

NBC

ADVERTISER **W. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.**

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY #88**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**
(7:00 - 7:30 PM)

(AUGUST 3, 1936)

(MONDAY)

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

Not Correct

or 8-19-35

Light ship

Page 2.

FANFARE:

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program:

ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW"

WIL: Good evening everyone! The makers of Johnsons Wax present Marian and Jim as Fibber Mc Gee and Molly. Ted Weems and his orchestra open the show with "WE SAW THE SEA" from "Follow the Fleet". Cast off, Ted!

ORK: "WE SAW THE SEA"

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (1st Commercial)

- Commercial -

ORK: MCGEE THEME: "RIDIN' AROUND" - (Down for annom't)

WIL: WELL, IT'S A LIFE ON THE BOUNDING MAIN FOR OUR TWO FRIENDS THIS WEEK. THEY'VE BEEN INVITED ON A LITTLE YACHT CRUISE, AND WITH THE CAPTAIN TAKEN ILL WITH A HEADACHE, FIBBER HAS OFFERED TO RUN THE SHIP. SO, UNTIL THE CAPTAIN COMES BACK TO THE BRIDGE AND FINDS OUT WHAT A REAL HEADACHE IS, WE FIND IN COMMAND THOSE TWO SALTY SEA-FARERS, - FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

EFFECT: SIREN (SHIP)

MOL: I wonder what all the guests on board will say when they hear who's in charge o' the ship, McGee...

FIB: Shucks, if they dont say nuthin, it's okay. And if they object it's mutiny, and I'll put 'em in irons.

MOL: In irons. What does that mean,?

FIB: Search me. But that's what they always do to mutineers. Besides everything's gonna be all right. They's pirates blood in me, Molly.

MOL: I believe it. You certainly act pretty Kiddish at times.

FIB: Ye know, Molly, I -

SOUND: LAUNCH WHISTLE (DISTANT)

MOL: WATCH WHAT YOUR DOIN', MCGEE...heavny days, ye nearly run down that launch.

FIB: They shoulda got outa the way. Accordin' to the rules o' navigation the vessel onto the starboard tack has got the right o' way unless the vessel on the port tack supersedes the starboard tack by blowin' his whistle four times, which means, OUTA THE WAY, STUPID, international code, while flyin' a red flag with a white circle, which means either send a bottle o' seltzer aboard or which way is Newfoundland. AHEM. It's easy when ye know the rules, Molly.

MOL: You been readin' them navigation books till you're dizzy, McGee. You been spoutin' misinformation ever since you come over the gangplank. And incidentally...why do they call it a gangplank?

FIB: Well now lemme see...gangplank...gangplank...

MOL: I suppose you think it's a law enforcement clause in a political platform.

FIB: Now wait, Molly...gimme a chance...let's see...they call it a gang plank on account o' because it...er....

SCOT: I'll be glad to give the information, laddie.

FIB: Guests aint allowed up here on the bridge, bud.

MOL: But while your here, why DO they call it a gangplank.

SCOT: Because, Lass, ye go oop it when ye're gang awa' and ye coon doon it when ye're gang hame.

EFFECT: STEAMER WHISTLE

MOL: Which way are we headed, McGee?

FIB: Hard to tell, Molly. That dad ratted compass wont hold still long enough for me to see. Look.

MOL: It skips around between southwest and nor nor east, McGee.

FIB: I know.. I'm gonna git the ships carpenter to pound a nail thru the needle to hold it steady. Meantime, ye know how I'm holdin' 'er steady onto her course?

MOL: How?

FIB: See that flagpole up there in the sharp end? Well, I'm jest keepin' that straight ahead of me all the time.

MOL: Well, it's a good thing there's lots o' water in the atlantic.

MAN: Beggin' yer pardon sir, there's a wireless just received sir, from the coast guard cutter.

MOL: What's it say?

MAN: It says ICEBERG SIGHTED TWO DEGREES EAST OF YOUR POSITION.

FIB: Okay...tell 'em we dont need any today.

EFFECT: STEAM WHISTLE

MOL: Ye know, McGee...I got a feelin' you dont know in the least what youre doin'?

FIB: Oh now, Molly...didnt the skipper turn it over to me? Aint I wearin' his coat with four stripes onto the sleeve?

MOL: A zebra wears stripes, too, but it's just a jackass underneath.

FIB: Well, just the same, I - well?

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee...here comes one of the sailors.

SOUND: Looks familiar, too.

FIB: Oh yes...That's Red Ingle...one of the deck hands.

MOL: I know...I saw him playing his violin, on the fiddley hatch.

FIB: AHEM...what you want, Sailor?

MAN: Beggin' yer pardon, sir, one of the crew picks up this bloomin' bottle from the water, sir, as it was a floatin' past.

MOL: Heavenly days, a bottle...and it's got a message in it!

FIB: Here...give it here and I'll open 'er up.

MAN: Shall I 'hold the wheel, sir?

FIB: No let the wheel go. They aint nothin' to run into.

MAN: No sir. But she'll yaw, sir.

MOL: Yaw sir?

MAN: Yes ma'am, yaw, ma'am. I mean, lydy, the bloomin' tub'll fall off to lee'ard, ma'am, if she aiynt kept on 'er blinkin' course.

FIB: Don't worry about runnin' the boat, bud. You go on back downstairs.

MAN: Below, sir, ye mean. Downstairs aiynt proper nautical, sir.

FIB: Oh go jump in the lake!

MAN: Yes sir. Right away, sir.

SPLASH:

VOICE: MAN OVERBOARD!!

MOL: Hmm...that's what I like to see...discipline.

FIB: Now let's see what's in this bottle. (GRUNTS) If I kin only git this here cork loose...here she comes...

SOUND: GORK POPPING.

MOL: Now how are ye gonna git the message out, McGee?

IB: I dunno. Gimme a hairpin, Molly. Thanks. Nope. Taint long enough. Gotta have a long piece o' wire...let me see now...long piece o' wire...long piece o' wire...

OL: Did it ever occur to ye to bust the bottle, McGee?

IB: I thought o' that, Molly...but this note might require a answer. AHEM. Oh well....

FOUND: GLASS CRASH

IB: Got the note, Molly? What's it say...?

OL: Heavenly days...LISTEN, MCGEE. It's says:

TO HER ROYAL MAJESTY, QUEEN ISABELLA, MADRID,
SPAIN.

Dear BABE: Hope to sight land tomorrow. Having nice trip. Wish you were here.

(Signed) Chris. X X X X X X X X.

IB: Well fer the...kin you imagine that, Molly? From Columbus!

OL: And to think it was written on the typewriter, too!

IB: And on Waldorf Astoria stationery! The two-timer!

OL: I see it all now. He crossed the Atlantic and double crossed Isabella. And no regrets!

IB: "NO REGRETS" --

-- COMO

PRELIMINARY:

IB: "RIE N" AROUND IN THE RAIN" (Down for announcement)

WIL: That was "No Regrets" played by Bosn's Mate Weems and sung by Cabin-boy Como- and -

Now back on board the lugger, mates, where Skipper McGee and Molly are looking over the charts on the bridge.

MOL: Oh. Well, I hope nothin' happens while your in charge, McGee. I cant swim very good.

FIB: Oh well...I can swim good enough for both of us. I ever tell ye bout the time I was whalin' near Novy Scotia?

MOL: No. What were you whalin' about?

FIB: Not wailin', Molly. "WHALIN'". Catchin' whales. I was out in a small-boat with a harpoon into my hand and the rope tied around my waist and a tremendous whale dead ahead. I was already to heave the harpoon at him.

MOL: If he was dead, why did ye wanta harpoon him?

FIB: He wasn't dead. He was dead AHEAD.

MOL: If he was dead, what difference does it make WHERE he was?

FIB: I tell ye he WASN'T DEAD. He was ahead. AHEM. Well sir, with a lightnin' flip o' my arm I heaves the harpoon... the whale gives a jerk and the line yanks me outa the boat. Well sir, there I was...with only forty foot of line between me a Mr. Whale.

MOL: Quite a line! And how do ye know it was MR whale?

FIB: It didnt say nothin'. AHEM. Well sir, I knowed if I didn't do some thin' quick, I was a gonner. So I starts swimmin fer dear life.

MOL: Why didnt you just untie the rope?

FIB: WHAT? and lose that fine whale? No sir...Us whalers was made o' better stuff than that, Molly. AHEM. Well sir fer three hours they was a tug o' war between me and the whale, him swimmin' east and me swimmin' west, toward Halifax.

MOL: You MEAN Halifax, dont you?

FIB: Yes AHEM. Well sir...finally I cum ashore at Halifax and they was no whale in sight. I thought at first I'd pulled the harpoon out but no sir. When they hauled in that rope over a mile long the dead whale was on the end of it.

MOL: I thought you said there was only forty foot of rope.

FIB: There was; but I'd pulled so hard against that whale the harpoon HAD STRETCHED OUT INTO A STEEL WIRE A MILE LONG. From that day on, Molly, I was knowed as "WHALER, MCGEE, THE WHIRLWIND WHALE-WHIPPER AND WHARF WHOPPIN' WHATAMAN OF THE WHALE WHERRIES."

SOUND: SIREN

MOL: and to think you used to be known in Peoria as McGee, the Minnow-moocher.

FIB: Oh now, Molly, I dont...Oh howdy, do, grandmaw. Dont you know YOU aint allowed up here on the bridge.

WHEE: Oh is that so. Well, listen to me, Skippy

FIB: SKIPPER!

WHEE: Skip it! I want you to slow this boat down. It's too jerky and I cant knit.

FIB: Oh ye cant eh? (LAUGHS) Hear that, Molly? Grandmaw here wants us to slow down so's she can git on with her knittin'.

(LAUGHS) How fast you think we're goin', Grandmaw?

WHEE: Well, I don't know how fast the BOATS' goin', sonny, but when I looked at my knittin' the last time, I figgered I was doin' a good forty knots a minute.

EFFECT: SIREN

MOL: McGEE.

FIB: Eh? Smatter, Molly?

MOL: Would it be a breach o' nautical ettikit, if I was politely to inquire WHERE IN THE NAME OF GOODNESS IS THE BOAT HEADED FOR?

FIB: Why no, Molly...I'll be GLAD to tell ye. I figger that considerin' the longitude and the latitude -

MOL: Just stick to the longitude -you already had too much latitude.

FIB: AHEM: Anyway, I figger we're due east o' Sandy Hook.

MOL: Well...when are we Due At Sandy Hook? I'm gettin' nervous

FIB: Oh go on, Molly...this here's safer'n drivin' a car.

MOL: Sure...and all ye need in a boat is ONE puncture. Say them waves are gettin' real high, McGee...real rough.

FIB: I been noticin' that, Molly. I suppose I better do somethin' about it.

MOL: Fer instance, what?

FIB: Well, I always heard the idea was to pour oil on the water to smooth it down. I'll ask the sailor if we got any. Hey there, Seaman Wilcox.

WIL: (FADE IN) In your eye...sir...I mean...AYE AYE, SIR.

FIB: (MUTTERS) Insubordination! Listen, Seaman Wilcox... we got a few bar'ls o' oil in the hold?

WIL: No sir... we havent sir.

FIB: Well what would you suggest for this rough sea?

WIL: Johnson's Wax sir...for a smooth and shining surface, sir.

And -

FIB: SAILOR!

WIL: Yes sir.

FIB: Go for'rd.

WIL: For'rd sir. Yes sir. How far, sir?

FIB: Ten paces beyond the bowsprit.

WILS: Thank ye sir.

SOUND: STEAMER WHISTLE

FIB: Well let's see now...I'll tell ye where we are in jest a bit, Molly. Sone I shoot the sun.

MOL: Who's son?

FIB: Nobody's son. That sun up there. Now where's that dad-ratted sextant?

MOL: I see...you shoot the sun and the sexton buries it.

FIB: Not SEXTON, Molly. SEXTANT. It's a instrument us navigators use to find out where we are.

MOL: Did ye ever?

FIB: Did I ev...aw shucks...I...Oh helle there, little girl! You aint allowed up here, ye know!

TEE: Why?

FIB: Well...it's...er...well, ye jest aint, is all. They aint NOBODY allowed up here.

TEE: You're up here, I betcha.

FIB: I know. But I'm the skipper.

TEE: Awww....

FIB: Smatter...dont ye believe it?

TEE: No. Let's see you skip.

FIB: Come on now sis. beat it back downst...er...below.

TEE: Below what?

FIB: That's a seagoin' term meanin' downstairs, sis.

TEE: Huh?

FIB: I says, I was jest bein' nautical.

TEE: I betcha you'll get spanked if you are, I betcha.

FIB: Now wait a minute. What did ye want up here?

TEE: What do YOU want?

FIB: I dont want nuthin'. I'm runnin' the boat.

TEE: Where?

FIB: Well...wherever we go!

TEE: Do you come back the same way, Mister?
FIB: How do I know. I suppose we do
TEE: Well, gee, I guess it's all right then, I betcha.
FIB: What's all right?
TEE: Papa. He fell off way way way back there (FADE OUT)
Pick him up on the way back will you, mister.

SIREN:

FIB: I hope the steward brings us up some lunch pretty soon,
Molly. Steerin' this boat is kind of exhaustin'. Port
to starboard...starboard to port...all day long I'm
hungry.

MOL: Well, star boarder, pour yourself some port.

SOUND: SHIPS BELL RINGING EIGHT TIMES IN TWOS

MOL: What's the bell ringing for, McGee?
FIB: That's the time, Molly. Eight o'clock. Hold the wheel
whilst I set my watch. I'd of swore it was only four
o'clock. But I suppose - well, Seaman Ingle...what you
want?
RED: Beggin' your pardon agayne, sir, and the compliments of
the myte, Mr. Weems - but we got a distress signal, sir.
FIB: Who is it and where is it from?
RED: It's a bloke 'oo calls 'im self Tanner, sir. Helmo
Tanner. 'e's whistlin' for 'elp sir.
MOL: Whistling for help! Where is he? On the Canary Islands?
FIB: Where'll we pick him up, sailer?

RED: Bali, Bali, sir...on the beach.
FIB: Okay...on the beach at Bali Bali. Tell the crew to
standby to pick up a castaway.
RED: Aye, sir...castawye, sir. Bally good sir. BALLY BALLY
good, sir.

EFFECT: SIREN

ORK: "ON THE BEACH AT BALI BALI" --- -- TANNER

APPLAUSE

WIL: COMMERCIAL:

2nd Commercial

ORK: MCGEE THEME "RIDIN' AROUND IN THE RAIN" (DOWN FOR
ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: WELL...THEY STOOD ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT...YES SIR...
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY STILL STICK TO THEIR POSTS AT THE
HELM OF THE YACHT.

SOUND: SIREN

FIB: I'm still sore at that steward, Molly. Here we are way
out on the ocean and he couldnt gimme a plate of oysters.
MOL: This is August, iggernuts.
FIB: What of it?
MOL: Oysters arent good in the months that havent got a 'R' in
'em.

FIB: Well, this is August THIRD. Besides, oysters cant spell.

MOL: No. and I never got any pearls outa you either. So that's even

FIB: AHEM Say it's gittin' kinda rough, aint it, Molly. Wonder what you're supposed to do when the waves get real high

MOL: I give up

FIB: So do most o' the passengers. AHEM Ye know, Molly. I never seen the moon act so funny

MOL: How do you mean, funny?

FIB: Well a few minutes ago it was over on the left...now it's on the right. and a while ago it was right behind us. Kind of a optical illusion, I suppose

MOL: Sure. It COULDNT BE bad steering. It's a wonder the passengers dont object, the way you're wanderin' around.

FIB: Shucks, they're too busy playin' bridge in the cabin and practicin' mashie shots offen the rear deck. Kinda foolish aint it?

MOL: Oh I dunno. I heard a sailor say we were in the Golf Stream.

SIREN:

FIB: Say aint that moon pretty, Molly...look at that silver path it makes on the water...

MOL: It's real beautiful, McGee....

FIB: Yes sir. looks like you could walk right to heaven on it.

MOL: You could. And LOOK at them little fish playin' around down there, McGee. Millions of 'em. I didnt know they swam around in bunches like that. at night.

FIB: Them are night schools, Molly

SIREN:

FIB: Dad rat it...what does that sailor keep blowin' that whistle for?

MOL: Must be for that other boat over there

FIB: Where?

MOL: Right over there. to the right. see the lights?

FIB: Ohhhhhyes...I'll steer over that way and see who tis Smatter...drop somethin'?

MOL: No. I'm just practicin' my curtsey, McGee. It might be the Queen Mary.

FIB: I dunno what's the matter with our lookout...he shoulda reported a sail in sight. He's -

(WIL) (VOICE): OFF MIKE: SAILLELLLLLLL HO!

FIB: Where away?

VOICE: At any Johnson Wax Dealers. Big sale of Johnson's Auto Cleaner with a Free Gift of Johnson's Auto Wax.

FIB: AHEM. Hand me that there belayin Pin, Molly. Thanks.

HEY, up there...Lookout!

WIL: (OFF MIKE) What?

FIB: Look out!

SOUND: WHISTLE AND CLUNK!

MOL: Peer Harlow!

FIB: (LAUGHS) That's the time he laid an egg in the crow's nest!

MOL: He was a pretty good sailor, too.

FIB: Who, Harlow? (LAUGHS) Say that guy thinks a bilge is what you get from eatin' radishes. (LAUGHS) Dont ye git it, Molly? I says.

MOL: Taint funny, McGee.

MOL: Okay. Say that s quite a boat over there aint it? They better be gittin' outa the way.

MOL: You better be gittin' outa the way yourself.

FIB: Who, me? No sir. I got the right of way. Give him a warnin' whistle, sailor.

SIREN: SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

SIREN: (OFF MIKE) OVER THE FENCE IS OUT. (LAST NOTE SQUEAK)

MOL: Very pretty... what does it mean?

FIB: Well accordin' to the international code, Molly, our signal meant GIT OUTA THE WAY, and his signal meant OH YEAH.

MOL: This is a fine time to get stubborn. Heavenly days... look at the sharp point on that boat. Now I know what they mean by a sea dog. That bow is a wow!

SIREN: SEVERAL SHORT BLASTS. ANSWERED BY OTHER SIREN.

MOL: Here we are all ready to sink a nice boat and you playin' duets with a liner.

FIB: Well dad rat it, I got the right of way, Molly.

MOL: That's what me uncle said just before they scrapped him off a cowcatcher.

SIREN:

FIB: Leck at the dad ratted old... LOOK AT HIM... comin' right at us. HEY... PULL OVER, YOU... ROAD HOG... WHERE YOU GOIN' TO a FIRE?

MOL: You're not drivin' a car, McGee... you're at sea now. And you certainly are!

FIB: Hey there you... where do ye think your goin'?

SIREN:

BLOT: (OFF MIKE) Yes yes, my little salt shakers... starboard your helm or we'll run you down....

FIB: Oh yeah, WELL WE GOT THE RIGHT OF WAY...

BLOT: YES YES... DONT GIVE ME ANY OF THAT SALT-WATER TAFFY, MY LITTLE SCUPPER-SNIPES.... GET YOUR HELM OVER THERE...

FIB: GET THE HELM OVER YOURSELF...

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS... WE'RE GONNA HAVE A COLLISION...

FIB: Well remember, Molly... if we sink, remember we had the right of way. SAY... WHERE'S THE CAPTAIN?

MOL: Below... with a headache..

FIB: Well bring him up and tell him we're gonna be sunk. If he hurries he'll be in time to go down with the ship.
HEY YOU...PULL OVER...

BLOT: STARBOARD YOUR HELM THERE, YOU LUBBERS... YOU'LL RUN US DOWN!

FIB: WE'LL RUN YOU DOWN! WELL FER.....HEY...LOOK OUT, EVERYBODY...HANG ON!

SOUNDS: GRINDING CRASH...SIRENS...BELLS...ETC...SHOUTS.

FIB: There ye are...HEY YOU...DIDNT I TELL YE TO GIT OUTA THE WAY? HOW BAD ARE YE DAMAGED?

BLOT: HOLE STOVE IN THE BOW...AND I'M AFRAID WE'RE TAKING WATER.. VERY BAD THING...TAKING WATER...NEVER COULD TAKE IT MYSELF...YES YES...

FIB: Well listen...I'm gonna report you to the police. I HAD MY ARM OUT AND YOU WASNT EVEN LOOKIN'. Speedin' along without no regard fer nobody. You was doin' at least 40. I'M GONNA TURB YOU IN FER...DRUNKEN DRIVIN'.

BLOT: Is that so!

FIB: Yes that's so. You run us down. I can prove it!

BLOT: Go ahead. This is the Ambrose lightship and we've been anchored here since 1922!

ORK: CHASER...APPLAUSE

WIL: COMMERCIAL

ORK: CLARINET MARMALADE

APPLAUSE:

ORK: MOGEE THEME RIDIN AROUND * Down for tag gag.

TAG WHEEZE

ORK: MUSICAL TAG

mc: 8/3/36: 11:55 AM

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC. - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - NBC-WMAQ - 7:00 PM
(ALSO REBROADCAST FOR PACIFIC COAST AT 11 PM) - MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1936

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

Listen everybody! You car owners - and you friends of car owners! Be sure to get your free gift. (a full size can of Johnson's Auto Wax) offered to you in celebration of JOHNSON'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY. This is not just a sample. It's a regular full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX - and it's yours without cost.

Go to your auto supply dealer, service station, or regular wax dealer and purchase a pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH and you will receive a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX, free.

You pay just 59¢ (this is less than the regular price of the cleaner alone) and you get (1) JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH (2) A FULL SIZE CAN OF JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX - both packed in the special free gift package. I advise you to take advantage of this generous offer at once. The supply of free gift packages is strictly limited - and they are going fast.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC - MONDAY AUGUST 3, 1936

SECOND COMMERCIAL

Just another reminder about that free can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX that is waiting for you at your dealer's. Get it now in the JOHNSON'S FREE GIFT PACKAGE before it is too late.

In the package is (1) a pint of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. (2) a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. With these two remarkable products you can quickly make your car shine like new.

JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER is a creamy white liquid, very easy to apply. It both cleans and polishes a car in one simple operation - takes off all the old dirt and road film without injury to the finish.

JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX protects the beautiful, glossy polish from scratches; saves the finish from the harmful ultra violet rays of the sun; and sheds dust and dirt. JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX will cut down on your car washings, and add greatly to the trade-in value of any car.

Go to your dealer right away. Ask for the FREE GIFT PACKAGE containing JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. You pay only 59¢ for the package (this is less than the regular price of the cleaner alone,) and you get the full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX without cost. The supply is limited - so don't delay.

S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC - MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1936

THIRD COMMERCIAL:

We've been talking a good deal lately about JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX for keeping your car shining and clean with very little effort. Now I want to make it plain that you can keep your home - your floors, woodwork and furniture looking beautiful all of the time if you protect them now with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX. Finger smudges and dirt can't cling to the lovely waxed surface. Scuffing feet can't harm your floors and linoleum if they are protected with an invisible film of JOHNSON'S WAX. What's more, you'll never again have to resort to old fashioned floor-scrubbing methods. You'll save yourself hours of time and work and your house will look so spic and span you'll get compliments from all your friends if you wax your floors, furniture and woodwork with JOHNSON'S WAX. Look for the attractive yellow can and remember you save money by ordering the larger sizes.

CT/100
7/30/36