

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

WRITER: DON QUINN

Jim Jordan in
"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY" (#196)

(REVISED)

NBC - RED

6:30 P.M.

MARCH 14th, 1939

TUESDAY

(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 & Company with Jim Jordan
as Fibber, Donald Novis, the Four Notes and Billy Mills'
Orchestra. The show opens with "I Gotta Get Some Shuteye."

ORCHESTRA: "I GOTTA GET SOME SHUTEYE"

FADE FOR -

WIL: Opening Comm'l:

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March 14, 1939
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC
TIME: 55 seconds

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CUE: WILCOX:

Here's an announcement of interest to every housewife.

(PAUSE....2 SECONDS)

.....

The sponsors of this program are making you a real Bargain offer! For a limited time only, you can buy JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in special Giant size cans for the same price you usually pay for the regular pound and pint sizes! These big cans are one-third larger -- giving you one-third more WAX or GLO-COAT at no extra cost. The supply of these special Giant size cans is limited. To avoid disappointment, we urge you to go to your dealer in the morning (or phone him) and buy several cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT at this money-saving price! Housecleaning days are near at hand and you'll certainly want to have both WAX and GLO-COAT ready for convenient use. So get a supply now while you are offered one-third more for your money! These special Giant size cans are on sale at hardware, grocery, paint, drug and department stores. See your dealer tomorrow without fail!

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

SEGUE "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"....FADE

(REVISED) -4-

WIL: WELL, FIBBER'S MEMORY HAS BEEN GETTING VERY BAD, THOUGH WE DON'T KNOW WHY IT SHOULD DISTURB HIM, AS HE'S DONE NOTHING WORTH REMEMBERING. ~~HOWEVER, HE'S DECIDED TO TAKE THE FAMOUS GILDERSLEEVE MEMORY COURSE. AND HERE, TALKING TO THE GILDERSLEEVE REPRESENTATIVE WHO HAS JUST DELIVERED THE SAMPLE LESSONS, WE FIND -~~

FIBBER (Zing-went-the-string-on-my-finger!) MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME:

FIB: You say this course is bound to gimme results, eh bud?
HAL: Oh it certainly will, McGee. *I'm a Gildersleeve graduate myself and I know*
FIB: ~~Terrible... if my memory hadn't been so bad we wouldn't even~~
~~of had a broadcast tonight.~~
HAL: ~~Is that so!!!~~ ~~How was that?~~
FIB: ~~I forgot it was Tuesday and wasn't comin' down tonight and~~
~~then I forgot what it was I forgot and here I am. So ye~~
~~see it. *So that's by the way*~~ what was your name again? It slipped my mind.
HAL: Dalrymple...Cyrus L. Dalrymple.
FIB: Oh yes...well, look, Si, just what is the principal o' the Gildersleeve Memory Course?
HAL: In one word...ASSOCIATION. Linking words and ideas. For instance, you meet a man named Pike.
FIB: Okay...where do I meet him and what time? I'll wear a red carnation...
HAL: No no no ... this is just for instance.
FIB: Oh. I catch onto it.
HAL: Now then...you meet this man Pike...and what do you associate the word pike with?
FIB: Fish.

HAL: Very good....Now then..every time you meet this man, your mind produces the mental image of a fish....so how would you greet him?

FIB: I'd say HI, ~~McGee~~ *Wallace!*

HAL: ~~McGee~~?

FIB: ~~Yes, and then does this appear?~~

HAL: No no no...his name is FISH...er ... no it isn't either... it's .. er.. anyway you get the idea...NOW WHAT IS MY NAME?

FIB: Your name? You gotta bad memory too?

HAL: Come come...I know my name, of course....but do YOU? I told you less than a minute ago.

FIB: Well - lemme think -- hm! -- Shucks - can you beat that!!! Well I ain't started the lessons yet, bud. Turn your back to me a minute....that's it.....1.....2.....3.....Okay - turn around Yep, I remember your face! That ain't bad for a start, is it?

HAL: Listen, McGee....My name is Dalrymple....CYRUS L. DALRYMPLE. Now then - what do you associate with the word Cyrus?

FIB: A slingshot.

HAL: A slingshot! For goodness sakes...Why?

FIB: Well, I had a cousin named Cyrus and when we were kids he hit me right behind the barn with a slingshot.

HAL: Well....er.....alright....if that's what you associate it with....Now, what does Dalrymple recall to you?

FIB: A slingshot.

HAL: AGAIN?

FIB: Certainly....Dalrymple makes me think o' Cyrus.....and Cyrus makes me remember the slingshot. Say, I think I'm beginning to catch on to the system, Bud.....You leave them sample lessons here and if I like 'em, I'll take the complete course.

and when you complete the course, mark my words - your memory will be as good as mine

HAL: Splendid....splendid. ~~As you'll be surprised what they'll do for you, McGee~~ Well, good day, *Mc Gee!*

FIB: Good day, Slingshot.

HAL: Dalrymple.

FIB: Oh yes - SLINGSHOT L. DALRYMPLE...

HAL: Ohhhhhhh.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

FIB: Hey, Bud.

HAL: Yes?

FIB: You forgot your hat.

HAL: Oh yes - (LAUGHS).....I....er....HARRUMPH....er, well, good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

FIB: Oh - well, I suppose even Einstein gets his check-stubs balled up now'n then. Let's see these lessons....Hmnnnnnn.

SOUND: PAPER RATTLE

FIB: (READS) "EVERYONE IS BORN WITH A GOOD MEMORY"....oh yeah? "WHEN YOU DREAM OF FALLING....THAT IS A RACIAL MEMORY... YOU ARE REMEMBERING SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED WHEN OUR ANCESTORS WERE LEAPING FROM LIMB TO LIMB OF THE TREES." Wonder what he means by that. They ain't a tree surgeon in my whole family!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: SO LONG!er....noI forgot again....COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH.....SLAM

UPP: Oh, Mr. McGee...I....I'm SO glad to find you at home....

FIB: Hiyah, Uppy - what's on your mind?

UPP: Tell me, Mr. McGee - are we....are we....ALONE?

FIB: Are we alone! Why, ~~McGee~~ *Alright*....I didn't know you cared!

UPP: PLEASE, Mr. McGee...I wasn't speaking from a romantic point of view. (LAUGHS) Silly Boy! But seriously...can anyone overhear us?

FIB: Wel-1-1...either way I answer, Uppy, you or Johnson's Wax is gonna be unhappy. I HOPE we're bein' overheard. (ASIDE) Folks, don't listen for a minute.. Uppy's got somethin' confidential she wants to tell me. Go ahead, Uppy..quick.

UPP: Well, possibly you know, Mr. McGee, that I own the famous 10-carat Rajah Diamond..and I was too late to get it back to the bank vault before it closed today...and I am simply TERRIFIED to keep it at home ovahnight...Would you keep it for me, please?

FIB: Who, me? Oh now wait a minute Uppy. Am I the only one you can trust with it?

UPP: Well, **not** exactly, Mr. McGee, dear Horatio offered to sit up all night and guard it, but I couldn't have the poor boy losing his sleep.

FIB: Oh don't let that guy guard no diamonds. Uppy! His old man was a crook, and, he's a gyp off the old block.

UPP: Oh please Mr. McGee...Horatio always speaks well of you.

FIB: Horatio K. Boomer? Speaks well of ME?

UPP: Of course...why just lahst night he was saying that if you and he were lost in the woods, with only a knife between you, he'd let you have it. I thought that was SO noble of him, reahly!

I think I get the point, Uppy. (REVISED)-8-9-10-
FIB: Oh yes...~~had stick thru back and then, all right. Was the full of thin he wasn't in there!~~

UPP: (LAUGHS) You know, Mr. McGee...sometimes I think you are just the teeny-wentiest JEALOUS of Horatio.... (LAUGHS) *Well* Or am I just being a silly girl? *Oh yes*...here is the diamond Mr. McGee..and thank you SO much for keeping it for me. Good byeeee...

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Looka that diamond! Oh boy...what a hunk o' ice! Looks like Sonia Henie's back yard!

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Oh oh...I better hide it quick...I'll drop it in this glass o' water...they'll think it's a ice cube.

SOUND: TINKLE AND SPLASH.

FIB: Good thing I thought o' that...~~(Oh I almost forgot. Ohay folks v. you can listen again now).~~ COME IN!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

MILLS: Hello Fibber...Say - do you remember the song you asked Don Novis to sing?

FIB: N-no no...I don't Billy. My memory's terrible. What was it?

MILLS: "I Found a Million-Dollar Baby in the Five-and-Ten Cent Store?"

FIB: Did I ask for that? Is he gonna sing it?

MILLS: No...we thought it wouldn't be *good judgment* ~~tactical~~ during income tax week.

FIB: What's he gonna sing then?

MILLS: "Penny Serenade".

FIB: Well, that's quite a discount, but go ahead, Billy. FOLKS, DONALD NOVIS, SINGIN' "PENNY SERENADE". Take it, Don!

ORK: "PENNY SERENADE"

NOVIS

APPLAUSE

FIB: Folks, that was a charming little Copperetta, entitled "PENNY SERENADE" beautifully sung by Donald Duck, er, - no-Don Novis. Dad rat my memory -- Better get busy and study my lessons, - guess I better lock the doors and windows if I'm gonna study with a ten-carat diamond in the house, and -

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

OLD MAN: Hello there Johnny. Remember me?

FIB: Yes - I remember you - you're old Addison Sims, of Seattle. How'd that big deal in Peruvian Peanut Butter turn out, or was the issue spread too thin?

OLD MAN: EHHHHH?

FIB: Never mind...I was just practicin' my memory course.

OLD MAN: Smatter, Johnny? Gettin' kinda forgetful?

FIB: Always been forgetful, Old Timer...why even when I was a kid in college I was the despair of old Professor Knott. So just to please him I left school, sayin', as I departed - "I'm sorry I can't remember things ... just try and forget me, Knott!" FORGET-ME-KNOTT MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS.

OLD MAN: EHH?

FIB: FORGET-ME-KNOTT MCGEE, FRANKLY, A FEARFUL FLOP AT FAKIN' A FRIENDLY FAMILIARITY WITH FOLK'S FACES: FREQUENTLY FRIGHTENED THAT MY FAMILY WOULD FIND MY FACULTY FOR FLIP FLIGHTS OF FANCY WAS A FALSE FRONT, FOREVER FUMBLIN' FOR A FORMULA TO FACILITATE THE FREE FLOW OF FAULTLESS PHRASES AND FINDIN' A FLEETING FAME AS THE FORGETTINEST FELLOW WHO EVER FOOZLED HIS FACTS AND FIGURES FROM THE FRIGID FIELDS OF THE FAR-FLUNG NORTH TO THE FLOODED FLATS OF THE FIRTH OF FORTH!

(APPLAUSE)

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, "I SEE WHERE THIS HERE SALLY RAND IS OPERATIN' WHAT SHE CALLS A NUDE RANCH AT THE SAN FRANCISCO FAIR."

"ZAT SO?" says tother feller, with his eyes buggin' out.

"DID SHE GET OUT ANY INVITATIONS?"

"NOPE", says the first feller, slappin' his leg, "JUST THE BARE ANNOUNCEMENT!" Heh heh heh ... I was out there to take a look, Johnny, and you could tell they was cowgirls all right. There was chaps hangin' all around the walls!

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE

FIB: A Nude Ranch, eh? No-wonder they're holdin' that Fair on a island...everybody wants to land in a see plane. AHHEM... Now let's see...where was I? Oh yes...Lesson Number three. VISUALIZE YOUR THOUGHTS..FORM MENTAL PICTURES AND BY ASSOCIA -

DOOR LATCH AND SIAM

WIL: Hello, there Fibber.

FIB: Oh hiyah...er...now wait a minute...your name is right on the tip o' my tongue...

WIL: Say what is this? You know my name.

FIB: Sure I do ... but lemme think of it myself...I can recall it by association...he's got somethin' to do with floors.. he sells somethin' that prevents scratches...scars...and marks...MARKS!...HARPO MARX!! HARPO WILCOX...HIYAH, HARPO!

WIL: Will you talk sense...what's this all about?

FIB: I'm takin' a memory course, Harpo. Wonderful, too...see how easy I remembered your name, with just a little effort?

WIL: The lessons haven't done you much good so far. Let me test it a little further. What have I said ever since we've been on the air? About our product?

FIB: Well now lemme think...I know it was somethin' favorable.

WIL: Oh yes.!!

FIB: You usually say something about how..er...

WIL: How is it to use?

FIB: Watch your grammer there, Harpo...you mean HOW IS IT TO YOU?

WIL: No...to USE...U.S.E.

FIB: Oh...now lemme think...I believe you always say something kinda childish about that there...

WIL: I do not. I said that Glocoat is so easy to use that a child can apply it. But what do I say about there being no need for so-and-so, and so-and-so,

FIB: Which two so-and-so's you mean? Billy Mills and Don Novis?

WIL: No, no, no - I meant where I say...THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO - Blank - OR Blank....

FIB: No RUBBING OR BUFFING! Right?

WIL: Correct...Now fill in these blanks...."JUST SPREAD A LITTLE

FIB: Sweetness and light.

WIL: No no no GLOCOAT. JUST SPREAD A LITTLE GLOCOAT OUT ON THE FLOOR OR LINOLEUM, WITH THE LONG HANDLED ----

FIB: Frying pan?

WIL: No, the long-handled applicer! Then WAIT...how many minutes?

FIB: What's the difference...I ain't in no hurry.

WIL: TWENTY MINUTES...ONLY TWENTY MINUTES TILL THE GLOCOAT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL.....beautiful what?

FIB: ---er ---- housewife?

WIL: NO NO NO...IT DRIES TO A BEAUTIFUL MIRROR-LIKE WHAT?

FIB: Lemme think...it dries to a beautiful mirror-like...er...

WIL: FINISH.

FIB: I'm tryin' to, if you'll leave me alone...beautiful mirror-like....er.....

WIL: FINISH!

FIB: Dad rat it, quit naggin' at me...I nearly had it there onceOh I give up.

WIL: So do I. So long!

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: I hope the sponsor don't notice he went out without givin' his sales talk! ~~Wonder if that person would notice where I put it. Say...where DAD put it? Dad rat my memory... anyway! Now where did I... OH I remember... I put it in this glass of water.~~

TINKLE

FIB: ~~Yep...still there...well, I hope nobody else comes in to disturb me until I finish the second lesson.. now lessee..~~ *(Cup)*

NAMES OF OBJECTS MAY OFTEN BE ASSOCIATED WITH --

~~THE PHONE~~ *(WINDOW RAISING)*
What was that noise? Is that the phone?
FIB: *I must be studying too hard. My ears are beginning to ring.*

~~THE PHONE~~
FIB: ~~No, I guess that's the telephone. WHO'S THERE?~~

MAN: P. [unclear] Nobody... wrong number!
I have goodness for that!
FIB: *I guess I'm just nervous... havin' that big diamond in the house, and they say there's a bunch o' crooks in town, too.*

SOUND: TREMENDOUS CRASH...GLASS CRASH...WOOD CLATTER.

FIB: Oh oh...sneak thieves! WHO IS IT?

MAN: (FADE IN) You're right...it's a burglar. (HICCUP)

FIB: Well don't make so much noise.. Whatcha tryin' to do? Make me conspicuous?

MAN: I'VE GOT YOU COVERED...RAISE YOUR HANDS...THIS IS A (HICCUP) STICKUP!

FIB: Did you say hiccup or stick up?

MAN: GET YOUR HANDS (HICCUP) GET YOUR HANDS UP!

FIB: Okay...but if you keep jerkin' like that be careful...that gun might go off.

MAN: No it won't...I got the (HICCUP) the safety catch on. (HICCUP) I think.

FIB: You think! Don't you know?

MAN: Well, I'm not positive...are you familiar with (HICCUPS) Fire arms?

FIB: Yes...fairly...glimme the gun and I'll tell you if you got the safety catch on.

MAN: Promise (HICCUP) to give it right back?

P

FIB: Certainly...what do I want with it? You're the burglar...
~~It's.~~

MAN: That's (HICCUP) Logical...here...take a look, (CLICK CLICK)

FIB: Safety catch is on, bud...but whatcha got the cork stuck in the end of the barrel for?

MAN: That's a (HICCUP) silencer. All right.. hand over that Rajah diamond.

FIB: I won't do it...now go away. I got some studyin' to do.

MAN: Say...what's the matter with you? You aren't even (HICCUP) scared.

FIB: Course I ain't. I'd be silly to get scared, with my memoryThe minute you leave I'll have forgotten all about it. Incidentally, you better do something about them hiccups, Bud. How'd ja get 'em?

MAN: My kid brother (HICCUP) gave 'em to me.

FIB: Oh, are they contagious?

MAN: No, but...(HICCUP). he put some Mexican jumping beans in with my (HICCUP) sodamint tablets.. Well..(HICCUP) Goodnight.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: The way that guy jerks, he could get a good job as chauffeur of a pogo stick. (FOLKS, WHILE I STUDY UP ON MY MEMORY COURSE BILLY MILLS WILL ACCOMPANY THE FOUR NOTES SINGIN'... er...singin'...oh shucks...there I go again. HEY BILLY...I FORGOT THE NUMBER.

MILLS: Good heavens!

FIB: Oh yes...THE FOUR NOTES, SINGIN' "BLUE SKIES". Take it, kids!

ORK: "BLUE SKIES" -- FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE.

P

FIB: Very good, Four Notes, very good. If you keep singin' like that I'd have to raise your salaries if I didn't have such a terrible memory for little things like that. Now let's see....I better check up and see if that diamond is still in that glass o' water.

SOUND: (TINKLE AND WATER GURGLE)

FIB: Yep - At least I remembered where THAT was....now for lesson number Five...."WHEN HEARING A STRANGER'S NAME FOR THE FIRST TIME, USE IT AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE DURING THE ENSUING CONVERSATION."

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

BOOM: Ah there....good evening, Pivot Tooth!

FIB: Oh hiyah, Boomer. What can I do for you, before you do me for somethin'?

BOOM: I come on an errand of Mercy, Scatterskull. Yes yes....and mercy what an errand. I come to relieve you of the responsibility of keeping the Rajah Diamond...at the suggestion of my dear Abigail...Mrs. Uppington to you, Ho! Polloi.

FIB: Oh yeah? That's what you say, Boomer. But I don't give that diamond to nobody but her, understand?

BOOM: Come come....let us not bandy words....hand over the sparkler, Prunepit....or must I resort to violence?

FIB: Well, that's a nice resort if you can afford to stay there, Boomer. What's your authority?

BOOM: AUTHORITY? The authority of the man who expects soon to be joined in matrimony to the dearest girl in all the world.... Or hadn't you heard? Be very glad to have you at the ceremony, Freckleneck - you can be a brakeman on the bride's train. The diamond, Whistlestop...the diamond.

FIB: Nothin' doin! Not unless you got a note from Mrs. Uppington authorizin' me to give it to you.

BOOM: Why certainly..certainly...a note... have a note right here...someplace...now where did I put that note.... here's a beautiful pigskin wallet I found in the gutter.... with a drunk lying on top of it..... small wire tapping outfit...a tap on the wire has saved me many a tap on the shoulder.

FIB: Come on, Boomer - quit stallin' - let's see the note.

BOOM: Oh yes, the note....where did I put that note....here's a set of false teeth....I'm training them to snap at pickpockets.... periscope for looking over transoms.... very handy to locate house detectives when checking out of hotels....look before you leap and peek before you pack....six keys to postoffice boxes..... when I get one more I'll send them to Jim Farley..... 7 keys to Baldpate.....and a check for a short beer. WELL WELL.. .. imagine that.....No NOTE!

FIB: I thought so.

BOOM: Imagine my embarrassment..... Well I must be off...have to see my lawyer about getting a rubber check vulcanized. Good day, Chimney Pot!

SOUND: (DOOR SLAM)

he was born in the lap of luxury - but she stole it

FIB: Good old Boomer!...~~born with a gold chisel in his mouth...~~

Oh well...let's see now....lesson number six. YOU CAN
TRAIN YOUR MEMORY TO --

(DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: Oh now what the....COME IN!

(DOOR LATCH)

UPP: Ah - ~~how do you do~~, Mr. McGee....I have just got in touch
with my bankah, and he has consented to open the bank
vault for me so I can put my diamond away. So soddy to
have troubled you, reahhly.

FIB: Oh, that's alright, Uppy. Have a chair while I try and
remember where I put it.

UPP: GOOD GRACIOUS....Don't you remembah where you put it?

FIB: Well - no - but don't worry....I've taken five lessons o'
my memory course and I won't have no trouble with it now...
lemme see, where DID I put that diamond...diamond...hmm....
I wonder....

UPP: Mr. McGee....PLEASE....if you couldn't find it....I
should....it would be so, so....Ohhhhh, I feel faint....

FIB: TAKE IT EASY, UPPY....HERE....DRINK THIS GLASS O' WATER....

SOUND: (GURGLE OF WATER) (*Choke*)

UPP: Goodness....not so fast, Mr. McGee....~~you made me swallow~~
~~the ice and all...~~

FIB: Now just take it easy a minute till I remember where I
put that diamond....

UPP: Oh TRY, Mr. McGee....TRY....I am so worried.

FIB: Okay. Okay....now lemme think it out by
association, accordin' to lesson Number Two. I'll
visualize it. A diamond makes me think of a ring....
a ring of a bell....a bell recalls a church....a church
a wedding...wedding...honeymoon...honeymoon...
Niagara Falls....Falls....water....water...glass....
Oh my gosh!

UPP: MR. MCGEE....WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT?

FIB: Uppy....are you on a diet?

UPP: NO.

UPPY: - Why?

FIB: Well, this'd be a good time to start, ~~uh~~! You just
swallowed ten carats!

UPP: Ohhhhhhhhh....

ORCH: SELECTION....FADE FOR:

WIL: (COMMERCIAL)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY
MARCH 14, 1939
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED) -24-

TIME: 59 Seconds

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CUE:

WILCOX: Fibber will be back in just a moment. (PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

.....
But now we want to remind you again of the special Bargain offer on JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT now being featured by your dealer. By acting at once, you can get JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT in big Giant size cans containing one-third more than the regular Pound & Pint sizes. You pay not a penny extra for these Giant cans and you get one-third more for your money! Don't miss this opportunity! The Giant size cans are going fast. When they're gone, there won't be any more. During the past week thousands of women have taken advantage of this Bargain offer! You'll be money ahead, if you get a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT during this Special Sale. Make a note of **it now**, and ask your dealer tomorrow for JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the Giant size cans which give you one-third more at no extra cost.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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(REVISED) -25-

FIB: FOLKS, WE JUST GOTTA REPORT FROM THE HOSPITAL THAT MRS. UPPINGTON AND DIAMOND ARE BOTH DOIN' WELL. I SURE AM GLAD I DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY MEMORY. (LAUGHS) I'M LIKE THE GUY WHO JOINED THE GIRL TO FORGET THE FOREIGN LEGION. (LAUGHS HEARTILY)

WIL: Hey Fibber....Fred Allen used that one weeks ago.

FIB: Oh yes....I forgot! Goodnight, folks!

ORCH: UP TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

(CREDITS, SIGNOFF)

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