

W 192
(REVISED)

WRITER
S.C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc. DON QUINN

"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY".

N B C - RED

6:30 P.M. FEBRUARY 14, 1939 - TUESDAY

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: THEME

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax present Fibber McGee & Company,
with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis, the Four Notes
and Billy Mills' Orchestra. The show opens with
"THIS IS IT!"

ORCHESTRA: "THIS IS IT" -- FADE FOR --

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL- PAGE 3

L

(REVISED)

-2-

McGee & Company,
s, the Four Notes
opens with

S.C. JOHNSON & SON INC
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
FEBRUARY 14, 1939
Tuesday-6:30 PM PST NBC

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL :

Here's a bit of advice to women who want to keep young.
Don't wear yourself out scrubbing floors or you will be
old before your time. Save yourself all this unnecessary
back-breaking work by protecting your linoleum and floors
with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Once your floors
are wearing a bright GLO-COAT polish, they won't need
scrubbing! Dirt can not become imbedded in this shining
surface. A dry duster or a damp cloth will quickly take
away all dirt and stains. JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT is making
life pleasanter for millions of housewives. So why not
adopt this easy GLO-COAT method of keeping all your floors
beautiful and spotless? Remember you don't have to do
any rubbing or buffing when you use JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT.
Just apply and let dry! JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT gives your
floors and linoleum a lovely, shining polish while you
s't back and watch. Be sure you get the real thing--
G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T-- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

(SEGUE)

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

L

WIL: WELL, I

THE SNO

HAS DRI

THE LEV

HIS HEA

("Thar"

APPLAUSE: THEME:

FIB: B-R-R-I

the bar

too!

here p

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll

one he

here I

SOUND: CLICK

FIB: ADMIRA

Wistfu

EH? Y

soon a

WELL M

This :

water

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Well!

his w

SOUND: DOOR

FIB: Weloc

ye?

(2ND REVISION) -4-

WIL: WELL, IT'S A BITTERLY COLD, WINTRY DAY IN WISTFUL, VISTA. THE SNOW IS TWO FEET DEEP ON THE LEVEL AND IN PLACES IT HAS DRIFTED FOUR OR FIVE FEET DEEP...AND THAT'S ALSO ON THE LEVEL. AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, BUNDLED UP IN HIS HEAVY OVERCOAT, MITTENS AND EARMUFFS, WE FIND, FIBBER ("Thar's-Cold-in-Them-Thar-Halls!") MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

FIB: B-r-r-r-...Boy, I ain't had such a chill since I asked the bank for that last loan. B-r-r-r-...And snowed in, too! I'm macarooned. If that coal I ordered don't get here pretty quick, I'll -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: I'll get it. WHAT DO I MEAN, "I'LL GET IT?" I'm the only one here....Shucks, I only been snowbound over night and here I am talkin' to myself.

SOUND: CLICK OF PHONE

FIB: ADMIRAL BYR-....er..Fibber McGee speakin'. WHO? The Wistful Vista Coal Company? Well say WHERE'S MY COAL? EH? You're all sold out? Well, I ordered it just as soon as this storm started...Oh...so'd everybody else, eh? WELL MAKE IT AS SNAPPY AS YOU CAN, BUD. OKAY. (CLICK) This is a fine state of how do ye do. Furnace out... water pipes frozen...

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Well! Must be some Eskimo magazine salesman workin' his way thru Blubber College....COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND HOWL:

FIB: Welcome to the Chez Frostbite, Bud....what can I do for ye?

(2ND REVISION) -5-

PINCH: Is dis Fibber's McGee's joint?

FIB: Yes it is, Bud...I'm Fibber McGee in person, three sweaters, two shirts and a overcoat.

PINCH: Well did youse call up a plumber to come and thaw out the pipes?

FIB: Yes and you can get busy right away, too.

PINCH: Oh I ain't de plumber...he ast me to stop by and leave his tools. (SOUND: CLANK OF TOOLS) he'll be over later... so long.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH WIND HOWL

FIB: Hmmm...well, he left enough tools. Maybe he thought I wanted him to fix Boulder Dam.

DOOR OPEN AND SHUT WITH WIND HOWL:

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny. How'd you like to have your sidewalk shoveled off?

FIB: I certainly would, Old timer.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHH?

FIB: I says...YES.....I WOULD.....

OLD MAN: So would I. Who can we get to do it?

FIB: Of fer the- Say did you ever see such chilly weather? The groundhog musta come out and seen Boris Karloff's shadow!

(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, one feller says to the other feller, "SAYYYY", he says, "Sayyy, say, it's cold in here Johnny...why don't ye build a fire?"

FIB: Can't old timer, my coal bin is emptier than a campaign promise.

OLD MAN: Oh, That's different. "SAYYYYY", he says, "WHAT'S THE BIGGEST BIRD IN THE WORLD?"
"Search me, "ADMITS TOTHER FELLER. "IT'S A OSTRICH AIN'T IT?"
"NOPE". Chortles the first feller, "IT'S A BRONX CHEER FROM A UBANGI!" Heh heh hsh.....I knew a Ubangi gal once Johnny. Every time she'd pout, three people had to get outa the room. Heh heh hsh.....
FIB: That's enough O' your lip, old timer....Say do something for me, will ye?
OLD MAN: EHHHH?
FIB: Go to the basement and see if you can start a fire. Chop somethin' up if you have to.
OLD MAN: I'll do it, Johnny. Which way's the basement?
FIB: It's underneath the house. Used to have it up on the roof but it was too far for the mice to walk.
OLD MAN: Don't get snippy. Johnny,...remember, I'm twice your age.
FIB: Ybs but you're only half my size. Go on,...get busy.
OLD MAN: All rightie!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Well, that guy is finally gonna be useful! (B-r-r-r-r-!)
Boy am I cold! Wonder if Mrs. Uppington'd loan me a couple a scuttles o' coal. I'll try her.

SOUND: PHONE CLICK

FIB: Hello operator. Gimme Wistful Vis....oh is that you, Myrt? How's things, Myrt? Sure is cold, ain't it? Say Myrt....can you see that statue of General Grant from your window? Well, take a look and see if he's got his hands in his pockets. EH? He's got down off his horse and is stampin' around, eh? (LAUGHS) Well, it's colder'n I thought. Say, gimme Mrs. Uppington will ye, Myrt? Thanks...HELLO...That you, Uppy? Fibber McGee speakin'. EH? Talk a little louder will ye, Uppy? I got my earmuffs on. Yeah...SAY HOW ABOUT LENDIN' ME A COUPLE O' BUCKETS O' COAL TILL THEY DELIVER MINE. EH?...Oh....Oh I see. Well, thanks anyway. (CLICK) Shucks, she WOULD have a oil furnace.

(DOOR OPEN & SHUT WITH WIND HOWL)

FIB: Oh Hiyah Don....Hello, Billy.
(AD LIB HELLOS)
FIB: No use settin' on that radiator, fellas....there's no fire. My coal bin is a has-been.
DON: Can't you build a fire with some old wood or boxes or something, Fibber?
MILLS: Why don't you burn up some of your old scripts....or are they still too damp?
FIB: All right all right....I got the old timer downstairs now tryin' to find some kindling. My water pipes are frozen, too, so I hope he gets a fire started pretty quick. Can ye sing something, Don - or does your breath steam so much you can't see the music?

(REVISED)

-8-

DON: No, I can manage it....HOW ABOUT "I HAVE EYES"
FIB: That'll be swell...you sing that while I....
TELEPHONE
FIB: Excuse me...(CLICK) HELLO...YES...THIS IS MR. MCGEE...WHO?
THE PLUMBING SHOP? WHATDDYE MEAN, THE PLUMBER WENT TO THE
HOCKEY GAME...HE WAS SUPPOSED TO COME OVER AND THAW THESE
PIPES OUT. EH. ~~He did?~~
~~Aw fer the...~~ Aw fer the...(CLICK) Fellas, you've just heard
history bein' made.
MILLS: What's the matter Fibber?
FIB: The plumber sent his tools over and forgot to come himself!
Now I gotta run down to the Water Company and tell 'em to
send a man out!
DON: Why don't you call 'em up?
FIB: No - it's too cold in here...I'm gonna go out for a while
into that nice warm blizzard. ~~See you later~~
~~Go ahead, Don. "I HAVE EYES".~~
ORCHESTRA: "I HAVE EYES" - Novis
APPLAUSE:

(2nd SPOT)

(REVISED)

-9-

SOUND: (WIND HOWL...CREAK OF FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW)
FIB: That was great, Don....though I dunno if I done right
by lettin' you sing out here in this blizzard. I shouldn't
expose you to the elements like this.
SOUND: (TRUMPETING)
MILLS: What was that?
FIB: That's that new sound man...he thought I said elephants.
ELEMENTS, JOE!
BILL: I'm sorry!
SOUND: (WIND WHISTLE...CREAK OF FOOTSTEPS IN SNOW)
FIB: That's better....Well, this is as far as I go, fellas....
here's the water company, though it's probably the ice
company, now. See you later.
SOUND: (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)
GIRL: Whoja wanna see?
FIB: I wanna see somebody about my water pipes bein' froze.
GIRL: Sorry, sir...we don't do that type of work. If you want
your pipes frozen you'll have to go elsewhere.
FIB: DAD RAT IT, THEY ARE FROZEN. I want 'em thawed out.
GIRL: Oh I see....how long have they been frozen, sir?
FIB: All night and all morning.
GIRL: Well don't worry then. They say a man can go three days
without water.
FIB: Well, for that matter, I suppose if I really got a hump on
myself I could go seven. Who's the manager of this Water
Company, sis?
GIRL: Mr. Van Meter. Just a minute, I'll see if he's through with
the Director's meeting.
SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

HAL: (OFF MIKE) All right, boys...heads we declare a dividend this year, tails we don't....READY?

VOICES: (OFF MIKE) Ready....

HAL: (OFF MIKE) HEADS!....Shall we declare the dividend, gentlemen? Or shall we make it two out of three?

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

GIRL: Mr. Van Meter is still in the director's meeting, sir.... Will you wait?

FIB: Yes....they might wanna draw straws to see how much they raise the rates. Of all the....

(TELEPHONE BUZZER)

GIRL: Excuse me, sir....WISTFUL VISTA WATER COMPANY. What is it, madam? There is a fish caught in your water pipe? Well, turn the faucet again in half an hour, Madam, we'll send you a slice of lemon. (CLICK)

FIB: That's nice service....You can't send a chicken thru my pipes about Sunday, can you, sis? I could....

(DOOR LATCH)

HAL: Ah there, Miss Cadwell. Anyone to see me?

FIB: Me, Bud....I wanna talk to you.

HAL: Certainly certainly....just step into my office.

(DOOR SLAM)

HAL: Now then....Sit right down, sir....Have a cigar?

FIB: Thanks - I got one.

HAL: You got two? Thank you. Now what was it, please?

FIB: My water pipes are froze up.

HAL: Is that so. Due to cold weather, I presume.

FIB: ~~That's a wild deduction - I bet you made your own~~
Valiantness the way you cut right to the heart of things.

HAL: (LAUGHS) Very good - very good. Let me check over your account, Mr. McGee...

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

FIB: Incidentally, Bud...that water meter you got in my house runs awful fast. Who installed it? -- the boy friend of the Whirling Dervish?

HAL: Oh I don't think....AHHH...HERE IS YOUR ACCOUNT...McGee... Hmmm... Yes indeed....you can forget about your pipes freezing up, McGee.

FIB: Whatcha mean?

HAL: Your water was shut off yesterday for nonpayment. The bill is twelve dollars and forty-two cents.

FIB: Well fer the....TWELVE DOLLARS AND FORTY-TWO CENTS! The name is McGee, Bud...not Niagara.

HAL: That's the bill, McGee...when you pay up, we turn on the water.

FIB: Okay okay okay....I'll pay it....here you are....
But this is the first time I ever been held up at the point
of a faucet. You certainly make a fine manager of a water
company, you big drip! ~~And you're a company! And
publicly...you got the right individual!~~

(DOOR OPEN & SLAM WITH WIND HOWL)

FIB: Twelve dollars and forty-two cents!! Why for that dough
I could buy the Mediterranean Sea with Gibraltar thrown in
for a rock garden. Of all the dad-ratted --

UPP: OH HOW DO YOU DO, Mr. McGee....

FIB: Ohhhhhh, Mrs. Uppington! Kind of a raw day for you to
be out, ain't it, Uppy?

UPP: Oh no, indeed....(LAUGHS) I don't mind it a bit reahhhly....
Horatio...oh that silly boy...he is SO sentimental!!!...
Horatio says this weathah puts roses in my cheeks....(LAUGHS)
Isn't that romantic?

FIB: ~~Oh...Horatio...that guy! Well, this weather
isn't so bad...Uppy...but it's gonna get
hotter on my chest if I don't get some pretty soon.~~ By the
way....where's old Boomer, now?

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee....~~He's gone to buy me a Valentine....
you remember....(LAUGHS)~~ He's gone to buy me a Valentine....
Isn't that sweet! ~~But that's what I love to him....this
expensive one....~~ And such an expensive one, too....FIFTY
DOLLAHS!! Just for a Valentine! He must think a dreadful
lot of me, ~~don't you think so, Mr. McGee?~~ And reahhhly,
it embarrassed the poor deah boy SO much when he borrowed
the money from me...He had left his check book at his hotel,
you know. Oh I was deeply touched.

FIB: I'll say you were! That's one o' the deepest touches
I ever heard of.

UPP: Horatio is SO impulsive you know....SO boyish and unaffected.
And he simply ADORES beautiful things, reahhhly....Why when
I am wearing my emerald necklace, he can hardly keep his
hands off my throat (LAUGHS) So you see why I don't mind
the cold weathah, Mr. McGee....(SINGS) I have my Love to
keep me warm....(LAUGHS) Oh, I'm such a HAPPY, happy girl!
Good day, Mr. McGee....

SOUND: (WIND HOWL....UP & DOWN)

FIB: She's got her love to keep her warm....and old Boomer....
the dead-beat of her heart! I wonder if I oughtta tell her
what a chiseler Boom-- WELL...WHAT'S THIS?

SOUND: (HORSES' HOOVES...SLEIGHBELLS)

WIL: WHOAA, THERE NO-RUB...WHOOAAA, NO-BUFF!
(HOOVES OUT WITH JINGLE OF BELLS)

WIL: Hi there, Fibber...can I give you a lift?

FIB: No thanks, Harpo....I'm too cold....gotta walk to keep warm.
Where you goin' in the cutter?

WIL: I'm delivering Valentines..

FIB: You mean all that stuff in the back there is Valentines?
How many sweethearts you got?

WIL: Oh thousands. I love every housewife who uses Johnson's
Glocoat, the easy to use, No-Rubbing polish that shines as
it dries and -

FIB: I know I know...but let's see one o' the Valentines...

WIL: Okay.....here..read this.

FIB: You hold it...I got my mittens on.HMMMMMM..

(READS) MY HEART IS AT YOUR FEET, MY SWEET
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I ADORE
MAY OUR COURSE OF LOVE BE BRIGHT AND SMOOTH
AS THE GLOCOAT ON YOUR FLOOR.

Say, that ain't bad, Harpo!

WIL: Oh read the next verse.

FIB: Hold it steady.....(READS):

IF YOU COULD TAKE A SHINE TO ME
TO YOU I'LL BRING A SHINE
THAT'S A JOY TO USE, SO DON'T REFUSE
TO BE MY VALENTINE.

Signed, S.C. JOHNSON & SON
RACINE, WISCONSIN.

Per Cupid Wilcox

WIL: Like it, Fibber?

FIB: Yesssss...but ain't you a little large for a cupid, Harpo?

And where's your wings?

FIB: I can't wear 'em any more...they grounded me for stunting
too close to a blonde. Sure I can't give you a lift, Fibber?

FIB: No thanks...you slay me as it is.

WIL: Okay Pal....see you later. GIDDAP NO-RUB! GIDDAP NOBUFF!

HORSES HOOPS AND JINGLE UP AND OUT

FIB: Great guy, Harpo! He even come over and put Johnson's Wax
on my grandfather's clock, so I wouldn't have a dull moment.

(WIND HOWL UP & DOWN)

FIB: B-r-r-r-r-r...Now that I got my water turned on again, I
better be gettin' home and see how the old man is gettin'
along with the fire, or I won't have any hot water for my
cold shower tomorrow mornin'.

NICK: (FADE IN) WELL, for Scrim's sake....hello there, Fizzer!

FIB: Oh - Hiyah, Nick....CHILLY, ain't it? Where you goin' with
the ice-skates, Nick?

NICK: Oh some of my kids are learning to teach me how to be a winter
sportsmanship, and believe me FizzerI'm learning how to
skate from the bottom up, if I know what you mean.

FIB: I have a rough idea you have a wonderful time with them
six kids of yours, don't you?

NICK: Oh sure ...they are a good bunch of kowpies. As I was saying
to Mrs. Depopolis at breakfasts this morning, "Mrs. DEPOPOLIS,"
I am saying, while she is scraping a piece of toast so loud,
I can't hear yourself think .."MRS. DEPOPOLIS," I AM SAYING -
and then she is going out in the kitchen for a jar of
marmalad, "MRS. DEPOPOLIS," I am hollering.

FIB: Well, what were you hollering?

NICK: By that time I am being so unapartected, I don't know what I
am saying, Fizzer. Well, I've got to be on your way, because
the kids are meeting me over at the rating rink.

FIB: SKATING RINK. So, you're going to be a figure skater, are you?

NICK: Well, I wouldn't go so far away as to say that, Fizzer .Figures
skating is a pretty complicated proposition. I don't think I
am ever being a world's Champion, but I will be next best,
because my runners are always up, you grab me? Well, so long
Fizzer, if I don't see you again in the next week or so, what
difference does it make?

WIND HOWL: LOUD:

FIB: B-r-r-r...Boy, IT'S COLD! OH NINJA BILLY!

BILL: Hello, Fibber still pretty cold isn't it?

g to teach me how to be a winter
Fizzer'I'm learning how to
know what you mean.

have a wonderful time with this

ok of kumples. As I was saying
this morning, "Mrs. DEPOPOLIS,"
ping a piece of toast so loud,
"MRS. DEPOPOLIS," I AM SAYING -
he kitchen for a jar of
as hollering.

spartated, I don't know what I
got to be on your way, because
t the rating skink.

g to be a figure skater, are you?
y as to say that, Fizzer .Figures
led propesisin. I don't think I
am, but I will be next best,
up, you grab me? Well, as long
in in the next week or so, what

IA BILLY
y cold isn't it?

FIB: Gold? I'll say it is ... some kids built a snow man up the
street and when I came by he was blowin' on his hands. You
got a number you can play until I get home, Billy?

HILLS: Sure ... how about the Four Notes and the bank in "SING FOR
YOUR SUPPER"

FIB: Well ... Go ahead, Billy ... "SING FOR YOUR SUPPER".

ONE: "SING FOR YOUR SUPPER - 4 NOTES

(APPLAUSE)

Don't people stay home on a day like this?
WATCH A HOWL ... DOOR CLOSE)

There, Soooeflesh ... Good Day ...

Isn't good about it? Whatcha want?

was on my way over to Mrs. Uppington's and I thought
I'd stop in here a minute to get warm. My mistake. It's
colder in here than it is outside.

I can't imagine you wantin' to go anyplace where the heat
was on. And another thing, I know all about you borrowin'
fifty bucks, from Mrs. Uppington to buy her a Valentine to
Charming girl, Mrs. Uppington ... I'm afraid I've heard
over checkbook in love with the dear girl ...

BOOM:

FIB:

FIB:

BOOM:

FIB:

BOOM:

FIB:

BOOM:

THIRD SPOT

FIB: That was SING FOR YOUR SUPPER, cooked up by Billy Mills and dished out by the Four Notes. SAYYY...it seems to be a little warmer in this house now....(that line was put in to show that I'm home again, folks. Pretty subtle technique, I call it.) Incidentally, I wonder what that old duffer found to build a fire with. I'll go down and have a look....

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: Why don't people stay home on a day like this! COME IN!

(DOOR LATCH & HOWL....DOOR CLOSE)

BOOM: Ah there, Gooseflesh....Good Day....

FIB: What's good about it? Whatcha want?

BOOM: I was on my way over to Mrs. Uppington's and I thought I'd stop in here a minute to get warm. My mistake. It's colder in here than it is outside.

FIB: I can't imagine you wantin' to go anyplace where the heat was on. And another thing, I know all about you borrowin' fifty bucks, from Mrs. Uppington to buy her a Valentine, too

BOOM: Charming girl, Mrs. Uppington....I'm afraid I'm head over checkbook in love with the dear girl....

FIB: Well, I'm afraid she is with you, too. ~~.....~~

BOOM: By the way, Skimpy, I hear the lovely creature has a large trust fund laid away...is there any truth in that beautiful rumor, or am I being stung again by a will-o'-the-wasp?

FIB: Listen, Boomer, ~~.....~~, You're just after her money, and she'd know it if she was a little brighter.

BOOM: Sir...YOU ARE SPEAKING OF THE WOMAN I LOVE!!

FIB: Aw come off the high horse before it throws ye, Boomer. And another thing, she's gonna be awful hurt, if you don't come thru with that ^{50.00}valentine. You know that, don't ye?

BOOM: Certainly Certainly...wouldn't cause her a moment's distress. Not a moment's. In fact, I put that fifty dollars into a worthy charity...The Horatio K. Boomer Home for Old and Infirm Horatio K. Boomer. And then I wrote her a Valentine myself.

FIB: I can just imagine you writin' a valentine...~~.....~~

"Roses are red, Violets are blue

This is wrote on the back

Of an I.O.U." ~~.....~~

BOOM: That's very good, Thackeray...very good..let me show you mine....let me see now...where did I put that Valentine... have it here someplace...valentine..valentine...here's a finger ring with a sharp point for marking cards...I have an unfortunate heredity, Small Fry...my family came to this country in the steerage, and I grew up with a weakness for the bottom of the deck...Steamship ticket to Venezuela... lovely country...no extradition...here's a bill from my tailor...ignorant fellow...can't even spell "reprobate"... and a check for a SHORT BEER...WELL! WELL!...NO VALENTINE! IMAGINE THAT....Well, I guess I can talk my way out of it... Nothing like a silver tongue to engrave a little sentiment on a heart of gold...very neat thought....must run along and see the dear girl before I forget it. Good day, Pogo-Stick!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH WIND HOWL)

FIB: That guy's such a double dealer he could play himself a game of cribbage. SAYYYY, the heat's comin' up here all right...the old man must've found some kindling...I'll go down and see...

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

FIB: HEY...OLD TIMER...I'M HOME AGAIN....DID YE GET A FIRE BUILT OKAY? (PAUSE)

BOOM: That's very good, Thackeray...very good..let me show you mine....let me see now...where did I put that Valentine... have it here someplace...valentine..valentine...here's a finger ring with a sharp point for marking cards...I have an unfortunate heredity, Small Fry...my family came to this country in the steerage, and I grew up with a weakness for the bottom of the deck...Steamship ticket to Venezuela... lovely country...no extradition...here's a bill from my tailor...ignorant fellow...can't even spell "reprobate"... and a check for a SHORT BEER...WELL! WELL!...NO VALENTINE! IMAGINE THAT....Well, I guess I can talk my way out of it... Nothing like a silver tongue to engrave a little sentiment on a heart of gold...very neat thought....must run along and see the dear girl before I forget it. Good day, Pogo-Stick!

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH WIND HOWL)

FIB: That guy's such a double dealer he could play himself a game of cribbage. SAYYYY, the heat's comin' up here all right...the old man must've found some kindling...I'll go down and see...

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

FIB: HEY...OLD TIMER...I'M HOME AGAIN....DID YE GET A FIRE BUILT OKAY? (PAUSE)

FIB: Wonder if he's gone.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS

FIB: HEY OLD TIMER...YOU DOWN HERE? (PAUSE) Why that old duffer. Built a fire and didn't even stay to enjoy it. HEY WHAT'S THIS? My golf bag!! and empty, too...well, now I know what he used for kindling. AND MY TOOL CHEST..all chopped up.... and what's this pile of wood here? Why that's that golden Oak dresser outa my bedroom,..why that old...(LAUGHS) Oh well, I might as well throw on some more wood and make a good one....OUCH...that furnace door is hot...

SOUND: CLANK & CREAK OF FURNACE DOOR:

OLD MAN: (FILTER?) COME ON IN, JOHNNY... BUT DON'T HOLD THAT DOOR OPEN...THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I BEEN WARM IN TWO DAYS!

FIB: Oh, pshaw!

ORK: "WHATEVER" - FADE FOR:

OUT-IN FOR PACIFIC COAST & SOUTHERN STATIONS

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

.....
But here's an announcement you won't want to miss. Your dealer is offering, for a limited time only, JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in Giant size cans. You pay no more for the Giant size cans than for the regular sizes. Yet you get one-third more! It's your opportunity to save money on your purchases of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. But I repeat, the supply of the Giant sizes is strictly limited. They're selling fast and if you don't act quickly, you may miss out... Remember, you pay for only one pint or one pound of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT or JOHNSON'S WAX (paste or liquid) and you get one-third more without cost. JOHNSON offers you this extra dividend in appreciation of your loyalty to the JOHNSON PRODUCTS. Be sure to ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S WAX or JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the Giant size cans and you'll be money ahead.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

T & SOUTHERN STATIONS

ll be back in just a moment. (PAUSE)

nt you won't want to miss. Your
a limited time only, JOHNSON'S
POLISHING GLO-COAT in Giant size
or the Giant size cans than for
you get one-third more! It's your
y on your purchases of JOHNSON'S
OAT. But I repeat, the supply of
tly limited. They're selling fast
ckly, you may miss out. Remember,
nt or one pound of JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT
or liquid) and you get one-third
NSON offers you this extra dividend
loyalty to the JOHNSON PRODUCTS.
er tomorrow for JOHNSON'S WAX or
GLO-COAT in the Giant size cans
ad.

JE)

TAG

FIB: Well folks, I ain't got the old timer outta the furnace yet,
but I'm gonna have Boomer come back a little later and shake
him down. That old clinker - - -

SOUND: (TELEPHONE)

FIB: Excuse me, folks....(CLICK) Hello! Oh, ZASU PITTS!
HIYAH, ZASU.....Oh ye got our Valentine, eh? Oh ~~shucks~~,
that was nothin'.....whatcha doin' next week, Toots? Well
why don't ye ask your ma can you come over to our house
and play? You can? Oh, that's swell. See you Tuesday,
then. Okay, Zasu. So long. (CLICK) Goodnight, folks!

ORCH: (CLOSING SIGNATURE) SEGUE "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - FADE ON
CUE

WILCOX: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's
Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glocoat at Racine,
Wisconsin, and inviting you to be with us again next
Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNOUNCER: (CREDITS) THIS IS NBC.

(CHIMES)