

NBC

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.

DON QUINN

ADVERTISER

WRITER

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY" (#76 SUB. SCRIPT)

OK

PROGRAM TITLE

WMAQ-RED

CHICAGO 7:15 PM

SEPTEMBER 21, 1936

MONDAY

TIME

DATE

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

SECOND CORRECTION

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1 guest two love.

ORK: FANFARE

WIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM!

ORK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR BROW"

WIL: GOOD EVENING EVERYONE! The Makers of Johnson's Wax present
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY. TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN
THE SHOW WITH "TAINT NO USE"

ORK: TAIN T NO USE

APPLAUSE:

WIL: (FIRST COMMERCIAL)

Pisic Arnold

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ORK: MC GEE THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" (DOWN FOR ANNOUNCEMENT)

WIL: FIBBER MC GEE IS A BATCHELOR THIS WEEK. MOLLY HAS GONE TO VISIT HER AUNT SARAH AGAIN BUT, BEFORE SHE WENT AWAY, SHE LEFT A LONG LIST OF THINGS FOR FIBBER TO DO. SCRUB THE BACK PORCH. PUT THE SCREENS AWAY.. FIX THE SEWING MACHINE.. AND A DOZEN OTHER THINGS....SO, WITH HIS SLEEVES ROLLED UP AND A DETERMINED LOOK ON HIS ACE, WHO SHOULD WE FIND, ALL READY TO GO FISHING, BUT FIBBER MC GEE!

ready *down at the lake*

APPLAUSE:

FIB: They dont seem to be anybody out on the lake today. Sil. Oughtta be able to git in some nice quiet fishin!

SIL: Yassuh, but if Mis' McGee come home and fin' out you aint done none o' them things that she say to do she gonna -

FIB: QUIET, Sil! AHM. What'd you say she's gonna do?

SIL: She gonna raise *particular*

FIB: QUIET! ~~That's about what I thought you says.~~ Where's the guy that rents these boats?

SIL: The' he is suh. Over theah.

FIB: HEY BUD How's about rentin' a boat?

MAN: (FADE IN) Well, well, shiver me timbers, my little octo-puss, and blow me down but ^{can} ship aboard any craft in the harbor from a fore-master to a catamaran. Pipe up, me bold sailor and name your vessel.

FIB: Ham. This guy's a seafarin' man all right, aint he Sil?

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across the lake

SIL: Yassuh. He sho is. He done run de ferry boat ~~over de river~~ *across the lake* evah since he was 'leven yeah's old please suh. He sho' is salty.

FIB: Well, somebody oughtta put him back in the shaker. OKAY BUD... How's about this little boat here?

MAN: And a seaworthy little craft too, if I do say so myself. Well-found from topm'at to Keelson. Get aboard mates, ~~and~~ *shove off.*

SIL: Le's go, Mist' McGee. Ah got the bait an' the fishpoles and evahthing, suh.

FIB: Hey now, wait a minute Sil. Dont git in a uproar. HOW MUCH FER A COUPLA 'OURS FISHIN', Bud?

MAN: Well, my little perch-picker, for an able seam'n like yourself to sign the articles I'd say about four bits for the voyage. And a safe and soundta little long boat you wont find on the seven seas.

SIL: How many seas he say, boss? Is they seven of 'em?

FIB: Eight, countin' the NBC, ~~say~~. Okay bud. Four bits is okay. Here ye are.

MAN: Thanks, my hearty. Shove off...with a yo heave ho.

FIB: Let's go sil.

SIL: Yassuh. But ~~can't~~ ^{can} do na heave-hoin', boss, till we git us some oahs in this lil ole boat, please suh.

FIB: Oars eh. Hey BUD...WHERE'S THE OARS?

MAN: Oh yea, the oars! Oars are extra in this port, matey.
That'll be another four bits, and keelhaul me if it isnt
the fairest deal on the waterfront.. Yes yes (wata-front -
wat-a front!)

FIB: It's piracy! But we're in four bits now...^{bea you are} OKAY, ~~YE-OLD~~
~~SCHOONER-SCUTTLE~~, you. Here. But I wouldnt trust you
with nything bigger'n a rowboat.

MAN: And why not, mate?

FIB: You'd stack the decks on me. AHEM. ~~Let's go, Sil...~~

MAN: Here's the oars, shipmates...and a pleasant voyage to you.
If there's anything else you want, reverse your ^{colors} ~~assign~~ and
I'll come out in the gig. yes, yes - all agog in the gig.

FIB: Is there a bottom in that boat, Sil?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Good. I thought that might be a other fifty cents. Hold
'er steady now while I git in.

SIL: YASSUH....

SOUND: ~~CLATTER--WATER--~~

FIB: STEADY NOW...HOLD IT.....Okay. Shove off, Sil!

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I says shove off...let's go.

SIL: Yassuh, but you ^{lower set down} ~~is settin~~ in the driven's seat suh. ~~If~~
~~yo-all wants to row you is in de right end.~~

FIB: Well is this is the right end to row it's the wrong end
for me. Here...~~change places with me.~~

SIL: Yassuh. You git out a minute please suh, an' ah'll scrooch
down to th'other end

FIB: Okay. You just -

SIL: ~~HEY MIST' MCGEE... Don' step out THAT side suh. Lil ole~~
~~dock is on the OTHER side.~~

FIB: Oh yea. I was thinkin' about somethin' else.

SIL: Yassuh. I suppose you was thinkin' bout what Mis McGee
gonna say w'en she come home an' find you din' ^{scrub that} ~~do none o'~~
~~the old~~ ~~trick~~ ~~pull~~ ~~and~~

FIB: QUIET, Sil. AHEM. Shucks, how can we fish with you talkin
all the time. ~~Hear- Ho. Be!~~

SIL: ~~They ain' no fish near roun' the dock, tho' suh~~

FIB: ~~Dont you believe it. The fish in this lake always keep a~~
~~couple o' spies posted at the dock.~~

SOUND: ~~WATER GURGLE: OAR--LOCK SQUEAK~~

FIB: Cant ye row no faster'n that Sil?

SIL: Yassuh but if ah does that rope gonna bust suah!

FIB: What rope?

SIL: That lile ole rope we is tied up to the dock with please suh.

FIB: Oh fer the - now where does this -- Okay - Sil!

SIL: Okay, Mist' McGee. She ready to go now!

FIB: ~~Well, haul up the anchor and pull away.~~
~~Oh Sil anchors away~~

SIL: ~~The ain' no anech out please suh.~~

SOUND IN. ~~OAR LOCKS AND WATER GURGLE TILL OUT --~~

FIB: I know...I know. It's just a metaphorical expression, Sil.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: I say it's just....don't you ever use no metaphorical
expressions?

SIL: Well ah did once suh, but my mammy she done wash my mouf out wif soap. ~~Each sence then ah jes' sticks to plain English.~~

FIB: (LAUGHS) I guess you dont know what I mean Sil. Dont you know any figures of speech?

SIL: Yassuh. A couple.

FIB: What are they?

SIL: Mist' Landon an Mist Roosevelt. They's the only figguhs o' speech ah heard.

FIB: Ye know...Sil...they say for a little lake like this one, it kin kick up a awful rumpus.

SIL: Yassuh...it sho' can, Mist' McGee. Ah rememben one time ah stayed out all night fishin' fo' catfish and when ah gets home mah mammy she kick up such a rumpus. Ah couldn' ride mah bicycle fo' fo' weeks.

FIB: Oh well, I meant - HEY LOOK AT THE GALS IN THE CANOE OVER THERE. I hope they stay away from us...they'll scare all the fish away.

SIL: Shall ah put out the anchor now, suh?

FIB: Okay. Drop 'er. They say this is the best spot in the whole lake to really catch fish.

SOUND: CLATTER OF OARS....HEAVY SPLASH.

FIB: Now fer some peace and quiet. Bait the hooks Sil. What kind bait you bring? Worms or minnies?

SIL: Neitther one, please suh. Lil pieces o' bacon rin' suh. Fish GOES fo' that.

FIB: Well, from all I hear the fish in this lake gotta have toast and eggs with their bacon or they wont play. But... if you say so.

SIL: Heah. Heahs youah pole Mist' McGee.

FIB: Thanks, Sil.

SOUND: GURGLE OF WATER. (PAUSE) (GURGLE)

FIB: Real peaceful aint it, Sil? This is the life.

SIL: Yassuh. But when Mis' McGee come home and find you aint ~~did aint~~ *took down the screens*

FIB: QUIET....wanta disturb all the fish?....and me, too? Relax --Sil!

SIL: (SOTTO VOCE) Yassuh.

GURGLE OF WATER ..REPEAT...

ORK: FADE IN SOFTLY WITH GIRLS' VOICES --

SIL: Who dat talkin?

FIB: DAD RAT IT...it's them gals in the canoe. HEY YOU...YOU GALS...GIT AWAY FROM US.

SPLASHING: VOICES FADE IN:

1ST GIRL: Well -- what did you tell her, Feobel?

2ND GIRL: I TOLD her she could get the SWEETEST hats at the bon ton and do you think she paid the SLIGHTEST attention? NO, my dear... she went right out and bought one of those terrible, freakish affairs at Sinfulbaums basement and --

FIB: HEY THERE...YOU ^{me} IN THE CANOE....KEEP AWAY. CANT YOU SEE WE'RE FISHIN'.

2ND GIRL: Oh Florine.. isnt he the cutest thing?

1ST GIRL: TOO-TOO-DIVINE!

FIB: DAD RAT IT... PIPE DOWN, WILL YE? YOU'LL SCARE ALL THE FISH.

GIRL 1: GIGGLES.. Oh doesnt he look indignant, Isobel? He reminds me of Harry. Doesnt he remind you of Harry?

GIRL 2: He certainly does. (GIGGLES) Did I tell you what Harry said when I told him I just LOVED to go canoeing during Indian Summer? Did I tell you? (GIGGLES)

GIRL 1: YES...(GIGGLES) Harry said he loved canoeing in Indian Summer too but he got slapped for being a pawnee. (BOTH GIGGLE).

GIRL 2: We were just saying, mister, how much you look like a friend of ours...GIRL 1: his name is Harry ^{Harris} Harris.

FIB: Well go and Harry ^{Harris} Harry for a while will ye? ~~Welp tryin'~~
~~to fish~~ ..And Harry up!

GIRL 1: Look at him Isabel...the more I look at him the more he looks like Harry.

GIRL 2: He certainly does, Florine. Remember how much Harry loved music on the water? Turn the radio on.

GIRL 1: All right. (CLICK) Mister...we're going to let you listen to our radio because you look so much like Harry.

GIRL 2: and Harry LOVES music on the water. Listen, mister.

FIB: SAY, dad rat it girls, you cant --

WIL: (ON P.A.) AND REMEMBER...YOU SAVE UP TO ONE THIRD BY BUYING JOHNSON'S GLOCOAT IN THE LARGER SIZES. AND NOW, TED WEEMS PLAYS I CANT ESCAPE FROM YOU...WITH PERRY GOMO...ALL RIGHT TED.

FIB: ~~I can't escape from you...aint that the truth!~~

ORK: ~~I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM YOU~~

GOMO

APPLAUSE:

Revue Intro

FIB: ~~Much obliged to you girls for lettin' us listen. Now will you please paddle your little...er...paddle your canoe away and let us fish?~~

GIRL 2: ~~Oh I think he's horrid, dont you Florine? ALL RIGHT MISTER. Just for that I hope you dont catch any fish. N-ya-a-a!~~
~~Come on, Florine.~~

SOUND: SPLASHES ETC... FADE OUT

SIL: ~~Oh~~ hope we don' catch no fish, Mist McGee. You heah dat?

FIB: I heard it, Sil. So did all the fish.

SIL: Yassuh. Look like bad luck all roun', please suh.

FIB: Whaddye mean, all around?

SIL: Well, Mist McGee, w'en Ah think' wha Mis McGee gonna say when she come home and fin' out you ain' *forgot dat Miss McGee*

FIB: QUIET! AHM. All I want outa you is peace and quiet. I come out here fer some fishin'.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: You betcha. Now that them dizzy dames in the canoe have gone maybe we can have a little silence and tranquil ---

...OUCH!!! WHAT THE -

SIL: Yo-all sat down on ~~the~~ ^{my fishin} tackle ~~box~~, suh.

FIB: Tackle ~~Box~~, eh? Well it got me right on the 40-yard line... Here....keep it outa my way. (SIGHS) Now then.... this is more like it....Look at that sky, Sil.... beautiful aint it? and them little waves...lappin' against the side o' the boat....this is the life...jest drowsin' along with a fishpole.....

SOUND: MOTOR BOAT FADE IN

FIB: NOW WHAT?

SIL: 's that moteh boat oveh theah suh. Boy look at er come!

SOUND: BOAT UP...FADE IN...STOP WITH LOW MOTOR

SIL: ~~HEY Doggen it...cant you see we're tryin' to fish out here?~~
 FIB: ~~Sort of... Come - Sort of... Come~~

We - oh hello, Ted.

WEEMS: Hello Fibber. Hello there Silly.

SIL: Hi yah, mist' Weems.

WEEMS: What did you say you were doing?

FIB: Fishing.

WEEMS: Get anything, so far?

FIB: Yep. Three nuisances, two disturbances and a couple o' interruptions. The disturbances was too small and we hedda throw 'em back. But you should of seen the interruption that got away. It was this long.

WEEMS: That's nothing. I caught an interruption out here this morning THIS long.

FIB: Bring it over and I'll stuff it.

WEEMS: All right....

FIB: Down your throat. Now go away, Ted, and let us fish.

WEEMS: Okay. I wouldnt want to distrub you...So long.

SOUND: MOTOR BOAT UP TO ROAR AND FADE OUT

FIB: (MUTTERS) HE WOULDN'T WANTA DISTURB US! Now if the Pacific Fleet would only decide to hold manoeuvres on this lake everything'd be all right.

SIL: You is gonna need the navy ^{while} Mist McGee all right w'en Mis McGee come back and fin' out you aint ---

FIB: ~~SHHHHHH~~. (SOTTO VOCE) Quiet...Sil... QUIET... *Sil*

SIL: ~~Wassa matteh, suh? You see somepin'?~~

FIB: ~~(SOTTO VOCE) Yeas... I see where we're gonna have to find another place to fish. Bait my hook again, Sil. Put a BIG piece o' bait onto it. I gotta feelin' I'm gonna be~~

~~Lucky now.~~

SIL: ~~Yassuh. Heah you is...~~ *Give me another piece of bait*

FIB: Thanks. Now watch me bring out a beauty.

SOUND: WATER SPLASHING

WIL: ALL RIGHT...BUT NOTHING BRINGS OUT THE BEAUTY OF YOUR FURNITURE AND WOODWORK LIKE A GLEAMING COAT OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

FIB: Say what is this? Hi yah Harpo....where'd you come from?
AND QUIT DRIPPIN' WATER INTO THE BOAT.

WIL: Hello, Fibber. Hello, Silly.

SIL: Hiyah, Mist Wilcox. You suah swims quiet, please suh.

FIB: Yeah. where you swimmin' to, Harpo?

WIL: Oh I always swim across the lake three times before
breakfast.

FIB: Three times eh?

WIL: That's right. Three times.

FIB: Then how do ye get back to where your pants are? Fly?

WIL: No. My suit's got two pair. Well, I'd better be on my way
SO LONG.

FIB: So long, Harpo. Drip in again some time.

SOUND: SPLASH...WATER GURGLE. *nd: Sheper with*

FIB: Let's settle down, Sil. This cant last forever. Now for
some real fishin'. Ever tell ye bout the time I was in
college, Sil? When my fraternity and the one across the
street had the fishin' contest?

SIL: Yassuh. Fo' times.

FIB: AHEM. Well, I belonged to a great fishin' fraternity.
The Phi Baita Hooks. We was great rivals of the Sigma
Dog Onyas. Well sir one day -

SOUND: WATER SPLASHING

WOMAN: Excuse me please, sir.

SIL: Look, Mist McGee...she all covered oveh with grease and stuff!

FIB: Hi there sis? Where you come from? You out swimmin' with
Harpo Wilcox?

WOMAN: Never heard of him.

FIB: Lucky you!

WOMAN: Say, can you tell me which way it is to Cherbourg?

FIB: Cherbourg! That's in France aint it?

WOMAN: Yes...it is. I started out to swim the English channel but
I must have taken the wrong turn.

FIB: I see. Well, you see that church steeple over the trees over
there.

WOMAN: Yes.

FIB: Well...that's east. France is that way, about three
thousand miles.

WOMAN: Thank you very much.

FIB: That's okay. Better stop at the *Dandy Hooks* ~~Far~~ Rockaways and change
your oil.

WOMAN: Thanks. Is it good swimming all the way?

FIB: Pretty near, sis. They's a short detour about longitude 32,
but outside of that, you wont have no trouble. Better keep
on the right hand side of the Atlantic though. I think the
Queen Mary sails today.

WOMAN: Thank you very much. Tootdle ooo!

SOUND: SPLASH...WATER GURGLE FADE OUT

FIB: Now then...what was I sayin', Sil?

SIL: You was tellin' that lile ole fish story again, please suh.

FIB: Oh yes. AHEM. Well sir one day, the Sigma Dog Onyas challenged the Phi Baita Hooks to a fishin' contest. So what does we do, but we fixes up a contest. I was a junior at the U. of A.P. then.

SIL: Wah?

FIB: The U. of A.P. That stood for the "University of the Atlantic and the Pacific", but most folks thought it was named after me. On account of everytime I'd show up on the campus, everybody'd say U...Of All People!! AHEM. Well sir, we fixed up some rules o' the contest that the fraternity that caught the biggest deep sea fish in the month o' January would win a big banquet.

SIL: Yassuh but in January ^{and} th' ice ~~is~~ all froze ~~and~~

FIB: QUIET, SIL. How do ye expect the fish to bite when you keep talkin'? AHEM. Well sir...this was down near the Gulf, Sil, where they was good fishin' in January and one day the boys o' the Sigma Dog Onyas caught a tarpon five foot ten inches long...and I knew I'd have to do some fishin' to equal that.

SIL: Yassuh but, how did the -

FIB: QUIET. How can we fish when you keep poppin' off all the time? AHEM. So what does I do but I gits me my tackle out...and sails four mile out into the gulf near the Panama Canal. I drops my bait which was four pounds o' porterhouse on a steel hook and WHAM...right away somethin' caught onto it! Pretty near jerked the pole outa my hands.

SIL: Did you catch a-

FIB: DAD RAT IT, SILL...how many times must I tell ye to keep quiet? Fish wont bite ^{if you make} ~~with~~ all this noise. AHEM. Well sir, I could see the shiny black sides o' that whoppin' big fish scootin' thru the water...and it took all my strength to hold it...as it towed our forty foot boat thru the water at thirty five knots.

SIL: Knots.

FIB: That's what I says....knots.

SIL: Yassuh. Tha's what ah says too, please suh.

FIB: Well sir, Sil, that dad ratted thing hauled us forty mile to sea and back again...without tirin' ...and I was jest about to give up when all of a sudden. ^{It comes to the surface} BLACK AND DRIPPIN' ^{in the air} UP COME A U.S. SUBMARINE. The connin' tower pops open and the captain ^{just} come out...sore as a boiled bunry. Well, sir... I thought I was sunk. I didnt have no chance then o' collectin' my bet. But the captain o' the sub says WHAT'S THE IDEA O' CATCHIN' A RIDE ON MY SUBMARINE? He says. Excuse me, I says, real polite. My apologies to ye, Captain...er...! Captain...er...what was the name? Pike, he says. Wallace Irwin Pike. WHOOPEEEEEE, SAYS I, bustin' my fishpole over ^{she hit me} my knee. ^{over caught} & Wall Eye Pike over six feet. ~~I'd want~~

~~SIL: Yesuh but he wasnt no fish, tho'.~~

~~FIB: SHHHHH...dont disturb the fish, Sir. AHEM. Well sir, always after that, I was knowed as BAHAMA McGee...BAHAMA MCGEE, THE BEST O' THE BAMBOO BENDERS AND BRIGHTEST BARRACUDA. BAITER O' BIMINI BAY!~~

SIL: Scuse me, please suh...^{you tell that Ben better say} heah come a lile ole sailboat behin you.

FIB: DAD RAT THE...HEY...YOU IN THE SAILBOAT...KEEP AWAY FROM US. WE'RE TRYIN' TO FISH.

RED INGLE: (FADE IN) That's all right, mister...you wont bother me none!

FIB: Well, keep your old catboat away, d'ye hear?

SIL: Hey, Mist' McGee. It's Mist' Ingle suh. Red Ingle.

FIB: HEY LISTEN, RED...we been bothered enough. Cant you keep from botherin' people when they're tryin to do some quiet fishin'? What's the matter with you?

RED: I cant help it Fibber. It's the Gypsy in Me. And besides, this isn't a catboat. It's a yawl. would yawl like to hear about it? Bring 'em up, on deck, Cap'n Weems.

CLAMOR OF VOICES...INSTRUMENTS TUNING UP...ETC....

ORK: "IT'S THE GYPSY IN ME" -- -- INGLE

APPLAUSE

ORK: MCGEE THEME: UP AND FADE OUT

FIB: I wonder why they had to sail their boat way out where we was tryin to fish.

SIL: Ah dunno, Mist' McGee. Less'n they thought they was mo' wind out by you, suh.

FIB: Yes, I wouldnt be a bit surp....SAY YOU DONT MEAN NOTHIN' by that do ye Sil?

SIL: No ssuh.

FIB: AHEM. You had a nibble yet, Sil?

SIL: A wah?

FIB: I say you had a nibble yet?

SIL: Ah had one when ah was a lil tiny baby, suh but

FIB: No no no. A NIBBLE...A BITE...

SIL : Yassuh. Ah aint. They don' seem to be bitin' so good today, suh.

FIB: I cant understand it. It's so quiet and peaceful out here and all. ~~We oughtta~~ *Slings oughta be even up*

MAN: (FADE IN) AND FURTHERMORE, MY FRIENDS... I SAY THAT FROM THE ROCKBOUND COASTS OF MAINE TO THE SUNKIST SHORES OF CALIFORNIA, THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIVING IS THE IDEAL WAY OF LIVING, ~~WHY, IN THIS GREAT BROAD LAND OF OURS... WITH THE HERITAGE OF OUR FOREFATHERS TO STRENGTHEN US... WE MUST REALIZE, THAT...~~

FIB: HEY OVER THERE... KEEP QUIET! Whadde think this is?

MAN: Oh, hello, my friends. I didn't realize I was drifting so near you. ~~But now that I am here, may I tell you of the aims and aspirations of our candidate for the great office of~~

FIB: ~~HOLD IT BUD... HOLD IT.~~ What's the idea o' makin' campaign speeches way out here on the lake?

MAN: I'm practicing, my friend. I am rehearsing for the great battle which is to take place at the polls this November... Now on my ~~candidate's~~ ticket

FIB: ~~If you're speakin' for him bud, he wont need no ticket. He aint goin' any place. Now git away and keep quiet... we're tryin' to git in some quiet fishing.~~ *Don't worry* *5:00*

MAN: All right my friend...but when we achieve our glorious victory in November...you'll wish you had got in on the ground floor.

SOUND: LOUD SPLASHING

WIL: AND GROUND FLOOR OR ANY OTHER FLOOR...THERE IS NOTHING THAT WILL PROTECT AND ^{brantly} PRESERVE IT LIKE ~~A SHINING COAT OF JOHNSON'S~~ GLOGCAT.

SIL: Theah's Mist' Wilcox again suh.

FIB: You on your second trip, Harpo?

WIL: Yes...wonderful swimming today. How's the fishing?

FIB: How should we know?

WIL: ~~When I got to the shore over there I looked back and~~ I thought I saw you playing a muskie.

FIB: That ~~musta~~ ^{was} been Ted Weems you saw...playing a tuna. So long, Harpo.

SOUND: SPLASH

FIB: Well...let's try again, Sill. Maybe them fish'll be laffin' so hard at us they wont see the hook.

SIL: Yassuh. They gonna laff hardeh'n that please suh, we'n they heahs wha' Mis' McGee gonna say when she come home and fin' -

FIB: QUIET! This is a fishin' trip.

SIL: Is it, suh?

FIB: Yes it tis. And if they's any more disturbances -

SOUND: AIRPLANE...FADE IN

SIL: Hot dog, Mist' McGee...LOOK...lil ole seaplane...

FIB: ~~Seaplane is right. I can see plain that we aint gonna git much fishin' done if...~~

SOUND: MOTOR UP...SPLASH...MOTOR IDLE DOWN

FIB: HEY WHAT'S THE IDEA O' LANDIN' THAT PLANE SO CLOSE TO US?
YOU TRYIN' TO RUN OVER US?

SCOT: Beggin' yourr parrdon lad, but this is the coats guardd.

FIB: Oh a coast guard plane eh? What's the matter?

SCOT: Arrre you mister McGee?

FIB: That's me, bud. What's the trouble.

SCOT: We've coom oot to warrrn ye, lad. We had our instrrrrruuctions
to ^{bring} ~~issu~~ ye a storrrrm warnin'.

FIB: Storm warnin' eh? Say it's pretty decent of you fellers to -

SCOT: AYE.....a storrrrm warrrrnin'. The mon at the telegrrrrraph
office told us to locate yer bogt and tell ye yer wife is
coomin' home a bit earrrrrly. Good luck to ye lad.

SOUND: AIRPLANE MOTOR WIDE AND FADE OUT

FIB: Storm warnin' is right!

SIL: Yassuh. You gonna git home, Mist' McGee and fin' that Mis'
McGee is fin' that you ain' done nothin' but fish, and she-

FIB: QUIET, SIL. AHM. (whaddye think she'll do?)

SIL: ah thinks she gonna lay down de law, please suh.

FIB: Yes and when Molly lays down the law she dont jest
lay it down. She pushes it over and tromps on it.

SIL: Yassuh. She sho' do.

FIB: NOW WE GOTTA catch us some fish. Molly wont be so
sore about me not takin' down the screens and
scrubbin the porch if I come home with a nice mess
of fish.

SIL: She ain'??

FIB: Well, I HOPE she aint. But we'll never catch no
fish out here. Cant you think o' some QUIET place
on this lake where we can fish in peace.

SIL: Lemme think. (PAUSE) Yassuh. Ah believes ah knows
a place suh.

FIB: Where?

SIL: Oveh theh by the dock over theah please suh. Wheah
they load them boats f'um that factory suh. Them
factory boys they ALWAYS fishes off that lil ole dock.

FIB: You mean over there at the rear end o' that building?

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: Well what are we waitin' for? Git the anchor up and
let's go.

SIL: Yassuh.

SOUND: WATER GURGLES..THUMPS..OAR LOCKS ETC..

FIB: Well dad rat it Sil! why didnt you think of this before.

SIL: You didn' ask me befor, suh.

FIB: Say, I'll bet this will be a good place at that. Water must be pretty deep if they load the boats here. Shall we stay in the boat or set on the dock?

SIL: Well, please suh, them fact'ry boys they neveh go out in no boat suh. They jus' fish off the lil ole dock, suh.

FIB: Well if they can do it we can do it....EASE ME INTO THE DOCK SIL.....THAT'S IT...TIE'ER UP...HEY BUD... MIND IF WE FISH OFF YOUR LOADIN' DOACK.

MAN: OFF MIKE) Not at all...go right ahead. It's our lunch hour and the boys'll be back to work in a few minutes...but they wont bother you.

FIB: MUCH OBLIGED. Come on Sil....bring the poles and the bait.

SIL: I gottem suh.

FIB: Good...we'll set right down here and lean against these bollards. (SIGHS) Shucks, we shoul'da done this long ago. Now THIS is the way to fish...in peace and quiet.

SIL: Yassuh.

FIB: This is what fish like. I can jest see 'em floatin' around down there, in the quiet water, with us all ready to catch-

SOUND: FACTORY WHISTLE.

S. O. JOHNSON & SON INC. - FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY - MONDAY - WMAQ - RED
SEPTEMBER 21, 1936 4 7:00 PM - ALSO REBROADCAST

FIRST COMMERCIAL:

When you step into a new house or apartment and see the shining linoleum on the floor you can't help but wonder how long the floor is going to stay attractive and bright after people begin walking over it. If you are wondering how to take care of your own new linoleum, let me make this suggestion. Order Johnson's Glo-Coat at once from your dealer. Go over your floors with this easy-to-use, no-rubbing polish that dries in 20 minutes. GLO-COAT spreads a protective shield of beauty over the floor surface. It will keep your linoleum and floors always looking like new, and save you hours of cleaning time -- for dirt and stains can't cling to the shining polish. GLO-COAT is spelled G-L-O hyphen C-O-A-T. Look for the attractive yellow can.

SECOND COMMERCIAL:

A while ago I explained how JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT protects new floors and linoleum so they will stay clean and attractive for years to come. Now I want to tell you how you can bring back the beauty to linoleum that has lost its brightness because of long wear. Just apply GLO-COAT to that dull, dingy floor. Use a soft cloth or the long-handled GLO-COAT APPLIER. You don't have to do a bit of rubbing or buffing when you use this fine liquid polish. Twenty minutes later your floor will be dry -- ready to walk on -- and it will look so bright and shining you'll hardly recognize the old linoleum. Try JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT on your kitchen floor tomorrow -- and see if you don't get compliments from your family and friends.

THIRD COMMERCIAL

Do you realize that every time you scrub your linoleum with soap and water you are actually harming the floor? Gradually the colors fade and the linoleum begins to warp and crack. That's why it is so necessary to protect linoleum with JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT. The GLO-COAT goes down into the pores -- seals them against dirt and dust -- keeps your floors gleaming so you don't have to do tiresome scrubbing. You'll be surprised at the difference GLO-COAT will make in the looks of your floors, and as time goes on you will find your linoleum stays fresh and shining as new -- and you won't have to wear yourself all out trying to keep it clean.

GLO-COAT is made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX -- and just a reminder -- you save money by ordering GLO-COAT in the larger sizes.

Page 4.

THIRD COMMERCIAL FOR REBROADCAST ONLY (11 PM)

We've been telling housewives tonight how to keep their homes bright and attractive with the Johnson products. Now we'd like to talk to you men about keeping your cars shining like new with JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER AND POLISH. So please pay close attention to this: You can get a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free if you go to your dealer at once. Buy a pint can of JOHNSON'S AUTO CLEANER at the special price of only 59¢ and you will receive a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free! This unusual offer is made in celebration of JOHNSON'S 50th ANNIVERSARY. Thousands of car owners have already received their free gift of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX. When the supply is gone there will be no more, so go to your dealer at once (auto supply store, service station, and regular wax dealer) and get a full size can of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX free!

mc: 9/21/36
10:55 AM

ADVERTISER S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
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CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ
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