

(REVISED)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Writer: Don Quinn

#193

"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

6:30 PM  
Tuesday - February 21, 1939

NBC - Red

(REVISED) -2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCH: "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, Billy  
Mills Orchestra, and one of our favorite guests,  
Zasu Pitts. The show opens with It's All Yours.

ORCH: "It's All Yours"  
(FADE FOR)

WIL: (1st COMMERCIAL)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Company  
February 21, 1939  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC

TIME: 59 Seconds.

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Tonight we pay tribute to the "██████████" housewife who refuses to wear herself out scrubbing floors. We say "more power to her"! Why should any sensible woman make a slave of herself when it's so simple to keep floors and linoleum in perfect condition with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT? Just put a little GLO-COAT on your kitchen and bathroom linoleum (painted and varnished wood floors, too) and discover how much work it will save you! This easy-to-use, liquid polish takes only a few minutes to apply. You don't have to do any rubbing or buffing. GLO-COAT dries in 20 minutes and shines as it dries, making your floors sparkle and gleam -- protecting them from dirt and wear. Does GLO-COAT ever streak or smear? Decidedly not! You can depend on JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT to give a beautiful, uniform polish admired by everyone. Tell your dealer you want 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)

WIL: Well, this is the night of the annual steak dinner for members of the Wistful Vista Rotowanis Club and their wives, at the Ritzmore Hotel. Everybody who is anybody will be here. (That is, with a few exceptions) ... And here, sitting it?

FIB: all alone in the hotel lobby, trying not to look too unhappy, but we find one of the exceptions -- 't think I'll go, Harpo. However, I

WIL: --FIBBER (Aw, who cares!) MCGEE's guest --

FIB: (APPLAUSE) (THEME) ...no guests.

FIB: (MUMUR OF VOICES ...FADE FOR)

FIB: Shucks, what do I care about their dad-ratted old banquet! you can't set there for three hours, listenin' to a lotta stuffed see you shirts, eatin' a tough old steak. Wearin' paper hats and

FIB: singin' "There's a Long Long Trail A-Windin'". Poochie.. (BLEND) kid's stuff! Hey, Bell-boy! What's a dad ratted old banquet to me?

BOY: Excuse me, sir, are you Mr. Phillips? always say.

FIB: No, I'm Fibber McGee, boy, but stay where is the Rotowanis husband Banquet bein' held? In the Loch, the 14th Room - the Purple

FIB: Cow Room or the Elbow Room? supposed to do about it sis. Sweep up the

BOY: In the Pompeian Room, sir. Just off the mezzanine. That

WOMAN: is our finest dining room, sir, ecker hasn't arrived yet and I...

FIB: Yes, I know...they call it the Pompeian Room, because you might be it's got so much pomp the customers don't realize how much

FIB: they're payin'. Thanks, Bud, ain't him, Sis. Who is he and what's he

BOY: Yes sir - excuse me - but I have to page Mr. Phillips -

WOMAN: (CALLS) - Call for Morris Phillips. (FADE) Call for speaking on the Morris Phillips of "HOW ONE BUSINESS MAN CAN KEEP IN TRAINING, or

FIB: Call for Morris Phillips. - Fresh kid, OUT."

WIL: Hello there, Fibber...

FIB: Eh, hiyah Harpo. Whatcha wearin' the badge for?

WIL: Well, this is the night of the annual steak dinner for members of the Wistful Vista Rotowanis Club and their wives, at the Ritzmore Hotel. Everybody who is anybody will be there. (That is, with a few exceptions) ... And here, sitting all alone in the hotel lobby, trying not to look too unhappy, we find one of the exceptions --

--FIBBER (Aw, who cares!) MCGEE!

(APPLAUSE) (THEME)

(MUMUR OF VOICES ....FADE FOR)

FIB: Shucks, what do I care about their dad-ratted old banquet! Set there for three hours, listenin' to a lotta stuffed shirts, eatin' a tough old steak. Wearin' paper hats and singin' "There's a Long Long Trail A-Windin". Pooch ... kid's stuff! Hey, Bell-boy.

BOY: Excuse me, sir, are you Mr. Phillips?

FIB: No, I'm Fibber McGee, boy, but stay where is the Rotowanis Banquet bein' held? In the Lodie the 14th Room - the Purple Cow Room or the Elbow Room?

BOY: In the Pompeian Room, sir. Just off the mezzanine. That is our finest dining-room, sir.

FIB: Yes, I know .. they call it the Pompeian Room, because it's got so much pomp the customers don't realize how much they're payin'. Thanks, Bud.

BOY: Yes sir - excuse me- but I have to page Mr. Phillips -  
(CALLS) - Call for Morris Phillips (FADE) Call for Morris Phillips.

FIB: Call for Morris Phillips. - Fresh kid.

WIL: Hello there, Fibber...

FIB: Eh, Hiyah Harpo. Whatcha wearin' the badge for?

WIL: Oh all the Rotowanis members wear those to the banquet. It sort of identifies us to the other members.

FIB: Lessee it. Hum! Harlow - (Call me Harpo) - Wilcox. I sell Johnson's Gloecat." Well, that's very nice, aintt it?

WIL: Where are you sitting, Fibber .. at the speaker's table?

FIB: Who, me? N-n-no, I don't think I'll go, Harpo. However, I might drop in a minute, as your guest ---

WIL: Oh I'm sorry ...no guests.

FIB: eh?

WIL: Just members and their wives. (BLEND) ...Sorry you can't come ...you're sure missing a swell feed, boy! See you later, Fibber ...(FADE OUT)

FIB: Swell feed, my eye! Trying to make me jealous - (BLEND) Well, what do I care! What's a dad ratted old banquet to me? Ish Kabbible, that's what I always say.

WOMAN: Excuse me sir. I am Mrs. Homer Gildersleeve. My husband is toastmaster of the banquet tonight.

FIB: Well, what am I supposed to do about it sis. Sweep up the crumbs after him?

WOMAN: Please ...our guest speaker hasn't arrived yet and I... we...well, we saw you sitting here and thought you might be he.

FIB: I might be he but I ain't him, Sis. Who is he and what's he gonna talk about?

WOMAN: He is Professor Fatyourfataway and he is speaking on the subject of "HOW THE BUSINESS MAN CAN KEEP IN TRAINING, or IF YOU HAVE A RAY WINDOW, LOOK OUT."

FIB: ~~Prof. G. G. G. G. G.~~ I think I know his partner - old Joe Doublechinsky. Well, you tell your husband, sis that if the speaker don't show up, I'll be glad to address the banquet. ~~.....~~

~~.....~~

*It'd be a sacrifice*  
~~.....~~ I'll choke down a couple of steaks

just to help out.

WOMAN: Oh THANK you...won't you come ~~.....~~ and talk to my husband?

FIB: ~~.....~~

MURMUR OF VOICES

MAN: ~~.....~~

SOUND: ~~.....~~

FIB: ~~.....~~

~~.....~~

WOMAN: ~~.....~~

FIB: The ~~.....~~ Homer is

calling "Gardner Gildersleeve."

WOMAN: ~~.....~~

SOUND: DOOR CLANG HIM OUT

MAN: Banquet ~~.....~~

~~.....~~

~~.....~~

~~.....~~

MURMUR OF VOICES

WOMAN: ~~.....~~ HOMER! HOMER!

HOMER!

FIB: Sounds more like a baseball game than a banquet.. ~~.....~~

~~.....~~

HAL: Ah there, my dear...is this the professor?

WOMAN: No, Homer, ....I couldn't find the Professor, but this gentleman is also a public speaker ... so if our guest doesn't appear .....

FIB: I'll be glad to talk to the folks, Gildersleeve .....

Why don't I just go in and set down ....Not that I'm interested in the banquet - but I better be close at hand in case.

HAL: Oh that won't be necessary, McGee .... you just sit out here and I'll call you if we need you ... Don Norris is getting ready to sing. You say you are an expert after-dinner speaker?

2ND SPOT

FIB: AM I! Shucks, Gildersleeve, I been a <sup>(REVISED)</sup> ~~spoon-feeding~~ <sup>11 & 12</sup> since I was a tiny baby. Why when I was only 8 months old, my folks took me to a 4th of July Picnic and after the speeches they says...WHEAT DID YOU THINK OF THE NICE SPEECHES BABY? And I spit out my pacifier and says BLAAAAAAA!

HAL: Yes yes - very interesting - but -

FIB: So my mother turned to my Uncle Addison and says with excusable pride, "MY AIN'T HE GLIB, AD'?" And that's how I got my name, ... AD GLIB MCGEE, I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...AD GLIB MCGEE, THE GUSTIEST GUEST AT GAY GATHERINGS WHO EVER GOT UP AND GAVE A GROUP OF GIDDY GALS AND GRAVE GROWNUPS A GORGEOUS GOB OF GLITTERING GAB: GETTING GARGANTUAN GIGGLES WITH GRACEFUL GAGS, GARNERING GREAT GUSHES OF GLEE WITH GLAMOROUS, GUADY GOSSIP AND GOIN' GREAT GUNS AS THE MOST GOSHDARN GARRULOUS GUY FROM THE GREEN GRASSY GULLIES OF GETTYSBURG TO THE GLORIOUS GRANDEUR OF THE GOLDEN GATE!

(APPLAUSE) *So loud, Don*

ORCHESTRA: "MY HEART STOOD STILL" - NOVIS

FIB: That guy Novis can sure sing, can't he, Gildersleeve? I think I'll go in and congratulate 'em on the -

HAL: WAIT, MCGEE....You can't get in the banquet room without a badge.

FIB: Aw....I'll bet you think I just wanna go in so I can set down and eat. Anyway how'll I get in to make the speech if the Professor don't show up?

HAL: That's different. I'll take you in then. You just wait out here McGee....I see they're passing out the paper hats and I don't want to be late. Last time I got a paper jockey cap and they wouldn't give me anything to eat but seabiscuits. But listen, bud, can't I just go in and wait for the--

FIB: No, you wait here for me, McGee!

HAL: Well, that's gratitude! I'm good enough to make a speech for 'em but not good enough to eat with 'em...well, who--

FIB: ...I'll bet you think I just wanna go in so I can set down and eat. Anyway how'll I get in to make the speech if the Professor don't show up?

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FIB: No, you wait here for me, McGee!

HAL: Well, that's gratitude! I'm good enough to make a speech for 'em but not good enough to eat with 'em...well, who--

(REVISED)

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FIB: ~~...I don't have to be teased by who~~  
WIL: Hello, Fibber...you still around?  
FIB: Yes, I am, Harpo. But why ain't you ~~at the banquet?~~  
WIL: Oh I had to get away for a while...all that gayety...  
BOOM: laughter, music....I couldn't take it. It got me down!  
FIB: Whatcha mean?  
WIL: Oh I got to thinking of all the housewives who were tired,  
UPP: worn out and discouraged tonight because they didn't know  
BOOM: about Johnson's Glocoat. Why when I think of how easy it is  
to just pour a little Glocoat on the floor or linoleum and  
spread it around with the long-handled applier and then  
simply wait for it to dry with no rubbing or buffing..I...  
I...well, to be so happy myself...when there ARE ACTUALLY  
some women who..who don't know about Glocoat-- I...I..it  
doesn't seem...(SOBS). seem quite fair....  
FIB: Now now now...Harpo....take it easy...boy...don't cry.  
WIL: Gee, I'll bet my nose is shiny and my eyes are all red.  
FIB: I...I'm sorry, Fibber...I guess I...I'm just an old softy.  
Oh that's all right, Harpo...but you take your work too  
serious. You can't expect to sell every housewife on  
Glocoat in one night. They'll all come to it eventually.  
Go on and have a good time. Be gay! Enjoy yourself!  
Forget everything! Yes -- and never mind me...settin' down  
here...while you fellas are...upstairs...(SOBS) havin'  
a swell time...eatin' steak...(SOBS)...wearin' paper hats....  
WIL: Oh now, Fibber...don't, please...  
FIB: Okay...I...I'm all right. You go on, Harpo...now that  
we've both had a good cry we'll feel better.

(2ND REVISION) -15-

WIL: Okay, Pal....shake on it....smilin' thru, eh?  
FIB: SMILIN' THRU, PAL! Ahhhh, good old Harpo. Good thing  
this show's only on once a week. He's too emotional.  
UPPY: Oh, Horatio, there is Mr. McGee....yoo hoo, Mr. McGee...  
BOOM: Oh, how delightful meeting him heah.  
FIB: Ah yes....Good day to you, Creeping Jeeper,  
Hiyah, Mrs. Uppington. Hiya, Boomer. What you two doin'  
here?  
UPP: Oh Horatio and I just had the most DELIGHTFUL dinnah, Mr.  
BOOM: McGee. In the Louie the 14th room...it was SO cozy,  
wasn't it, Horatio?....  
FIB: Ah yes, my love. When they brought the fingerbowls your  
little hands reminded me of two little doves in a bird bath.  
UPP: and his bear insinuations.  
BOOM: Oh Mr. McGee is just joking dear...You see, Mr. McGee  
Horatio is SO sensitive...really...I suppose  
that's because he is so refined...he comes from a wonderful  
family of title in England, you know...and you, Horatio,  
he has several Haris in his family...one of them was a  
simply tremendous fruit plantation in Central America...

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FIB: Listen, Uppy, when that guy gets spoony, it's time to count the silverware.

BOOM: Ignore the little guttersnipe, Moonflower. He has a low mind. He verily believes my affection for you is based on an unholy desire for personal gain! <sup>Perish</sup> Perish the thought! My dear!! Neither my personal fortune nor yours shall ever come between us. Particularly mine... ~~and even yours~~

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh isn't he simply DELIGHTFUL, Mr. McGee...SUCH a sense of humor, reahhly...(LAUGHS) He simply keeps me in stitches.

FIB: You'll be lucky if you wind up with a stitch to be kept in, Uppy.

BOOM: Come, <sup>Abigail</sup> ~~Maestro~~, let us not tarry to be twitted by this underling and his base insinuations.

UPP: Oh Mr. McGee is just joking dear...You see, Mr. McGee, Horatio is SO sensititive:...reahhhly...(LAUGHS) I suppose that's because he is so refined:...he comes from a wonderful family of title in England, you know...don't you, Horation.. he has several Earls in his family....one of them owns a simply tremendous fruit plantation in Central Ameddica....

BOOM: That's not exactly what I said..my dear...I said my family was famous for its banana earl...yes;...However, the Boomers are very well known in England...certainly are...

FIB: Pictures of them everywhere.... hanging in railroad stations ...post offices, police sta...er... Oh a very well known family indeed....there's hardly a Boomer who hasn't been presented at Court...in one way or another...AHHH but it's getting late, my dear....Come, kitten....we must be off...

FIB: Yes kitten....run along with Tom...er...Horatio.

UPP: ...It's been SO nice seeing you, Mr. McGee.....(LAUGHS) Oh I hope you won't think I'm must a silly Girl, Mr. McGee... BUT ISN'T IT A BEAUTIFUL DAY TO BE GLAD IN? Goodbye, Mr. McGee - Coming, Horatio!

FIB: What a romance! They'll have to re-write the marriage service for that guy....."I TAKE THIS WOMAN, FOR ALL SHE'S GOT!" Oh well...BOY AM I HUNGRY!....I wonder how I could finagle my way into the banquet room..Musician..bus boy.... telegraph boy...no...waiter...HOT DOG! A WAITER!...Hey, bell-boy...who has charge of the uniforms?

TET: The housekeeper sir. In the linen room - down the corridor - fourth door.

FIB: Thanks, bud. If I can get her to loan me a waiter's uniform, I can pretend to be a waiter till I get in -- then -- Oh, this must be the linen room.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

and me with insomnia.... Oh Abigail too bad...how'd you happen to get this job anyway?

Oh, waiter...I was a farmer's daughter, and I got to thinking one day...that's what I was thinking

FIB: EXCUSE ME SIS..You the hosekeeper?

PITTS: Oh dear...now what is it?  
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: You're right. It's Zasu Pitts again, folks. The girl with the funny hands, and long may they wave! Listen, Housekeeper I wanna play kind of a little joke on some friends of mine-

PITTS: Oh, I know just the thing, mister....did you ever see those little flowers you wear in your buttonhole that squirt water on people? ~~That's a funny thing to see people, isn't it?~~

FIB: Yes, but that ain't what I meant by ---.

PITTS: ~~That's just a joke, mister.~~ The reason it's so funny is that so many people water flowers but so few flowers water people. Let me see now-- four thousand hand-towels----

FIB: Listen sis....I didn't mean that kind of a joke...what I wanna do is crash that banquet...how about loanin' me a waiter's uniform...?

PITTS: (ASIDE) Eight thousand bathtowels...what did you say, Mister? A waiter's uniform...Oh I don't have charge of those.... ~~they're in the supply room....~~

FIB: Okay sis...thanks anyway..I guess that ruins THAT idea... How do ye like hotel housekeepin' sis? You don't look very happy about it.

PITTS: Well, my goodness...who would be...having to see that four hundred and fifty beds are made up every morning... and me with insomnia....

FIB: Oh that's too bad...how'd you happen to get this job anyway?

PITTS: Well, mister....I was a farmer's daughter, and I got to thinking one day...where can I <sup>go to meet</sup> a nice traveling salesman and ~~be~~

FIB: Have you met many?

PITTS: Oh, yes..hundreds of them...but my goodness, they don't pay the least attention to me....they look at me like I was just another piece of furniture and not very well upholstered

FIB: Oh, well, I wouldn't worry abou-...Say, excuse me, sis, but there's a piece of straw stuck in your hair.

PITTS: Yes, I know....I always keep that there,....otherwise how would they know I was a Farmer's daughter? Three hundred table runners;...eighty two bars of soap...76 Blankets...

FIB: Pardon me, but you got one odd blanket there, sis.

PITTS: Yes I know...that belongs to a horse in Room 342.

FIB: A HORSE!

PITTS: Yes...there's a moving picture cowboy stopping here... He told the manager he wouldn't pay his rent till they gave him a better room and the manager said that was just a stall, so the cowboy said all right, send my horse up. He winked at me in the hall yesterday.

FIB: The horse?

PITTS: Oh no...the cowboy...my he's romantic....I know he's really from out West too...he was seeing snakes in his room the other night.....200 bath mats.....

FIB: So he winked at you in the hall did he?

PITTS: Yes, but I don't think he meant it....I think he was just toying with my affections...I'm telling you mister...I'm getting discouraged....you'd think any man would be glad to have a girl who could concentrate on just him, after keeping house for nine hundred people at once. I've just about made up my mind to do something desperate....



THIRD SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: That was Billy Mills and the Four Notes, playin' and singin' "I MUST SEE ANNIE TONIGHT" and very good too, Kids...even in my present mood I enjoyed it. Shucks, here I am...a prominent citizen...pleasant personality...but do I get invited to a banquet? Why shucks...

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny...what you doin' around here? You one o' the ones behind the Washington's Birthday Ball?

FIB: No I ain't, Old timer.

OLD MAN: EHHHHH?

FIB: I says NO..I AIN'T...the only ball I'm behind has gotta big figure EIGHT on it. (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, "SAYYYYY," he says, "WHO WAS THAT FAT GIRL I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?"

"GO ON" says tother feller, "she wasn't fat!"

"Oh no?" says, the first feller. "IF SHE HAD FUNNELS SHE'D LOOK LIKE THE QUEEN MARY - AND I'LL BET IT TAKES 7 TUGS TO GET HER INTO HER SLIP!" Heh heh heh.... Wow! Say that's a good lookin' gal over at the cigar counter... wonder what she's doin' tonight.

FIB: Some Romeo! Why his arteries are so hard if they wanted to give him a transfusion they'd have to use a diamond drill.

MURMUR OF VOICES: UP AND DOWN

FIB: Boy I'm hungry! But I guess there's no use hangin' around here - them selfish guys upstairs...

HAL: (FADE IN) AH THERE McGEE!! JUST THE MAN I WAS LOOKING FOR.

FIB: Oh yeah? WELL GO BUTTER ANOTHER SLICE, TOASTMASTER, I ain't interested.

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(2ND REVISION) -19- 2-

FIB: Oh now don't talk like that sis....it ain't that bad.... Whatcha gonna do?

PITTS: Mister..you can think whatever you like of me...and my goodness I hope my father never knows...but one of these days... and I won't blame you if you don't speak to me on the street, but don't be surprised, if you hear that .....

FIB: I'M USING LIPSTICK!

OLD MAN: Now go away, will you Mister...and leave a girl to her dreams?

OLD MAN: (APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: "I MUST SEE ANNIE TONIGHT" \*\*FOUR NOTES (APPLAUSE)

"OH NO!" says, the first feller. "IF SHE HAD FUNNELS SHE'D LOOK LIKE THE QUEEN MARY - AND I'LL BET IT TAKES 7 TUGS TO GET HER INTO HER SLIP!" Heh heh heh.... Wow! Say that's a good lookin' gal over at the cigar counter... wonder what she's doin' tonight.

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L

s and the Four Notes, playin' and singin'  
TONIGHT" and very good too, Kids...even  
I enjoyed it. Shucks, here I am...a  
pleasant personality...but do I get  
t? Why shucks...  
...what you doin' around here? You one  
the Washington's Birthday Ball?  
er.  
...the only ball I'm behind has gotta  
it. (LAUGHS)  
s pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't  
...the way I heered it, one feller says  
"SAYYYYY," he says, "WHO WAS THAT FAT  
LAST NIGHT?"  
feller, "she wasn't fat!"  
first feller. "IF SHE HAD FUNNELS SHE'D  
MARY - AND I'LL BET IT TAKES 7 TUGS  
SLIP!" Heh heh heh,.... Wow! Say  
' ga) over at the cigar counter...  
bin' tonight.  
arteries are so hard if they wanted  
usion they'd have to use a diamond  
I guess there's no use hangin' around  
guys upstairs...  
McGEE!! JUST THE MAN I WAS LOOKING FOR,  
FTER ANOTHER SLICE, TOASTMASTER, I ain't

HAL: But McGee....you said if our speaker didn't show up you  
would address the Club.. Well he didn't so come on---  
FIB: What's that got to do ...Eh? Oh! Okay bud, let's go...  
Do I get a badge and a paper hat?  
HAL: Later...later...maybe...right now they're expecting a  
speech. Here we are, McGee....It's all right doorman...  
this gentleman is with me.  
MAN: Yes sir.  
DOORLATCH: VOICES..LAUGHTER...CLATTER OF CHINA SILVER, ET....  
AD LIB HELLOS FROM WILCOX...MILLS...NOVIS...THE NOTES...  
GAVEL  
HAL: ATTENTION PLEASE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...ATTENTION!  
GAVEL: VOICES AND SOUNDS OUT!  
HAL: Members of the Wistful Vista Rotowanis Club...we regret to  
announce that our speaker of the evening, Professor  
Patyourfataway has been unavoidably detained...  
GROANS:  
HAL: BUT FORTUNATELY, WE HAVE OBTAINED THE GENEROUS SERVICES OF  
A PUBLIC SPIRITED FELLOW CITIZEN...AND AN AFTER DINNER  
SPEAKER OF GREAT REKNOWN. (Lay off those olives, McGee)  
FIB: Okay, Bud.  
HAL: AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE...  
(put down that celery McGee). GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT AS  
OUR GUEST SPEAKER TONIGHT, MR. FIBBER MCGEE, WHO WILL SPEAK  
ON THE SUBJECT "HOW A BUSINESS MAN CAN KEEP FIT". Mr.  
MCGEE!  
APPLAUSE: CHEERS: BANGING OF SILVER ON CHINA.

FIB: Ladies and Gents, AS I STAND HERE TONIGHT (excuse me a minute)  
Gimme a pitcher of water and a glass, Gildersleeve, and make my  
steak medium rare. AS I STAND HERE TONIGHT FOLKS, LOOKING  
DOWN ON ALL THEM SMILING FACES UNDER THEM PAPER HATS AND  
HEARD THEM OVERSIZE BADGES ....

SOUND: LOUD HISSING FADE IN AND OUT:

FIB: Did I say somethin's wrong, Gildersleeve?

HAL: No no no ...go ahead.

FIB: THE SUBJECT OF MY DISCOURSE TONIGHT FOLKS, IS HOW A BUSINESS  
MAN CAN KEEP FIT. SO IT IS WITH THIS THOUGHT IN MIND .. that..  
...er... I ... er...AND SPEAKIN' O' BUSINESS MEN THAT REMINDS  
ME OF A STORY ABOUT THE BUTCHER WHO GOT THROWN OUT OF THE  
ACQUARIUM BECAUSE HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS HANDS OFF THE SCALES ...

SOUND: HISSING AND UP AND OUT

FIB: Oh oh they didn't like that either! .. TAKIN' THE SUBJECT  
FROM ANOTHER ANGLE, FOLKS ..OR, SEEING THAT SO FEW OF YOU  
HAVE ANGLES ..FROM ANOTHER CURVE ...

SOUND: HISSING UP AND OUT

FIB: AW NOW LISTEN FOLKS....I'M ONLY TRYIN' TO TELL YOU FOR YOUR  
OWN GOOD -

SOUND: HISSING: SUSTAINED THRU

FIB: DAD RAT IT IS THAT ANYWAY TO TREAT A GUEST?.

HISSING REPEAT:.....REPEAT...AGAIN

FIB: Well shucks, T...T...well, all I can say is...I...I...  
Awwwwwww..

HAL: MCGEE...WHERE ARE YOU GOING...COME BACK...WHAT'S THE MATTER  
MCGEE?

VOICES UP EXCITED:....what's the matter with him?...can't he take it?  
Where'd he go? Etc...Etc...

WIL: I'll go after him:...he was probably just nervous...

VOICES FADE OUT...DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

WIL: Hey Fibber...where are you...FIBBER! Fibber...what's the  
matter? What'd you run away for?....

FIB: They didn't like me Harpo...I'm a flop, that's what I am  
a flop..

WIL: Oh now don't be like that...what gave you that idea?...

FIB: You heard 'em they hissed me!...every time I opened my  
mouth somebody'd go.....SSSSSSSSSS! Like that.

WIL: WHY DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THAT WAS? THE WAITERS WERE  
SERVIN' SIZZLING STEAKS:

FIB: WHAT? You mean I didn't?...I wasn't...I can...OH PSHAW!

ORCHESTRA: "WHATEVER" - FADE FOR:

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC...FADE ON ONE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.  
Fibber McGee & Company  
February 21, 1939  
Tuesday 6:30 PM PST NBC  
TIME: 55 seconds

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUT-IN FOR PACIFIC COAST  
AND SOUTHERN STATIONS

Read by Wilcox in Hollywood  
Read by Chicago announcer for  
line to Southern Stations

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

.....

But here's a Special Announcement! For a limited time,  
your dealer is offering you JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S  
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in Giant size cans! These Giant  
cans hold one-third more than the regular amount. Yet you  
pay nothing extra for these Giant size cans. It's your  
opportunity to stock up on JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S  
WAX (paste or liquid) and save money! You pay for only one  
pint or one pound and you get one-third more without cost.  
This extra dividend is JOHNSON'S way of saying "Thank you"  
for your continued loyalty to the JOHNSON products. I must  
remind you, however, that the supply of these Giant size  
cans is strictly limited. They're going fast and when the  
present supply is gone, there won't be any more. So act  
quickly! First thing tomorrow, phone your dealer for Giant  
size cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING  
GLO-COAT and get one-third more for your money.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC....FADE ON CUE

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, we wanna thank ZaSu Pitts, the Farmer's Daughter  
for appearin' with us again tonight and we hope some

SOUND: HISSSSSSSSSSSS.....

FIB: Oh oh!...HEY, WAITER! PUT THAT AT MY PLACE...THEM FIRST  
TWO STEAKS I HAD WERE KINDA TOUGH....Goodnight folks!

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH

CREDITS.....SIGNOFF