

(REVISED)

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

Writers: Doh Quinn  
Joe Miller  
Ben. Z. Dreen

Fibber McGee & Company

# 200

6:30 PM  
Tuesday - April 11, 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 & COMPANY"....with Jim  
Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis, the Four Notes, our  
special guest, Miss ZaSu Pitts, and Billy Mills' Orchestra.  
Our 200th show opens with....*"You Do Something To Me"*  
~~"Save Your Sorrow"~~!

ORCHESTRA: "~~SAVE YOUR SORROW~~".....FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL - page 3)



April 11, 1939  
Tuesday - 6:30 PM PST NBC

(REVISED)

-3-

Opening Commercial

ANNOUNCER: When the sun streams through the windows these early Spring days, it reminds us that our floors and linoleum need extra attention. Fortunately, it's the easiest thing in the world to make floors sparkle and gleam like new with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This remarkable liquid polish goes on in a jiffy -- dries in 20 minutes to a grand polish and requires no rubbing or buffing. Right now, while you're thinking about Spring cleaning, you'll be glad to know that there is a special sale of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S <sup>Self Polishing</sup> GLO-COAT in Giant size cans which give you one-third more for your money -- a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third for the price of only a pint or a pound. The supply of these Giant size cans is strictly limited so it will pay you to buy both JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT while they are on sale at a bargain price.

ORCHESTRA: SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH

(APPLAUSE)

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

c

(REVISED)

4-5

WIL: WELL, ONE OF WISTFUL VISTA'S MAIL CARRIERS' IS VACATIONING THIS WEEK AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS TAKING HIS PLACE? YES! AND HERE COMING DOWN THE STREET, BENT DOUBLE BY THE WEIGHT OF A BIG LEATHER BAG, WE FIND, NOT SANTA CLAUS: NOT THE JUNK-DEALER; NOT THE SANDMAN; BUT FIBBER -

(Have-You-Written-To-Your-Mother?) MCGEE!

(APPLAUSE).....THEME

FIB: Whew....boy, is this bag heavy! What this country needs is more illiterate people.

WOMAN: Good morning, mailman...have you a letter for me?

FIB: What's your name, sis?

WOMAN: <sup>You'll find it</sup> on the letter.

FIB: Oh. AHM. Yes, there was one, but I left it several doors down the street.

WOMAN: What number?

FIB: <sup>You'll find it</sup> on the house....

WOMAN: Thank you.

FIB: Let's see now....number 726 Oak Street.

SOUND: (TRILLING WHISTLE...DOOR LATCH)

FIB: Mail man!

MAN: Oh, good morning.

FIB: Sorry, bud - nothing for you folks, today!

MAN: Okay.

(DOOR SLAM)

FIB: HMMMMMMMM...postcard from Palm Springs to Mr. Joe Frizzl6. Says: HAVE LOVELY ROOM AT HOTEL HERE, NEXT DOOR TO CUTE HONEYMOON COUPLE...HAVING FINE TIME...WISH YOU COULD HEAR. Love, Mabel....Lemme see now, what's this one?...oh yes.... letter for Angus MacTavish....at 923.

(DOOR KNOCK...MAILMAN'S WHISTLE...DOOR LATCH)

c



FIB: Mr. MacTavish? Letter for you.  
SCOT: Thank ye, Laddie.  
FIB: Hold on...there's 1¢ postage due on it.  
SCOT: What? Only one cent? Glory be, me brrrrrother Jock got his raise! Thank ye, laddie.  
(DOOR SLAM)  
FIB: Good for Brother Jock! Two more raises and he can send one special delivery.....Oh, hello, Billy.  
MILLS: Hello, Fibber. Say is this really your 200th show for Johnson's Wax?  
FIB: Yes it is, Billy, and when you stop to think of it, ~~two~~ two hundred broadcasts means an awful lot of jokes.  
MILLS: That's what somebody said to me this morning.  
FIB: What'd they say?  
MILLS: They said, "MY, that's a lot of awful jokes, isn't it?"  
FIB: That ain't what I....AHM....What's Don Novis gonna sing, Billy?  
MILLS: "HEAVEN CAN WAIT".....Incidentally, how do you like carrying mail?

FIB: Well, it ain't Heaven on the feet, if you know what I mean. My right foot is almost numb and my left foot....  
SOUND: (CRACKLING OF BERRY BOX)  
FIB: Dad rat it, there goes my other arch! You have Don sing, while I take this mail-bag off and rest my - Oh wait a minute....there's a postcard for you. From Austria.  
MILLS: Must be from my old Music Teacher in Vienna.  
FIB: No, I read it....and it's from a guy named Wolfgang Mozart. He wants you to play one of his numbers - The Magic Flute ~~on one of our broadcasts.~~  
MILLS: MOZART! Why he died in 1791!  
FIB: ~~That's right~~ <sup>suspected as usual</sup>....I found this card in the dead-letter office. Well, go ahead, Billy. BOYS, TUNE UP YOUR HARPS FOR "HEAVEN CAN WAIT". Take it, Don!  
ORCH: "HEAVEN CAN WAIT".....NOVIS  
(APPLAUSE)



FIB: Folks, that was "HEAVEN CAN WAIT", sung by Donald Novis, one of our Angels with Dirty Faces. Don, please accept my heartfelt thanks for that beautiful number.

DON: I get paid, too, don't I?

FIB: Oh yes. But if Heaven Can Wait, who are you?

DON: And another thing. That wasn't a very nice thing to say about me having a dirty face. My face isn't dirty.

FIB: Leseee your neck and ears. Hmmm. Folks, I was wrong...he ain't a angel with a dirty face...He's a nice, clean little devil. Whatcha got there, Don?

DON: Oh, I almost forgot - it's a telegram for you.

FIB: Well, let's see who it's from.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: Well fer the - listen to this, fellas. It's from Jack Benny. It says: DEAR FIBBER. STOP. UNDERSTAND THIS IS YOUR 200TH BROADCAST FOR JOHNSON'S WAX. STOP. Wonder why he didn't finish it.

DON: He did.

FIB: EH? Oh. AHM. Tryin' to get my goat, eh? Just for that I'll send Fred Allen a fan letter! Well, I gotta get goin' with this mail. So long, Don.

DON: So long, Postcard Papa!

FIB: There's a fine spirit around here for my big anniversary show! You'd think they'd be more complimentary to me when -

MEL: Hey there, Mail Ma--(HICCUP)- Mail-Ma (HICCUP) Mail-Ma-(HICCUP) HEY LETTER-CARRIER!

FIB: What's on your mind, Bud?

MEL: Are you delivering any isinglas (HICCUP) any isinglas (HICCUP) any isingl (HICCUP) any window envelopes?

FIB: Window envelopes? Sure..this bag is full of 'em. Why?

MEL: Well would you mind if I sneaked a little (HICCUP) if I sneaked a couple of (HICCUPS) if I looked at some of 'em?

FIB: Sorry Bud...against the postal regulations. You can't read anybody else's mail.

MEL: Okay, thanks just the (HICCUP) thanks just the (HICCUP) Thanks jus the (HICCUP) Much obliged anyway.

FIB: Hey wait a minute...what's the idea o' wantin' to look at the window envelopes...

MEL: Oh I'm just a guy who (HICCUP) just a fellow who (HICCUP) I'm a Peeping Tom.

FIB: Peeping Tom...he's a jerking Joseph! Leseee now...I better sort out the mail for the rest o' this block. Here's a letter for Harpo Wilcox. Wonder where he lives. Oh well - to save time, folks he lives right here.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK - WHISTLE - DOOR LATCH

WIL: Good morning, Mail Ma- oh is that you, Fibber?



FIB: Oh quit actin', Harpo...you made the opening announcement.  
You know darn well it's me.

WIL: All right...all right...I was just endeavoring to establish  
a certain dramatic verisimilitude.

FIB: Well, if you - YOU WAS WHAT?

WIL: Endeavoring to establish a certain dramatic verisimilitude.

FIB: Harpo...it's guys like you that make censorship necessary.  
You know how some people are...if they can't understand  
somethin', it can't be decent. Here...here's a letter for  
you.

WIL: Well, thanks. ~~That handwriting looks familiar.~~

FIB: ~~Can't be from the police, they wouldn't use lavender  
notepaper. Go ahead and read it.~~

SOUND: TEARING PAPER. PAUSE.

WIL: Well say...isn't this a nice letter!

FIB: I dunno. I <sup>didn't</sup> ~~ain't~~ read it. Paper was too thick...even  
when I held it up to the sun.

WIL: LISTEN...it says: MY DEAR NEPHEW: (It's from my aunt)

FIB: You don't say!...who else would call you MY DEAR NEPHEW?

WIL: My Uncle.

FIB: Oh yes. Well go ahead.

WIL: ~~MY DEAR NEPHEW!~~

FIB: ~~This is where I came in, but I'll skip for the second show.~~

WIL: <sup>all night</sup> ~~Esquiro, with you.~~ It says: "MY DEAR NEPHEW:  
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR 200TH BROADCAST FOR JOHNSON'S WAX...  
YOU HAVE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB. I LISTEN EVERY <sup>Thursday</sup> ~~THURSDAY~~  
NIGHT TO "HARLOW WILCOX AND COMPANY" and enjoy it VERY MUCH.  
I WILL ENJOY IT MORE, HOWEVER, WHEN I GET MY RADIO REPAIRED.  
SO I WON'T BE GETTING A SMART-ALECK NAMED MCGREW OR  
SOMETHING AT THE SAME TIME YOU ARE ON THE AIR. KEEP UP THE  
GOOD WORK, NEPHEW!

FIB: A smart-aleck named McGrew!....Harlow Wilcox and Company!  
What else does she say, dear Nephew, I'm afraid.

WIL: Not much more...she says: I TOOK YOUR ADVICE AND BOUGHT  
SOME OF THE JOHNSON PRODUCTS IN THE SPECIAL GIANT-SIZE CANS  
WITH THE EXTRA THIRD FREE WHILE THERE ARE STILL SOME LEFT.  
Your Uncle and I ARE SO PLEASED WITH YOUR WORK, WE ARE  
REMEMBERING YOU IN OUR WILL. WHICH DO YOU WANT, THE RED  
HEIFER OR THE BUGGY WITH THE FRINGE ON THE TOP? YOUR LOVING  
AUNT,

Teresa Titwillow,  
Box 47, Birdcage, Arkansas.

Ahh, good old Aunt Teresa.

FIB: Which you gonna take, Harpo? The heifer or the buggy?

WIL: Oh I don't know...it's a pretty sporty buggy. It's got red  
wheels.

FIB: Yeah, but the heifer's got two horns. Well, I gotta be  
goin', Harpo.

WIL: So long, Pal.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: My dear Nephew! Bahhh! It ain't enough I gotta have pains  
in my arches...I gotta have aunts in my mailbag! Let's  
see now...who's next...

UPP: OHH HOW DO YOU DO, MR. GeGee....So Nice to see you!

FIB: Hiyah Mrs. Uppington. Here's a letter for you.

UPP: Thank you, Mr. McGee...tell me, don't you feel a beautiful  
..ah...surge of...ah...patriotism, wearing the gray uniform  
of our brave mail carriers?



FIB: Yes, but I had a tough time with my Easter deliveries. At the end of the day I had six more rabbits than I started out with. They musta declared a dividend. Say, I seen you leadin' them high society people in the Easter Parade, Uppy.

UPP: Oh yes.. and such fun, too..reahhly..(LAUGHS) and Horatio looked simply devastatating in his cutaway coat and silk hat. I told him he looked JUST like a bankah...(LAUGHS)

FIB: He did to me, too..like a banker in a two-bit poker game. You looked real handsome all bundled up in that new fur coat Uppy.

UPP: Oh, Mr. McGee...

FIB: In fact the guy standin' next to me says you looked like a cute little rabbit.

UPP: Oh he didn't...not reahhhly....

FIB: Well, them wasn't his exact words...what he actually says was "Who's the dumb bunny up in front?" Oh, you gotta be goin' Uppy?

UPP: I...er...Yes...yes I have, Mr. McGee....(LAUGHS) I am attending a luncheon, with the girls I used to know in finishing school...and I'm SO afraid they will twit me about the time I pinned Francis X. Bushman's picture to my dressing table. (LAUGHS) Oh I guess I was just a silly, BRAZEN girl in those days..well, Goodbye, Mr. McGee... good byeeeee!!!

FIB: I'll bet she played All-American stem on the Daisy Chain, too. Let's see now...

BOY: Telegram for Fibber McGee - Telegram - Sign here.

FIB: Oh thanks, Bud. I'd give you a tip, but I ain't got anything smaller than a dime.

BOY: Well you better save that, so if it rains you can crawl under it.

FIB: Fresh kid! Wonder who this one's from.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: WELL....FROM BOB HOPE! HOPE YOU HAVE SUCCESSFUL 200TH BROADCAST FOR JOHNSON'S WAX. HOPE WE CONTINUE TO FOLLOW YOU ON SAME NETWORK, SAME EVENING, WITH OUR MARVELOUS SHOW STARRING BOB HOPE, AND EXPENSIVE GUEST STARS. STOP. HOPE YOU ARE READING THIS OUT LOUD. STOP. HOPE. What does he mean, "expensive guest stars" - I suppose he thinks Zasu Pitts just works here to pay off an old gambling debt, or something. Oh that reminds me I gotta letter for her.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR: WHISTLE..

FIB: Must be somebody home..I seen the window curtain wiggle.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR LOUDER...WHISTLE..

FIB: Maybe they think I'm a peddler. HEY..INSIDE THERE... WANT ANY MAIL?

DOOR LATCH FAST:

PITTS: Oh I certainly do - ANY male!

APPLAUSE:

FIB: Yes folks, it's our old friend Zasu Pitts, again. Hiyah Sis!

PITTS: Hello - mister ... won't you come in and have a cup of tea and a piece of cake or just a cup of tea or won't you just come in?



FIB: No thanks Sis. I just wanted to give you these three letters.

PITTS: Oh dear me,..THREE letters...and from the Orange Blossom Matrimonial Bureau, too!

FIB: Matrimonial Bureau! Well, why don't you open your letters and see if Cupid didn't dig a dart into some ding-dong daddy.

PITTS: All right...I will...but I don't believe it's any use.. I just got a feeling I'm going to fall for some wolf in sheeps clothing, with his smooth ways and city talk. And it's a wonderful feeling. Excuse me while I read my mail, mister.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER

FIB: What's that one say?

PITTS: He says the photograph I sent him looks just like Heddy LaMarr.

FIB: He did, eh? That's kinda flattering. He certainly knows women.

PITTS: No he doesn't...it was really a picture of Gail Patrick. Somehow I don't seem to take a good glamorous picture, Mister. I had some taken once with real soft focus.. you know..behind a gauze screen and all...and some man asked me for 12 dozen of 'em.

FIB: 12 DOZEN!.....He musta been running a temperature!

PITTS: No...he was running a shooting allery. He wanted them for targets. Let's see this next letter.

TEARING PAPER

PITTS: Oh dear!!!!

FIB: What's that one?

PITTS: It's from a man who saw my advertisement. He says he thinks I'm just the girl for him if I have ten thousand dollars in the bank and can handle a gang-plow.

FIB: Oh, a gigolo in gum-boots. Try the next one, sis.

PITTS: All right, but I just know it's no use....I've been throwing myself at men so long I feel like an adagio dancer.

TEARING PAPER

FIB: Oh oh! that guy enclosed a railroad ticket.....where to, sis?

PITTS: Poison Gulch, Texas....it's from a cowboy. He says if I marry him he'll give me a half interest in a Mexican saddle, a rattle-snake necklace and a guitar. Mister, I'm engaged!

FIB: Well, congratulations, sis. May all your little dogies git along!



(REVISED) 17-18-19

PITTS: Oh thank you, mister...dear me, I'm so flustered I hardly know what to do. I guess I better go up in the attic and see if I can find that old Army cot.

FIB: Army cot! Ain't that saddle-bum got any bunks in his ranchhouse?

PITTS: Oh I wasn't thinking of that...It was the trip out there... that railroad ticket he sent is only good on a cattle car. Yippeeeeeeeeeee.....I'm a bride!

DOOR SLAM

APPLAUSE

ORK: "I CRIED FOR YOU" - 4 NOTES

APPLAUSE

(3RD SPOT)

(REVISED)

-20-

FIB: ~~That was the Four Notes, singin' "I CRIED FOR YOU" and~~ *beautiful little couple* ~~wonderful weepin'~~ too, kids. Keep that up and you'll get your names into Boo's Hoo. (DEFLATED LAUGH) Well, I gotta deliver the rest o' this mail if I ever expect to -

TELEPHONE:

FIB: Talk about your dramatic verisimilitated...Here I am out in the street and the phone rings! Oh well... (CLICK) HELLO.

P.A.WOMAN: I'd like to speak to Mr. McGee, please, are you he?

FIB: Yes, I is he, sis. What is it?

P.A.WOMAN: Telegraph office sir...I have been requested to sing a telegram to you.

FIB: Oh one o' them singin' telegrams. Okay, Flagstadt. Give out!

P.A.WOMAN: Are you ready?

FIB: Ready. Wait a minute..who's it from?

P.A.WOMAN: Eddie Cantor *Den Club*

FIB: Oh, Eddie, eh? Well go ahead.

P.A.WOMAN: (SINGS - To "Yankee Doodle"):

OH HERE'S TO YOUR 200th SHOW

200 WEEKS OF BANTER

WE THOUGHT BEFORE, BUT NOW WE KNOW

THAT - CHORUS: WE WANT CANTOR!!..WE WANT CANTOR!!

P.A.WOMAN: That is all, sir.

CLICK:

FIB: So they want Cantor do they? *Lemon! That's just what* ~~Well, all I gotta say is they~~ *tobacco auctioneer.* ~~better not throw any of their cigarettes on our waxed floors!~~

Oh, here's a letter for old Boomer! Here's his boarding house.

DOOR KNOCK: WHISTLE: DOOR LATCH:

b



FIB: Hiyah Boomer...letter for you.

BOOM: Thank you, my boy..thank you..wonder if it's important... wait till I see what it is.

SOUND: TEARING PAPER: BIRD TWEET-TWEET-TWEET:

BOOM: Well well...a round robin! Thank you my young friend.. and how is it that a prominent citizen of your eminence finds himself in a mail man's uniform....seems hardly fitting...particularly around the prominence and the eminence.

FIB: Never mind my uniform, Boomer...just tell Mrs. Uppington that I got a registered letter I forgot to give her.

BOOM: Just give it to me, Stamp-pad, and I'll take care of it. Certainly will. Take care of it like it was my very own.

FIB: Why should I give her valuable mail to you? You'd have it steamed open in five minutes.

BOOM: Is that so...five minutes, eh? You hold an exalted view of the hot water situation in this boarding-house, Small Fry. But never hesitate to give me Madame Uppington's mail...I hold the dear girl's power-of-attorney, you know.

FIB: I don't believe it..lesssssseeee it.

BOOM: Why certainly...have it right here...power-of-attorney... power-of-attorney....

BOOM: Have it right here...someplace..Let's see..here's a sack of gold nuggets given to me for safe-keeping by an old prospector up in Alaska...a sweet roll from a sourdough.... postcard from an old pal of mine..says he's just taken up geology...studying rocks, at Atlanta...

FIB: Come on, Boomer...the power-of-attorney, if any.

BOOM: Oh yes...the power of attorney..have it right here...here's my bank statement for March...(Looks like the census report for a midget village...all small figures).....what's this? Newspaper clipping about a robbery in Memphis.....spelled my name wrong too, drat them.....~~notice from the President of the Pickpockets Union...they're going to picket the State's Attorney's office...for longer pockets and shorter sentences...~~old pirate map...Oh, no, that's a picture of my father...and a check for a short beer...WELL WELL!!..IMAGINE THAT!..NO POWER OF ATTORNEY!

FIB: I coulda told you that before you started lookin'. Well, I gotta deliver this mail. So long, Boomer.

BOOM: Have to be going myself. Have to see a friend who was hurt in an accident. He was standing in front of a safe the other night - and it blew open. Must have had a draft in it. Good day, Bagdad.

FIB: (AFTER BOOMER) That guy's so crooked, he's got corrugated iron in his blood. Well, one more letter to deliver at the Old Timer's. Then I'm thru. Here we are.

(DOOR KNOCK....WHISTLE....DOOR KNOCK, REPEAT)



BOOM: Have it right here...someplace..Let's see..here's a sack of gold nuggets given to me for safe-keeping by an old prospector up in Alaska...a sweet roll from a sourdough.... postcard from an old pal of mine..says he's just taken up geology...studying rocks, at Atlanta...

FIB: Come on, Boomer...the power-of-attorney, if any.

BOOM: Oh yes...the power of attorney...have it right here...here's my bank statement for March...(Looks like the census report for a midget village...all small figures).....what's this? Newspaper clipping about a robbery in Memphis.....spelled my name wrong too, drat them.....~~notice from the President of the Pickpockets Union...they're going to picket the State's Attorney's office...for longer pockets and shorter sentences...~~old pirate map...Oh, no, that's a picture of my father...and a check for a short beer...WELL WELL!!!..IMAGINE THAT!..NO POWER OF ATTORNEY!

FIB: I coulda told you that before you started lookin'. Well, I gotta deliver this mail. So long, Boomer.

BOOM: Have to be going myself. Have to see a friend who was hurt in an accident. He was standing in front of a safe the other night - and it blew open. Must have had a draft in it. Good day, Bagdad.

FIB: (AFTER BOOMER) That guy's so crooked, he's got corrugated iron in his blood. Well, one more letter to deliver at the Old Timer's. Then I'm thru. Here we are.  
(DOOR KNOCK...WHISTLE...DOOR KNOCK, REPEAT)

FIB: Sounds like the old duffer's throwin' a wing-ding in there.  
(KNOCK AT DOOR...WHISTLE...DOOR LATCH...VOICES.... LAUGHTER...PIANO....(ETC.)...FADE FOR:)

OLD MAN: Hello there, Johnny...come to join the fracas?

FIB: No thanks, Old Timer....just brung you this letter. *It's my last delivery before I quit.*

OLD MAN: EHHHHHHHHH?

FIB: *I say I'm quitin' this job, as a friend of organized labor I ain't got any right to throw all them carrier your last address because it says on it: FORWARD PARTY HAS MOVED and you're forward party and I know.* (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..."SAYYYYYYY", he says, "I SEE WHERE ~~THE FELLER~~ JOE LOUIS IS FIGHTIN' A GUY NAMED ROPER. THAT AIN'T THE SECRETARY OF COMMERCE, IS IT?"

"NOPE," says the tother feller...."THAT'S A DIFFERENT ROPER."

"WELL," *say the 1st feller* IT DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IN THE RESULT," ~~say the 2nd feller~~ "IF IT'S THE SAME LOUIS!" Heh heh heh....

the difference between wrestlin' and prize-fight promoters, Johnny, is one buys a pig in a poke and the other one buys the poke in a pug! Heh heh heh.

FIB: Listen Old Timer...I'm gettin' tired o' all this THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERD IT STUFF... *Why shuck* ~~AND I'M GONNA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT. NOISE, HEERD!~~



## VERSE

FIB: NO MATTER WHAT THE TIME OR PLACE  
YOU ALWAYS MEET SOME SMARTY-FACE  
WHO KNOWS WHAT SCORE IS MADE  
BEFORE THE GAME IS PLAYED.

HE KNOWS THE INSIDE INSIDE OUT  
AND WHAT THE WORLD IS ALL ABOUT  
THERE'S ALWAYS ONE AROUND -  
AND HERE'S THE WAY HE'LL SOUND!

## CHORUS

1. (CALIFORNIA HAS NO RAIN  
{ YOU CAN'T TIP PORTERS ON THE TRAIN  
FIB: { THIS PROGRAM TAKES A LOT OF BRAINS  
OLD MAN: { -- BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!

VAMP (*That Old Duddy Duddy!*)

2. (BURGLARS DEARLY LOVE A COP  
OLD MAN: { A KID JUST HATES A LOLLYPOP  
{ HELLZAPOPPIN' IS A FLOP  
UPPY: { -- BUT THAT'S CERTAINLY NOT THE WAY I HEERED IT!

VAMP (*Should you hear it, Uppy?*)

3. UPPY: (SOCIAL LEADERS HATE TO BE  
{ OBJECTS OF PUBLICITY  
{ FROM ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS WE FLEE -  
NOVIS: { -- BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT, MRS. UPPINGTON!

VAMP

4. (BILLY MILLS, OUR MAESTRO, WROTE  
NOVIS: { THIS LITTLE DITTY- NOTE FOR NOTE  
{ HE THINKS HE'LL GET COLE PORTER'S GOAT --  
NICK: { -- BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I'M HEERING IT.  
VAMP

5. (A WRESTLING MON JUST HATES TO GRUNT  
NICK: { NO GREEK WILL RUN A RESTAURANT  
{ PERSHING NEVER SAW THE FRONT  
MEL: { -- BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I (HICCUP) HEERED IT.  
VAMP

6. (THE WORLD IS FULL OF (HICCUP) AND SUCH  
MEL: { FROM FOLKS WHO (HICCUP) AND (HICCUP) TOO MUCH  
{ BUT NARY A DROP WILL I (HICCUP) TOUCH  
FIB: { -- BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEEREDIT!  
VAMP

7. (I'M KNOWN I GUESS, FROM COAST TO COAST  
FIB: { AS ONE WHO'LL NEVER BRAG NOR BOAST  
{ OF MODEST GUYS I AM THE MOST  
CHORUS: { -- BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY WE HEERED IT!

ORCH: PHRASE

ALL: BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT!



FIB: So ye see, Old Timer? For 200 hundred weeks of this Johnson Wax show I been standin' for your THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT. AND during our next two hundred broadcasts -

OLD MAN: Your what, Johnny?

FIB: Our next two hundred shows for Johnson's Wax.

OLD MAN: (LAFF LIKE HELL)

FIB: Well what's so funny?

OLD MAN: Oh nothin'..heh heh heh...but as I says before, Johnny.. THAT AIN'T THE WAY I -

SHRIEKS..HOWLS..CRASHES...CONFUSION SHOUTS..ETC...

ORK: SELECTION (FADE FOR)

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.  
FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY  
APRIL 11, 1939  
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PST NBC

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

ANNOUNCER: Fibber will be back in just a moment and now we want to remind you again of the big sale on JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in Giant size cans. This sale comes just at housecleaning time when you need both WAX and GLO-COAT to give your home a clean and well-cared for appearance. There are always a lot of extra household expenses in the Spring and we feel sure you will appreciate this opportunity to save money on your purchases of JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Be sure to ask your dealer tomorrow for the special Giant size cans -- a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third for the regular price of only a pint or a pound. When these Giant cans are gone, there won't be any more. So if it's not convenient for you to get to the store in the morning, why not telephone and order JOHNSON'S WAX and JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT in the money-saving Giant size cans.

ORCHESTRA: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)



now we want to  
 JOHNSON'S WAX and  
 ant size cans,  
 me when you need  
 a clean and  
 always a lot of extra  
 feel sure you will  
 ey on your purchases  
 WASHING GLO-COAT.  
 the special Giant  
 pound and one-third  
 a pound. When  
 be any more,  
 t to the store in  
 r JOHNSON'S WAX and  
 e money-saving Giant

TAG GAG

Folks, we wanna thank ZaSu Pitts for helping us celebrate  
 our 200th Johnson Broadcast. Our 201st show next week is  
 something pretty special too, because, well - starting  
 Tuesday it's FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY again!

(APPLAUSE)

FIB: Thanks....goodnight, folks.

ORCH: UP TO FINISH....APPLAUSE

CREDITS

SIGNOFF

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY"

NEC-RED

6:30 P.M.

\*