

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

(REVISED) -1-

"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"

198

6:30 PM
Tuesday- March 28, 1939

NBC-Red

L

(REVISED) -2-

WILCOX: The Johnson Wax Program.

ORCHESTRA: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WILCOX: 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 - ^{"LIZA"} ~~"I'VE GOT TO GO NOW"~~

~~"I'VE GOT TO GO NOW"~~

^{"LIZA"}
ORCHESTRA: ~~"I'VE GOT TO GO NOW"~~ - FADE FOR -

WILCOX: 1ST COMMERCIAL

(Page 3 for Commercial)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

CUE: (WILCOX)

(Here's an announcement of real importance to every housewife.

(PAUSE 2 SECONDS)

Perhaps you are one of the many thousands who have resolved to start using Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat or Johnson's Wax on your floors this year at housecleaning time. Well if that's the case let me urge you to go right out tomorrow and see your dealer. He is featuring special Giant-size cans of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat at the SAME PRICE you usually pay for only one pound or one pint, - and yet you get a pound and a third or a pint and a third. These Giant size cans are selling fast so don't delay! When ^{your dealer} special spring shipments are gone there won't be any more. So avoid disappointment by going to the store first thing tomorrow morning and buying both Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat in the special money-saving giant size cans.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, OUR HERO IS IN A FINE FEVER OF EXPECTATION TODAY!
AN ATTORNEY HAS TELEPHONED FOR AN APPOINTMENT TO DISCUSS
THE WILL OF FIBBER'S LATE UNCLE, CAPTAIN TICONDEROGA MCGEE.
AND HERE AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, AWAITING THE LAWYERS ARRIVAL.
WE FIND ---

FIBBER (Where-there's-a-Will,-there's-Impatience)MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

FIB: Good old Uncle Tike! I always was his favorite nephew. In spite o' the time I tied the snake's head onto the garden hose and coiled it up on his bed.

SOUND: DOOR BELL

FIB: Ahh at last! (Folks, I hope you'll always remember this moment as the last time you seen me when I was just a poor boy) Goodbye, poverty! Come in, Fortune!

SOUND: DOOR LATCH

HAL: Mr. McGee?

FIB: You betcha bud. Are you the shy-steer..the attorney that called me about Uncle Tike's will?

HAL: Yes...I am Mr. Ogden Fidditch, of Fidditch, Fidditch, Fidditch, Fidditch, Fidditch, Fidditch, Fiddi-

FIB: Shut it off, bud...the needle is jumpin' a groove. Have a cigar, Mr. Fidditch?

HAL: Thank you, I have one.

FIB: Ye got two? Thanks. Now let's get down to cases, bud. What did the old skinflint---er...what did dear old Uncle Tike leave me?

HAL: Aren't you a little impatient, McGee? Aren't you interested in the other..ah....beneficiaries of the last will and testament of Captain Ticonderoga McGee?

FIB: Oh shucks...sure I am. What'd my Aunt get? Aunt Lulu McGee?

HAL: Let me refer to my notes....ah yes...Lulu McGee...Lulu inherited a braided horsehair watchfob, a woodburning outfit, a hand-painted hair-receiver, and a shaving mugg. The mugg had an inscription on it in gold leaf, QUOTE:
"You can do a lot more kissin'
If you strop and look and lissen." UNQUOTE.

FIB: (LAUGHS) That was Uncle Tike all right. A flirt to the last! They say he almost put his nurses' eye out tryin' to kiss her with a thermometer in his mouth.

HAL: Yes, a very interesting character.

FIB: Would it be indelicate now, bud, if I was to inquire how much the old rolling stone gathered for me?

HAL: Ah yes...you, I believe...were the old gentleman's favorite nephew....

FIB: (ASIDE) What'd I tell you, folks?

HAL: And in consideration of this fact, the will states, quote -
"AND TO MY NEPHEW, FIBBER, MORE FAMILIARLY KNOWN TO HIS CHILDHOOD PLAYMATES AS "STINKY", ----

FIB: Oh pshaw....

HAL: "SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE ~~IS AN OLD-SCHOOL~~
 ~~BELIEVE WHO IS ORIGINATOR OF APPROPRIATING ITS USEFULNESS AND~~
VALUE, AND WHO WILL BEND EVERY EFFORT TOWARD ITS UPKEEP AND MAINTENANCE, (FOR WHICH FUNDS ARE HEREWITH PROVIDED) I BEQUEATH MY MOST CHERISHED POSSESSION, MY FAITHFUL ALLY IN MY TRAVELS ABOUT THE WORLD, - MY BOAT, THE BILLY B.
(Unquote.)

FIB: HOT DOG!...A YACHT! OH BOY!! A YACHT AND ENOUGH DOUGH TO KEEP IT UP!! WHOOPEE!!

HAL: It will be turned over to you as soon as it is released by the executor. Congratulations....and good luck.
(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Now for a life on the bouncing main! Now I can go to Australia ~~and check up on that report that they're feedin' the kangaroos iron filings so they'll develop sippers on their pockets....~~ and China....and Siam...WHOOPEEEEE...SAILING SAILING, OVER THE

SOUND: (TAP DANCING) (DOOR LATCH)

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny....what ye jumpin' around for? Spring fever or winter underwear?

FIB: Neither one, Old Timer....I was just dancin' a sailor's hornpipe. I'm a yachtsman!

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: I say I'm off for a world cruise. I'd sign you on as a member of the crew, but you ain't got enough of the old pepper to be a good salt....(LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh....that's pretty good, Johnny - Bud that ain't the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller, "SAYYYYYYY," HE SAYS, "I SEE WHERE SOME SCIENTIST HAS DISCOVERED A USE FOR SNAKE POISON TO RELIEVE PAIN. KINDA EVENS THINGS UP DON'T IT?"
"WHATCHA MEAN," ASKS TOTHER FELLER.
"WELL," SAYS THE FIRST FELLER, " WE USED TO USE THE PAIN-KILLER TO GET THE SNAKES, AND NOW WE USE THE SNAKES TO GET THE PAIN-KILLER!" Heh heh heh....so you're gonna take a boat trip, eh, Johnny? Well, if you see a big white bird sittin' on a channel marker, it's the old, old story - buoy meets gull!
Heh heh!!
(DOOR SLAM)

(REVISED)

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FIB: Buoy meets gull!....He's got young ideas alright, but his heart-beat longs to dodder. Now leseeeee....I ^{better order} ~~got to get~~ a yachting cap....and a blue coat with brass buttons....and some navigation charts....~~THAT TELEPHONE, CALLED DON~~ ~~AND THE OLD...HERE YOU ARE SIR...THANKS, BOY.~~ (CLICK)
Hello, Operator? I wanna talk to-- Oh, is that you, Myrt? Hiyah, Myrt....Fibber McGee....what say? Oh you heard about me inheritin' the yacht, did ye? What say, Myrt? Your brother? Well what makes ye think he'd be a good member o' my crew? He has, eh! 7 whaling expeditions, eh? Where to, Myrt? Oh, out to the woodshed. Say - gimme the seagoin' supply store will ye, Myrt....thanks....(SINGS) Ohhhh in 14 hundred and 92, Columbus sailed the Ocean blue....HELLO....SEMPLYMERS 7 SEAS SUPPLY STORE? FIBBER MCGEE, THE SOCIETY YACHTSMAN SPEAKIN'. YEAH....say, I'll be down there in a little while to lay in ⁱⁿ supply for a 2-year cruise....~~and listen, what ye think I might need.~~ EH? Yes, that's right.. and listen,...PUT IN A FEW BARRELS O' GOOD RED-WINE. MY CREW WILL PROBABLY WANT SOME PORT IN EVERY SWEETHEART. Okay, Semplem--- eh? You ain't got any red wine? What color have ye got? Deep purple...eh...well, gimme a barrel - no, never mind - we'll get that from Don Novis. Okay, Semplemyer.
(CLICK)....Let's have it, Don....Deep Purple!

ORCHESTRA: DEEP PURPLE.....NOVIS

(APPLAUSE)

(2ND SPOT)

(REVISED)

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FIB: That was great, Don. A beautiful song, beautifully sung!
DON: Thanks, Fibber, and incidentally, I want to congratulate you on your inheritance.
FIB: Thanks, Don....I..I...well, I don't wanna take too much credit for it. Any good, clean-livin' red-blooded American Boy coulda done the same. All he has to have is will power and a uncle who was too tight to spend a dime.
DON: But about this world cruise of yours,...you know anything about ocean navigation?
FIB: Certainly I do. I ought to! My great-great-grandmother on my father's side was a mermaid.
DON: A mermaid!
FIB: Sure....it was a little embarrassin' for Grandpa at parties, too, till the hoopskirt come in. I'll never forget how she used to hold me on her lap when I was a little baby and fan me with a fin. And how she used to coax me to eat my dinner...."Come on, Fibber dear, she'd say....eat your nice seaweed!"
DON: That's very interesting.
FIB: Yes it was....I can shut my eyes now....and see the dear old lady, flounderin' up the garden walk.
DON: What'd she die of Fibber - barnacles?
FIB: No....it was kinda tragic about that, Don,...us McGees don't like to speak of it much. Ye see, Grandpa got ~~the~~ a copy of the Fish & Game laws for 1852 and discovered that Grandmaw was too small....So he threw her back in the ocean.
DON: Too bad she wasn't still holding you on her lap, Well so long, Fibber....bon voyage!
(DOOR SLAM)

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FIB: Well, better run down to Semplemeyer's and buy my yachting outfit. (MOOD MUSIC, MILLS, IN "C")

ORCHESTRA: ("SAILING, SAILING") (FADE)

FIB: Well here we are. Boy look at all them things in the window..ropes...anchors...seasick remedies....

SCOT: Parrrrrdon me, Captain...but could ye sparrre a half a dollarrrr forr a ould crrrrripled-oop sailor mon?

FIB: Why certainly shipmate,..here ye are...How'd you get hurt? In a shipwreck?

SCOT: Nay, laddie...I was the onferrrrrtunate victim of a nautical hotfoot, ye might say.

FIB: A nautical hotfoot?

SCOT: Aye - I was the boy who stood on the Burrrrrrning Deck. Thank ye, lad.

FIB: HMMMMMM! I better get inside before they take up a collection for the Guys who got wrecked on the Hesperus. (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MAN: How do you do, sir....What can we do for you? We have a special sale today on silent foghorns for clear weather.

FIB: Is that so....You got any cork anchors for people who just wanna drift?

MAN: Not today, sir....but would you care to see our feather-tipped harpoons for ticklish whales?

FIB: No, thanks. I'm Fibber McGee, Bud...the society yachtsman. I ~~was~~ ~~just~~ ~~going~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~world~~ ~~cruise~~ ~~and~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~going~~ ~~on~~ ~~a~~ ~~world~~ ~~cruise~~ ~~are~~ ~~you~~ ~~not~~?

MAN: Oh ~~yes~~ ~~yes~~ ~~yes~~...glad to see you, Mr. McGee...you are going on a world cruise, are you not?

FIB: You ~~hatch~~ ~~hatch~~...You remembered that, eh?

MAN: ~~Yes~~ ~~yes~~...Mr. Wilcox was telling us about ~~it~~ ^{you}. There he is now, over in the waterwing department.

FIB: WATERWING DEPARTMENT..What the...HEY HARPO...whatcha doin'?

WIL: (FADE IN) Oh hello Fibber.....what's all this about you taking a yacht on a world cruise? ~~I was just talking to the boys here about it.~~

FIB: That's right, Harpo. ~~Show in off any day now and I'll be left as a big four hundred foot, ~~stinky~~ steam yacht in his ~~name~~.~~ Wanna go along?

WIL: Wel-l-l, I don't know, Fibber...

MAN: He'd be a good man for you, Mr. McGee...show him your life-saving medal, Mr. Wilcox.

WIL: Aw no..gee whiz....it's nothing. Gee.

FIB: Oh come on, Harpo..don't be coy. Quit blushin' and lessee the medal,

WIL: Awww..well, alright...here.

FIB: Oh boy. ~~"TO HARLOW WILCOX, IN RECOGNITION OF HIS MAGNIFICENT COURAGE AND PRESENCE OF MIND IN A MOMENT OF GREAT STRESS."~~
*Boy this is great, Harpo - what'da get this for?
 Oh that's great, Harpo!*

WIL: ~~Harpo!~~...I...aw fudge! I just happened to be there at the time, is all...gee. All I did was see this women's hand in the water, so I threw off my coat and dived in, that's all...just as she was going down for the third time.

FIB: And you never said a word about it to us!...a heroic deed like that and...(PAUSE) Say if you're such a hot swimmer, what was you doin' here in the waterwing department?

WIL: Buying some waterwings...I can't swim.

FIB: You can't sw...hey, now lemme get this straight! If you can't swim how did you save that woman? (I gotta feeling I shouldn't of asked, folks!)

WIL: (VERY DRAMATIC) Well, it was a hot day last July, see?

FIB: Yes...yes...

MAN: What happened?

WIL: I was passing a big house on Oak street and I heard a woman groan...I looked in the window and saw her hand in the water...a bucket of dirty, soapy water...just as she was going down for the third time on her knees with a scrub brush! So quick as a flash, I threw off my coat, dived in the window with a can of Johnson's Glocoat and showed her how unnecessary that old fashioned floor scrubbing ~~could be~~
~~made. I showed her how a little self-polishing glocoat spread around on a clean floor would KEEP it clean, and shining like new...without even any rubbing or buffing.~~
 Boy was she gratefull!! She said I'd saved her life and gave me a bronze medal.

FIB: BRONZE medal...but this is a GOLD one.

WIL: I know...she took the bronze one back and gave me a gold one when I tipped her off to how much she could save by buying Glocoat in the special giant-size cans containing an extra third for the same price, before they were all gone. Say, Joe...

MAN: Yes, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Show me some of those waterwings with the little propellers on 'em. One of these days I'm going to get up enough nerve to wade right out....(FADE OUT)...in the children's end of the pool and....

FIB: Well, I'll be a....HARPO THE HERO!!...THE LINOLEUM LIFEGUARD! If that ain't the --

UPP: OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MR. MCGEE...How nice to see you, reahhllly.

FIB: Oh Hiyah, Uppy...what you doin' here?

UPP: I am buying a little birthday present for my brothaw, Mr. McGee...I'm going to send him a box of catnip.

FIB: Catnip?...~~say, this is a quality supply house, Uppy, didn't you know?~~

UPP: ~~Oh of course~~...~~but~~ my brothaw is just WILD about sailing... really, and he has the DEAREST little catboat.

FIB: Oh, I see...catnip for the catboat. Good thing he ain't got a tramp steamer or you'd be sendin' him a can o' mulligan.

UPP: MULLIGAN?

FIB: Yes...kind of a outdoor stew.

UPP: Oh, then you KNOW my brothaw!

FIB: AHEM....Well, no:...er...by the way, Mrs. Uppington...~~maybe you heard already, but I'm a yacht owner now~~...my Uncle just left me a beautiful mahogany 500-foot diesel engine boat in his will.

UPP: Ohhh....reahhllly....

FIB: Yeah...How'd you like to go along on a world cruise with me and a few friends?

UPP: How delightful...I should LOVE it, Mr. McGee...I simply ADORE ocean travel...lahst time I crossed on the Eel'de Frawnce, I had a simply MARVELOUS TIME...and the cuisine was simply heavenly.

FIB: It was, eh? How was the grub?

UPP: Speaking of ocean voyages, Mr. McGee...Horatio and I were discussing plahns for our honeymoon lahst night you know... and...

FIB: HONEYMOON!

UPP: Yes, isn't it thrilling? I am to be a JUNE bride! Oh, I am such a happy girl.

FIB: Yeah, slap-happy!

UPP: And Horatio!!! Why the dear boy is simply walking on air.

FIB: I always predicted he would...eventually, if you know what I mean. So you and Boomer are engaged, well I hope you'll be very Uppy, happy ... er ... happy, Uppy.

UPP: Thank you, my deah..I'm suah we will..(LAUGHS) You know, I wanted Horatio to put a laddah against my window and CARRY ME AWAY IN HIS ARMS..like a knight of old..(LAUGHS) and he said the most AMUSING thing..(LAUGHS) He said it reminded him of a movie he saw.

FIB: What movie, Uppy?

UPP: "Knight Must Fall!"... (LAUGHS) Well, SO nice to have seen you again, Mr. McGee..GOOD BYEEEE.....

FIB: Carry her off like a Knight of old..some knight!...the gutterpup Galahad! Oh well..who am I to poison Cupid's arrows? If she wants to - OH HIYAH BILLY...OLD SHIPMATE!
HAUL ALONGSIDE AND DROP ANCHOR!

MILLS: Oh, stow the gab, bilge-rat.

FIB: Bilge-rat!!! Why, Billy..is that any way to talk to a yachtsman? Lemme hear any more mutiny like that, my bucko, and I'll clap you in irons for the rest of the voyage!

MILLS: Listen..put your face in dry-dock a minute...I want to ask you something...

FIB: Why not, Billy....just because I'm rich, don't mean I'm too high hat to talk to them in the lower walks of life, What is it, William?

MILLS: Would you care to squat on your quarterdeck a minute and listen to the Four Notes sing UMBRELLA MAN?

FIB: Why certainly. Tell 'em to sing while I run home and study my navigation charts. PIPE THE GANGWAY, SHIPMATES... UMBRELLA MAN COMIN' ABOARD!

ORCHESTRA: "UMBRELLA MAN" - FOUR NOTES
(APPLAUSE)

FIB: That was swell, kids. Let's see now...chart of the South Seas...

RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Hm...I could lay a course for the TUAMOTU ARCHIP...ARCHIPEL. ARCHI...aw shucks...why should I go to places I can't even pronounce?

RATTLE OF PAPER

FIB: Ahaaaaaa!...The Gilbert Islands...that oughta be simpler... let's see now...there's the islands of Pokaaaaaku... Jillimalahar...Bikinia...Rognekaab...SAY WHAT IS THIS? Them dad-ratted foreigners are movin' in everywhere...

DOORBELL

FIB: Shucks. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Hi, Boomer!

BOOM: Good day McGee...my very dear friend and boon companion...

Want to congratulate you on your great good fortune...

FIB: Since when was I a boon companion of yours, Boomer?

And what's this business about you and Mrs. Uppington gettin' married?

BOOM: WHAT? Has the old crow...er...has some little bird been whispering in your ear, dear boy? But then... why dissimulate... 'tis indeed true we have plighted our troth.

FIB: You've blighted your what?

BOOM: We have plighted our troth, we have avowed our mutual and enduring love...we have...well, in short, scatterbrain, I've walked the plank,

FIB: YOU'VE walked the plank...you...you fortune hunter!

BOOM: YEA VERILY...behold the hunter...home from the hills! But what I wished to consult you about, my scholarly young compatriot, was in the matter of taking our honeymoon on your private yacht...which, according to Dame Rumor, is quite a hunk of tub. What say, Commodore? I'm a licensed navigator.

FIB: You're a licensed navigator. I'll bet you don't know port from starboard.

BOOM: YOU WRONG ME, MY SALTY YOUNG SEAFARER..POUR ME A GLASS OF EACH AND I'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO DEMONSTRATE.

FIB: That's what I thought..you couldn't steer a spoon through a cup of coffee. Let's see your license papers, if you're a real navigator.

BOOM: Why certainly certainly... very happy to.. Let me see now.. where did I put those navigation papers? Have them here somewhere...here's a lump of sugar for a policeman's horse... (always hope he'll get a toothache and kick the cop)... Combination to a bank vault in Sioux City ... pretty little community ...attended a grand opening there last week... (would have been a five-grand opening but somebody tipped them off, drat it!) memorandum about a hotel bill in Boston..signed "The Richard House"....(don't remember ever stopping at the Richard House...must mean HOUSE DICK!)..... postcard from South America from an old jailmate...(good old Spike! he went paroling down to Rio!) Tube of mustache wax..... helps me keep a stiff upper lip....and a check for a short beer.... WELL WELL....IMAGINE THAT.....
NO-NAVIGATION PAPERS!

FIB: Well, now you got that settled, four flusher....go do your gold-bricklayin' elsewhere.

BOOM: Don't ruffle me.....I was going anyway....have to take my brother to a tree surgeon this afternoon...very unusual case!....wooden leg with varicose veins....well, Good Day, Poop-Deck!

DOOR SLAM

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FIB: Now let's look at them charts again..

(RATTLE PAPER)

FIB: Hmm..Australia...New Zealand...Society Islands...AHA!..the Society Islands...that's the place for me...Top hats, white ties and grass skirts...

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Aw dad rat it....COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

HAL: Mr. McGee...my dear sir...glad to find you in!..Remember me? Mr. Fidditch of Fidditch, Fidditch, Fidditch, Fidditch, Fidditch,

FIB: Hold it bud...certainly I remember you...and for handlin' this legacy for me, I'm your friend to the last Fidditch. Know what I plan to do, Bud? Stock up my yacht for a long cruise and -

~~HAL: Just a moment Mr. McGee...before you make too many plans, I~~

~~FIB: Oh you wanna go along, eh? Glad to have you Fidditch! Get your trunk packed and I'll notify you when -~~

HAL: PLEASE PLEASE...WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME A MOMENT?..THIS IS IMPORTANT.

FIB: Eh? What's smatter? Don't tell me something's happened to my yacht!

HAL: No no no ... not that!.... nothing has -

FIB: OH BOY...that's a relief!...(LAUGHS) You had me scared there for a minute, bud...though I'm too much of a sailor at heart to get panicky at trifles... in fact, there's always been sailor's blood in the McGee family, Fidditch.

HAL: But Mr. McG-

FIB: Why, when I was just a little snookums, ~~only once high to me~~ ~~sleeping~~, I felt a strange longin' in my soul..urgin' me toward the sea..urgin..urgin..urgin..SEA-URCHIN MCGEE I WAS KNOWED AS IN THEM DAYS...

P

HAL: Ohhh but -

FIB: SEA-URCHIN' McGEE...SMARTEST SKIPPER O' THE SOUTHERN SEABOARD, SHREWDLY SCANNIN' THE SKIES FOR A SIGHT OF A STORM SIGNAL TO SEND MY SCHOONER SCURRYIN' FOR SAFETY TO THE SHELTER OF THE SHIPYARD, SCOOTIN' INTO THE SWISHIN' SPRAY TO SAVE SINKIN' SAILORS FROM THE SINISTER SHARKS SWISHIN' SILENTLY THRU THE SALTY SURF OF THE SEVEN SEAS, AND THE SUBJECT OF SEAGOIN' SAGAS FROM SAD SARDINIA'S SANDY SHORE TO THE SILKEN SAILS OF SINGAPORE!

(APPLAUSE)

HAL: Come come, Mr. McGee..let's have no more of this..this nautical nonsense.

FIB: Whaddye mean, nonsense, Fidditch? Just wait till you feel the old Billy B, rollin' along in the Gulf Stream. Why you'll wanna spend the rest of your life aboard my boat.

HAL: But my dear sir..this is all a horrible mistake..and, I freely confess...MY mistake!

FIB: EH? Mistake? Whatcha mean?

HAL: I mean the Billy B ... that was a typographical error in the will, McGee...

FIB: EH? You mean Uncle Tike didn't leave me his boat?

HAL: No..he left you his GOAT.

SOUND: (DOOR OPEN)

GOAT: BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

FIB: Oh pshaw.!!

(APPLAUSE)

ORCHESTRA: ("NO WONDER") (FADE ON CUE)

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

55 seconds.

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

CUE:

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

 Now we want to urge you again to take advantage of the special money-saving sale on Giant size cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT! You thrifty housewives won't want to miss this opportunity to buy several cans of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT while you can get one-third more for your money! This special offer is necessarily limited. So act at once. Tell your dealer you want the special Giant-size cans of both JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. These big cans contain a pound and one-third or a pint and one-third and you pay only for one pound or one pint. The one-third extra is free! Hardware, grocery, paint, drug and department stores are featuring these Giant pints and pounds of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. We don't want you to be disappointed so buy several cans tomorrow without fail while you can still get them!

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

ON, INC.
MPANY

(2ND REVISION) -21-

PST NBC 55 seconds.

L:

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L MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION) -22-

FIB: FOLKS, WE WANNA THANK OUR SPECIAL GUEST BILLY B, FOR
APPEARIN' ON OUR SHOW TONIGHT, COME OVER HERE, BILLY, AND
TAKE A BOW!
GOAT: BAAAAAAAAAAAA!
FIB: THAT'S IT. I DUNNO WHAT I EVER DONE TO UNCLÉ TIKE THAT HE
SHOULD GIVE YOU TO ME BUT....wait a minute....(SNIFF..SNIFF)
(LAUGHS) WELL, I'LL SAY THIS FOR THE OLD BOY..(SNIFF..SNIFF)
AT LEAST HE DIDNT CUT ME OFF WITHOUT A SCENT!
GOAT: BAAAAAA....
FIB: Goodnight, folks!
ORK: UP TO FINISH.
APPLAUSE
SIGNOFF...CREDITS.