

(REVISED)

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER:  
DON QUINN

"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY" #199

NBC-RED

6:30 P.M.

APRIL 4th, 1939

TUESDAY

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(REVISED)

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WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: "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 and Billy Mills'  
Orchestra. And we are delighted to welcome to this  
program the listeners to 27 stations of the Canadian  
Broadcasting Corporation. We open the show tonight with  
*"A Line On Your & Hers"*  
~~"DRAW THE BEER OF YOUR BEER, LADY, IT'S FOR YOU."~~

ORK: "DRAW YOUR BEER, LADY" ETC. -- FADE FOR -

WIL:

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
"FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY"  
TUESDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1939.

(REVISED)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: (CUE) Here's an announcement of real importance to any housewife. (PAUSE)

This is the week when millions of women are making their homes bright and attractive for Easter day. If you're wise, you'll start with your floors -- give them new beauty with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You know, of course, how easy it is to apply Glo-Coat. It takes only a few minutes to do a whole floor. You don't even have to soil your hands. No rubbing or buffing is necessary. Glo-Coat dries in twenty minutes to a wonderful gleaming polish that everyone admires. Right now there's a special sale on JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT AND JOHNSON'S WAX. Ask your dealer for the GIANT SIZE CANS THAT GIVE YOU ONE-THIRD MORE FOR YOUR MONEY.....A PINT AND ONE-THIRD OR A POUND AND ONE-THIRD FOR THE REGULAR PRICE OF ONE PINT OR ONE POUND. It will pay you to go to the store tomorrow morning and get a supply of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the MONEY-SAVING GIANT SIZE cans.

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

SEGUE

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

(REVISED)

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WIL: WELL, PEACE AND CONTENTMENT REIGN OVER THE MCGEE MENAGE TODAY. OUR HERO HAS JUST HAD A GOOD BREAKFAST AND IS LINGERING OVER HIS SECOND CUP OF COFFEE AND THE MORNING PAPERS. AND HERE IN THE DINING ROOM AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA WE FIND --  
FIBBER ( "Japers-Crapers, -where'd-you-get-those-papers)MCGEE!

APPLAUSE: THEME

SOUND: TINKLE OF SILVER AND CHINA...RATTLE OF PAPER:

FIB: Hmm ... what's all this stuff about them college students swallowing live goldfish...Bet they're just tryin' to wiggle out of examinations....

RATTLE PAPER

FIB: WELL WELL! "MAURICE CHEVALIER" EXPECTED TO MAKE AMERICAN COMEBACK!" Good for you, Maurice....you can do it, if you try hard and keep a stiff lower lip!

RATTLE PAPER: CLINK OF COFFEE CUP AND SPOON:

~~HEA~~ Here's two reports from Ontario, on the Quintuplets....  
"DR DANIEL DARGO REPORTS THEIR TEETH IN PERFECT CONDITION"  
and "SWING MUSIC MAKES NO IMPRESSION ON FIVE LITTLE GIGS" ...  
Hmm...they may be poorly but they ain't no gates!

DOOR KNOCK:

Come in!

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

Oh Hiyah Harpo...have a cuppa coffee?

You make it?

Yep.

No thanks, Say I see you've got the morning papers...did you read about that collector of antique furniture who's in town, *Junius B. Fothergill?*

No...what about him?

*Well,*

No..I was just thinking...he's ~~buying~~ buying up old furniture..and I thought you might make a little dough... your furniture is pretty old, isn't it?

Well, now say...it is at that. I wonder if -

Look at that old sofa of yours in the living room.

And that fourposter bed you have upstairs...didn't you tell me that Napoleon once slept on that bed?

Sure I did...that's what the dealer told me. And judgin'

from the bumpy mattress that come with it, I'll bet

Napoleon's horse slept on it too. *Well he's some stuff. What's this guy's name, Harpo?*

~~name, Harpo?~~

~~I don't remember...I think you'll see it on page four or five of the Wistful Vista Gazette there.~~

~~Lessee....~~

~~RATTLE TAP ER~~

~~Yes sir...here it is...Oh Boy... "ANTIQUE COLLECTOR VISITS WISTFUL VISTA." LOCAL RESIDENTS HAVING GENUINE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS IN THEIR POSSESSION ARE REQUESTED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH JUNIUS P. FOTHERGILL WHO IS STOPPING AT THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE." Say, why, this is a chance for me to clean up, Harpo... and won't Molly be happy when she comes home and sees the house full o' new furniture! Hot dog!~~

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WIL: I thought you'd be interested. Of course I don't know if your stuff is antique enough, but -

FIB: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, HARPO...by the time he gets here it'll look antique! Sure you won't have a cuppa coffee, Harpo?

WIL: No thanks...it smells too strong for me. How do you make coffee anyway?

FIB: How does anybody make good coffee? I get a can o' coffee, take the cover off, dump half the coffee out, and fill the can up with boiling water. Makes enough coffee for eight or ten days, if you warm it up good.

WIL: What do you do with the coffee you have left? Throw it out or use it for fly-spray?

FIB: It's no good for fly-spray...it eats holes in the draperies. Thanks for tippin' me off Harpo...and say...if you're goin' past the hotel...you might drop a hint to this Fothergill guy that I gotta housefull of antiques.

WIL: I'll do that, Fibber. I owe you a favor for not insisting that I have a cup of that sheep-dip. So long, Pat.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

FIB: Lessee now..how can I make this furniture look antiquer... than it is....I better scratch it up a little...maybe

shoot some worm-holes into it with a shotgun. *Boy, will Molly be happy when she comes home and finds I got rid of all this old junk*

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: (That ain't Fothergill, yet folks...we ain't built up enough suspense yet.) COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

WOMAN: Mr. McGee?

FIB: Yes?

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny...want any fresh eggs today?

FIB: No thanks, Old Timer.

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHH?

FIB: I says NO....WE DON'T WANT ANY EGGS....NOT ON THIS  
SHOW....WE LAY OUR OWN....(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, "SAYYY", he says,  
"I SEE WHERE JIM FARLEY MIGHT RUN FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.  
"ZAT SO?" says t'other feller, "VICE-PRESIDENT  
AIN'T MUCH OF A JOB FOR A FELLER LIKE FARLEY, IS IT?"  
"NO," says the first feller, "BUT IF YOU START OUT  
AS A MAIL-MAN YOU GOTTA EXPECT TO HOLD THE BAG."  
Heh heh heh. Sure you don't want any eggs, Johnny?  
I fed one o' my hens on violets this week and she laid  
some nice purple ones, for Easter.

FIB: No thanks.  
OLD MAN: *alright!*  
(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: She laid purple eggs for Easter! Wonder she laid any  
for that old buzzard...he's gotta face that would stop  
a cluck! Oh well....what was I gonna do? Oh yes....  
I'll bust the glass in that desk so's it'll look a little  
older.

(GLASS CRASH)

FIB: AHHH...that looks more antique...now to rip a leg off  
this footstool -- tear the upholstery a little....  
(RIP)....Ah - they cut down the Old Pine Tree.

SOUND: (SCREECH OF WOOD....CLATTER....THUMP)  
(KNOCK AT DOOR)

FIB: COME IN!  
(DOOR LATCH)

MILLS: Hello Fibber...what are you doing?

FIB: Oh, kickin' the furniture around, Billy...there's a  
antique buyer in town and I'm addin' a few years to  
the life o' all my stuff....

MILLS: It looks battered enough now....are you familiar with  
antiques?

FIB: Oh yes....enough, anyway....For instance, ye see  
that love seat there? That's a genuine authentic  
antique. That's the very love seat where Paul Revere  
proposed to Cleopatra.

MILLS: Go on....Cleopatra was a thousand years older than Paul  
Revere.

(REVISED)

9-10

FIB: What difference does it make, if they really loved each other. There's a lotta romance in a piece o' furniture like that, Billy...can't you just imagine a young lover settin' there - on pins and needlepoint?

MILLS: Well never mind that..how about hearing Don Novis sing THIS NIGHT?

FIB: That will be swell, Billy...tell him to go ahead while I load my shotgun.

MILLS: Your shotgun!

FIB: Yes, I've got to shoot a few wormholes in this furniture.. that's a trick I learned from my grandfather..he was a antique dealer. Poor old guy!

MILLS: What happened to him?

FIB: He tried to ~~slighten~~<sup>saw</sup> the legs ~~to~~<sup>of</sup> his old secretary and she swore out a warrant. Go ahead, Billy..THIS NIGHT. Take it Don!

ORCHESTRA: "THIS NIGHT" --- NOVIS

(APPLAUSE)

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(REVISED)

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(APPLAUSE)

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FIB: Nice goin' Don....you can sing This Night for me any day.

DON: Well, thanks, Fibber....but please don't point that shotgun at me.

FIB: Oh don't worry, Don....it ain't loaded. I was just gonna--

SOUND: (SHOTGUN BLAST...GLASS TINKLE)

DON: Gee that was wonderful, Fibber....You knocked out the front window. What could you do with a loaded gun!

FIB: Well, we all make mistakes.

DON: Most people don't make more than one....with a shotgun.

FIB: Oh you think I dunno anything about fire-arms, eh? (LAUGHS)

I guess you didn't know I used to be a champion skeet shooter.

DON: No....did you?

FIB: Sure I did. I used to go out in the morning with my dog and gun and come back just loaded down with skeets. They was good eatin', too. A little gamey, but good.

DON: Ever try a clay pigeon, with wild rice?

FIB: Now you're joshin' me, Don.

DON: Well, what were you going to use the shotgun for, anyway?

FIB: Gonna shoot some worm-holes in the furniture to make it look more antiquer. Sit down, and watch me.

DON: No thanks, I've been allergic to shotguns, ever since I was a kid and stole watermelons. The farmers used to fire rock salt at us....

FIB: Ever get hit?

DON: Yes....once.

FIB: I thought so....they say the best way to tame a bird is to put salt on its....oh, you goin', Don?

DON: Yeah....see you later.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: Leseeee now...I guess I better start with the piano..I'll saw the top off so it'll look like a old fashioned Melodian.

SOUND: SAWING.

FIB: (OVER SOUND) Ohhhhhh, they cut down the old Stein way, which made it much harder, to play ...

SAWING:

FIB: (OVER SOUND) I'm gonna have a fine bunch o' antiques here very shortly. If I can only - what's that?

HORSES HOOFS FADE IN...~~RAUGH DOOR KNOCK~~

FIB: That couldn't be Fothergill...he wouldn't be ridin' up on a horse...or maybe he expects to jockey me on the price.  
(DOOR KNOCK)  
COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

FIB: Well for goodness sakes...A ~~Mounted~~ Mounted Policeman!  
*Royal Canadian*  
Whatcha want, tall, dark and handsome?

WIL: I say....are you the Fibber McGee fellow?

FIB: Yes I am, Bud...but what -

WIL: I'm Sergeant Wilcox, sir...of the Mounted...just rode down to welcome you to the Canadian Network tonight..hands across the border, and all that sort of thing, you know.

FIB: Well, thanks, Sergeant...It's nice to know there's two countries ~~that~~ ~~can~~ ~~reach~~ ~~each~~ ~~other~~ ~~who~~ ~~can~~ ~~reach~~ ~~their~~ ~~hands~~ ~~across~~ ~~the~~ ~~border~~ ~~without~~ ~~pickin'~~ ~~each~~ ~~other's~~ ~~pockets~~.  
*shakin' their fists at each other*  
I certainly appreciate your comin' in. ~~Thank~~ ~~you~~ ~~Canadian~~ ~~for~~ ~~me~~.

WIL: ~~Delighted~~ ~~to~~ ~~meet~~ ~~you~~, sir...may I ask what you are doing with the bally old saw and hammer, sir?

FIB: Antiquin' some furniture Bud...Getting ready to sell some old stuff to a collector...

WIL: Really! ... Interesting lot of stuff...those old manuscripts on the desk there should be worth a <sup>lot</sup> ~~pretty shilling~~. May I see them? (RATTLE PAPER) Oh I say ... a collection of old jokes, isn't it...(LAUGHS) Imagine anyone laughing at those old quips...

FIB: Put that down, Bud...that's our next week's program.

WIL: Oh...sorry!

FIB: You familiar with our show up there, Sergeant?

WIL: Oh rather! Splendid product you have too, old man...though it makes hard work for us policemen.

FIB: How can that be? Johnson's Wax makes work a lot easier.

WIL: Not for us. Why just last month I trailed a criminal for 300 miles and just as I was closing in on him, he walked thru a house in Saskatchewan and disappeared.

FIB: Disappeared!

WIL: Yes, the owners of the house had used Johnson's Wax and we couldn't find a single fingerprint on the furniture or woodwork or a single footprint on the floor.

FIB: Is that so...well crime doesn't pay, bud. I suppose you heard about the special limited offer Johnson's Wax has on sale now...a giant size can, paste or liquid with a extra third free.

WIL: No, but I'll speak to Inspector MacTavish about it...he's a rare one for a bargain.

FIB: Inspector MacTavish eh! Wonder if he's the same one I worked with when I was a Mounted Policeman up there.

WIL: Oh I say...were you a Mountie?

FIB: WAS I! Mean to say you never heard of me up there? Why shucks, Sergeant, I was once known from Quebec to Vancouver for my capers up there. CANADIAN CAPERS MCGEE I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS.

WIL: ~~Shine!~~

FIB: CANADIAN CAPERS MCGEE...THE COOLEST, CLEVEREST CRIMSON-COAT WHO EVER CREPT CAREFULLY THRU THE KEEN, CUTTING COLD TO CAPTURE A CROOK CONTINUALLY CANTERIN' ACROSS COUNTRY TO CRACK A CONSPIRACY OR KEEP CONSTANT CONTROL O' CRIMINALS COMIN INTO CANADA AND THE CONTINENTS CRAFTIEST COP FROM COLUMBIA'S COLOSSAL TREES TO THE COLORFUL CABINS OF LAKE LOUISE.

APPLAUSE

FIB: Yes sir...and the way I used to run outa the barracks and leap onto the back o' my horse from a dead run was somethin' to see! Got your horse outside?

WIL: Yes sir...tethered to the proch, sir.

FIB: Well, open the door and I'll show you how I used to leap into the saddle.

WIL: Like to see it, sir.

SOUND: DOOR LATCH:

FIB: HERE I GO! WATCH THIS!

SOUND: RUNNING FEET...TREMENDOUS CRASH

WIL: Oh I say sir...what happened?

FIB: Whaddye mean, what happened? THERE AIN'T NO HORSE OUT THERE!

WIL: Oh no sir...not out THERE... I tied the animal out in back. Sorry you misunderstood. Well, I must be going now, sir...Welcome to Canada, old man. Cheerio!

DOOR SLAM ... HORSES HOOFS GALLOP OUT.

FIB: (GROANS) ... Ohhhh..this is the first time I ever been saddle-sore without even bein' on a horse. Well, I better get busy before old Fothergill comes to look at my antiques.

SOUND: ~~SAWING...HAMMERING...THUMPING~~

FIB: Ohh they cut down the old Pine Tree...and they hauled it away to the mill...say this stuff is beginning to look like something. Maybe I better check up and see if old Fothergill is really comin' over here before I batter up any more o' this stuff...

(CLICK)

FIB: Hello, Operator? Gimme the Commercial House. I wanna.... oh is that you, Myrt? Hiyah Myrt...Fibber McGee...yeah. How's everything, Myrt? I seen your brother on the street this mornin' yeah...he sure looked proud in that new sweater o' his with the big H.C. on it. Where's he goin' to school, Myrt- Harvard College? Eh? Oh, House of Correction. Say- gimme the Commercial House, will ye, Myrt? Thanks....(SINGS)...Oh, they cut down the old pine tree....and they hauled it away to the mill....HELLO, COMMERCIAL HOUSE? LEMME TALK TO MR. JUNIUS P. FOTHERGILL, WILL YA? He's gone out where? To see a man named McGee? Oh shucks.... well, never mind. (CLICK)....~~Wonder who that guy McGee is~~...~~THAT'S ME!~~ Oh boy!... he's on his way!!! HOT DOG!

(DOOR KNOCK)

FIB: COME IN, FOTHERGILL!

(DOOR LATCH)

UPP: Good day, Mr. McGee...

FIB: Oh Hiyah Uppy....I mistook you for a antique collector... a guy named Junius P. Fothergill. Expect him over here any minute.

UPP: Ohh, that's exactly what I wanted to see you about, Mr. McGee...I am selling him a few pieces of my own collection. You know the Uppington Family is simply FULL of antiques.

FIB: Uppy, you just issued a ongraved invitation to a wise-crack there, but I ain't got the heart. Did you come over here to tell me about Fothergill?

UPP: Oh no, Mr. McGee..you remembah that footstool you borrowed from me last week?



FIB: The..er...the footstool....oh..er...oh yes...the..er.,  
 the footstool. Shucks, I kinda forgot that was yours  
 Uppy, and .....er..

UPP: OH ~~THERE IT IS!~~... ~~BUT WHAT ON EARTH HAS HAPPENED TO IT?~~  
~~It's all cluttered up, and the upholstery is torn, and a~~  
~~leg is missing... Why, Mr. McGEE...REARRANGE!~~

FIB: ~~I'm sorry, Uppy...I was antiquin' it. It's the older~~  
~~it looks the more you can get for it...nobody wants a NEW~~  
~~lookin' antique.~~

UPP: ↪ But good heavens, Mr. McGee...you..you've RUINED IT...and  
 it's been an Uppington heirloom for simply GENERATIONS,  
 you know...Why there hasn't been a heel in our family  
 that hasn't rested on that footstool! Oh, Mr. McGee...  
 how COULD YOU!

FIB: Oh it wasn't hard. I just took the hammer and went at it.  
 But you just leave it to me...Uppy...I'll sell it for you  
 for a lot more than you could.

UPP: Oh dear..well, all right, Mr. McGee...I didn't mean to be  
 a silly girl about it, you know... but I DO hope you know  
 what you are doing....

FIB: Trust me, Uppy....I know my antiques....for instance...see  
 that little wooden clock up on the wall there?

UPP: Oh yes...cuckoo, isn't it?

FIB: A little..but it's cute. My great great grandfather made  
 that clock, Uppy.

UPP: Reahhhly!

FIB: Oh yes...he was always tinkerin' with clocks...made one for  
 a friend o' his once...a barber...put a Plymouth Rock hen  
 into it instead of a cuckoo. And every morning the little  
 door would fly open, the hen'd pop out and say CUT-CUT-CUT-  
 CUT-CUT-CUT -- and the barber'd get up and go to work.

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UPP: How interesting...but do you think Mr. Fothergill will  
 be -

SOUND: WHIRRING NOISE

FIB: QUIET UPPY.....I WANT YOU TO HEAR HOW THAT CUCKOO CLOCK  
 SOUNDS....It's gonna strike....

SOUND: FOUR NOTES....ONE "CUCKOO" APIECE:

FIB: Well imagine that...wasn't that clever of Grandpa? He  
 put a quartet in it! WHATCHA GONNA SING, KIDS?

VOICE: "THE CUCKOO IN THE CLOCK".

FIB: Okay...give it the works!!!...

ORCH: "CUCKOO IN THE CLOCK": FOUR NOTES

(APPLAUSE)

L

(THIRD SPOT)

(2ND REVISION) 18-A

FIB: Kids, that was great...remind me to give you a little extra bird seed this week...Well, guess I better get back to work.

SOUND: SAWING...

FIB: Ohhh I cut down the coffee table - to make it as old as I was able.

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: Oooh oh....better hide these tools!

CLATTER OF TOOLS:

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR LATCH:

NICK: Hello Fizzer! Why is your face being so full of perspirasim?

FIB: Ohhh, I been workin' Nick. Been agin' my furniture..gonna sell it to a big antique collector.

NICK: I don't mean to tell you!

FIB: Yes, I been kinda doctorin' it up, so's it'd look older.

NICK: Well for scrim's sake!...would you be guilty of deceiving an appearance for the sakes of making a profits, Fizzer?

FIB: Certainly...wouldn't you?

NICK: Sure...every time!

FIB: Incidentally, Nick, you got any antiques? Any period furniture?

NICK: Periods furniture? Oh sure..we are having a little stuffed - over Sioux City that is -

FIB: A LITTLE WHAT?

NICK: A little stuffed-over Sioux City.

FIB: Stuffed-over Sioux Ci-- OH YOU MEAN AN OVERSTUFFED DAVENPORT.

NICK: I stand connected. I knew it is being someplace in Iowa... But this little stuffed-over Davenport is being a nice thing, Fizzer..it has got pupholstery with polka dots all over it..there is being enough periods on that one pieces of furniture to make a-

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FIB: Oh no, no, no!..by Period Furniture, Nick, we mean .. er .. Oh William and Mary...Hepplewaite, Colonial...Early American ...Looie the 14th and all stuff like that that.

NICK: Oh I think that is all being a lot of saucy apples, Fizzer. If a chair is being a good place to sit on, what differences is it making whether it is William and Marian, Early Colloquial, Hepplepuss or Lousy the 14th?

FIB: I'm afraid you just don't appreciate nice things, Nick.

NICK: Yes it would be a nice thing if I appreciated nice things, but I haven't, so I don't. But speaking of a furniture it is like I was saying to Mrs. Depopolis last nights, when she is saying she would like to go downtown and buy a new ornamental rug.

FIB: Oriental!

NICK: Why not? Anyway, when she is saying that to me, I am saying "LISTEN", Mrs. Depopolis, I am saying, while she is having the radio on very loud, listening to The Lone Rangefinder, "LISTEN, MRS DEPOPOLIS, "I AM SAYING, and then she is turning the radios to hear Robert Pray -

FIB: Robert Pray? Oh you mean BOB HOPE.

NICK: Hope and pray...what is the differences?

FIB: Well what DID you tell Mrs. Depopolis about buying the oriental rug?

NICK: Nothing...just then she is getting some pretty music by the Philaddellphium Sympathy orchestras and is motioning me to be quiet with a rolling pins, so I guess I know when I am well off to the drug store to buy me some cigars. Well so long, Fizzer, don't forget to come and see us sometime... anytime you are dropping in, pass by.

DOOR SLAM  
P

FIB: Well, I'm just about set for old Fothergill. I'll take one more whack at that easy chair -

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

FIB: Oh oh...Fothergill! COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

WOMAN: How do you do? Do you need any socks?

FIB: Not now sis...the show's nearly over, we could O' used some in the first 20 pages.

WOMAN: You don't understand....I represent the Wilkie-Silkie-Sockie Corporation...and I am taking orders for our new spring line.. May I show you some samples?

FIB: No thanks sis...I go barefoot startin' the first of May.

WOMAN: Well, don't stub your toe, Junior!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: Fresh gal! The Wilkie-Silkie-Sockie Corporation! I should o' told her I represented the Johnsy-Wonsie-Waxie-Compsnie. Oh well....I better get these splinters picked up before Fothergill gets here.

DOOR KNOCK

FIB: I'll have to take up a collection to buy that sound effect man some new knuckles. COME IN!

DOOR LATCH

HAL: Good day sir....Mr. McGee, I believe...

FIB: You betcha bud....you the gentleman who wanted to look at the furniture?

HAL: Yes I am...how did you know?

FIB: Oh I been expecting you.....have a cigar?

HAL: Thank you...I have one.

FIB: Got two? Thanks.

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HAL: Ahem!.....They tell me you have a very valuable collection of antiques here, Mr. McGee....

FIB: Oh I have....very valuable....

HAL: What would you estimate its value, Mr. McGee?

FIB: Ohhhh, I dunno, bud...aside from the sentimental value...

I'd say it was worth at least...well, in the neighborhood of...roughly speakin' about....well, at a guess, somewhere near...well, what would you say?

HAL: Oh, I'd much rather you put your own price on it, McGee!

FIB: YOU WOULD? (LAUGHS) Oh that's swell.... ye take that desk there....I'd say about three thousand for that one piece.

HAL: THREE THOUSAND.....IS THAT ALL?

FIB: Is that a...AHM....THAT'S WITHOUT THE DRAWERS, O' COURSE... WITH the drawers, I'd say five thousand...now how about that footstool, bud? That's interesting ain't it?

HAL: Certainly is...very. FAIRLY modern isn't it?

FIB: Oh no...that's a Genuine Uppington. I know the Uppington family personally...remember the old furniture designers, UPPINGTON, DOWNWORTHY AND ROUNDWEATHER? Their trade mark was "UP, DOWN AND AROUND." That footstool is worth at least two thousand bud.

HAL: Is that so...well that seems like a fair price.

FIB: It does? Well I'll be a...AHM...Whaddye think of the rest o' the stuff bud?

HAL: Frankly, I don't know when I've seen such a...a....ah... MOTLEY collection of furniture.

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FIB: I guess you know your stuff bud - There ain't a piece  
in the lot that ain't a genuine motley!

HAL: (LAUGH) That's very good - or is it? What..ah...value  
would you place on the entire lot, McGee?

FIB: Oh boy..the whole mess, eh? Well, frankly bud....I'm makin'  
the estimate low on account of you seem to be a nice guy....  
Let's make it a fair and square twenty thou...no  
TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND....that's it...that's my final figure...

HAL: That's very fair. I'll settle for 25,000.

FIB: DONE! We better close the deal quick because this stuff  
is gettin' more antique every minute.

HAL: Deal? What deal?

FIB: Well....you're buying this stuff ain't you?

HAL: BUYING IT... WHY NO -- WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?

FIB: Ain't you Fothergill, the antique collector?

HAL: No, I'M WALLABY, THE TAX ASSESSOR!

FIB: Tax assess...twenty-five thous.....Oh pshaw!

ORCHESTRA: SELECTION: FADE FOR

WIL: COMMERCIAL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

We know that all you women are thinking about spring  
housecleaning, so it's a good time to remind you again  
of the special sale of JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S  
SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in GIANT SIZE cans that give you  
one-third more for your money. It's important that you  
make your home clean and attractive for spring and that  
you protect your prizes possessions from dirt and wear.  
Remember it's very much to your advantage to buy  
JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT now,  
while you can get the special GIANT SIZE cans that  
contain a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third,  
and yet cost no more than the regular pint or pound sizes.  
If you can't go to your dealer's, phone him in the  
morning and ask for the money-saving GIANT SIZE cans of  
JOHNSON'S WAX AND JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT.  
When the present supply of these GIANT CANS is exhausted  
there won't be any more -- and we don't want you to be  
disappointed.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC UP - FADE ON CUE)

(REVISED)

-24-

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ON CUE)

(2ND REVISION)

~~24~~ 25

TAG GAG

FIB: Folks, Harlow Wilcox has already welcomed our new listeners tonight on the Canadian Network, and I wanna extend the welcome on behalf of our little company and myself. We hope our Northern Neighbors will enjoy our shows and will join us each Tuesday night from now on.

Incidentally, our next week's broadcast is our two Hundredth program for Johnson's Wax and we're happy to announce that we'll have another visit from our old friend ...ZaSu Pitts. Good night, folks!

ORCHESTRA: UP TO FINISH.

CREDITS AND SIGNOFF.

APPLAUSE:

S. C. JOHNSON

Writers:

6:30 PM  
Tuesday