

NBC

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

WRITER DON QUINN

PROGRAM TITLE "FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY" #19

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET WLS

7:00-7:30 PM

(AUGUST 19, 1935)

(MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

MARKS

Intro To "Sophisticated Lady"

Ronnie Lee

Page 2

MUSIC: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" -- DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

WIL: The Makers of Johnson's Wax present another lively, lyrical lucky-go-happy half hour, with RICO MARCELLI'S ORCHESTRA - ^{all}RONNIE MANSFIELD, - THE JOHNSON MERRYMEN, - LAVER & WINSTON, and MARIAN AND HIM as your fugitives from formality; your flivving, four-cylinder philosophers, FIBBER MC GEE & MOLLY!

APPLAUSE

WIL: MARCELLI AND HIS MEN GO MUSICALLY MARITIME, AS THEY SAIL INTO A MEDLEY OF NAUTICAL NUMBERS! HEAVE-O, MARCELLI!

ORCHESTRA: SEA SONG MEDLEY (DOWN FOR 25-SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT)

ORCHESTRA: SEA SONG MEDLEY UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: MC GEE THEME . . . "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

SOUND: MOTOR UP TO ESTABLISH . . . AND DOWN

WIL: AND HERE ARE THE MERRY MCGEES . . . MOTORING ALONG THE N.B. SEACOAST, AS THEY SIGHT A NAVAL TRAINING SHIP, FOUR POINTS OFF THEIR STARBOARD FENDER!

FIB: Hey...Molly....look Over there!

MOL: Where?

FIB: Why dad rat it...over THERE ...see it?

MOL: I can't see a thing, McGee...that big boat there is in me way

FIB: SHUCKS! that's what I meant. The boat. That there's a navy boat, Molly.

MOL: And what of it?

FIB: What of it? (LAUGHS) Shucks, didn't I ever tell ye I was an old navy man, Molly? Come on...let's go and look over the boat.

MOL: Oh now, McGee. Fer Heaven's sake, we've no time to peekin' thru portholes and -

FIB: C'mon, Molly. Shucks. makes me homesick fer the old U.S.S. Wilcox.

MOL: Go on with ye McGee. ye might claim to be an admiral from a Brooklyn battleship but I know yer jest a squirt from a naval orange. Well - if ye must stop --

SOUND: MOTOR UP AND OUT BRAKE SCREECH

FIB: Gotta git them brakes fixed, AHEM. Hi, there, Sailor.

VOICE: (OFF MIKE) Good afternoon, sir.

FIB: Hey kin we come on board and look 'er over?

VOICE: Certainly sir. This is visitors day, sir. (CLOSER) Whitney!

MAN: Yes sir.

VOICE: You will escort these people about. Explain everything to them.

MAN: Aye aye, sir.

FIB: Shucks, (LAUGHS) He don't have to explain nuthin' to me, Captain.

VOICE: Lieutenant. Lieutenant Senior grade.

FIB: Yes. AHEM. But as I was sayin' he don't have to explain nuthin' to me. I'm an old navy man myself.

MOL: Oh now, McGee. you was never a -

FIB: Used to be a gunner on the old U.S.S. Wilcox, myself.

VOICE: The U.S.S. Wilcox? Never heard of her, sir?

FIB: I know. AHEM. She was one o' them mystery ships, durin' the war. AHEM. Okay. bud. lead on.

MAN: Right this way sir.

MOL: My my tis a real pretty uniform you have on, son.

MAN: Thank you.

FIB: Yes, Molly. Ye see that there eagle and instig. er. ismif. er...instign. ahem. THEM DINGUSES he's got onto his left arm means he's a gunner's mate. Don't it, bud?

MAN: No sir. The insignia means machinists mate, second class. A gunner's mate insignia is on the RIGHT arm.

MOL: (LAUGHS)

FIB: Oh. Oh yes, AHEM. Well it's been quite a while sence I was. er...AHEM. Let's start over there on the port side. Shall we, Molly?

MOL: Port or muscatel, 'tis all the same to me, McGee.

MAN: Pardon me, sir. Port is to the left facing for'd. Starboard is to the right. Watch your step please madam.

FIB: Yes, Molly. Don't go trippin' over them ropes.

MAN: We call them LINES in the navy sir. if you remember.

FIB: Ohhhh yes. AHEM. I fergot fer a minute. But it's all comin' back. But fer all the years I spent in the navy, I -

SOUND: BUGLE CALL ("RECALL")

FIB: Ahh ye hear that, Molly? MESS CALL!

MAN: No sir. That was recall, sir.

FIB: NO...was it? AHEM. Must o' got them calls fixed since I was in.

MOL: What navy did you say you was in, McGee? (LAUGHS) Swiss or Irish?

FIB: Dad rat it, I was in the good old U.S.N....hey, Molly. See that there flag up there? That means they're gonna sail pretty quick now. Don't it bud?

MAN: No sir. That's the chow pennant, sir. The men just finished chow.

MOL: Ring it up, McGee

FIB: Ring what up?

MOL: No sail. (LAUGHS)

MAN: Now, if you'll step over this way sir... don't hurt yourself on the corner of the fiddlely there, madam

FIB: No, Molly. Watch that there fiddlely. AHEM. Ye see they use them for leadin' and unloadin' cargo...the top comes up like a dad ratted sidewalk elevator. So be careful.

MAN: Oh no, sir. That fiddlely hatch is just to ventilate the engine room. This way, please.

MOL: My my everything is neat and clean, isn't it, McGee?

FIB: You betcha. Us navy men is pretty pertickler, Molly. Why I mind the time me and Fireman Finnerty had a -

SOUND: (SIX STROKES OF BELL, BY TWOS)

MOL: And what would that mean, now? Recess?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Ye hear that, bud? (LAUGHS) That means it's six o'clock, Molly. I guess you don't know much about life onto one o' these -

MAN: The six bells means three o'clock, madam.

FIB: Yes. three o'clock. What'd I say, SIX? AHEM. I meant three.

MOL: Look, McGee..the little iron pins stuck into the rail. What are they for?

FIB: Oh them? Why, ...er... AHEM. Them are to repel boarders with, Molly. Ye see, when a enemy comes aboard, ye grab one o' them things and -

MAN: Those are belaying pins, madam. They are used to make lines fast to.

MOL: Oh. Thank ye

FIB: Don't mention it, Molly. Me and bud here is always glad to explain things to ye. Where we goin' now? Downstairs?

MAN: It's referred to as "BELOW" in the navy sir. If you remember

FIB: Oh yes. I remember now.. everytime we went down the stairs.

MAN: LADDER, sir, if you recall.

FIB: That's what I says...ladder. Every time we went down a ladder and bumped into a wall...

MAN: Not wall, sir, Bulkhead.

FIB: Yes. AHEM. Bullhead. Well sir, as I was sayin'...

MOL: My my look at all the little hooks on the ceilin', McGee? To hang up the washin' no doubt.

FIB: Oh no, Molly. Them hooks is to hang firehose onto in case o' fire. Yee see, when -

MAN: Those are hammock hooks, madam. The crew sling their hammocks from those hooks.

FIB: Yes, hammock hooks. ~~AHEM~~ and look at all that there shiny metal, Molly

MAN: We call it orightwork, sir. If you remember.

FIB: Oh yes. Shucks, before I got promoted to sergeant at arms -

MAN: Jimmie legs.

FIB: Who?

MAN: Jimmie legs.

FIB: What about Jimmie's legs?

MAN: You'll remember that's what we call a sergeant at arms, sir.

FIB: Oh yes. AHEM. I .er what was I sayin'? Oh yes...well sir, me and Fireman Finnerty was walkin' along the deck one day, whistlin' Anchors Aweigh when

MAN: Whistling, sir?

FIB: Sure? I was the champeen whistler in the Navy, bud. I used to entertain all them men on deck whilst we was at sea, whistlin' all their favorite tunes. I (PAUSE). well, don't ye believe it?

MAN: Whistling is not permitted aboard ship sir...if you'll remember

MOL: Back into drydock, McGee...ye got barnacles on yer brain

FIB: Well it jest goes to show how things change in a few years. Wait till ye serve fer a while onto a submarine, bud. Then's when you'll...

MAN: I served two hitches on the I 39, sir.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Ye did, eh? Well sir, I always says that -

MOL: And what's the little blue light for, me boy?

MAN: That one.. up there, madam? That's the smoking light.

FIB: Ye see, Molly, when the smokestack -

MAN: Funnel.

FIB: When the funnel gets to smokin' too bad, them men takes off the white uniforms and gits into blue ones, on account o' because the soot don't show up so bad on -

MAN: The smoking light, madam, indicates that smoking is permitted when it is lit.

MOL: Thank ye, McGee...ye haven't hit one right yet. Are ye sure ye wasn't a blacksmith in the horse marines?

FIB: Dad rat it, I.. aw shucks..let's go back upstairs...come on Molly.

MAN: ~~Not upstairs, sir if you'll remember~~ On the TOPSIDE.

FIB: Oh yes. AHEM the topside. Come on up, Molly. S'matter, bud. why don't ye come up this side?

MAN: That's the starboard side, sir. Starboard side is for officers only, if you'll remember, sir.

FIB: Come on, Molly. Let's git goin'. The Navy ain't what it used to be. I kin see that. No...over that way, Molly.

The stairs goin' down to the dock is

MAN: I beg your pardon sir. ~~GAHWAY~~, if you'll remember.

FIB: ~~I know...but them posts are -~~

MAN: ~~Boilards, sir, if you'll recall.~~

FIB: Dad rat it. if it wasn't fer respect fer the flag back there.
I'd.

MAN: It's referred to as the ENSIGN, sir, if you'll remember.

MOL: (LAUGHS) Come on. Get off the boat. ~~Heed~~ ^{you're all need} at least you ^{up}
~~know enough to call a spark plug a spark plug~~

FIB: I know but this here fresh young gunners mate

MAN: Machinists mate, sir, if you'll remember.

FIB: Kin you swim, bud?

MAN: Oh yes, sir They require expert knowledge of swimming in
the navy now sir

FIB: That's all I wanted to know (LAUGHS) ~~is that so Well they~~
~~never did when I was in~~ ^{well they} ^{never did when I was in} if you'll

MAN: Hey let go of me

FIB: DON'T STUMBLE THERE, Bud

ORCHESTRA: "SOPHISTICATED LADY" LAVER & WINSTON

(DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: (LAUGHS) It looks like Fibber revealed GOBS OF
unsophistication so we'll reverse our engines and hear from
"Sophisticated Lady," with Winston and Laveer at the port and
starboard pianos "SOPHISTICATED LADY"

ORCHESTRA: "SOPHISTICATED LADY" (UP TO FINISH)

APPLAUSE

ORCHESTRA: CHASER

WIL: Here's a message to all car owners from the Makers of Johnson
Auto Wax If you'll...

FIB: Jest a mite there, Harpo. Me and Molly...

WIL: HARLOW, if you'll remember

FIB: Oh you're one o' them machinists mates, too, eh? AHEM.

Listen, Harpo, me and Molly have writ us a little pome about
Johnson's wax. Wanta hear it?

WIL: No, I'm afraid I won't have time to list-

FIB: I knew you'd be anxious to hear it AHEM Give us a chord,
Marshmelli. Come on, Molly.

ORCHESTRA: SORETY CHORD

FIB: THERE WAS A YOUNG FELLER

MOL: AND HIS NAME WAS PERKINS POWER

FIB: HE NEVER HAD A SWEETIE

MOL: HE WAS JEST A WALL-FUL-LOWER

FIB: LEARNED TO PLAY THE GITTAR

MOL: BUT IT DIDN'T DO NO GOOD

FIB: TOOK A COURSE IN PERSONALITY

MOL: BUT THEY DON'T DO WHAT THEY SHOULD

FIB: GOT HIMSELF GOME ICE CREAM PAINTS

MOL: AND RAISED A MUSTACHE TOO...

FIB: GOT MANICURES AND EVERYTHING...

MOL: BUT NONE OF 'EM WOULD DO

FIB: THE GAIS JEST DIDN'T GIVE A WHOOP ABOUT POOR PERKINS POWER

MOL: LIFE TO HIM WAS JUST A PAIN..THE WORLD WAS GOIN' SOUR.

FIB: TILL HE TUNED IN HIS RADIO

MOL: ONE MONDAY NIGHT AT SEVEN

FIB: AND LEARNED JUST HOW TO GET A GAL
 MOL: HE'S REACHED THE 7th HEAVEN
 FIB: HE FOUND THAT GALS WONT RIDE AROUND
 MOL: IN CARS THAT LOOK TOO TINNISH
 FIB: ^{He} AND LEARNED THAT JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER COULDN'T HARM THE

FINISH

MOL: ~~SO HE RECOMMENDED AND SO WITH YOU TO THE YOUR NEIGHBORS~~

CRACKS

FIB: ABOUT YOUR CAR' APPEARANCE,
 FIB& MOL: ^{the} GET AND USE SOME JOHNSON'S WAX!

ORCHESTRA: CHORD

WIL: (LAUGHS) WELL THAT'S WHAT WE'D CALL MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.
 IF YOU'LL JUST TRY THAT USING (ETC INTO COMMERCIAL)

new lines into commercial

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

WILCOX: Now is the time to wax your car! Don't drive around another day in a dirty, dull, faded looking car. It gives everybody a very poor impression of you. And it is so easy to take away all that unattractive dirty film and give your car a gleaming polish that shines like new. It is easy -- that is -- if you use Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. These two products are regular miracle workers. They transform your car right before your eyes. With Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner the work is done in about half the usual time. You will be proud of your car when you see all the sparkle come back to the finish. It will look like it did when you first drove it out of the show-room. So go to your dealer at once and ask for Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner. Let me assure you that Johnson's Auto Cleaner contains no harsh abrasives. It does a miraculous cleaning job and it positively does not harm the finish. Insist on Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner and save the finish on your car.

WIL: (FROM COMMERCIAL) . . . NOW THEN HERE'S A NEWCOMER TO THIS PROGRAM BUT AN OLD FAVORITE WITH JOHNSON'S WAX FANS WE'RE HAPPY TO PRESENT THE POSSESSOR OF ONE OF THE FINEST TENOR VOICES IN RADIO RONNIE MANSFIELD!! HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING BACK IN CHICAGO, RONNIE?

RONNIE: It's "With a Song In My Heart. Harlow"

ORCHESTRA: "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART" MANSFIELD

APPLAUSE:

ORCHESTRA: "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN"

WIL: NOW WE'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE DOCK, WHERE FIBBER AND MOLLY INSPECTED THE TRAINING SHIP . . . (IF YOU'LL REMEMBER) THEY HAVE STOPPED TALK TO ANOTHER SAILOR

MAN: What happened back there Mister?

MOL: Twas a man fell off the boat, me boy

MAN: YEAH? (LAUGHS) Must have been young Jones. He's always falling over something

FIB & MOL: No, his name was WHITNEY

MAN: Oh, you both know the one who fell off eh?

FIB: Well, er, ~~AHEM~~ In a way, yes, ~~AHEM~~ Ye see, son, he SAY, YE HAVE VISITORS DAY EVERY DAY?

MAN: No, Just Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays while we're in port. Did you look ~~ta~~ over?

MOL: Sure we did. Twas a real nice boat, me boy

FIB: Made me kinda homesick, though. I'm an old navy man, myself, bud

MAN: Yeah? Durin' the war?

FIB: Yep. Used to be a gunner's mate onto the U.S.S. Wilcox. AHEM.

MOL: Oh now McGee . . . remember what happened when -

FIB: THE OLD WILCOX was a mystery ship durin' the war, bud. But you're probly too young to remember.

MAN: Oh, I remember hearing about them. Disguised as merchant ships weren't they?

FIB: Yep. For official purposes twas called the U.S.S. Wilcox. but fer strangers twas named the S.S. CLEAMGLOSSY, with a cargo o' Johnson's Wax. I was assigned to 'er as chief gunner. SALVE MCGEE they called me. THE SMARTEST SUB SINKER o' THE SEVEN SEAS.

MAN: IS THAT SO?

MOL: No.

FIB: Yes. AHEM. Well, sir, I'll never forgit the day we got orders to ank the yanker. . . I mean yank the anchor and head full speed fer the Irish Coast.

MOL: Ye mean ye pulled out fer Cork. (LAUGHS)

FIB: Don't interefere with the navy, Molly. AHEM. Well, sir, there we was keepin' a sharp lookout as we speeded along the steamer lanes, makin' a good eighty-five per, and -

MAN: Eighty-five PER?

MOL: Per what?

FIB: Per-haps twas only seventy five. AHEM. Well, sir, nuthin' happened till the lookout sighted the Isle o' Boy.

MAN: You mean the Isle of Man.

FIB: We wasn't sure. Looked like a Boy at that distance. AHEM. Then what does I hear but the lookout hollers SUBMARINE, HO! WHERE AWAY, I HOLLERS? rippin' the tarpaulin offen the quick-firin' gun, and callin' all hands to stations. DEAD AHEAD, SIR, HOLLERS THE LOOKOUT. And sure enough...there wallowin' around into the waves right ahead of us was a Youse Boat.

MOL: Ye mean U-Boat, McGee.

FIB: We had to say YOUSE BOAT, Molly. Ye see was disguised as a tramp ship. AHEM. Couldn't be too grammatical, and we fooled 'em too. They was sure we was jest a harmless tramp ship.

MOL: Kind of a hoboat, ye might say.

FIB: I might, but I ain't gonna. AHEM. Well sir, we could see 'em starin' at us thru their glasses....

MOL: What was they drinkin'. Beer?

FIB: Dad rat it, not DRINKIN' glasses. FIELD Glasses.

MAN: Binoculars.

FIB: Yes, pinock...binokka...sure. AHEM. They couldn't see my guns, on account o' because they was pertected behind a low wall. AHEM. Bulkhead to you, Molly.

MOL: Aye aye sir. Bulkhead me eye, sir.

FIB: AS ye were. AHEM. Well sir the crew o' the Gleamglossy was gittin' kinda nervous as they see that there Submarine gittin' ready to fire a ~~torpedo~~ at us. Ye see. They didn't realize they had Fancy McGee, the Finest Flower o' the Fightin' fleet aboard. But I jest stood there, polishin' my nails --

MOL: Let's see, McGee.

FIB: Oh this was YEARS ago, Molly. AHEM. But I was watchin' them submarine officers outa the corner o' my eye...watchin' 'em give orders to fire a shot across our bow. (PRONOUNCED BOE)

MAN: Bow.

FIB: How?

MAN: You said Bow.

FIB: Oh. AHEM. Well sir, I had me my gun all loaded, and when I seen the flash o' their cannon, I took a quick aim, pulled the trigger and exploded their shell into midair.

MAN: (WHISTLES) Boy, some shootin'!

FIB: Oh I dunno. I was a little slow onto that one and their shell got forty eight foot outa their gun before my shell hit it. Kinda sloppy shootin'. AHEM.

MAN: Then I suppose you shot the whole herd of them?

MOL: Sure. That was the herd that was shot round the world.

FIB: Quiet, Molly. This here's official business. AHEM. Well sir, then they seen what I could do with a quick firin' gun, they give some quick orders, in low German...

MAN: Low German?

FIB: Ype. Submarine sailors ^{always} use low German. ~~Surface boat and~~ plane pilots use high German. AHEM. ~~Allowin' for altitude,~~ ~~can?~~ AHEM. Well sir, then they all sprung inside o' the submarine and clangd the canning tower shut.

MAN: You mean conning tower.

FIB: Canning tower, I says.

MOL: What was they canning, McGee? Sauerkraut?

FIB: They was PRESERVING their lives. AHEM. But they was too slow. With a quick aim, I pointed the gun at their trap door, timin' it perfect and jest as it shut, I shot a shell that wedged itself into the door so's they couldn't shut it. The heat o' the shell had kind of welded the trap door where it was....so they couldn't open it and they couldn't shut it. But they was brave fellers, and kept hollerin' insults at us.

MOL: Twas your own fault, McGee.

FIB: Why?

MOL: You fixed it so's they couldn't shut their trap.

FIB: AHEM. Well sir, I knew what they'd do next. They was gonna fire tuxedos at us.

MAN: Torpedoes, you mean.

FIB: That's what I says. Then I hears the lookout holler TORPEDO Ho. WHERE AWAY I hollers back. On the starboard beam, he hollers, and givin' a quick look over the side, I seen a white foam where a torpedo was headin' right fer the waterline.

MOL: I suppose ye polished the nails on your other hand then, McGee.

FIB: Nope. I jest yawned, and watched that there torpedo comin' at us, full speed, whilst the crew o' the Gleamglossy was gittin' ready to jump overboard. Then, at the last minute, so's there wouldn't be no miscalculation, I swung my gun so's it covered the torpedo that was jest about to strike us and pulled the trigger.

MAN: I suppose you hit the torpedo right on the nose.

FIB: Nope. Them Germans had polished her up with Johnson's Wax and it glittered so bright, it dazzled me and spoiled my aim. Kind of a dirty trick, too. So the torpedo hit us right smack down the ammunition compartment with a explosion ye could O' heard fer a thousand miles. Well, bud, we gotta be goin'.

SOUND: MOTOR IN AND UP...DOWN FOR DIALOG

MAN: Hey wait a minute, mister. If that torpedo hit your ship in the ammunition compartment you wouldn't be here today. How do you explain that?

FIB: (LAUGHS) Shucks, son, there ain't no explanation. I TOLD ye that was a mystery ship, didn't I? Lay aft on the topside, bud and relieve the wheel! C'mon, Molly.

SOUND: HORN MOTOR UP

APPLAUSE

ORCH: AND THAT'S THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD (OVER APPLAUSE)

ORCH: ONE IN A MILLION - MERRYMEN

WIL: That was Marcelli and his men, assisted by the Johnsons Merry-men, looking for...and finding "One In A Million" ~~which is just what your car will look like if you treat it to a coat of Johnson's etc.~~ (INTO COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL: (CONTINUED)

Page 3.

WILCOX: Which is just what your car will look like after Johnson's Auto Cleaner had taken away all the dirty film, and restored the bright beautiful finish it had when the car was new. Now it's very important to protect the finish so it will stay shining. And it's very important that you use Johnson's Auto Wax in order to give your car the gurest protection against sun, rain and road-film. With a gleaming coat of Johnson's Wax your car, whether new or old, will resist dust and dirt. Car washings will be cut way down after your car is Johnson Waxed. The polish wears like iron - keeps your car in such beautiful condition that you will get much more money for it at the time of resale.

So go to your Dealer right away, order Johnson's Auto Wax and Cleaner at the special price of 98¢ for the two. Your dealer will give you a can of fine quality black touch-up enamel free, with your purchase. If you prefer, your garage or service station will wax your car for you. But don't delay another day - wax your car the Johnson way!

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11:15 AM

Page 18.

ORCH: THEME "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: Well, that's the last of Fibber and Molly till the first of next week. Check that letter/^Mon your calender. It stands for Monday, Marcelli, Molly McGee, Music, Merrimen, Mansfield, and me. And -

FIB: Hey there Harpe - where do I come in?

WIL: Oh yes. Ladies and gentlemen, 'M' also stands for mark.

FIB: My name ain't Mark.

WIL: I know. I meant mark my words; "Johnson's Auto cleaner cannot possibly harm the finish!"

MOL: McGee...it serves ye right. Now come and set down.

FIB: Aw shucks...A feller ain't got no chance against one o' them announcers they always git in the last word.

WIL: (LAUGHS) And the last word in car finish protection is Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. That's Harlow Wilcox's last word, except...goodnight!

ORCH: THEME UP TO FINISH

APPLAUSE: Dammit! APPLAUSE!

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245 PM