

NBC

ADVERTISER S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN #189
OK WINS ANDERSON

PROGRAM TITLE FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ - RED
(8:30-9:00 PM) (JANUARY 10, 1939) (TUESDAY DAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Page 2.

1. WIL: The Johnson Wax Program:
2. ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"
3. WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing
4. Glocoat present FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY, with Jim Jordan
5. as Fibber, Donald Novis, The Four Notes and Billy Mills
6. Orchestra. The show opens with "LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU'RE
7. IN LOVE!"
8. ORK: "LIFE BEGINS WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE" - FADE FOR -
9. WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL: -
- 10.
- 11.
- 12.
- 13.
- 14.
- 15.
- 16.
- 17.
- 18.
- 19.
- 20.
- 21.
- 22.
- 23.
- 24.
- 25.

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

Suppose I asked you this question: "What is the most amazingly popular floor polish in all America today?" Well, I'll answer that question for you. It's Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Really folks, that is the truth. JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT has grown in popularity faster than any floor polish ever made! GLO-COAT gives your floors a gleaming polish without any rubbing or buffing. You put it on, and in 20 minutes behold your floors beautiful, protected against scuffing feet, food stains -- and best of all, against any more floor scrubbing! SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT is economical, too, besides saving you so much work. Use it on your linoleum, your varnished or painted wood floors. Be sure to get the genuine -- spelled, G-L-O-hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, MRS. UPPINGTON HAS JUST COME TO THE DOOR IN GREAT AGITATION. IT SEEMS SHE IS WORRIED ABOUT A CAT WHICH HAS BEEN STRANDED UP ON A ROOFTOP AND WANTS FIBBER TO HELP GET IT DOWN. SO HERE, IN MRS. UPPINGTON'S BACKYARD, CRANING HIS NECK TO SEE THE FRUSTRATED FELINE, WE FIND FIBBER (Always-be-dumb-to-kind-animals) MCGEE!

FIB: Where is it, Uppy? I don't see no cat.

UPP: Oh right up THEAH, Mr. McGee... don't you see? The poor POCOOAH thing... can't you see it... turning first one way and then the othah... looking for a way down off that roof?

FIB: Ohhhh yes... I see it now... does look kinda degravate at that. What kind of a cat is it?

UPP: I don't know, reahhhhhly; but it appears to be a big brown one.

FIB: Big brown one eh? Probably a chocolate maltese. But what am I supposed to do, Uppy? Put on my Mickey Mouse costume and lure it down?

UPP: Oh Mr. McGee... you simply MUST help the pocah creature CAWN! you do something?

FIB: (SIGHS) Okay... if I gotta play Frank Buck to a dadd ratted tomcat. Lessee now... that roof's forty foot high at least -- Got a ladder at your house, Uppy?

1 UPP: Just a short stepladdah, Mr. McGee...but you could
 2 climb up on it, and then pull it up aftah you, and use
 3 it again you know...
 4 FIB: That's against the law, Uppy.
 5 UPP: Against the law?
 6 FIB: Yes...GRAVITY...remember?
 7 UPP: But REAHHHHLY...we simply MUST do something for that
 8 poor cat. It's been theah for several days, you know...
 9 it must be STARVED.
 10 FIB: Mrs. Uppington...there's only one thing to do in a case
 11 like this...we gotta call the fire department.
 12 UPP: But my deah...it isn't on FIAH...it's just LOST
 13 FIB: Lister Uppy.. Cat on roof...ro got ladder...WHO got
 14 ladder? Fire department got ladder, get 'fire
 15 department, bring ladder, get cat. Catch onto it?
 16 UPP: OHHHH, OF COURSE, - how simple...reahhly. Come...let us
 17 phone the fiah depahhtment, at once.
 18 FIB: Don't have to phone, Uppy...here's a fire alarm box right
 19 on the corner here...See? I'll just break the glass,
 20 pull down the hook and they'll be here before you can
 21 say Johnson's Glocoat.
 22 UPP: Oh DO, Mr. McGee. HURRY.
 23 FIB: Okay here she goes...
 24 SOUND: GLASS TINKLE

1 FIB: Now I'll pull down the hook...
 2 SOUND: SHORT RATCHET SOUND SHOWER OF COINS...
 3 UPP: Gracious!! The jackpot! You lucky man!
 4 FIB: Say what is this!! I'll try it again...
 5 SOUND: SHORT RATCHET.
 6 GIRL: (ON FILTER MIKE) What number were you calling?
 7 FIB: THE FIRE DEPARTMENT, DAD PAT IT!
 8 GIRL: Sorry sir...that number has been disconnected for
 9 nonpayment. (CLICK)
 10 UPP: Oh deah...NOW what do we do!
 11 FIB: You run on home, Uppy, and keep a eye on the cat. I'll
 12 go down to the fire house and get 'em to run up here.
 13 See you later, Uppy...
 14 UPP: Oh DO hurry, Mistah McGee...
 15 FIB: I will
 16 SOUND OF RUNNING FEET...FADE INTO -
 17 ORK: SHORT PHRASE OF HURRY MUSIC...fade into -
 18 SOUND OF RUNNING FEET
 19 FIB: (PANTING) Phew...who does my script writer think he's
 20 workin' for - Glenn Cunningham? Well, here's the fire
 21 house...
 22 DOOR LATCH: SLAM
 23
 24
 25

1 FIB: HEY FELLAS...COME QUICK AND RESCUE A CAT OFF A - (PAUSE)

2 HEY FELLAS...(PAUSE) ANYBODY HERE? HEY...FIREMEN!

3 A FINE FIREHOUSE - THEY MUST ALL BE UPSTAIRS. I'LL SEE

4 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR LATCH

5 FIB: HEY FELLAS, BRING YOUR LADDERS AND HELP ME RESCUE A CAT

6 OFFA - (PAUSE)...HEY FELLAS!

7 SOUND: SNORES.

8 FIB: Well fer the...these musta been the guys who were on the

9 job when Mrs. O'Leary's cow give Chicago the hot foot.

10 HEY FELLAS!' WAKE UP! I GOTTA JOB FOR YE.

11 SNORES:

12 FIB: Well, this is a fine state of how do ye do! Wonder what

13 they'd do if I lit a match under their noses and let 'em

14 smell the smoke. I'll try it.

15 SNORES:

16 SOUND MATCH STRIKING

17 FIB: Now...a little smoke to drift past his nose... There!

18 MAN: (BREAK SNORE): Listen, Lulu...that's the third time

19 you've burned the steak this week...I thought you told

20 me you could cook! (SNORE)

21 FIB: I know how I'll wake 'em up...I'll holler fire. One.

22 two... three...FIRE!!!

23 SOUND: SHOT

24 FIB: Hey...who did that?

25 PINCH: I did...I'm the watchman...you told me to fire.

1 FIB: I was just tryin' to wake 'em up. Do they sleep like
2 this all the time?

3 PINCH: Oh no...you oughtta hear 'em at night. They're just
4 takin' a nap now.

5 FIB: Well - How do ye wake 'em up, bud?

6 PINCH: I dunno...I only been here two weeks.

7 FIB: Well, what do they do besides sleep?

8 PINCH: Play pinochle.

9 FIB: Say that gives me a idea.. I'll try it. (LOUDLY)

10 I CAN BEAT ANY GUY IN THIS ROOM PLAYIN' PINOCHLE!

11 SOUND: TERRIFIC SCUFFLE OF FEET...VOICES...CONFUSION...

12 VOICES: 1. Who said that?
2. Get the cards somebody...
13 3. My deal...
4. Where's my pants?
5. Never mind your pants...get the cards...
ETC. ETC.

16 FIB: ALL RIGHT FELLAS...I WAS JUST KIDDIN'... TAKE IT EASY.

17 VOICES OUT...

18 FIB: Who's the chief, here?

19 HAL: I am, mister...what can I do for you?

20 FIB: Well, there's a cat stranded on a roof down the street
21 and I wanted to -

22 FIRE ALARM BELL:

23 CHIEF: Oh oh...it's a fire boys...AT THE BIJOU THEATRE!!!

24 What's playing there this week?

25 "TOO HOT TO HANDLE".

1. CHIEF: That's what I thought...we'll stay here.

2. FIB: This is a fine fire department! Believe me, bud, if I

3. was a fire chief again and in charge o' this firehouse,

4. I'd --

5. HAL: AGAIN! Were you ever a fire chief, mister?

6. FIB: Was I a FIRECHIEF! Why bud, by the time I was 21 my

7. lungs was so full o' hot cinders the janitor had to

8. bank me for the night.

9. HAL: Is that so!

10. FIB: Yes...why my shins got so tough from slidin' down

11. brass poles that even now I never wear garters...I

12. just TACK my socks on.

13. HAL: (LAUGHS) Imagine that!

14. FIB: Oh I LOVED fires, bud. Why even as a boy I used to

15. dance with joyat goin' to a blaze. I'd do the big

16. apple, the suzi-q and truck. FIRETRUCK MCGEE I WAS

17. KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS! FIRETRUCK MCGEE... FACING

18. FRIGHTFUL FATE WITH A FINE FEELING OF FEARLESSNESS WHEN

19. FLASHIN' INTO FACTORY OR FARMHOUSE TO FETCH OUT FRANTIC

20. FLAT-FOOT FLOOGIES FROM THE FEROCIOUS FIRE: FEVERISHLY

21. FIXIN' FROZEN FAUCETS TO FIND A PEEBLE FLOW OF FLUID TO

22. FOIL THE FIERCE FLAMES AND FINDIN' FAME AND FORTUNE AS

23. THE FINEST FLOWER OF THE FIREFIGHTIN' FRATERNITY FROM THE

24. FARTHEST FATHOMS OF THE FIRTH OF FORTH TO THE FIVE-FOOT

25. FLOODS FAMILIAR TO FILM FOLKS AS A FAINT FOG!

APPLAUSE:
 ORK: "WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE" - "FOUR NOTES"
 APPLAUSE:

1. FIB: That was Billy Mills and the Four Notes, folks, playin'

2. and singin' "WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE." Nice goin',

3. kids. And speakin' O' dog catchin', I better get back

4. to my cat nappin'. HEY CHIEF...THERE'S A CAT ON A ROOF.

5. OVER BY -

6. HAL: Yes yes yes...tell me about it later McGee...why don't

7. you step into my office a minute and we'll talk over old

8. times...

9. DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

10. FIB: I don't think I better stay, bud...I just come in to tell

11. you about a cat that -

12. DOOR LATCH:

13. GIRL: Excuse me, Chief...can you go to a fire next Monday

14. evening at 7:30 ?

15. HAL: Is it formal?

16. GIRL: No sir. White Helmet and black-boots and pumps.

17. HAL: Send them my regrets, Miss Perkins. I just remembered -

18. I'm going to a smoker Monday night. Is that all, Miss

19. Perkins?

20. GIRL: No sir...Fireman De Lacey is waiting to see you.

21. HAL: Well, bring him in.

22. GIRL: Yes sir.

23. DOOR SLAM.

24. HAL: I'm glad to have a chance to sit down and rest, McGee

25. we had a bad fire yesterday.

FIB: Yes I know...the Wistful Vista Batchelor Apartments, wasn't it?

HAL: Yes it was...had to do a lot of rescue work.

FIB: Yes, I heard about them ten wimmin bein' trapped on the roof. Them batchelors has got awful young lookin' mothers, ain't they? But listen Chief...what I come in here for was about a cat that -

DOOR LATCH:

GIRL: Fireman Delacey, Chief.

HAL: Well, Delacey?

NANCE: Say Chief, for goodness sake, WHEN are we going to get some new hose...these we have look just terrible... there's a run in it four blocks long!

FIB: Can't you stop the run with a little dab of nail polish, sis. er...bud?

NANCE: Well, we never THOUGHT of that...can you imagine?

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Better watch that guy, Chief....He's so dainty he'll be tryin' to put fires out with a atomizer.

HAL: Oh I keep him busy, McGee... he's working nights now... crocheting a new landing net.

SOUND: SCUFFLING.

1 WIL: ALL RIGHT...LET GO MY BOOTS CHARITY...NOW HELP ME UP
2 ...THANKS...FOLKS...JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IS THE FINEST NO
3 RUBBING FLOOR POLISH THAT MONEY CAN BUY...IT SAVES HOURS
4 OF HOUSE WORK BECAUSE IT REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING
5 AND --

6 FIB: HARPO...WHAT IS THIS? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HAVIN' THAT GUY
7 PULL YOU IN HERE ON YOUR STOMACH?

8 WIL: Wait a minute Fibber. AND ANOTHER THING, FOLKS...
9 GLOCOAT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL MIRROR-LIKE FINISH IN 20
10 MINUTES OR LESS...AND BRINGS NEW LIFE TO FLOORS AND
11 LINOLEUM...BUYING IT IN THE LARGER SIZES WILL SAVE YOU
12 MONEY.

13 MAN: Okay...lay down, Wilcox...

14 WIL: All right...careful of that right boot, Charley...
15 it's loose and it comes off. OKAY...PULL ME OUT...

16 FIB: LISTEN HARPO...CANTCHA STAND UP AND WALK? WHAT HAPPENED?

17 WIL: JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF IN THIS PROGRAM...THE COMMERCIAL
18 HAD TO BE DRAGGED IN BY THE HEELS...Okay Charley! PULL
19 ME OUT!

20 SOUND: SCUFFLE FADE OUT:

21 FIB: That guy works hard even when he's layin' down on the
22 job. Listen Chief...can you get the boys to go rescue

23 a -

DOOR LATCH:

26

BILL: Say, fellas...my car is stalled down the street. Can somebody said you had a tow-car.

FIB: That ain't a tow car...it's a pull motor.

BILL: Oh...I'M SORRY!

DOOR SLAM.

FIB: Now let's see...what was it I come down to the firehouse for? There was somethin' I intended to...OH YES...THE CAT.
LISTEN CHIEF -

CHIEF: Wait a minute, McGee...I want to join the boys in our daily discussion...ATTENTION, MEN!

MURMUR OF VOICES UP AND OUT.

HAL: First question this morning boys, is WHAT DO WE DO WHEN YOU GET TO THE SCENE OF A FIRE?

MAN: We climb up and chop fifteen or twenty holes in the roof?

FIB: What if the fire's in the basement, bud?

1. MAN: Oh it'll spread...if we chop enough holes in the roof.

2. FIB: Very good....NOW then...what's the first thing a lady
3. says to ye after you rish your life draggin' her out of
4. a burning building. You bud

5. MAN #2: She says, listen, sonny, would you mind running back
6. and getting my hat? The blue one with the feather on
7. it?

8. FIB: Hmmm...that's usually the way bud. But you gotta
9. remember..You're in the only profession where ye start
10. at the bottom of the ladder, work your way up, and ain't
11. a success till ye get back down again. Now then...as a
12. veteran fireman, is there any questions you'd like to ask
13. ME?

14. MAN #3: Yeah-What if we should start to rescue a guy and then we
15. discover he's an income tax collector. Do we use our own
16. judgement?

17. FIB: No...we can't play favorites, bud. Just deduct the
18. ladder, and toss him out the window. Those fellas don't
19. care HOW small your net is.

20. DOOR LATCH:

21. SIL: Hiyah Mist' McGee, suh...how is you?

22. FIB: WELL AY, SIL...WHERE DID YOU GET THE NEW OUTFIT?

23. SIL: Pretty doggy ain't it suh? How you like the spoht coat
24. and the new shoes?

25.

1 FIB: Wonderful, Sil...that coat fits you like it was made for
 2 somebody practically your same size...and those shoes...
 3 what a beautiful shade o' yellow!?!...I thought at first
 4 it was two taxicabs comin' in...what happened?
 5 SIL: Ah come into some money suh... that is, Rosebud did.
 6 (Rosebud, tha 's mah gal.)
 7 FIB: A nice fat legacy?
 8 SIL: Well suh ah...er.WAH?
 9 FIB: I says did she have a nice fat legacy?
 10 SIL: Ain't you gittin' kind a personal, suh?
 11 FIB: No no no...I mean where did this money come from all of a
 12 sudden?
 13 SIL: (LAUGHS) Well suh, it's a real funny thing about that
 14 suh...ah was settin' in de pahlor wif Rosebud -
 15 FIB: Rosebud...that's your gal?
 16 SIL: Yassuh...and we was jus' talkin' about love an' stuff, and
 17 they is comin' a knock at de doo'bell.
 18 FIB: A KNOCK...at the doorbell?
 19 SIL: Yassuh...the doo'bell ain' workin' so evah body has to
 20 knock.
 21 FIB: Oh I see...

1 SIL: And in come a gempmun who is wif a fire insurance.
 2 compny...and he is lookin' arodn' and w'en he sees all
 3 the cigarette ashes layin' aroun - (me an' Rosebud
 4 is real hevvy smokahs suh) he say WELL HE SAY... YOU
 5 SHO' DID HAVE A FIAH DIN' YOU? HOW ABOU' SETTLIN'
 6 FO' FIFTEEN HUNDRED - and befo' we could argue he is
 7 make out a check and go away.
 8 FIB: (LAUGHS) Well, that was a quick adjustment...and it
 9 was nice of Rosebud to split with you.
 10 SIL: Yassuh...that's the first time she evah split wif me
 11 when we GGT money...she usually split up wif me when ah
 12 is broke. See you later, suh.
 13 FIB: Okay, Sil.
 14 FIB: Now about that cat, Chief...it's up on a roof over by
 15 Mrs. Uppingtons and it vant get down...the poor thing
 16 is turnin' around and around lookin' for a way to get
 17 down and -
 18 DOOR LATCH.
 19 MRS. UPP: Ohhhh Mr. McGee... PLEASE... I'M TEDDIBLY SORRY...
 20 REAHLLY...
 21 FIB: Smatter, Mrs. Uppington? The cat get down all right?
 22 UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...that's what I wanted to see
 23 you about before you bothered those LOVELY fishmen...
 24 (LAUGHS) Oh, I'm afraid I've been such a SILLY GIRL...
 25 reahilly... (LAUGHS)

1 FIB: What you talkin' about Uppy? Ain't that cat -
 2 UPP: MR. MCGEE...I just discovered...it isn't a REAL cat...
 3 it's only a WEATHAVENE.... (LAUGHS) So soddy..reahhly.

DOOR SLAM:

4 FIB: Well I'll be aof all the....A WEATHERVANE. Boys,
 5 I'm sorry to of bothered you. If I'd only of knew
 6 what -

7 SOUND: TERRIFIC ALARM BELL.

8 FIB: Oh oh a fire, eh?

9 CHIEF: IT'S A BIG ONE BOYS....Lemme see the indicator..YES...
 10 IT'S THE LUMBER YARD...ROLL 'EM OUT BOYS...GET GOIN'!

11 SOUND: EXCITED VOICES...GLATTER OF STUFF...

12 FIB: WAIT A MINUTE BOYS...HOLD EVERYTHING!!! (PAUSE AND
 13 QUIET) YOU CAN'T GO TO A FIRE NOW.

14 HAL: Why not?

15 FIB: Don Novis is gonna sing.

16 HAL: Oh that's right....I'd forgotten about that. Sit
 17 down, boys.

18 FIB: Hey Fireman Mills...you got any appropriate firehouse
 19 numbers for Don to sing?

20 MILLS: Let me take a look at the reppertwah. Here's the Song
 21 of the Flame...how's that?

22 FIB: N-no no.....I don't think so.. how about "HOSE SORRY
 23 NOW?"

24 MILLS: Or we have .."THERE'S A LITTLE SPARK OF LOVE STILL
 25 BURNING."

1 FIB: How about something BIG....like "PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE"?

2 MILLS: Too long....HERE'S ONE...."SAY IT WITH A KISS"

3 FIB: Is that appropriate for a firehouse scene?

4 MILLS: Is it? Did you ever see Don saying it with a kiss?

5 Oh, boy!

6 FIB: AHEM. Okay...we'll ask him to do that one.. READY DON?

7 FOLKS...DON NOVIS SINGS... "SAY IT WITH A KISS."

8 --ORCHESTRATE, BILLY... OSCULATE, DON!

9 ORK: "SAY IT WITH A KISS" --- NOVIS

10 APPLAUSE:

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

3rd SPOT:

FIB: Thank you Don, that was beautiful...with those pipes of yours, I think I can get you a job as pipeman in this firecompany, if I can make the right connections. So -

SOUND: ALARM BELL

HAL: COME ON BOYS... THE FIRE MUST BE SPREADING BY NOW..LET'S GO!

FIB: What me to go along boys and show ye how to handle it?

NICK: That is a very good ideas, Fizzer and before we are starting out to distinguish the fire, may I ask you an interrogasim, as one smoke-gets-in-my-eyes to another?

FIB: Certainly Fireman Depopolis...but make it snappy... What is it?

NICK: Well just as a for instances, if a fire is not starting itself by a spontainipuss concussion, but is primerrily we roll along due to some corrseseyed eletrcial wiring, do we give it a shower bath with the sprinkling hose, or do we ulitize the funny businessses?

FIB: Now wait a minite...lemme get this straight.. you're askin' what is a fire is due to faulty wiring...do we use water. NO...O' COURSE NOT... THAT'S DANGEROUS.

NICK: Oh then we DO use the funny businessses.

FIB: What funny business?

NICK: The comicals.

FIB: The comi... OH YOU MEAN THE CHEMICALS... Certainly You should know better'n to ask that.

1. NICK: Well, I am just being a short time for a voluntearful
2. fireman Fizzer, and I am not quite up to tobacco.

3. FIB: You mean UP TO SNUFF.

4. NICK: I don't like snuff. But do you know the real undersleeping
5. reasons I am joinging the voluntearful firemen, Fizzer?

6. FIB: No..what is the underlying reason, Nick?

7. NICK: Because, everytime I am driving my car the wrong way
8. down a one-street-way, a policeman is always being very
9. sourpuss to me and is saying, WHERE DO I THINK YOU'RE
10. GOING, DUMBLEBELL? TO A FIRE? And now I can say yes!
11. Heh heh heh. That is burning himup, I'm thinking.

12. SOUND ALARM BELL:

13. HAL: Come come boys...we must get going. MULLIGAN. GET UP ON
14. THAT TRUCK AND START THE ... (PAUSE) WHERE'S MULLIGAN
15. MULLIGAN?

16. MAN: He went home Chief...he was smoking his pipe and got a
17. cinder in his eye...

18. HAL: WELL WHO'S GOING TO DRIVE THE FIRE ENGINE? HOW ABOUT YOU
19. DELACEY?

20. NANCE: Heavens No, Chief...last time I drove I came back with my
21. hair simply blown to pieces...I was really a mess!!

22. HAL: WELL SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO DRIVE THE FIRE ENGINE. YOU
23. MCGEE..... YOU DRIVE IT... YOU'RE AN OLD FIREMAN....

24. FIB: Aw shucks, Chief...I just come down here about that cat
25. and -

HAL: ALL RIGHT BOYS...MCGEE WILL DRIVE...BOOST HIM UP THERE...
OPEN THOSE DOORS...THERE...LET'S GO?

SOUND: FIRETRUCK UP WITH BELLS ETC...WAY UP AND FADE...

FIB: Hey which way is the lumber yard, bud?

MAN: I dunno...stop the car...I gotta city map...

SOUND OUT: PAPER RATTLE

FIB: Let's see now...here's Kearney Street...Market...
Telegraph Hill. Golden gate park...HEY THIS IS A MAP OF
SAN FRANCISCO.

MAN: Can you imagine that...well let's not go there...they've
HAD a fire.

SOUND FIRE ENGINE UP...FADE FOR

MAN: HEY STOP THE CAR AGAIN...THERE'S AN OLD MAN STANDING
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD...STOP THE CAR!!

SOUND FIRE EFFECT OUT...

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny...mind if I ride along with you?

FIB: GET OFF THAT RUNNING BOARD, OLD TIMER...CAN'T YOU SEE
WE'RE GOIN' TO A FIRE?

OLD MAN: EHHHHR?

FIB: I says...you can't stop a fire engine this way!!!

OLD MAN: Well, I wanted to report a brush fire, Johnny...but it's
too late now.

FIB: BRUSH FIRE...Why that ain't important...why didn't you
stamp it out with your feet?

1. OLD MAN: Tried that, but pappy said it hurt his face. The brush
2. fire was in his beard...Heh heh heh..

3. FIB: Too bad it wasn't you son, Old timer, then we could use
4. that one about fireman shave my child. (LAUGHS)

5. OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good Johnny, but that ain't
6. the way I heered it. The way I heered it, a little boy
7. monkey says to the papa monkey,

8. "SAYYYYYY", HE SAYS, "I'M GOIN' DOWN TO THE JUNGLE
9. LIBRARY AND GET SOMETHIN' TO READ, PAPA, WHAT'S A GOOD
10. BOOK?" "WELL," SAYS THE PAPA MONKEY, "IF I WAS YOU,
11. SONNY, I'D READ DARWIN. HE'LL MAKE A MAN OUTA YE!"

12. Heh heh heh...GO ahead, Johnny...I just live around the
13. corner..

14. SOUND: FIRE ENGINE UP AND FADE..

15. OLD MAN: Now turn right next corner... (TRUCK UP AND FADE) Third
16. house on the left, there that's it. THANKS, FOR THE
17. LIFT JOHNNY...and now that you're a fireman can tell ye
18. what I've always wanted to.

19. FIB: What's that?

20. OLD MAN: Go to blazes!!! Heh heh...that was a hot one. (FADE
21. LAUGHING)

22. FIB: I'd like to have that guy join my club...if I had a
23. heavy enough club.

24. FIRE ENGINE UP AND FADE...

25. FIB: Turn that siren up louder, Bud.....

1. WOMAN: (VERY DRAMATIC) Kiss me, my fool!

2. FIB: WHO are you, Sis?

3. WOMAN: I'm the siren. May I stay, darling...or had I better
4. blow?

5. FIB: You better just vamp till ready, sis.

6. SOUND FIRE ENGINE UP...

7. FIB: SEE THE LUMBER YARD YET BUD?

8. MAN: Nope...I don't...must be around here somewhere...

9. FIB: I'll ask this guy down the street...

10. FIRE ENGINE WAY DOWN.

11. FIB: HEY BUD. WHICH WAY IS THE LUMBER YARD?

12. MAN: Three blocks down and two to the north. but I wouldn't
13. go down there if I were you.

14. FIB: Why not?

15. MAN: IT'S ON FIRE.

16. FIB: Oh. Thanks!

17. FIRE ENGINE UP AND FADE.

18. FIB: Did he say to the north or to the south?

19. MAN: I don't remember.. ask that girl up ahead there....

20. FIRE ENGINE DOWN.

21. FIB: HEY SIS -

22. GIRL: (GIGGLES) Oh Mr. Fireman...I'm so happy...they said I
23. haven't got it and probably will never get it...Isn't it
24. wonderful? (GIGGLES) And I was SO worried about how my
25. tests would come out...NOW I WON'T HAVE TO GO WEST.

1. FIB: What did they test you for sis? Scarlet Fever ?

2. GIRL: No..Scarlett O'Hara.

3. FIB: You, too? You know how they arrange them Scarlett
4. O'Hara tests, sis? They asked every gal in America
5. who wanted to try out for that part to raise her right
6. hand.....

7. GIRL: How many did they get?

8. FIB: Seven million eight thousand and forty six, includin'
9. the Statue of Liberty...HEY WHERE'S THE LUMBER YARD?
10. GIRL: RIGHT IN THE NEXT BLOCK.

11. FIB: Thanks!

12. FIRE ENGINE WAY UP...SUSTAIN AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

13. FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed!! ALL RIGHT BOYS. GET THAT
14. PUMP WORKIN'...AND YOU, SCRIMSHAW...Take the
15. anframer over the silhyde and connect the rogorp to the
16. left breen...AND MURPHY...scroll the frimp onto the
17. mortbill and start the ledfrane garling up the cleep.
18. LOOK LIVELY NOW!!!

19. SOUND: ENGINE PUMPING...SHOUTS IN DISTANCE...BUSTLE ETC.

20. HAL: (FADE IN) HERE HERE HERE...WHAT'S THE MATTER...WE'RE NOT
21. GETTING ANY WATER UP AHEAD THERE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

22. FIB: NOTHIN' SERIOUS, CHIEF...EXCEPT THE HOSE WON'T REACH
23. THE HYDRANT FROM HERE.

24. HAL: WELL DRIVE THE TRUCK UP CLOSER, STUPID!

25. FIB: EH? No sir...NOT ME, OH NO.....

1 HAL: WHAT'S THIS? YOU SAY THE HOSE WON'T REACH THE
 2 HYDRANT FROM HERE, BUT YOU WON'T DRIVE ANY CLOSER?
 3 I'LL HAVE YOU DISCIPLINED FOR THIS, MY MAN!
 4 FIB: OH YEAH... WELL I'M QUITTIN' RIGHT NOW... HERE... TAKE YOUR
 5 OLD HELMET AND RAINCOAT... I'M THRU... YOU'RE TOO
 6 UNREASONABLE!
 7 HAL: Whaddye mean, Unreasonable... ALL I ASKED YOU TO DO WAS
 8 DRIVE THE TRUCK UP TO THE HYDRANT.
 9 FIB: Oh that's all eh? I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T SEE THAT COP
 10 STANDIN' RIGHT BY THE FIREPLUG... AND YOU WANT ME TO
 11 PARK THERE? NOTHIN' DOIN' BUD... SO LONG!
 12 ORCH: "THANKS FOR EVERYTHING" Page for

1 CLOSING COMMERCIAL:
 2 Fibber will be back in just a moment. How many kitchen floor-scrubbers
 3 are there still left in America, do you suppose? Of course they're
 4 getting fewer right along, but don't you feel sorry for them, you
 5 women who have discovered GLO-COAT? Think how unnecessary it is to
 6 scrub floors now! It's so easy to keep them beautiful with JOHNSON'S
 7 SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT, America's No. 1 Floor Polish. You simply
 8 pour a little GLO-COAT on ~~the~~ floor, and let it dry. In 20 minutes,
 9 the floor has taken on new beauty, with a gleaming polish that will
 10 last a long time. Remember, there's no rubbing or buffing with
 11 JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. The colors of linoleum floors
 12 are kept bright for years with this amazing polish. Varnished or
 13 painted wood floors are protected against wear, and stay clean.
 14 The name, JOHNSON, on the GLO-COAT can insure highest quality.
 15 For your own protection, always insist upon JOHNSON-WAX PRODUCTS.
 16 They are dependable.
 17
 18 ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

1. -TAG GAG -

2. FIB: Folks, I wanta say right now, that we didn't mean
3. nothin' derogatory to no firemen. They're a swell
4. bunch of underpaid, hard workin', brave guys, and
5. I admire 'em very much. Incidentally, this
6. statement has nothin' to do with the fact that
7. there's a fireman settin' in the front row of the
8. audience...and I got this black eye from runnin' into
9. the trombone durin' that last musical number. AHEM.
10. Goodnight, folks.

11. MUSIC UP AND FADE ON CUE:
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.

1. (30 SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT FOR JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH)

2. 2ND ANNOUNCER:

3. It's fun to collect stamps and coins and things like
4. that but a furniture polish that collects dust just
5. makes extra work for you. JOHNSON'S new, easy-to-use,
6. FURNITURE POLISH contains no sticky oil to collect
7. dust and finger smudges. JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH
8. imparts an exquisite wax lustre to tables, chairs and
9. radio cabinets -- shields the wood from scratches and
10. stains and gives all furniture an expensive, hand-rubbed
11. appearance! Buy a bottle of JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH
12. tomorrow. You will say it's the most satisfactory polish
13. you ever used.
14. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

15.
16. (CHINES)
17.
18.

19. mc:ah: 9:00 AM : 1/10/39
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.

DOOR LATCH:

WILCOX: Excuse me, Chief, can I run out home for a while?
My sister is on fire --

FIB: What's that, Harpo? Your sister is on fire!

WIL: Yes, she has a burning "desire" to try Johnson's
Glocoat on her kitchen linoleum. I've told her it
was marvelously easy to apply and would save her
hours of housework, and --

FIB: Now wait a minute, Harpo -

WIL: And I also told her it would make her floors and
linoleum look like new again - and that she'd save
up to a third on a large size can - What were you
going to say, Fibber?

FIB: I was gonna say you better run along, Harpo - I knew
she was on fire when I come past your house.

WIL: She was?

FIB: Yes, I saw her in the window, smokin' -

WIL: Oh my gosh - I better go!

DOOR SLAM:

1. FIB: Hey, Sis!

2. GIRL: Oh don't bother me, Mr. Fireman - I'm going to take
3. a screen test for Scarlett O'Hara and I'm so excited.
4. (GIGGLES)

5. FIB: What, you too? You know how they arranged for them
6. test, sis?

7. GIRL: No - how?

8. FIB: They asked every gal in America who wanted to try out
9. for the part to raise her right hand.

10. GIRL: Did they get many responses?

11. FIB: 8 million - includin' the Statue of Liberty. Hey -
12. where's the lumber yard, sis?

13. GIRL: Right in the next block.

14. FIB: Thanks.

15. FIRE ENGINE WAY UP... SUSTAIN AND OUT WITH BRAKE SCREECH.

16. FIB: Gotta get them brakes fixed! ALL RIGHT BOYS...GET THAT

17. PUMP WORKIN'...AND YOU, SCRIMSHAW...Take the anframer over the
18. silhyde and connect the rogoro to the left breen...AND MURPHY...scrall.
19. the frimp onto the mortbill and start the ledfrane garling up the
20. cleep. LOOK LIVELY NOW!!!

21. SOUND: ENGINE PUMPING...SHOUTS IN DISTANCE...BUSTLE ETC.

22. HAL: (FADE IN) HERE HERE HERE...WHAT'S THE MATTER...WE'RE NOT
23. GETTING ANY WATER UP AHEAD THERE! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

24. FIB: NOTHIN' SERIOUS, CHIEF...EXCEPT THE HOSE WON'T REACH THE
25. HYDRANT FROM HERE.
WELL DRIVE THE TRUCK UP CLOSER, STUPID!

1. HAD: WELL DRIVE THE TRUCK UP CLOSER, STUPID!
2. FIB: EH? No sir...NOT ME. OH NO.....
3. HAL: Why not?
4. FIB: Why not!! Don't you see that cop on the corner -
5. you wanna get me pinched for parkin' next to a fire
6. plug? Not me! I quit!
7. ORK: "THANKS FOR EVERYTHING" - FADE FOR:
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
26.

ADVERTISERS. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

CHICAGO OUTING-RED
8:30 - 9:00 P.M.)
TIME

JANUARY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

*Correct
Com*