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three radio programs:

Hap Hazard, 1941, July 1 - Sept. 22

Fibber McGee and Molly, 1935 - 1950

The Great Gildersleeve, 1942 - 1954

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401 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois,
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(REVISED)

TO: S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

WRITER: DON QUINN

RE: "FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY"

NBC-RED

6:50 P.M.

FEBRUARY 7th, 1939

TUESDAY

ORIGIN: "DRUMS OF WAR"

(INSERT COPY TO FILE #)

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
FEBRUARY 7, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Here's a real time-saver for you busy housewives who have a struggle trying to keep your floors and linoleum clean. Do as millions of the best housekeepers do -- use JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and you can have beautiful, shining floors without any work of rubbing or buffing! You simply pour a little GLO-COAT right out of the can onto the clean floor. Spread it around evenly with a soft cloth or long-handled GLO-COAT applicator. It's so easy a child can do it! Give GLO-COAT 20 minutes to dry and then take a look! See the lovely, gleaming polish -- a polish that protects your floors from dirt and wear -- keeps them looking like new with practically no work. Order a can of GLO-COAT tomorrow and see for yourself! GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. There's no finer polish of its kind.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

CLN RIFB#2227CA-211002

(2ND REVISION)

-4-

WIL: WELL FIBBER IS VASTLY ANNOYED. IT SEEMS THAT ONE OF THE WINDOW SHADES IN HIS FRONT ROOM, LIKE A GOOD MAN, CAN'T BE KEPT DOWN. IT'S ALWAYS FLYING UP ON ITS ROLLER. SO, AS OUR CURTAIN RISES TONIGHT.....

SOUND: (SHADE FLYING UP)

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Dad rat the dad ratted thing, anyway.....

WIL: HEAR IT GO UP, FOLKS? AS OUR CURTAIN RISES, ON THE LIVING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, WE FIND FIBBER ("IT-TAKES-A-HEAP-OF-FIXIN'-TO-MAKE-A-HOUSE-A-HOME") MCGEE!

(APPLAUSE)

THEME

FIB: Why does everything have to happen to me, anyway. Now it's this dad ratted shade.....

SOUND: (SHADE FLIES UP)

FIB: Aw fer the.....there it goes again.... Wonder who I could get to fix this thing so it'd....OH I KNOW.....

SOUND: (SHADE FLIES UP)

WIL: (OFF MIKE)

FIB: (OFF MIKE)

(FADE)

L. O. M. G. Hello there, Johnny. I gotta run home now, but I'll

take a chance your electric shades will fix a

WIL: So thanks, Old Time. I don't believe

CLN RIFB#2227CA-211002

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SOUND: (SHADE FLIES UP)

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DOORBELL

DOOR LATCH

L

FIB: I'll have a decorator come out here on some pretext... he'll think I'm in the market for a lotta stuff and then I'll ask him kinda casually how to fix this shade....

SOUND:

OLD MAN:

FIB:

WIL:

(PHONE CLICK)
Hello, operator....gimme....oh is that you, Myrt? Still workin' for the phone company, eh Myrt? How's everything, Myrt? It is, eh? What's your old man doin', now? Oh.... same thing eh? 90 days. Well he ain't so dumb...he'll miss all this winter weather and he'll be sprung in the spring....Oh, speakin' o' springs...connect me with some good interior decoratin' outfit will you, Myrt?

~~HELLO, DECORATIN' COMPANY? FIBBER MCGEE, 79 WISTFUL VISTA. Listen...Send me out a expert who knows somethin' about carpets and furniture and draperies and all stuff like that there....oh yes - and window shades....Okay, bud,...thanks. (CLICK) Now, let's see...I~~

SOUND:

DOORBELL

FIB:

...COME IN!

(DOOR LATCH)

OLD MAN:

Hello there, Johnny. I gotta punchboard here....care to take a chance onna electric razor? Two bits a punch.

FIB:

No thanks, Old Timer....I don't believe so.

OLD MAN:

EHHHHHH?

FIB:

I says no thanks. I can't use a electric razor. I got so much personal magnetism I short-circuit 'em. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it --

SOUND: (WINDOW SHADE RATTLING UP)

OLD MAN: Hey.....what was that, Johnny?

FIB: Oh, just the window shade....can't keep it down.

MAN: Oh. Well, THE WAY I HEERED IT, ONE FELLER SAYS TO THE OTHER FELLER, "SAYYYYYY." HE SAYS.....I SEE WHERE ALL THE BIG NATIONS ARE BUILDING UP THEIR AIR FORCES. LOOKS LIKE THE NEXT WAR WOULD BE THE THIRD ONE TO BE FOUGHT IN THE AIR." "ZAT SO?" INTERROGATED TOTHER FELLER.....WHO FIT THE OTHER TWO?" "WELL," VOUCHSAFED THE FIRST FELLER, "WINCHELL AND BERNIE FOR ONE AND BENNY AND ALLEN FOR THE OTHER!" Heh heh heh..... Reminds me of the aviator who practiced flyin' thru tunnels, Johnny....he wanted to be an ace in the hole!

UPP: Heh heh heh.... I like this young feller....wonder why I. only meet him on Tuesday nights.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: That old dodo. I'll bet he thinks our anti-aircraft division wears skirts. Gotta get this shade fixed before----

(DOORBELL)

FIB: NOW WHAT THE -- COME IN!!

(DOOR LATCH)

FIB: Mrs. Uppington....HIYAH UPPY? You look like the original merry widow. What you lookin' so happy about?

UPP: Oh, Mr. McGee.....I simply had to tell you....reahhly.... (LAUGHS) I'm simply walking on air!

FIB: YOU?...Walkin' on air, Uppy? That's an awful kick in the teeth for the law o' gravity, ~~in his pocket~~

UPP: Mr. McGee,,,I... (LAUGHS)...would you think I was just a silly girl, if I told you...Oh my! (LAUGHS) If I told you I was in LOVE? My deah,,,I'm simply FLUTTERING...reahhly....

FIB: At laht I have met my dream man....

FIB: Your dream man, eh? Well, ~~I hope he don't prove and spell everything,,,who is the guy, Uppy?~~ ^{Just Mrs. Uppington?} Do I know him?

UPP: Oh I don't think so, Mr. McGee,,,but he is simply DIVINE... so romantic,,,so handsome,,,and his manners, my deah....

FIB: SO Continental; He even writes poetry to me! Oh I'm SUCH a happy girl!

FIB: Listen, Uppy....quit palpitatin' a minute and gimme the lowdown,,,who is he? ~~Lowering it all day long.~~

UPP: Oh you simply MUST meet him, Mr. McGee,,,Horatio is SUCH a deah,,,reahhly.... ~~with stay down....~~

FIB: (OF SHADE)

UPP: Yes,,,HORATIO K. BOOMAH...what a LOVELY name,,,don't you think so?

FIB: Say, LISTEN, Uppy, that guy is --

UPP: Oh I don't know why ALL you men don't cultivate such CHARMING manners, Mr. McGee... (LAUGHS) Why, do you know that laht night he kissed my hand so ~~hard~~ ^{firmly} my diamond ring same off? (LAUGHS) Isn't that the SWEETEST thing,,, reahhly.... (LAUGHS) Well, I simply must be going... Horatio is coming for tea,,,Good by Mr. McGee... (DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Kissed her hand so hard her diamond ring come off! Wait'll he hugs her so hard her necklace falls in his pocket. I wonder if I oughta warn her about that guy.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MILLS: Say Fibber....

FIB: Oh, hiyah, Billy....Hiyah, Don. What's the matter?

DON: Well, you know that big wrestler that lives across the street?

FIB: Oh you mean Gus the Grunt? What about him?

DON: He says you've been flirting with his wife.

FIB: Why, Don....I ain't never done no such a thing....how'd he ever get that idea?

MILLS: He says you keep trying to signal her with your window shade. Raising it and lowering it all day long.

FIB: Aw fer the -- Listen, fellas -- that shade is on the bum.... I can't help it if it won't stay down.... It's just --

(CLATTER OF SHADE)

FIB: THERE! YE SEE? I never touched it.

DON: Well, we understand it, but that wrestler doesn't....LOOK..

FIB: He's over there on his front porch...^{now} shaking his fist this way.

FIB: Oh, oh...^{look - he's woman' over here - hurry up and say, Don - maybe that'll calm him down!} why don't you run across and explain it to him?

MILLS: ~~He says it's time for his number.~~

FIB: ~~Oh go ahead, Don....I'll sing your number. What is it?~~

DON: ~~"Have You Forgotten?"~~

FIB: ~~Shucks, I don't know that one...oh well, you go ahead, fellas. I'll run over and explain. I ain't afraid of~~

~~him...You...you suppose he'll be...about~~

MILLS: ^{Fibber} I doubt it -- he's a tough cookie. What you?

FIB: Ohhhhh.... ^{you} (RATTLE OF PAPER)

DON: What are you doing?

FIB: Lookin' ahead a couple o' pages to see what he does to me. Nope...it's okay...go ahead and sing, Don. "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN".

ORCH: "HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN"....NOVIS

(APPLAUSE)

...d it.
...t wrestler doesn't...LOOK...
...reh...shaking his fist

*over him - swing up and
...and explain it to him,
...it'll calm him down!*

number.
~~your number. What is it?~~

...ch well, you go ahead,
~~plain... I ain't afraid of~~

~~a hell to mess with about~~

...ie... what you?

...s to see what he does to me.
and sing, Don. "HAVE YOU

2ND SPOT

FIB: That was great Don...that was one of the most beautiful ----

SOUND: (DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: (OVER SOUND) Oh, oh - there's that wrestler -- let's take a peek at him -- Boy, what a bruiser...look at them muscles.. he makes Man Mountain Dean look like a foothill. Oh well, I'll have to talk to him.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

FIB: H-h-hiyah...bud!

MAN: Nyyahhhhh...I gotta some o' your bones to pick weeth me!

FIB: Now wait a minute, bud...control yourself. I can explain everything.

MAN: You better talk-a fast, keed. You are a flirt weeth my wife weeth those window shade. Whadda you mean by those...hah?

FIB: Now listen, Champ...you ARE a champ, aint you?

MAN: Sure....I'm a champ these-a week. Nexta week it is Louie Madisko's turn for to be champ. After that, it is my turn again.

FIB: Well, that's fine, but look, Gus...I ain't been flirtin' with your wife or anybody else, see? That window shade is bustedit keeps flyin' up....and I pull it down again...I'll have it fixed today...sure...

(LAUGHTER)

...YOU MEAN I JUST HAVE TO FOUR A LITTLE GLASS OF...
...IT BUSTED? and I said yes, wadda...
...Get that enthusiasm, huh...
...And then she started to put on her hat and I said, WHEE!
...YOU DO? WHEE!...and she said, THIS IS THE BEST...
...HAD FOR YEARS...ABOUT GLASS?...I'M GOING TO BRING...
...I hope...
...s

MAN: Leetl

FIB: ME HA

FIB: Hey..

MAN: Donta

WIL: and t

FIB: GRUNT

FIB: I'll

WIL: Athle

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WIL: Well,

FIB: Oh H

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FIB: I-h

WIL: men

WIL: ch-

MAN: Leetle faller....I am let you go this time....but DONT LET
FIB: ME HAPPEN TO YOU, AGAIN! (GRUNTS...GROANS...GRUNTS...GROANS)
FIB: Hey...what's the matter...you sick, bud?
MAN: Donta be a-foolish. I am having wrestling match tonight
WIL: and this is-a my time for the rehearsal. (GRUNTS...GROANS...
FIB: GRUNT) (FADE OUT)
FIB: I'll bet some o' them wrestlers don't know whether to join a
WIL: Athletic Club or the Actor's Guild. ~~The only thing that's~~
FIB: ~~on the level with them is the canvas.~~ Oh well, I guess I -
WIL: Well, Hello there Fibber.
FIB: Oh Hiyah Harpo.. Whatcha wearin' the ridin' breeches for?
WIL: I've got a Charley horse.
FIB: How'd ja get that?
WIL: Scrubbing floors. I was foolish enough to demonstrate to a
FIB: housewife how much labor there was in the old-fashioned way
WIL: of rubbing and scrubbing floors and linoleum--as if she
FIB: didn't know! ^{FIB: Do people still do that} Boy, was that work! Then, by way of contrast,
FIB: ^{W/L: You and} I showed her how Johnson's Self-Polishing Gloccoat would keep
WIL: her floors and linoleum clean and sparkling with no effort
FIB: at all...you know...no rubbing or buffing? and then --
FIB: Ain't he wonderful, folks!..he's sincere about it, too!
WIL: (LAUGHS) and when I got thru the demonstration, she said,
FIB: YOU MEAN I JUST HAVE TO POUR A LITTLE GLOCOAT OUT AND SPREAD
WIL: IT AROUND? and I said yes, madam...that's all you have to do.
FIB: Get that enthusiasm, folks. ^{rich first} ~~and he means every word of it!~~
WIL: And then she started to put on her hat and I said, WHERE ARE
FIB: YOU GOING MADAM?...and she said..THIS IS THE BEST NEWS I'VE
WIL: HAD FOR YEARS....ABOUT GLOCOAT..I'M GOING TO SPREAD IT AROUND!
FIB: ~~I hope she didn't get away before you told her about savin'~~
WIL: ~~money by buyin' it in the larger sizes.~~
FIB: Oh now...I ran after her and told her that.

FIB: That was great, Harpo....You know, I admire you very much.
WIL: Oh gee.
FIB: I do, really.
WIL: Oh go on. You just say that.
FIB: No I mean it, Harpo. Say, do you know how to fix a window
WIL: shade that won't stay down?
FIB: No I don't, Fibber. Why don't you go out and buy a new one?
FIB: Nossir, not me....I'll fix that shade myself or bust a
WIL: leg tryin'....See you later.
FIB: Okay, Pal....
FIB: Now then....where'd I put that screw driver. Oh yes....now
WIL: to take that shade down.
SOUND: (DOOR BELL)
FIB: Oh dad rat it....COME IN!
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH...SLAM)
HAL: Ah there....Mr. McGee?
FIB: Yes, Bud....what's on your mind?
HAL: I....ah....I am from the Wistful Vista Decorating Company,
FIB: Mr. McGee....I am the chief interior decorator.
FIB: You gotta cold, Bud?
HAL: Ng....why?
FIB: Oh I dunno....you bein' a interior decorator....and that
WIL: bass voice....kinda fooled me.
FIB: That's very good, very good, - or is it?

FIB: Have a cigar, Bud?

HAL: Thanks...I have one.

FIB: Got two? Oh, thanks.

HAL: Not at all. Say, you have some very interesting pieces here, haven't you...very interesting. This rug now... looks like a genuine Gahoolistan. May I ask what you paid for it?

FIB: 2,000.

HAL: 2,000, eh?

FIB: Yes, but I'll never save soap wrappers, again...takes too long. Say, can you tell what's wrong with this window shade, Bud? The dad ratted thing keeps flyin' up all the time, day!!

HAL: Is that so...catch doesn't work, probably...now let me see, -- those things on the mantelpiece, McGee... are they...ahhhh...family...ah...treasures...or...ah....

FIB: Well, some are and some aren't, Bud...that marble venus with the 8-day clock in her stomach was a wedding present...since Molly's been sick I been too bashful to wind it. And that coccanut with the face painted on it is a souvenir of....or....well, just a souvenir.

HAL: Hm... A souvenir.

FIB: Oh yes....I got quite a valuable collection o' souvenirs, Bud. A leather watch fob from Petoskey, Michigan... with my initials burned in it...a glass paper-weight from Niagara Falls....Look - it's got a picture of the Falls blew right into it. Tricky, eh? And that kewpie doll there, I won at the county fair in Fort Wayne....

SOUND: (SHADE FLIES UP)

FIB: Oh dad rat it...there it goes again.

HAL: What?

FIB: This shade. Here, bud, fix it for me, will you?

HAL: Oh - so that's all you called me out here for! I thought so -- I won't waste another minute here. I know your ilk. Good day!!

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: How'd he know I was a ilk? I'm not wearin' my ilk's tooth. Well, I told Harpo I'd get this shade fixed and I'll do it....

SOUND: CRACKING OF NAILS

FIB: ...

HAL: ...

FIB: ...

HAL: ...

FIB: ...

HAL: ...

FIB: ...

HAL: ...

FIB: ~~wonder if I had this little...~~ little, is -

DOORBELL:

FIB: Now what the - COME IN!

DOOR LA TCH

PITTS: Ohhh dear...I'm so glad there's somebody home. come on in,
Wilbur...

KID: Okay, ma.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh Hiyah sis... (This is really ZaSu Pitts, folks, but we
wanna keep her in character)

APPLAUSE:

FIB: What can I do for ye, sis? Have a chair...just throw that
fishin tackle on the floor...that's it..Now--what can I
do for ye?

PITTS: Well, I was talking to Mn. Wilcox...and he said you were
having some trouble ^{with} fixing a window shade and that
~~you'd probably never get it fixed by yourself because you~~
~~were as clumsy as a cub with 10 feet of grapevine -~~

FIB: ~~Ma said that? why choose -~~

PITTS: ~~so~~ so I thought maybe you could be interested in one of these
books I am selling to put Wilbur thru school -

SOUND: CRACKLING OF WOOD:

PITTS: WILBUR!! You're breaking the nice man's fishpole,

KID: I know it,

PITTS: All right dear...as long as you know what you're doing...
And WILBUR...don't mark on the wall paper with your
crayons...

KID: Why not?

L

PITTS: Doesn't a

where the

FIB: LISTEN SI

MY BEST F

PITTS: Oh did yo

goodness,

grows up.

FIB: Oh, then

PITTS: sellin' a

PITTS: It's call

WHAT TO D

in one...

its worth

FIB: WHAT AIR

SOUND: SHOT: GI

FIB: HEY THAT

YOU LIL'

PITTS: Wilbur..

Mother s

FIB: (SIGHS)

window s

PITTS: Oh yes..

FIB: The fron

PITTS: Then it

let me s

dear?

KID: Carvin'

PITTS: Well, do

you like

mister?

PITTS: Doesn't show up very well there, dear...go out in the hall where the paper is lighter...

FIB: LISTEN SIS... You know what that kid just done? HE BUSTED MY BEST FISHIN' ROD! I paid 18 bucks, for that pole.

PITTS: Oh did you really? and he broke it all by himself...My goodness, he's going to be a very strong man when he grows up...

FIB: Oh, then you're gonna let him grow up? YOU say you're sellin' a book, sis? What's the name of it?

PITTS: It's called "THE HANDYMAN'S GUIDE TO SIMPLE REPAIRS, OR WHAT TO DO TILL THE PLUMBER COMES". It's really two books in one....I guess that's why it costs so much more than its worth. WILBUR! Careful with that air rifle dear...

FIB: WHAT AIR RIFLE? I AIN'T GOT ANY AIR RIF-

SOUND: SHOT: GLASS TINKLE

FIB: HEY THAT'S MY TARGET RIFLE...GIMME THAT GUN, YOU LIL' - YOU LIL' - GIMME THAT GUN.

PITTS: Wilbur....you mustn't shoot people. Anyway, not till after Mother sells the book.

FIB: (SIGHS) Listen sis...does that book tell how to repair a window shade that's gone haywire?

PITTS: Oh yes...what window is it for?

FIB: The front window....

PITTS: Then it will probably be in the front of the book.....now let me see...window shade...WILBUR!...what are you doing, dear?

KID: Carvin' my initials on the piano leg.

PITTS: Well, don't cut yourself...and pick up the shavings after you like a good boy....oh dear...what were we talking about, mister?

FIB: Window shades, sis. Find anything about them in the book?

PITTS: My goodness, I don't seem to....let me look again.... window-boxes...windmills...windshield wipers...oh, don't you just LOVE windshield wipers...the way they go back and forth...back and forth....I always feel like waving back at them don't you?

FIB: Listen, sis, about the window shade.-

PITTS: Oh yes the window shade...let me look again and...WILBUR... don't swing on the chandelier - you might fall...

FIB: There's matches in the kitchen, Wilbur, if you'd like to burn the house down.

KID: Okay. Later, maybe.

PITTS: Oh dear... isn't he sweet... he's SO much company for me...

FIB: He's so much company I'd like to see him incorporated and then cut up into small shares, none preferred. But about those window shades sis... what does the book say?

PITTS: Oh dear... I don't seem to be able to find it... anywhere...

FIB: But I'll have the publisher send you some special material about that... what was your name, mister?

FIB: Fibber McGee, sis...

PITTS: Not really... not the Fibber McGee that broadcasts for Johnson's Wax?.....

FIB: That's me, sis.....

PITTS: Oh, WILBUR... here's a radio comedian.

KID: Who-- that guy?

FIB: Oh now, shucks, folks, I....OUCH!!!! HEY WHAT'S THE IDEA O' STICKIN' THE PIN IN ME, BUD? *KID: Aw, that ain't him, ma!* *FIB:*

KID: ~~This ain't him, ma.~~

PITTS: ~~Of course... that's not... mister... could have told you that...~~

Well, You see mister, somebody told Wilbur that the leading radio comedian was made out of wood and he's simply dying to ^{find} meet him... well thank you mister, so much... COME ON WILBUR...

(DOOR LATCH & SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: (SIGHS) WELL! Imagine all this trouble rolled up in one little window shade.... ~~I gotta good notion to give up the whole idea and just let.... NO BY GEORGE... I TOLD HARPO I COULD DO IT, AND I WILL DO IT... WHERE'S THEM PETERS AND SCREW DRIVER... ~~LET THEM GO...~~~~

(DOOR LATCH)

FIB: ~~That's exactly what mister McGee knew what time it was... most convenient for him to ignore the front porch...~~

(DOOR LATCH) *Hey, Libber!*

MILLS: Oh hello, Billy... what you so excited about?

FIB: Haven't you heard? They're taking him for a ride!

MILLS: *No,* Takin' who for a ride? *W. libber?*

FIB: PAUL REVERE!

MILLS: Who's takin' him?

FIB: The Four Notes....

FIB: Hot dog.... I'll call up Harpo and tell him the Glocoats are coming... no, that was the redcoats, wasn't it? Oh well.... go ahead, Billy.... PAUL REVERE! With the Four Notes!

ORCH: "PAUL REVERE".... FOUR NOTES

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: OH HERE'S WHAT'S WRONG...THIS DINGUS HERE AIN'T ATTACHED TO THE GADGET THAT TWIDDLES AROUND THE WHATSIT...Why didn't I see that before.

SOUND: RATCHET.

FIB: Yessir...that does it...now to put it back up and ... ~~THE~~ ~~THAN IT IS WHEN IT WAS~~ I better climb up on the table and chair... POLISHING OLD

SOUND WOOD CLATTER...RATTLE OF SHADE

FIB: (OFF MIKE) Up she goes...(SMALL SOUNDS)... THERE..I GUESS It's fixed for good now!

~~RATCHET~~. (*Shade flies up*)

FIB: OH...HEY! HELP...I'M FALLIN'!

SOUND TERRIFIC CRASH..SUSTAINED.

FIB: Ohhhhh Ohhh....oh my..I..I wonder if I can reach the phone from here...Ahhh...(CLICK) Hello..Operator...Gimme Wistful Vista 9670....ohhhhh....

SOUND: PHONE CLICKS

WIL: Wilcox speaking.

FIB: That you Harpo? This is Fibber...Ask your dealer

WIL: Yes?

FIB: Remember that window shade that I was havin' the trouble with?

WIL: Yes? (*told you*)

FIB: Well, remember I ~~says~~ I'd fix it, or break my leg doin' it?

WIL: OH YOU GOT IT FIXED?

FIB: NO..I BROKE MY LEG!

ORK: "WHATEVER IT IS" FADE FOR

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
FEBRUARY 7, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

TIME: 60 Seconds.

SECOND COMMERCIAL CUT-IN FOR PACIFIC COAST STATIONS

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

WILCOX: But now please listen for an important announcement. For a limited time only, your dealer is featuring JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in special Giant Size cans. These Giant size cans contain one-third more than the regular cans, but during this sale you can get them for the same price as the regular size cans. This gives you one-third more for your money! Now is the time to stock up on JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. The supply of the Giant sizes is strictly limited. When they are gone, you won't be able to get them again. Remember when you buy the Giant size cans of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S WAX (paste or liquid), you pay for only one pint or one pound and you get one-third more without cost. JOHNSON offers this extra dividend in appreciation of your loyalty to the JOHNSON PRODUCTS. Ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S Giant Sizes. They're selling fast so don't delay!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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TAG

FIB: Folks, we wanna thank ZaSu Pitts for appearin' on our show tonight, and I hope a nice girl like her didn't mind bein' mixed up in such shady doings.
And, in case you're interested, I didn't really bust my leg...I just turned my ankle,,which I thought was kinda of a cute twist to end the show with.
AHM...Good night, folks.

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE

CREDITS: SIGNOFF

W 192

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

N B C - RED

6:30 P.M.

1ST COMMERCIAL