

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

(REVISED)

#194

"FIBBER MCGEE AND COMPANY"

6:30P.M.
Tuesday - February 28, 1939

NBC -- Red

(REVISED)

-2-

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORCHESTRA: "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 4 Notes and Billy Mills'
Orchestra. The show opens with "OF THEE I SING"!

ORCH: "OF THEE I SING"....FADE FOR:

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
FEBRUARY 28, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

OPENING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Spring is only a few weeks away and something in the air tells us it's time to make our homes brighter and fresher-looking! When you feel this first urge of Spring, you had better hurry to your dealer (or phone him) and ask for a can of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Then let this easy-to-use, liquid polish make your floors sparkle and gleam like new! GLO-COAT is the perfect Spring tonic for dreary floors! Just put a little GLO-COAT on your linoleum (painted and varnished wood floors, too). Let it dry for 20 minutes, then see the beautiful, shining polish, protecting your floors from dirt and wear. It takes only a few minutes to apply GLO-COAT -- there's no rubbing or buffing! You'll have more time for rest and play, and you can forget all about tiresome floor-scrubbing when your floors are wearing a lustrous GLO-COAT polish. Insist on the real thing -- G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC UP TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL THE FAMOUS BIG GAME HUNTER, LORD BINGHAM, IS IN TOWN THIS WEEK, SEEKING A PARTNER FOR HIS NEXT AFRICAN EXPEDITION....

AND HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM, AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, SWAPPING HUNTING EXPERIENCES WITH HIS LORDSHIP -- or, in other words, TAKING ALTERNATE SLICES AT THE BALONEY, WE FIND....

-- FIBBER (Hold-That-Tiger) MCGEE!

(APPLAUSE) THEME

HAL: (FADE)...So I had the skin of the vicious brute made into a rug for my Lib'ry - and it still grows whenever I enter the room.

FIB: It does, eh? Well, did I tell you about the time I trailed the leopard 40 miles through the brush and then discovered it was a stray mule?

HAL: What! An experienced hunter mistaking a mule for a leopard?

FIB: Yes....It seems I was in kind of a bilious condition and had spots before my eyes.

HAL: By the way, McGee....How much time did you spend in Africa?

FIB: Oh - several years! I had a trading post up in the pigmy country. That's where that sayin' got started...."This Little Pigmy Went to Market".

HAL: Hah hah hah...that's very good...Pigmy went to market... hah hah...I like to have a man with me who has a sense of humor, McGee....keeps the natives happy. You must be a splendid companion on a long trek.

FIB: That's what everybody used to say, Bud. I was really a card on a long trek. CARD TREK MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS. CARD-TREK MCGEE, THE CLEVEREST KHAKI-CLAD KID WHO EVER KEPT A CAMP IN THE CRUEL CLIMATE OF THE CARBON CONTINENT, CALMLY COLLECTIN' CREEPIN' COBRAS TO CLASSIFY AND CATALOG FOR KEEN-EYED COLLECTORS, CASUALLY CLICKIN' CAMERAS AT CARNIVOROUS CATS, CONTINUALLY CONVULSED AT THE CUTE CONVERSATIONAL COMEBACKS OF CACKLING COCKATOOS, AND CONCENTRATIN' ON CARVIN' A CAREER AS THE KING-KONG OF THE CONGO FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE'S CLOUDY DUNES TO CAREFREE CAIRO, AND THE CAMEROONS!

(APPLAUSE)

HAL: I think you're just the man I'm looking for, McGee...but how is your health..how do you stand up under terrific hardships?

FIB: Hardships? Why, bud, last December, I sat through six double-features in one week.

HAL: NO!

FIB: YES!

HAL: My word...and I thought I had experienced suffering! McGee....I think we will make a great team in Africa. I never thought I would meet a man who was so utterly fearless...so absolutely courageous. Let me think it over for a few hours and I'll be back with my decision.

FIB: I'll be waitin', Bingham! Hurry back!

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

FIB: Hot dog...I guess I convinced him I wasn't scared of nothin! And when we get to Africa...(SHRIEKS) HEY.. GIT AWAY FROM ME...HELLLLLP!!..HELLP!!...

(SCRAMBLING.....DOOR OPEN)

WIL: (EXCITED) WHAT'S THE MATTER FIBBER!..WHAT'S WRONG?..WHY YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A SHEET!

FIB: D-d-d-did you see it?

WIL: SEE WHAT? Stop trembling and tell me what's the matter.

FIB: I..I....Ohhh! I think it went under the davenport...Ohhhh..

WIL: WHAT DID...WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...CONTROL YOURSELF...

FIB: Boy..I thought I was a goner for a minute...he looked right at me!

WIL: WHAT DID?

FIB: The mouse!

WIL: A MOUSE! Aren't you ashamed!!! What will Lord Bingham say if he finds out you're afraid of a mouse?

FIB: Oh don't tell him, Harpo. I gotta get rid of that mouse. What'll I do?

WIL: Set a trap.

FIB: That's an idea...I'll set a trap and bait it with a perfumed note.

WIL: A perfumed note! To a mouse?

FIB: Yes - you know..."Come up'n see me sometime" signed, Minnie.

WIL: (LAUGHS) Yes, you could do that, but I've got a better idea I'm going out and send you an exterminator....

FIB: Oh..Okay...thanks..

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

FIB: Of all the times for this to happen! I guess I'll set a trap and then go stay at a hotel till the mouse is caught, or Molly gets home. Shucks, I ain't GOT a trap. I better go down to the hardware store and get one.

DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny how'd you like to buy a rubber door-knocker? Protects you from magazine salesmen and peddlers.

FIB: No thanks, Old timer.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: I says NO...I don't want any rubber door-knockers. If any peddlers come to my door, I'll take the rap. (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---

(SQUEAKING OF MOUSE)

OLD MAN: What was that I just heard?

FIB: It's a mouse, Old Timer...he just moved in. He left home because his old man was a rat.

OLD MAN: Oh. Well, the way I heered it, Johnny, one feller says to the other feller, "SAYYYYY", he says, "AM I GLAD TO BE BACK IN AMERICA WHERE EVERYTHING IS PEACEFUL! I JUST GOT BACK FROM A MOTOR TRIP THRU EUROPE!"

"ZAT SO?" says tother feller..."CROSS COUNTRY?"

"OH BOY!" says the first feller.."I'LL SAY IT, IS!"

Heh heh heh ... incidentally, Johnny, you're gettin' kinda cheap ain't you? Gettin' a mouse for a guest star?

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Why that old currmudgeon! He's just jealous of that mouse. Thinks he's got the exclusive right to wear whiskers on this show!

~~SOUND: DOOR OPEN~~

~~FIB: Oh, I hope that exterminator got him!~~

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

MILLS: HELLO, FIBBER.

FIB: Oh hello, Billy..ain't you supposed to be workin' on Don Novis' song?

MILLS: You mean Phil the Phluter's Ball? Oh, I've finished that. Didn't even take time to go out and eat.

FIB: That's tough, Billy.

MILLS: I don't mind...I've got a cheese sandwich in my pocket.

FIB: Not so loud, Billy...there's a mouse in here. If he hears what - LOOK OUT! THERE HE IS!!! LOOK OUT, BILLY...HE'S RUNNIN' UP YOUR PANT LEG!

MILLS: Which one?

FIB: THE LEFT ONE!

MILLS: That's a joke on him...the sandwich is in the other pocket.

FIB: Oh fer the...^{TAKE IT DON}~~Go ahead and play for Don, Billy...it might~~
~~of some of these folks, Billy...he's playing for Don Novis to~~
~~smile at the audience."~~

ORCHESTRA: "PHIL THE PHLUTER'S BALL"...NOVIS

APPLAUSE

FIB: That was Phil the Phluter's Ball, adroitly rendered by Donald Novis, the Killarney Canary.

DON: Thanks, Fibber.

FIB: Oh, that's okay, Don,- I always ---

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: Excuse me a minuteCOME IN!

SOUND: (DOOR LATCH)

BILL: (TOUGH) A guy named Wilcox says you wanted a exterminator.

FIB: Yes I do, Bud- but what's the idea of bringin' the machine gun?

BILL: He said dere was a rat here you wanted rubbed out...Is dis de guy? OKAY..STAND AGAINST DE WALL, BUDDY!

FIB: HEY CUT IT OUT!! That ain't the rat..er...I mean, that's Don Novis our singer....You misunderstood- I just wanted some mice exterminated.

BILL: I'M SORRY!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

DON: Gee, thanks, Fibber....I thought he was going to shoot me for a minute.

FIB: Oh, I couldn't let him do that, Don- I just had this wall papered.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

WILCOX: Hello, Fibber....get rid of the mouse, yet?

FIBBER: No I ain't, Harpo...and if Lord Bingham comes back and sees me get jittery at a little mouse...,he won't take me to Africa with him.

DON: Gee, that would be too bad....we'd LOVE to see Fibber go to Africa, wouldn't we, Harlow?

WILCOX: Oh at least!

FIBBER: Thanks, fellas...I hope you mean that in the way it certainly didn't sound like. I....I suppose you think I'm... I'm kinda foolish lettin' a mouse make me nervous? But I can't help it.

WILCOX: Oh think nothing of it, Fibber. ~~Oh, forget it, Fibber....~~ besides, mice won't stay long in your house.

FIBBER: Why, Harpo? (Stand by, Racine!)

WILCOX: (LAUGHS) Why any house that has Glocoat on its floors and linoleum is too clean to attract mice. Crumbs are too easily swept up and grease spots wipe right off. And when you stop to think that Glocoat can be applied with no rubbing or buffing, by simply pouring a little on the floor and spreading it around with the long-handled applicer, it begins to look like a tough world for little Mus Musculus.

FIBBER: Little who, Harpo?

WILCOX: Mus Musculus. That's the Latin name for mouse.

FIBBER: Oh, do mice understand Latin?

WILCOX: No, but I understand mice. And they won't stay in a clean house. Why just the other day, I overheard one mouse say to another mouse...QUOTE:

VOICE: (SQUEAKY) "Come on, Mickey....there's nothin' for us around here. They use Johnson's Glocoat. Let's scamper over to the house next door, where a guy can feel at home!"

WIL: UNQUOTE!

FIBBER: Very cute, Harpo. Well, I gotta run down to the hardware store and get a mousetrap. See you later, fellas.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE LOUD

FIBBER: If I'm gonna get rid of that mouse before old Bingham gets back, I better hurry. HEY, CONTROL ROOM! HOW ARE WE FOR TIME?

P.A.VOICE: BETTER SNAP IT UP A LITTLE!

FIBBER: Okay...in that case folks, here's the hardware store right here...(LAUGHS) And some people say that radio ain't a flexible medium!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MAN: Yes sir. What was it, sir?

FIBBER: Show me some traps, will you?

MAN: Yes sir.....But what did you wish to catch?

FIBBER: A MOUSE, dad rat it.

MAN: Yes sir...a small mouse or a large mouse?

FIBBER: Eh? Oh about medium build...gray hair, pink eyes, 4-inch tail and a thirty-two sleeve.

MAN: Yes sir...just step over here, sir...we have quite a beautiful selection of mouse traps.

FIBBER: I don't care how beautiful they are. I ain't givin' this to a mouse for Christmas...I wanna catch one in it. I don't want no Moose Mousealus in my house.

MAN: Moose Musculus, sir?

FIBBER: That's Latin, for mouse,

MAN: Really....you must be a college man, sir.

FIBBER: I am. Phi Baita Trappa. Come on, Bud...show me somethin'. Time's a-wastin'.

MAN: Here is a very efficient mousetrap, sir....

SOUND: (CLINK AND RATTLE)

FIBBER: Looks kinda complicated. Take a smart mouse to get caught in that.

MAN: Oh it's very simple, sir. It connects to any light socket. The miniature projector throws a picture of a piece of cheese on the little screen in technicolor; the mouse walks down the center aisle here to watch the show, and as soon as he sits down it trips this spring and this little toy usher runs down and grabs him by the back of the neck. (LAUGHS) Clever ain't it?

FIBBER: Listen, bud...ain't you got just a simple, old-fashioned wire mousetrap that you slap a hunk a cheese onto and let nature take its course?

MAN: No sir...I'm afraid not sir.

FIBBER: Okay, *land. You may go. No- you stay here. lllgo.*

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE:

FIBBER: Fine hardware store!! Well, I gotta get rid o' that mouse before Old Bingham comes back, ~~on FIBBER loves being~~ ~~in Dark~~ ~~ca.~~ Wonder what Frank Buck is doin' these days...

UPP: Oh how do you do, Mr. McGee...SO nice to see you, reahhly...

FIBBER: Hiyah, Mrs. Uppington. You look very gay and happy today with that new hat ~~and~~...it IS new, ain't it? And it is a hat, ain't it?

UPP: Ohhh you men!! (LAUGHS) Horatio said exactly the same thing..

FIBBER: Oh yes..Horatio K. Boomer. You still seein' a lot of him, Uppy?

UPP: Oh yes...but not neahhly enough, Mr. McGee..(LAUGHS) Tell me, do you think a girl should refuse a date occasionally... does it REAHHHLY keep a man interested?

FIBBER: Oh, I dunno, Uppy. But I think the right way to keep old Boomer interested is to put your porch swing in the lobby of the First National Bank.

UPP: (LAUGHS) Oh Mr. McGee...I think you misjudge Horatio...he loves me for myself alone...why just last night I asked him if he thought a few gray hairs made a girl unattractive and he said "Abigail, sugar-lamb, just because there is a little snow on the roof doesn't mean the fire has gone out in the house!" (LAUGHS) Oh, I thought that was SO sweet of him...

FIBBER: So he calls you sugar-lamb, eh? He would...and the minute he gets his hands on the sugar he's gonna take it on the lam.

MAN: No sir...I'm afraid not sir.

FIBBER: Okay, *land. You may go. No- you stay here. lllgo.*

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UPP: PLEASE, Mr. McGee....I'm such he is sincere...why just yesterday, while he was helping me clip some coupons he said, "Little Flower, if you will be my Pearl, the World is my Oyster!" (LAUGHS) and the porr boy was in SUCH an emotional state he put four of my coupons on his watch chain and left his elk's tooth in my safety deposit box!!! (LAUGHS) Oh, I know true love when I see it....or do you think I am just being a silly girl? (LAUGHS) Well nice to have seen you, Mr. McGee....good byeeeeeeeeee!!!

FIB: If you'll be my pearl the world is my oyster! And what a stew she's gonna wind up in!

NICK: Well hello there Fizzer, what is the idea of you walking along talking to yourself like a bump on a monolog?

FIB: I'm worried, Nick. I gotta mouse in the house. You know a good way to get rid of 'em.

NICK: Well, I was reading about one way in a little storybooks I am reading last nights which is calling itself by the title which the name of it was "THE PIE-EYED PIPER OF HAMLET" and it is being about a mon who is playing "Get Out of Town" to a bunch of rats on his saxattone.

FIB: Oh you mean the Pied Piper of Hamlin who led the rats out of town with his magic flute...

NICK: Sure, well sir, this Pieyed Piper of Hambone, he is getting a contract from the master burglar of the town to give all the mouses the bum's rush, you grob me? So the master burglar....

FIB: Master burglar? Master burg...oh you mean the burgomaster.

NICK: It is the same difference, Fizzer, because when the rats are all being jitterbugged out of town, this burglemaestro is saying to the Piefaced Piper ... "HAH HAH!" .. he is saying.. "IF YOU THINK WE ARE PAYING YOU FOR THE JOBS, SQUEEGEE, YOU ARE A BAD MISTAKE AND YOU HAD BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN OR WE ARE THROWING YOU IN THE CALAGOOSE FOR FRAGRANCY!"

FIB: Vagrancy?

NICK: Yes and they could do it, too because the whole proposim is smelling very bad, if I know what you mean.

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f I know what you mean.

FIB: Yes I know, Nick,,,so in revenge he started tooting his
piccolo and all the children followed him out of town and
were never seen again.

NICK: That is a very good synoptipuss of how the book is ending
itself, Fizzer. And the Mortal of the story is being:

IF YOU ARE TEACHING A BAD EXAMPLE
, DON'T BLAME THE KIDS IF THEY ARE WANTING
A NEW TOOTER! Well so long Fizzer!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: So long Nick! -- Take it Billy!

ORK: "CHOPSTICKS" -- 4 NOTES

APPLAUSE:

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FIB: That was the Four Notes, folks, gettin' a surprising amount of musical nourishment with CHOPSTICKS. Thanks, boys and girls! Hope that mouse is gone. I wonder where the dad-ratted little baseboard blatherskite is now...it'd be just like him to sneak up and put his cold nose on the back o' my neck....(SHUDDERS)....Ohhhhh, why do I THINK o' such things!!!....Be calm, McGee....he won't hurt ye! How do ye know he won't? Well, he won't, that's all. Oh yeah? What do you know about mice? Who, me? Yes, you. oh keep quiet! I WON'T KEEP QUIET....I'll talk all I --
(KNOCK AT DOOR....LOUD)

FIB: Ohhhhh....there he is!!!....No that can't be the mouse.... that knock was too tall. COME IN!
(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

BOOM: Good-day, ~~McGee~~ ^{Paperclip}....understand you are having some trouble with one of our little four-footed friends.

FIB: That's right Boomer....

BOOM: Why don't you set a trap for the little beast, Paperclip?

FIB: Like the trap you're settin' for Mrs. Uppington, eh?
I wanna warn you once more about tryin' any o' your chiselin' tactics on her, Boomer - you're the type that'd break a woman's heart and patch it up again with itching powder. I know your game.

BOOMER: CURSES. He'll foil me yet.

FIB: Wadja wanna see me about?

BOOM: Ah yes....I came in to sell you my own patented mousetrap, McGee....the Boomer Beastie-Basket.

FIB: Well let's see it, Boomer....and hurry up....I'm expectin' company.

BOOM: Certainly, certainly....where did I put that mousetrap.... mousetrap, mousetrap....have it here somewhere....here's a rare and valuable first edition of Shakespeare I just got from the library....(don't ask me whose library)here's an invitation to a class re-union at dear Old Leavenworth... Ah, the good old days in Cooler College. How proud I was when I won my letter in the pole-vaulting event...50 feet ahead of the bloodhounds!

FIB: The MOUSETRAP, BOOMER....THE MOUSETRAP!

BOOM: Ah yes....coming to it, Porkshank, ooming to it....Where's that mousetrap....here's a china egg, very handy for knitting socks, - or socking nitwits...a valentine from Sheila the Shoplifter...poor girl...her bloomers took an unexpected stretch...and so did she...and a check for a short beer....WELL WELL...IMAGINE THAT! NO MOUSETRAP!! Well, I must be off. I'm going to help a man unload a truck. There he goes now..(DOOR OPEN) Hi! Jack!
(DOOR CLOSE)

FIB: There's a crack in that guy's conscience so wide it'd make the Grand Canyon look like the dimple in a golf ball.

KNOCK AT DOOR:

FIB: Oh oh... I'll bet that's Bingham. COME IN.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

FIB: Oh Hiyah Lord Bingham.....glad to see ye again. Have a chair.

HAL: Thanks, I have one.

FIB: Ye got two?..no, that was cigars, wasn't it. Well, what did ye decide, Bingham. You think I'd make a good partner for a big game expedition?

HAL: I certainly do, McGee...I certainly do.....but there is one thing I must impress upon you.

FIB: What's that, Lord Bingham?

HAL: Well, McGee..it's a rather delicate subject...you understand that I cant have anybody about me who doesn't measure up to my own standard of cool courage.....my calmness in moments of danger....Remember, I won't always be there to protect you.

FIB: Oh I understand that, bud. I can take care of myself.

HAL: Splendid, - we must depend upon each other in emergencies - you know.

FIB: Oh, absolutely. Two brave hearts that beat as one. That's what I always...(SHRIEKS) LOOK OUT, BINGHAM..THERE HE IS....

....THERE'S THAT MOUSE! LOOK OUT!

HAL: WHERE? OH MY GOODNESS...A MOUSE! LEMME OUTA HERE...HELP!!!

FIB: HELP!!!..HELP!!!!!!

SOUND: MAD SCRAMBLE; 2 DOOR SLAMS

(PAUSE)

HAL: McGee...is that you in this closet with me?

FIB: Yes it is, Bingham...where are you? It's dark in here.

HAL: I'm up on the top shelf here...behind the hats.

Very uncomfortable, too. (LAUGHS) Where are you?

FIB: Hangin' on two hooks with my feet in the umbrella stand. (LAUGHS) Kinda cramped...but I can take it. (LAUGHS)

HAL: (LAUGHS) Stout fellow, McGee!!..I'm looking forward to our trip to Africa.

FIB: OUR trip..you..you mean you're takin' me?

HAL: Certainly, my dear fellow...I find you a very valuable man in a crisis...

FIB: Eh? How so?

HAL: If it hadn't been for you, I never would have found this closet! (LAUGHS)

BOTH LAUGH LIKE HELL TO -

ORCHESTRA: "YOU NEVER KNOW" - fade for 4

J. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
FEBRUARY 28, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED) -23-

(Wilcox in Hollywood
OUT-IN FOR: (Chicago announcer for Southern Stations
(Washington announcer for Eastern Stations

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUE: (Wilcox) Fibber will be back in just a moment.
(Pause 2 seconds)

ANNOUNCER: And here's an important announcement! For a limited time your dealer is offering Giant size cans of JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT and JOHNSON'S WAX (paste or liquid) at the same price as the regular sizes. It's your opportunity to save money -- for these Giant sizes hold one-third more than the regular sizes! I'm sure I don't have to tell you that these special Giant size cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT are selling fast! Women are delighted with these big cans which contain one-third more than the regular sizes and yet cost not a penny more! When these Giant size cans are gone, there won't be any more so you are urged to take advantage of this special offer without delay. Phone your dealer or go to the store the first thing tomorrow morning and get a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the special money-saving, Giant sizes.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -24-

TAG GAG

FIBBER: Folks, you'll be glad to hear that we're gonna have our old friend ZaSu Pitts back with us again next week. (LAUGHS) Good thing she wasn't here tonight or I dunno WHAT she'd o' done. Personally, mice don't frighten me, but --- (SHRIEKS) HEY!! THERE REALLY IS A MOUSE IN HERE! TAKE HIM AWAY...HELLP...HELLP...HARPO...NBC...HELLP...(FADE OUT) (OFF MIKE) GOOD NIGHT FOLKS!!!

ORK: UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

CREDITS: SIGNOFF