8. your trouble.
 9. FIB: Looks like I swallowed a lotta toothpicks...
 10. DOC: I would advise you to get home as quickly as possible
 11. and take your clothes off, McGee.
 12. FIB: EH? Take my clothes off...and go to bed?
 13. DOC: Oh no...then you can get dressed again.
 14. FIB: What what is this? You mean I ...OUCH....but what's
 15. WRONG, Doc.
 16. DOC: Did you say this is the 1st time you've worn this
 17. shirt?
 18. FIB: Yes, but -
 19. DOC: Well, you forgot to take the pins out of it.
 20. FIB: Oh. Pshaw!
 21. DOC: That will be forty two dollays McGee...
 22. FIB: Forty two doll...OUCH!
 23. DOC: What's the matter?
 24. FIB: I'm stuck again!
 25. ORK: "YOUR EYES ARE BIGGER THAN YOUR HEART" - Fade for -

1. CLOSING COMMERCIAL:
 2. Fibber will be back in just a minute, but now I'd like to ask you
 3. another question. If you were convinced that JOHNSON'S SELF-
 4. POLISHING GLO-COAT would add many years to the life of your
 5. linoleum, wouldn't you want to put some of this amazing polish on
 6. your floors without delay? Well, scientific tests prove that
 7. GLO-COAT makes linoleum wear two or three times as long! GLO-COAT
 8. protects the surface from scuffing shoes -- keeps the colors fresh
 9. and clear -- prevents warping and cracking! And remember that
 10. GLO-COAT is self-polishing, requires no rubbing or buffing to give
 11. your floors a gleaming polish. It costs but a few pennies a month
 12. to keep your floors like new -- beautiful, clean and sanitary with
 13. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and it's a lot wiser to make this very small
 14. investment, than to have to spend many dollars later on for a new
 15. floor covering. And now, may I remind you that: whatever type polish
 16. you need for your floors, furniture, linoleum or your car, you will
 17. get your full money's worth in satisfaction if you specify one of
 18. the famous JOHNSON WAX products.
 19. ORK: SWELL TO FINISH
 20. APPLAUSE:
 21. ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" FADE FOR -
 22.
 23.
 24.
 25.

1. FIB: Folks, any of you who'd like a nice 8 x 10, glossy
2. finish copy of one of my ex-ray photographs, suitable
3. for framing, without no advertising matter, just send
4. \$22.50 or a reasonable facsimile to cover mailing and
5. embarrassment and --

6. WIL: Fibber...NO!!!

7. FIB: What sa , Harpo?

8. WIL: No no no...you cant do that.

9. FIB: Okay folks...you hear what Harpo says?: I can't do it.
10. sorry to have you get a glimpse of the little petty
11. jealousies on this program but I know you'll try to
12. understand...ahem.

13. GOOD NIGHT FOLKS!

14. ORK: SWELL TO FINISH

15. APPLAUSE:

16. CREDITS:

17. MORE

18.

19.

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

1. 30 SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT FOR JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH
2. (TO FOLLOW FIBBER MCGEE SHOW)

3.

4. Have you ever had a table ruined by an ugly, white ring or some
5. other stain? Then listen carefully. JOHNSON'S BLEM will remove
6. the ugly blemish -- save you the expense of costly refinishing!

7. If you act at once, you can get a full-sized tube of BLEM free
with your purchase of a 39¢ bottle of JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH

8. Let BLEM remove the blemish! Buy JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH

9. tomorrow and get your free tube of JOHNSON'S BLEM -- B-L-E-M

10.

11.

12.

13.

14.

15.

16.

17.

18.

19.

20.

21.

22.

23.

24.

25.

mr: mc: js: ab: 10:35 AM
1/3/39