

# NBC

ERTISER

WRITER

GRAM TITLE S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

OK

DON QUINN  
WINS ANDERSON

AGO OUTLET FIBBER MCGEE & COMPANY

TIME 8:30-9:00 PM

WMAQ-RED

DATE

JANUARY 24, 1939

DAY

TUESDAY

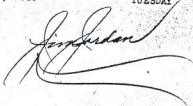
DUCTION

OUNCER

NEER

ARKS

2ND CORRECTION



WIL: The Johnson Wax Program!

ORX: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's self-polishing Glo-coat present Fibber McGee & Company, with Jim Jordan as Fibber, Donald Novis, the Four Notes & Billy Mille' Orchestra. The show opens with, "THERE'S A NEW SUN IN THE SKY"!

ORX: "THERE IS A NEW SUN IN THE SKY" - FADE FOR -

WIL: 1ST COMMERCIAL:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

You modern housewives have a much easier time of it than your grandmothers did. Nowadays it's no trick at all to keep your floors and linoleum clean and shining with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. This remarkable polish relieves you forever from tiresome floor-scrubbing because it protects your floors with a beautiful, dirt-resistant polish. GLO-COAT, you know, requires no rubbing or buffing. It dries in 20 minutes to a gleaming lustre that shuts out dirt and stains. Millions of women can testify that their housework is easier and their floors more attractive since they learned about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Once you start using GLO-COAT, you'll never again have to apologize for dull, soiled floors or faded linoleum. Ask your dealer tomorrow for GLO-COAT. G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T -- JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. You are assured of complete satisfaction if you insist on the real thing.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

## SEGUE

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

WIL: WELL, FIBBER HAS BEEN INVITED OUT INTO SOCIETY TONIGHT -  
TO A DINNER AT THE UPPINGTON MANSION, AMONG WISTFUL  
VISTA'S BEST PEOPLE. HOWEVER, SOCIETY DOESN'T  
FRIGHTEN HIM. AFTER ALL, SAYS HE, WHAT IS THE UPPER  
CRUST BUT A BUNCH OF CRUMBS WHO STICK TOGETHER? \*SO  
HERE, ALL DRESSED UP IN HIS BEST CLOTHES, WE FIND ---

~~WIL:~~ ~~Forgot!~~ Hey Harpo... *but it's hey*

WIL: What's the matter, Fibber?

~~WIL:~~ Easy on that party announcement..I may not be able to  
go. ~~Shucks, and this was my chance to get into~~  
~~society, too.~~

WIL: Well, what happened? Why can't you go?

~~WIL:~~ The button just come off the ~~the~~ <sup>collar</sup> o' my shirt. \*

WIL: ~~What's it do that for?~~

~~WIL:~~ ~~What's it do that for? That's a silly question! Who knows why a~~  
~~button does that? Maybe it just got tired of~~  
~~travelin' around, seein' the world thru a buttonhole.~~ \*  
You gotta needle and thread?

WIL: No..I'm sorry. I left my sewing basket home on the piano.\*  
~~Good-bye to me.~~

~~WIL:~~ Well shucks, I can't go around like this..with a nude  
neck.\*

WIL: Why don't you ~~fix~~ <sup>lap</sup> your neck <sup>muffled on</sup> ~~right so it'll hold the~~  
~~collar together.~~

~~FRED:~~ ~~I ain't wearin' a tie. I was invited to a buffet~~  
~~supper, and whenever I eat standin' up, I spill things~~  
~~on me. So I decided not to wear a tie.~~

WIL: ~~How about a muffler?~~ You can wrap that around your neck  
 sort of in the ascot style, you know.

~~FRED:~~ ~~Muffler?~~

WIL: ~~No ASCOT. You know, like this, wrap it around the~~  
~~it once like this, bring it over and down like this,~~  
~~and there you are. It looks very nice.~~ I've seen Jack  
 Benny wear his scarf like that.

~~FRED:~~ That's okay for him...but I ain't got any FRED ALLEN  
 reachin' for MY Throat. ~~No, that's too deep for me.~~  
 Shucks, somebody around here oughtta have a needle and  
 thread...or at least a pin. HEY, Billy.

MILLS: Yes?

~~FRED:~~ Say, I just busted the button off the <sup>collar</sup> o' my shirt..  
~~and~~ And I can't go around with my Adam's apple  
 stickin' out.

MILLS: Oh, is THAT your adam's apple?

~~FRED:~~ What'd you think it was?

MILLS: I thought maybe it was a lump in your throat from readin'  
 the reviews of your personal appearances. \*

~~FRED:~~ Oh they don't bother me, Billy. Anyway - no theatre's  
 lost money bookin' MY act. I don't care what the critic  
 say about me as long as I take in the money.

MILLS: You're the third person I know who said that.

~~ED~~: Who was the other two?

MILLS: Jesse James and John Dillinger.\*

~~ED~~: Why, they were public enemies.

MILLS: Yeah.\*

~~ED~~: *How that came given me the needle.\**  
 AHEM. *Never mind the ~~needle~~ thread, ~~Billy~~.* You gotta magnifyin' glass? *mills?*

MILLS: No..what do you want a magnifying glass for?

~~ED~~: I wanta go over your contract again, more carefully.>  
 DAD RAT IT, AIN'T ANYBODY GOTTA NEEDLE AND THREAD?  
 Hey Don.

NOVIS: What's the matter, Fibber?

~~ED~~: Listen, Don, I -

DON: *Hey* ~~Say, excuse me, Fibber.~~..there's a button off your shirt

~~ED~~: Well, thanks, Don. At least there's One guy in this outfit that notices things..you gotta safety pin, Don

DON: Yes, but I can't spare it.

~~ED~~: Why not?

DON: Haven't you heard?

~~ED~~: Why...why no..heard what?

DON: Here..let me whisper...(PSSSSSSSSSSSS)

~~ED~~: NO! When?

DON: Early this summer. So, you see, *Well* ~~we~~ need all the safety pins *we* have.\*

Oh that's wonderful, Don..hadn't you better sit down..  
take it easy till your next number?

No I feel all right, thanks.

So THAT'S what you and your wife were talkin' about when  
I went past your window early this morning. I seen the  
light in there. Ahhhh, me!!..Two Slap-Happy People by  
Don's early light!

Don't say anything about it, will you?

Oh no, Don. You can trust me..but say..you know where  
I can find a needle?

No I don't..I don't even know where there's a haystack

Say, Fibber, speaking of haystacks, I heard a funny  
one yesterday.

What was that, Harpo?

I heard a farmer say he had a radio in his barn, but  
he had to shut it off on Tuesday nights.

What for?

He said too much corn was bad for the livestock.

*entirely agreed! Well I'll make it any size  
Oh is that so? Well I'll make it any size  
far from going to push me around I'll  
by as long as I'm in the house I'll stay in  
come down next week in a wheel cha  
the rest, and if you think you can trust me and -*

~~KNOWLEDGE~~

~~Come in!~~

~~DON OPEN DOOR:~~

Dad rat it - I gotta find a needle and thread. There's a smart lookin' girl - maybe she's got one.

HEY SIS - EXCUSE ME, BUT HAVE YOU GOT A NEEDLE AND THREAD?

GIRL: No, I haven't...I'm so sorry.

Well, don't look so worried about it..I'll get this shirt fixed someplace.

GIRL: Oh, I'm not worried about that. I have other troubles.





GIRL: I was. But I'm SO anxious to learn about baseball.  
 BOY: Yes, I suppose you think a double play is a six hour show by Eugene O'Neill.

GIRL: Tell me, do you think it would be a cute idea, if my team changed costumes between each act?

BOY: They call 'em INNINGS in baseball, sis... Not ACTS. *What you want them to be?*

GIRL: Oh I see. ~~but I haven't talked to the actors yet.~~  
 I mean the team yet. They're in Florida for spring rehearsal.\*

BOY: SPRING TRAINING. ~~I forgot to mention~~  
~~actors.~~ But you don't have to worry. You got the best team in the country.

GIRL: Oh do you think so? Have we a chance to win the Pulitzer prize again this year?

BOY: Listen sis...you mean the PENNANT. And if you're considerin' gettin' Alfred Lunt for shortstop, or Catherine Cornell for third base, don't do it.

GIRL: How about Noel Coward? *He could write you a few hits.*  
~~to write a few hits.~~ \* *Well, good luck sis!*

BOY: ~~Waited that one out a long time.... but it's a good one.~~  
 a suggestion, see if you can get Sadie Thompson's  
 umpire.

GIRL: Sadie Thompson?

BOY: ~~Yes, - then if you get in a tight spot, you can always call the game on account of "Rain". Well, good luck, etc~~

GIRL: Thank you. I hope you'll come and see one of our performances.

BOB: I will. I'll be at the first batinee....AND NOW FOLKS, IF ANYBODY HERE HAS A GOTTA NEEDLY AND TREA-

DOOR LATCH: HOOF BEATS....VOICES

BOB: HEY....WHAT'S THE IDEA....GET THAT BULL OUTA HERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS - A RODEO?

MAN: I'm sorry <sup>harshly</sup> Mr. McGee...but we couldn't keep him out of here any longer...I think he smelled the carnation in <sup>Billie's</sup> ~~Mr. Mills' lapel~~. See? He's sniffing it.

MILLS: Get that brute away from me! TAKE HIM AWAY!!!

BULL SNORTS. HOOFs:

MAN: Ferdinand!!....behave yourself!

BOB: OHNHHH, so that's FERDINAND! The Lacecurtain Longhorn \*  
I forgot the Four Notes were gonna bring him to tonight.  
FOLKS ~~THE ORCHESTRA AND THE FOUR NOTES PRESENT~~

~~"FERDINAND THE BULL". Take it, Billy... Billy!~~

ORK: "FERDINAND THE BULL" - FOUR NOTES

APPLAUSE:

End SPOT:

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REP:

*That was the four notes singing*

~~That was~~ Ferdinand the Bull, folks. ~~And it just goes~~  
~~to show, that when you give people a bum steer, you're~~  
~~liable to get some pretty wild.~~ And Billy.

MILLS:

Yeah?

O:

I wanna compliment you on that prize beef music. Did  
you write that yourself?

MILLS:

No, for those bull numbers I use stock arrangements. Got  
your shirt fixed yet?

O:

No I ain't... *I killed my shirt*  
~~the shirt was fixed with some of the best~~  
~~the shirt was fixed with some of the best~~  
~~the shirt was fixed with some of the best~~

DOOR LATCH:

OLD TIMER:

Hallo there Johnny: How you fixed for valentines?

O:

It's a little early to be sellin' Valentines, Old Timer,  
ain't it?

OLD TIMER:

ENNNNNNNNN?

O:

I says, Drop in about the tenth of the month with your  
valentines. I'll tell my secretary I'm expectin' a  
heart attack. (LAUGHS)

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh... that's pretty good Johnny, but that aint the way I heered it. The way I heered it, one feller says to the other feller.

"SAYYYYY," he says, "I SEE WHERE KAISER WILHELM WILL BE AN OCTOGENARIAN NEXT FRIDAY."

*Octogenarian of!*  
"Huh?" SAYS TOTHER FELLER. "WELL, ANY MAN AS OLD AS HE IS HADN'T OUGHTTA EAT MEAT ANYWAY!" Heh heh heh heh....He sure has been leadin a quiet life, Johnny. Been in Holland 20 years and nothin's turned up but <sup>his</sup> mustache! Heh! Heh! Heh!

DOOR SLAM:

*That old Reynard gonna be worth cultivating, if we could get enough dirt on him.*  
HEY HARPO.

WIL: Yes?

*I can't go around with my collar open.*  
You gotta shirt I can borrow? ~~This button hole off~~

WIL: What size shirt do you wear?

WIL: 14.

WIL: I didn't mean the CUFF. I meant the NECK.

WIL: That's it....14.

WIL: Sorry....I wear a 17½.

17 1/2! Whew....that ain't a shirt - that's a Step-in! \*

What sleeve length?

Which sleeves?

Are they different?

Oh yes...my right arm is developed more than the left.

Is that so.

Yes, you see I use my right arm to knock on doors with.

and when the lady of the house comes to the door, I

say, "MADAM, DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT, THE

EASY-TO-USE FLOOR POLISH THAT SHINES AS IT DRIES?" And

she says, "DO YOU MEAN THE JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT ~~THAT~~

~~JUST SPREAD AROUND WITH THE LONG-HANDLED APPLIANCE~~

THAT REQUIRES NO RUBBING OR BUFFING?"

And whadda you say?

And I say, "YES, MADAM. IT'S STRANGE, BUT WE ARE BOTH

TALKING ABOUT THE SAME WONDERFUL PRODUCT THAT SAVES YOU

HOUSEWIVES SO MUCH TIME AND EFFORT." And she says,

"TO SAY NOTHING OF SAVING UP TO A THIRD ON THE LARGE

SIZE CAN."

*Int that miracle, and then?*

And then we smile at each other and I go to the next door.

*for, but*  
what has that got to do with your one shirt sleeve bein' longer'n the other?

WIL: Well, personally, I always put it down to the long arm of coincidence. ~~Imagine me BOTH ~~about~~ about~~  
~~Gloucester that way! You see -~~

~~Q:~~ ~~Harpo~~ AND, HARPO...is there a men's furnishing store near here?

WIL: Sure. 4 blocks South. But is the shirt you have on the only one you own?

~~Q:~~ Now that's a fine question to ask me with everybody listening. You tryin' to make me out a fool, or somethin'? OF COURSE IT AIN'T THE ONLY SHIRT I OWN! But my other one's in the laundry. ~~Q~~ Say that's a idea! I'll run down to the laundry and ---

DOOR LATCH:

UPP: Oh Mr. McGee...what is this I head about you not comin' to my party tonight <sup>just</sup> because you lost a button of your shirt?

~~Q:~~ ~~Justine really had had trouble~~  
~~I'm afraid I'm a little bit of a mess, any. Though you might tell me~~  
~~butler I was a little of champagne as he'd given a~~  
~~napkin around my neck. (LAUGHING)~~

UPP: Oh but you MUST come, Mr. McGee....really...it will do so much for you...socially. I have invited the CREAM of society.

~~Q:~~ Well, watch 'em, curdle when they see me with my  
~~shirt collar down like this. \*~~  
~~collar like this.....~~

UPP: I had even arranged for you to take Mrs. Morganwell Sterlinggame in to dinnah. THE Mrs. Morganwell Sterlinggame! She's viddy social. One of the F.F.Vs you know.

Q: F.F.V's?

UPP: Yes...one of the First Families of Virginia.

Q: Is that so....I'm a F.F.P, myself.

UPP: F.F.P.?

Q: Yes...Fugitive From Peoria. Well, I'm sorry Uppy ... it was nice of you to invite me but with my collar the way it is -

UPP: Oh but Mr. McGee....REANNHLY....I had SO hoped you would come. Of course, if you are the least bit apprehensive about the ah....ETIQUETTE of formal dining -

Q: Oh dont worry about my etiquette, Uppy. I know my way around. Though there was a time when it used to worry me to pieces wonderin' which was the proper fork to use. (LAUGHS)

UPP: Oh my deah....REANNHLY? (LAUGHS)

Q: Yes but I got that licked. Now I just pick out one knife, one fork and one spoon and shove the rest of the tools in my pocket till after dinner.\*



UPP: (LAUGHS) Ohhhh how original, reahhhly!!! Put the excess silvah in your pocket..(LAUGHS) How delightful! Tell me, Mr. McGee..are you ticklish? Eh? Why yes a little...Why?

UPP: Ohhhh. (LAUGHS) Maybe I'm just a silly girl, but I can hardly wait till my butlah FRISKS you when he helps you into youah overcoat. (LAUGHS) DO come, Mr. McGee!

DOOR SLAM:

Great gal, Uppy! But I'm afraid she left finishing school before she was quite finished. How let's see - oh yes - Hey Harpo - wait here for me - I'm goin' over to the laundry and get my other shirt.

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM:

Oh oh....say look at the old man walkin' by in the white gown and the long beard carryin' the big scythe....

HELLO FATHER!!....

OLD MAN: (NOT OLD TIMER) Hello, there Son!!!!

Get it folks?...A little symbolical device to denote the passing of Time. ~~Now~~ we're at the laundry.

DOOR LATCH: SLAM

~~Hiya, John. He come in this place inquire for~~  
~~shirtee... you gotten wachee yet?~~

MAN: ~~You'd better talk to my old man... I've been to this~~

~~place so long time lost my dialect. Here he is.~~

~~CHINK: - she say Hello!~~  
~~Shirtee... you wachee see not? He Gooey Fassy...~~

~~Please...~~

*Needham Fassy*

~~...you got my shirt ready yet?~~

CHINK: Whatcheeeee name?

McGee...Fibber McGee. Losen button offa this shirtee...  
want other shirtee...need 'em bad...you savvy?

CHINK: Ohooooo, savvy velly good. Mr. Needham want bad shirtee.

I AIN'T MR. NEEDHAM....I'M MR MCGEE...AND I DON'T WANT  
A BAD SHIRT, I WANT MY SHIRT BAD.....I mean GOOD. I  
mean I want -

CHINK: You talkee too much...velly confusung...whatchee kind  
shirtee you bling in?

A nice silk shirt....got it for Christmas....

CHINK: You come along this way, please...lookkee silk shirtee  
deplartment.

DOOR LATCH:

2nd CHINK:

(OFF MIKE) ~~AN SOOOOOO... GILLES SHERIDAN!!... MAKE~~~~IN JAPAN!! AN SOOOO!!!~~

SOUND:

RIPPING TEARING RIPPING...

DOOR SLAM:

CHINK:

*My That was my shirt he was tearing up \**  
 Velly colly... no get shirtee back. Japanese... make  
 sillious mistake <sup>Japanese talk</sup> ~~going to~~ Chinese laudnly... ~~Chinese~~  
 people velly ~~patetic~~... bye now... (DOOR SLAM.)

SIL:

Well, that's that. Now I ain't even got another shirt.  
 When I think of the trouble a little thing like a shirt  
 button can cause, I -

SIL:

Hiyah Mist' McGee, please suh. Wah you talkin' about  
 suh?

SIL:

Oh Hiyah Sil. ~~I was just sayin' that a lot of trouble~~  
~~little imagin' things can cause... you know the old~~  
~~sayin'... for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want~~  
~~of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse~~  
~~three hamburger stands had to buy meat loaf.~~

SIL:

~~AN SIL!! I want you to talkin' about suh,~~

SIL:

~~My shirt.~~ There's a button off <sup>my shirt collar</sup> ~~my~~ and I can't seem  
 to get one sewed on. Know where I can buy a shirt  
 around here, Sil?

SIL:

Yassuh... they's a real ritzy men's stoah down de street  
 suh.

Thanks, Sil. Where was you goin'?

SIL: De museum, suh. Ah is wo'kin theah.

~~0:~~ Well, that oughtta be both amusing and instructive. Whaddye do?

SIL: Ah carries bones from one room to another suh. They is buildin' a skeleton of a dinin' car, or scamp'm.

~~0:~~ You mean a dinosaur.

SIL: Yassuh...that's what it is...they got some bones twenty feet long and they is deconstructin' it. (LAUGHS) This heah's the fust time ah evah roll de bones fo' a regulah salary. \*

~~0:~~ ~~Well, that must be very fascinatin' stuff. Reconstruction a dinosaur. How long, ah?~~

SIL: ~~Yassuh. Somebody say he can look at a toef which is a million years old and let his body tell him exactly wat de animal look like when it come out of de ground. He showed him a toef dis mornin' and ask him wat kind of animal it was. and he say it was two hundred foot long. eat grass and it had arms and legs and eyes and ears.~~

~~0:~~ ~~Was he right?~~

SIL: ~~No suh. I ain't two hundred foot long, I don't eat no grass and ah is only 25 years old. I had I at toef pulled last night and had it be good luck.~~

~~0:~~ ~~Well, I suppose even science is sometimes guilty of a little horse-poker with the dipodomys. Say...what you go there Sil? A load of them A sample? I thought you didn't drink beer~~

SIL: This ain' fo me, suh...its fo' one of de men at de museum. Rosebud she won' lemme drink no beah.  
(Rosebud, tha's mah gal).  
Well, good for Rosebud. Keeps you on the wagon, eh?  
SIL: Yassuh...she sho do.  
That's fine!  
SIL: Yassuh, that's what ah think too....she is puffectly right about it. It's just lak she say, suh...iffen ah goes roun' drinkin' at nasty ole beah evah day in de week, hov is we gonna have enough money <sup>on Saturday Morn</sup> ~~to buy a shirt~~? Well so long, suh....see you latah.  
Okay SIL....let's see now...oh yes the haberdashery...  
I hope they gotta shirt that'll fit me.

DOOR LATCH:

Boy what a store...pretty fancy. ~~Hey, what's the horse~~  
HEY CLERK! *Will you a shirt will you?*  
Please, sir, not so loud. ~~What's the matter?~~  
Well...where is the clerk?  
The salesgentlemen are having a dish or two, sir. ~~What could I do for you?~~  
You can tell me a shirt. The button is also this one.  
Will you a shirt is it...ah...that you know...  
Appointment, sir. I gotta have a appointment to buy a shirt.

HAL: ~~It is the usual stuff. Sir. Tomorrow, I'll be...~~  
~~HAL: ~~Well, at 15... I'll be...~~~~  
~~HAL: ~~And, naturally, I'll be wearing...~~~~  
~~HAL: ~~For instance, I'll be wearing...~~~~  
~~HAL: ~~Now, what's the difference?~~~~  
~~HAL: ~~I'll be wearing...~~~~  
 HAL: Certainly sir... Something like that... sh... creation  
 you are wearing?  
 HAL: Why not? What's the matter with it?  
 HAL: Those holes, burned in the bosom sir... you smoke a pipe  
 I take it?  
 HAL: No, bud... I gotta battleship tattooed on my chest and  
 everytime a flag goes by it fires a salute.  
 HAL: Really sir. (LAUGHS) The recoil must be terrific.\*  
 HAL: ~~It is. Everybody thinks I got the picture. But come~~  
~~on, bud. I'm a real ship.~~  
 HAL: ~~What else, sir? Oh, I'll be wearing...~~  
 HAL: ~~Of course, I'll be wearing...~~  
~~come from just below my chin to just above my waist.~~  
 HAL: ~~By the way sir... when you have selected a shirt~~  
 may I show you something nice in a bathing suit?  
 HAL: Certainly bud... friend of yours?

HAL: I...er..ahem.....about the shirt, sir...~~how about~~  
~~something in a polo shirt perhaps?~~

~~FIP: I don't play polo, bud. When I play, I request, I walk~~

~~(CH)~~ *Yes* ~~how much is this <sup>one</sup> ~~shirt~~ here?~~

HAL: That ~~number~~ sells for 16 dollars sir.

~~CH~~ How much is that apiece? Lets see....12 into 16,...once  
 and -

HAL: That is not per dozen sir....16 dollars per shirt.

~~CH~~ 16 bucks...for one shirt? Oh now listen, bud---

~~HAL: This is the shirt so many of our Wall Street financiers~~  
~~are wearing, sir.~~

~~FIP: Then what's 16 bucks, apiece? Well, I hope the~~  
~~government don't find that out, because that's another~~  
~~investigation. But what if they do? ...ain't you got~~  
 something about 69¢

HAL: (LAUGHS CONDESCENDINGLY) No, sir. This 16 dollar  
 shirt is our cheapest...and we just carry that for the  
 transient trade.... Sort of a novelty, you know.

~~CH~~ Well it would be a novelty for me to own one. *But* I  
 ain't gonna pay no 16 - HEY WAIT A MINUTE...DOES THAT  
 PRICE INCLUDE A MONOGRAM ON THE SLEEVE? If it does,  
 I'll order a dozen.

HAL: OH yes sir...three letters or two letters?

~~CH~~ Three letters...an "F" and an "K".

HAL: ~~And~~ the third letter sir?

*That's the letter Don Emma send you*

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~~You're going to be in the morning...cancelling~~  
the order \* Good day bud!

DOOR SLAM:

15 bucks, for a shirt! I'd have to buy a jewel case to keep the ravelings in \* Of all the---

Hello there Fibber.

Oh Hiyah Don...

Say, excuse me for mentioning it, Fibber...but that button is off your shirt collar again.

It ain't off again, Don...it's off STILL....YET.

Incidentally how do you feel, Don? All right?

Oh yes...don't worry about me....I'm all right.

Well, we want you to take it easy from now on ye know... have ye got some song that don't...er...that don't sap your strength too much.

How about "THANKS FOR EVERYTHING"

Okay, but just one verse and a chorus now...don't overdo.

~~HEY BILLY, PLAY "THANKS FOR EVERYTHING" NOW.~~

OK: "THANKS FOR EVERYTHING" -- NOVIS

APPLAUSE:

*Music*



**[REDACTED]** That was "Thanks for Everything," beautifully sung by Donald Novis with what I consider more than adequate accompaniment by Billy Mills orchestra...didn't you consider it more than adequate, Harpo?

**WIL:** Yes, I did, Fibber. I think it was almost very superior.

**[REDACTED]:** Oh at LEAST almost very superior. I would pretty near say it was --

DOOR KNOCK:

**[REDACTED]:** I hope that's somebody with a extra shirt. COME IN.

DOOR LATCH:

**WOMAN:** Mr. McGee?

**[REDACTED]:** You betcha sis. What can I do for ye?

**WOMAN:** Well, we were listening to your program coming down town in our car, and half way down here the radio went on the bum. Would you mind starting over?

**[REDACTED]:** Wel-l-l (LAUGHS) I dunno sis....I don't believe we got time for that. What was the last thing you heard?

**WOMAN:** When some old man came in and said "THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT, ~~THE BROADCASTER, ONE OTHER GUY DO~~ THE OTHER FELLER SAY, ~~HE SAID~~ - and then the radio went blooie.

**[REDACTED]:** Well, I guess we can repeat that part for ye. HEY.... OLD TIMER.

**OLD MAN:** EHMMH?

**[S]:** Mind repeatin' that wheeze of yours for a lady?  
You know...the one about the Kaiser?

**OLD MAN:** Never repeat 'em Johnny...but here's one I heered comin' down in MY car this mornin' I had the radio on and one feller says to the other feller SAYYYYYY, he says, I SEE BY THE PAPER WHERE .....(MUMBLE UNINTELLIGLY) zat so says tother feller, but how did,....(MUMBLE...MUMBLE) .....\*I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS A PEANUT STAND\* Heh heh heh...I thought that was a good one, Johnny.

**WOMAN:** But I didn't hear the middle part of it.

**OLD TIMER:** Neither did I, daughter.. just at that time I was goin' under a viaduct. Heh heh heh...but you should o' heered 'em laughin'.

**WOMAN:** Oh, for goodness sakes!

**DOOR SLAM:**

**[S]:** That's a fine way to antagonize our customers! You mighta at least,....at least...ahhhhhhhhhh-chooooooooooooo

**WIL:** Say, Fibber, you're catching cold....you've got to get a button on that shirt, or else wear a scarf.

**[S]:** NO SIR....I KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO. IT MIGHT BE A LITTLE RADICAL...BUT I'M TIRED O' TRYIN' TO GET A BUTTON ON THIS SHIRT.

**WIL:** What are you going to do?

**[S]:** *Y'all see*  
~~He's not a doctor~~ So. You get Billy and Don and Mrs. Uppington and Silly Watson and ----

**DOOR LATCH:**

NICK: Well, hello there Fizzer! What is this gossip I am hearing about you losing a shirt off your top button?

~~Q:~~ <sup>Nick</sup> ~~Hi Nick~~...yes that's right. How did you hear about it?

NICK: Oh I overlistened to a couple of people disgusting it down town...while I was in the courthouse.

~~Q:~~ In the courthouse...watcha doin' there, Nick,

NICK: I am ~~somebody~~ a wetnurse, Fizzer.

~~Q:~~ Is a WHAT?

NICK: A wetnurse....I am a wetnurse in a little legal controversy.

~~Q:~~ A wetnu....OH YOU MEAN A WITNESS? \*

NICK: Sure....a wetnurse. A friends of mine, Andreas Androgrogrorious, is getting a kick in the breeches of promise by a kewpie who<sup>is</sup> having a broken heart for fifty thousands dollars. (LAUGHS) For fifty thousand dollars they can break my heart into a jiggle saw puzzle, I'm thinking. \*

~~Q:~~ <sup>Me too</sup> ~~Oh that's~~ <sup>Just</sup> ~~but~~ was probably indiscreet.

NICK: That is the situssim in a nutpick, Fizzer. Or course, my friend Andreas can afford to make a sediment out of court but what is burning him up is all the fleas.

~~Q:~~ Fleas?

NICK: Sure....court fees, attorneys fees...

~~DEP~~: That's FEES, Nick. There's no L in it.

NICK: Is that so! Well from where I am sitting ~~on the~~  
~~standing a bench~~....there is being plenty of L  
 in it, I'm thinking! ~~I am being very glad I am a~~  
~~happily married man so I am not being proscribed~~  
~~by a cute kids from a chorus who is only knowing~~  
~~two notes of music.~~ ME and DOUGH: "Heh heh heh..."

~~DEP~~ Well, it'll probably teach ~~you~~ <sup>that boy</sup> a lesson anyway

NICK: Fizzer, you said it with a mouthful that time! As I  
 am saying to my friend, Andreas...."ANDREAS," I AM  
 SAYING....WHEN YOU ARE TELLING A FEMALES I LOVE YOU,  
 THAT'SUCKLY DUCKLY, BUT THE MINUTES A MON IS WRITING  
 THOSE SAME THING IN A LETTER, THE MALE IS IN THE BAG!  
~~Well, he lost Fizzer, and if you can come over to my~~  
~~house for dinner tonight, better take it next week~~  
~~tomorrow.~~

DOOR SLAM.

~~DEP~~: You'd think after <sup>what</sup> them Greeks learned at Troy, they  
 Wooden Horse around so much. ~~HEY HARPO~~...is everybody  
 here?

WIL: Yes, I think so -

~~DEP~~: MRS UPPINGTON...DON NOVIS..BILLY....OLD TIMER..SILLY  
 WATSON....NICK DEPOF LIS.....

VOICES UP IN AGREEMENT

0:

Now listen folks..set down and listen to me..

SCUFFLE:

0

Now then..you know what ~~2~~ time I been havin' with  
the button off my shirt..~~no thread~~..nobody's got  
a needle and thread..I can't borrow a shirt or  
buy a shirt..AND I'M GONNA DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!  
I want you all to go home and pack your trunks and  
meet me at the Union Station tomorrow morning.

MURMUR OF VOICES:

WEP:

What are you going to do!

0

I'm gonna move this show to Hollywood where a guy  
can go around with his shirt collar open \*I won't  
be the only one out there who hasn't got <sup>all</sup> his buttons.\*

(APPLAUSE)

ORCH:

("THIS IS IT")

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

Fibber will be back in just a moment; but right now I'd like to say ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup>. No matter what type home you live in -- a tiny apartment -- a beautiful mansion, or a small cottage, your floors will be much easier to care for, much cleaner and more sanitary if they are protected with JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT. Dust and dirt simply can't stick to the beautiful, polished surface. Spilled food can be quickly wiped away. If you want your floors always to have a bright, spick and span look that will attract the admiration of everyone, just let JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING GLO-COAT polish your floors for you. GLO-COAT works like magic -- quickly giving your painted and varnished wood floors, as well as your linoleum, a wonderful, shining polish without rubbing or buffing. Remember it never pays to buy a cheap, inferior polish that streaks or smears. For real economy, insist on one of the JOHN WAX PRODUCTS -- the fine, dependable products that give greater beauty, longer wear.

ORCH: SWELL MUSIC -- FADE ON CUE)

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*Speaking of our moving to Hollywood*  
Folks, now that we've really moved the show to  
*It's just like to say this*  
~~Hollywood, it's like to put my finger to the many~~  
~~you've already heard on the radio.~~ It's *easy* ~~simple~~ for  
us to move into the sunshine, but if you'd like to  
move some sunshine into the lives of ill and  
crippled children send 10¢ to President Roosevelt  
in Washington, to help the fight on *Infantile* ~~infantile~~  
paralysis. Remember, it's your dimes that will put  
a silver lining on the dark cloud of a dread  
disease. So join the March of Dimes, ~~People~~. Thank  
you, and good night *Folks*.

APPLAUSE

OPK: - UP TO FINISH.

SIGN OFF --

30 SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT -- FURNITURE POLISH (FOLLOWS TAG GAG)

G-Men collect finger prints for a good purpose, but there is no good reason why you should collect finger prints on your furniture. Then why use a sticky, oily polish that holds smudges and dust? Be wise! Use JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH -- the new type polish which contains no oil. JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH is easy to use -- gives a satiny wax lustre that everyone admires. Women say this wonderful polish cuts dusting in half. Buy a bottle of JOHNSON'S FURNITURE POLISH tomorrow.

ES-MR-AB-AH  
10:20 1-24-39