

#190

Rice

(REVISED)

WRITER:

DON QUINN

copies already sent SCG etc from Hollywood
TUESDAY

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

"FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY"

NBC - Red

JANUARY 31st, 1939

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORK: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat present Fibber McGee and Company with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis, The Four Notes and Bill Mills Orchestra. The show opens with "Anything Goes."

ORK: "ANYTHING GOES!" FADE FOR -

WIL: 1st COMMERCIAL - PAGE 3

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
JANUARY 31, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Upstairs and downstairs, all through the house, your floors and linoleum need the protection of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT -- that is, if you want them to stay beautiful as new -- easy to care for! GLO-COAT gives a shield of bright protection to painted or varnished wood floors -- to inlaid and printed linoleum. Dirt cannot become imbedded in this shining polish. Think what this means to you! No more wearisome floor-scrubbing. No more drab, soiled floors! Even a child can apply GLO-COAT and get satisfactory results, for this remarkable no-rubbing polish never streaks or smears. Simply spread some of the liquid lightly over the surface -- let it dry for 20 minutes and you'll have lovely, polished floors without any rubbing or buffing! Ask your dealer tomorrow for GLO-COAT -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

(2) SEGUE

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

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(REVISED)

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WIL: WELL, THE GOVERNMENT HAS DECIDED TO HOLD ITS WINTER ARMY MANEUVERS AND WAR GAMES IN WISTFUL VISTA THIS YEAR AND THE WHOLE TOWN IS IN A MARTIAL DITHER. AND HERE, APPROACHING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDANT TO OFFER HIS SERVICES AS MILITARY ADVISOR, WE FIND FIBBER ("LAFAYETTE, WHERE ARE WE?") MCGEE!

A PPLAUSE: THEME:

FIB: (SINGS) Oh you're in the Army now, you're not behind the plow - now, the uniforms itch, ~~you'll never get rich~~

P.V.
SENTRY: HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

FIB: Oh Hiyah Bud...what was the question?

P.V.
SENTRY: I said WHO GOES THERE?

FIB: I ain't goin'. I'm comin'.

P.V.
SENTRY: Oh excuse me..come ahead.

FIB: Thanks...which way is the commander's tent, bud?

P.V.
SENTRY: It's the big one over there with the American flag over it.

FIB: Thanks, I'll go over and see...HEY THAT FLAG'S UPSIDE DOWN... THAT'S A DISTRESS SIGNAL!

P.V.
SENTRY: I know...the general had lobster and ice cream for dinner last night.

FIB: Well, he oughtta keep his troubles to himself. When I was a general in the Army I had a flag tatoood on my stummick. Then when I got upset my distress signals was flew in private. Much obliged bud...(SINGS) Oh you're in the army now..You're not behind the plow..you'll never get rich and you'll sloop in a ditch, you're in the Ar- HEY BUD.. is the General in?

MAN: Yes but he's busy with the chief of the Cavalry.
FIB: I see..probably pickin' some winners at Hialeah. Tell him Major McGee, retired, is here to see him.
MAN: Yessir. *(Lade)*
FIB: Ahh the good old army..them was the golden days...gold braid on the arm, goldfish for dinner and goldbrickin' all day long...
MAN: Come in, Major McGee. *(off)*
FIB: Okay, bud!
DOOR LATCH AND SLAM
FIB: Nice of 'em to put that door on this tent..otherwise nobody could tell I was entering. HIYAH GENERAL.
HAL: Good day. Did I understand the sentry to say you were a retired officer, Mr..er....
FIB: McGee, bud. Fibber McGee, late major of the U.S. Marines, Air Service, Tank Corps, Cavalry, Engineers, Infantry and all stuff like that there.
HAL: How about Intelligence?
FIB: Oh, enough to get by. *
HAL: I see..(LAUGHS) Very good...Major, this is Colonel Hackamore of our Cavalry unit.
FIB: Hiyah Colonel. Didn't we meet at old Fort Blunder in the Mexican Campaign?
COL: I was never assigned to Fort Blunder.
FIB: Neither was I. It's a small world, ain't it?
HAL: AHARRUMPH...excuse me, Major McGee, but..I..ah..that is we are in the midst of planning our manuevrs and we're very busy, so--

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FIB: Oh that's okay, General. The reason I come in is I thought you might wanta military advisor..somebody familiar with the local er..territory.
HAL: Well..ah....
FIB: Fer instance, suppose you planned a attack on the opposin' forces and marched across town to take 'em in the flank. You wouldn't wanna find your advance guard smack ^{duh} up against the brewery or somethin'.
COL: The fellow has something there, General.
HAL: Yes yes..very interesting thought. Very interesting. You say you are a retired Major, McGee?
FIB: Yes, they retired me for insubordination.
HAL: Is that so! What did you do?
FIB: Well, one o' the miles died and they give it a military funeral. They made all the officers face east while they played taps and I wouldn't do it. I faced the other way.
HAL: And why did you refused to face the east?
FIB: I was a West Pointer. *
HAL: Oh I see..~~the point was well taken~~. WHAT..er..what campaigns did you serve in, Major McGee?
FIB: Well, I served in Mexico, General. Pershing put me in personal charge of catchin' that Mexican bandit.
HAL: Is that so..how did he happen to do that?
FIB: Well, a bunch of us officers was whoopin' it up at a soda fountain down on the border one night and the soda jerk says WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, GENTS? and I says, I'll take Vanilla. Well sir, Pershing heard me and thought I say'd I'LL TAKE VILLA...so he gimme the job.
COL: Sounds like just the man we need for the local manuevrs, General.

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HAL: FIB: I think so myself, Colonel. ^{HAL:} You are familiar with modern tactics Major?

FIB: Am I! Shucks, Fellas, I was a master of military tactics when I was just a kid. Why officers from all over the world used to come to our house to watch me play with my toy soldiers on the carpet. CARPET TACTICS MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS -

(INSERT A - ALLITERATION)

- CARPET-TACTICS MCGEE, THE CALM AND COURAGEOUS CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY. QUICK TO CALCULATE A CAMPAIGN TO KEEP CRUEL KILLERS FROM COMIN'-OVER AND CONQUERIN' QUIZZIN' CAPTIVES TO COLLECT CONFESSIONS THAT COULD KEEP US COPIN' ITH THEIR CONNIVIN' COHORTS; AND THE KEENEST KID AT CRACKIN' CODES FROM THE CLATTERIN' CAISSONS OF CAMP CUST TO THE CLEAN-CUT KILTIES OF COLD CALEDONIA!

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HAL: Splendid, splendid! I think you're just the local contact we need, Major ... suppose you wait here in my tent while the Colonel and I check our supplies. Come, Colonel.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Well, here I am in the Army again, and I didn't even have to cough. Now let's see --

KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Well, whatcha want, sis?

GIRL: I am a nurse in the Hospital Unit, sir.

FIB: Then why ain't you in Uniform?

GIRL: I'm supposed to be on leave of absence, sir... and now they want to cancel my leave during these maneuvers. Please don't let them.

FIB: Hmm...what's your name, sis?

GIRL: Adams, sir. Eve Adams.

FIB: Eve, eh? Well, quit worryin', sis. Nobody named Eve should have her leaf cancelled during winter maneuvers. You may go.

GIRL: Oh, thank you.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Now lessee ... I guess I better glance over these papers ...

(TELEPHONE) (CLICK)

FIB: COMMANDANT'S HEADQUARTERS. MAJOR MCGEE SPEAKIN'! WHAT SAY? BUD? IS THAT SO? WELL? SEND UP FIVE AIRPLANES AND HAVE 'EM SPRAY THE CAMP WITH PAINT REMOVER. (CLICK) A FINE ARMY! THEY CAMOUFLAGED THREE AMMUNITION TRUCKS SO GOOD THEY CAN'T FIND 'EM AGAIN.

FIB: ~~How does... what's the... over the...
 (Mills) Well... the...
 ...
 ...
 ...~~

DOOR LATCH

DON: Lieutenant Novis reporting, sir.
 FIB: Oh Hiyah Don. Whatcha want?
 DON: May I have a furlough, sir?
 FIB: Listen, Don..accordin' to these papers, you're the fourteenth Lieutenant that's asked for furlough in a period of two days.
 DON: Interesting period, wasn't it?
 FIB: What was?
 DON: Looie the 14th.
 FIB: Louie the fo--.AHM. How does army life agree with you, Don?
 You're looking very well.
 DON: Oh I feel swell, Fibber. Very exhilarated. In fact, I feel so happy I could sing "Only A Rose" in a few minutes.
 FIB: Pretty clumsy introduction, but we got it in, didn't we?
~~...
 ...
 ...~~
 DON: ~~Well...
 ...
 ...~~

FIB: ~~Just~~
 DON: ~~Well...
 ...~~
 FIB: ~~Oh...
 ...~~ Go ahead a ~~...~~, Lieutenant *Novis*
 "ONLY A ROSE".
 ORCHESTRA: "ONLY A ROSE" -- NOVIS
APPLAUSE

FIB: That was great, Don. And that Billy Mills accompaniment was very good, -too. I'll see that you boys get --
 (TELEPHONE)

FIB: (CLICK) COMMANDANTS HEADQUARTERS. MAJOR McGEE SPEAKIN'.
 OH HIYAH BILLY. YES, I DID...THAT WAS A BEAUTIFUL ACCOMPANIMENT. WHAT? WHADDYE MEAN YOU WANNA PROMOTION? WHAT ARE YOU NOW, ~~BILLY~~ *Mills*? A MAJOR GENERAL? N-no, I'm sorry, Billy....CAN'T DO IT. EH? WELL I JUST CAN'T, THAT'S ALL. THIS IS THE JOHNSON'S WAX PROGRAM...HOW WOULD IT SOUND IF WE HAD A MUSICAL NUMBER PRESENTED BY GENERAL MILLS?
 (CLICK) Of all the dumb ~~...~~ *clumsy I ever saw*
 (DOOR LATCH)

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny....need any new recruits?
 FIB: Nope, I don't believe so, Old Timer.
 OLD MAN: EHHHHHH?
 FIB: I says no....we got all the soldiers we need. Though I can understand why livin' in a pup-tent would appeal to a old Airedale like you. (LAUGHS)
 OLD MAN: (LAUGHS) That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. ---- The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, "SAYYYY," HE SAYS, I SEE WHERE THEM SOUTHERN PLANTERS ARE WORRIED ABOUT THE BIG COTTON SURPLUS. "ZAT SO," SAYS TOTHER FELLER, "WHY DON'T THEY GET ~~...~~ *all the* GALS TO "WEAR COTTON STOCKINGS?" "CAN'T DO IT," SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, "THAT WAY BOTH THE COTTON AND THE GAL WOULD BE OUT ON A LIMB!" Heh heh Meh... It just goes to show, Johnny, why gals like silk....it just goes to show.
 (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Imagine that old fossil talkin' about silk stockings?
Well, I guess a guy is only as old as he looks, and
apparently he still looks. Now--let's see---I guess I better
go out and inspect the camp --

(DOOR LATCH AND SLAM)

FIB: Oh you're in the army now, you're not behind the plow,
you'll never get rich, you -- OH HELLO THERE, SOLDIER....
YOU....GOOEY FOOEY... "WHERE YOU GOIN' with that suitcase?

CHINK: Oh so....just got fired from army.

FIB: Fired, eh? What for?

CHINK: Me camp cookee. Have 'em hot dogs fo lunchee - was out of
mustard.

FIB: So what?

CHINK: So got mustad out....

FIB: Oh I see....was you a cook in Civilian life, Gooey Fooey?

CHINK: Ah suah.

FIB: Can you take short orders?

CHINK: ~~Oh suah....~~ Can do.

FIB: Okay....SCRAM! Oh, you're in the army now....you're not
behind the plow, you'll never get --

UPP: Oh HOW do you do, Mr. McGee....

FIB: Hiyah Mrs. Uppington....what you doin' in this army camp?

UPP: Oh, I am arranging a littla dinnah pahty, Mr. McGee, for
some of the officers...the HIGHER officers of course.

FIB: Oh yes....the higher officers.... ^{Well as I always says} ~~Them formal dinners are~~
~~duck soup for the brass hats, Uppy, but for the non-~~
~~commissioned officers it's just corporal punishment.~~

UPP: You see, I thought it would REAHLY be such a distinguised
gathering ... so milit'ry ... and it would be SUCH a treat
for them, my deah, to eat in such nice clean wholesome
surroundingsdon't you think so reahly?

FIB: Watcha mean, Uppy ... there's nothin' cleaner than a
army dinin' tent.

UPP: Oh, but when I made inquiries, Mr. McGee, I was told the
officers were used to eating in their own mess. I was
quite shocked, reahly!

FIB: Now, wait a minute, Uppy .. MESS is just another name fore
dining room in the service.

UPP: Ohhhhhh ...(LAUGHS) ... How horrid! But if they do come,
Mr. McGee, I hbbe they don't wear their swords and spurs...
they are so liable to get jingled ...(LAUGHS) ... Oh, I
hope you don't think I'm just a silly girl, running after
a uniform. Good day, Mr. McGee!

FIB: ~~What's the name of that... that's... that's...~~

UPP: ~~What's the name of that... that's... that's...~~

FIB: Hm... after knowin' a few society dames like her it's easy to figure out how ye get such a cold damp handshake from 'em. They spend so much time in fingerbowls. Oh well, this ain't inspectin' the --

SOUND: (MOTOR FADE IN UP AND OUT... HEAVY TRUCK MOTOR WITH IRON CLANKING)

WIL: HIYAH FIBBER!

FIB: Oh Hiyah Harpo... what you doin' ~~in that tank?~~

WIL: Oh I'm in the tank corps... hadn't you heard?

FIB: Why no, I hadn't. What experience have you had with tanks?

WIL: Who me? WHY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF TELLING HOUSEWIVES HOW JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT WILL SAVE THEM HOURS OF HOUSE WORK BECAUSE IT REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING, I'VE HANDLED MILLIONS OF TANKS. Tanks for telling them how to restore floors and linoleum... tanks for making housework so easy... tanks for the economical way of buying Glocoat in the larger sizes... tanks for --

FIB: HARPO!

WIL: Hm...?

FIB: If you don't mind my criticism, that commercial clanks worse than the tank.

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WIL: Well, THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU... here I go get all greasy and bruised up for nothing... Okay Pal!

SOUND: (MOTOR UP AND OUT)

FIB: I'd of had him tossed in the guard house, only he'd of busted out with something about guarding houses against mars and scratches with Johnson's Waxes... if he ain't the most --

NICK: Well, Hello there, Fizzer!

FIB: Oh NICK DEPOPOLIS! Hiyah, Nick.

NICK: What is this unfounded rumors I am hearing about you being a militiorial advisory to the general stuff, or am I labelling under a misappledumping?

FIB: Oh no... that's correct, Nick... what you doin' here?

NICK: Oh, I am coming down here for a visits with an old friend of mine, Fizzer... he is a brigamoose.

FIB: Brigamoose... Brigam... oh you mean a BRIGADEER.

NICK: I stand connected. Anyway, I am very enthusinastic about militiorial things, Fizzer. I think it is because I am being a Greek people and Greek people are always being ready to fight at the drop of a hat falling down.

FIB: Yes, the Greeks have quite a warlike history, haven't they? Wasn't Helen of Troy --

NICK: Oh sure... Helen of Troy was quite a kewpie, Fizzer. She had a puss which is shipping a thousand launches.

FIB: You mean that launched a thousand ships.

NICK: Hava it my way. She was a very hysterical character. I am reading a literary book about her last nights, and it seems she is having a boy friend who is calling himself by the name of Paris. You are probably not knowing about that, Fizzer. If you would read more, you wouldn't be so illegitimate.

FIB: ILLITERATE.

NICK: Why not? Anyway, this Paris squeegee is making a play for this Helen Kewpie, you grob me, and as a little totem of her esteem, she is giving him a golden apple.

FIB: Yes, I know all about the --

NICK: AND THAT IS SETTING THE PRESIDENT, FIZZER, BECAUSE EVER SINCE THOSE TIMES, you will find a Greek people owning a fruit stands. Well so long, Fizz er...I'll see you later, if I don't look out.

FIB: The trouble with that guy is he tried to cross on unabridged dictionary and fell in. Well, I better get on with my --

HAL: (FADE IN)...AH THERE MAJOR MCGEE....WE WERE LOOKING FOR YOU.

FIB: Oh Hiyah, General...what's up?

HAL: Well, we're planning our campaign, Major...just step into my tent, please....

(DOOR LATCH AND SLAM)

HAL: Now here's our problem, Major...we are dividing the army into two forces...the red and the blue... Here, take a look at my map....

FIB: I have been...you need a shave.

HAL: No no no....I mean this military map...(RATTLE PAPER) Now you say you are...ah...familiar with the local terrain?

FIB: Why shucks, General, I know this country like the back of my hand with mittens on. Whatcha wanna know.....

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HAL: Here is the problem...I propose to deplay the red forces in this area here..machine gun emplacements here...a flanking movement here by this wooded patch...then the cavalry and motorized units would come this way and -

FIB: Oh you're gettin't his all wrong, bud...here, lemme take that map..gimmie a pencil...now set down and relax...I'll figure out the tactics for you...have a cigar?

HAL: Thank you..I have one..

FIB: Ye got two? Thanks...AHEM...now here's the way to go... put your infantry here..bring the tanks up here...engineers over here.. and then when ye come around this way..PRESTO... HEMMED IN! Simple, aint it?

HAL: Ah yes...seems very simple...thank you. I believe that solves the whole problem. You certainly know this country. dont you?

FIB: I'll say I do...only thing that puzzles me on this map is this hill over here to the north...I never knew that was there.

HAL: That's my finger.

FIB: Oh..oh yes...well, good luck, General.

HAL: Thank you my boy...the maneuvers will start immediately, I'll issue the orders right away.

~~DOOR LATCH AND SLAM~~

FIB: ~~There's no cavalry attached to this job. I forgot to ask when...~~

~~DOOR LATCH AND SLAM~~

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FIB: Okay, General, and just to get your men into a fightin' mood, get 'em into a real military pitch of excitement, I'll have Major Mills play somethin' really stirring. Whatcha got there, Major Mills?

MILLS: "Patty Cake, Patty Cake!

FIB: Patty Cake, Patty Cake! Won't this infantry ever grow up? Well, go ahead, men. Patty Cake Patty Cake with the 4 NOTES.

ORCHESTRA: PATTY CAKE PATTY CAKE * 4 NOTES
(Applause)

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FIB: That was the Four Notes, folks, singin' Patty Cake Patty Cake, accompanied by Butchers Man Billy Mills. Nice Caking, Patty.

GIRL: My name's Marjorie.

FIB: Oh yes..well you kids better go climb into a dugout someplace..there's a war about to start around here and I don't want you to get -

DOOR LATCH

BOOM: Ah there, my boy...are you the Officer of the Day?

FIB: Bud, I'm not only the Officer of the day, I'm the Man of the Hour, and Chief of the Minute Men. Sit down and I'll split a second with you. By the way, ain't you Horatio K. Boomer?

BOOM: In the flesh, my boy, - in the lovely, quivering flesh. And I have here an article which should be of ^{great} ~~paramount~~ interest to every army officer in this great and Glorious land of Freedom. The Land where -

FIB: Oh get to the point, Boomer...whatcha got?

BOOM: A Sam Brown Belt with a roller skate attachment. You have heard the old aphorism, I have no doubt, that an Army marches on it's stomach. And this remarkable device will enable regiment after regiment to skim across hill and dale with a minimum amount of wear-and-tear on the bosom. ^{How to}

FIB: Listen Boomer .. ~~_____~~ ^{to this army} ~~_____~~ You can't sell anything unless you got authorization from the war department,

MAN: Here they come, General....

MARCHING FEET IN...

MAN: SQUAD....HALT.

FEET OUT WITH ONE-TWO COUNT:

HAL: Will you have a final cigarette, McGee?

FIB: Better send for a carton, Bud...I...I'm a chain smoker...

But listen...you can't do this to me...I'm a prominent -

HAL: *Enough of this*
FIRING SQUAD...ATTENTION!

RATTLE OF GUNS:

HAL: ~~Am I not a good soldier?~~

FIB: ~~Can't you be a better one?~~

HAL: ~~Certainly.~~

FIB: ~~Okay, send for a carton of goldon cigarettes, four regular~~

~~papers, please.~~

HAL: ~~THROTTLE UP... ATTENTION!!~~

FIB: (GROANS) ...aw listen...I didn't mean to do nothin'.. I was just -

HAL: WHEN I DROP THIS HANDKERCHIEF, FIRE.....ONE...

FIB: Ohhhhhh.

HAL: TWO.....

FIB: Aw please...

HAL: ~~AW!~~

MEN IN UNISON: MR. MCGEE...YOU'RE SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED!

FIB: My services are no lo -OH A FIRING SQUAD, OH PSHAW!

ORK: "ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART" -FADE FOR -

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
JANUARY 31, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CUT-IN FOR PACIFIC COAST STATIONS -- CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUE: (Wilcox) Fibber will be back in just a moment. (Pause)

ANNOUNCER: But now I have a very special announcement to make, so listen carefully. For a limited time only, in fact only as long as they last, your dealer is featuring special Giant Size packages of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX. These Giant Sizes contain one-third more than the regular sizes. While they last, you can buy them at the same price as the regular sizes. In other words, you get one-third free. But you must hurry, because the supply of these Giant Size packages is strictly limited -- and when they're gone, there won't be any more. Remember, you can have your choice of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S WAX, Paste or Liquid -- or you can buy all three. You pay only for one pint or one pound -- the one-third extra is yours free -- an extra dividend from JOHNSON to thank you for your loyalty to JOHNSON PRODUCTS. But see your dealer right away. Don't wait or these Giant Sizes will be sold out.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

- TAG -

FIB: Folks, in our move to Hollywood, we regret very much that we had to lose our old friend Silly Watson for the time being, ^{but} on account of previous contracts ~~he could not make the~~ ^{he couldn't make the} ~~show~~ ^{trip with us}.
But we hope he'll be back with us soon. And -

WIL: Say Fibber -

FIB: What, Harpo?

WIL: Is it true that we're going to have Zazu Pitts on our show again next week?

FIB: Yes it is, Harpo.... I thought as long as this program tonight was full o' cannon and shooting and stuff..kinda fortissimo, that next week we oughtta go ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ ^{little} pittsicato. AHEM.
Good night, folks!

ORK: SWELL TO FINISH...APPLAUSE:

CREDITS..SIGNOFF.

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OF
REEL