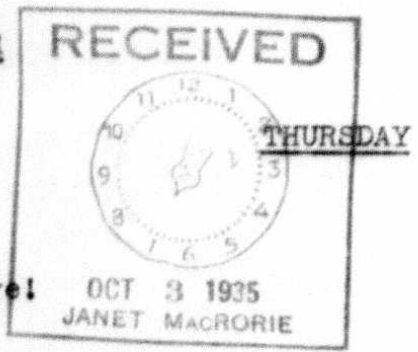


*Reed*  
RECEIVED  
NBC  
OCT 3 1935  
O. E. PHELPS

*Justine*

WEAF  
(06) (04)  
7:15 - 7:30 P.M.

POPEYE THE SAILOR  
OCTOBER 3, 1935

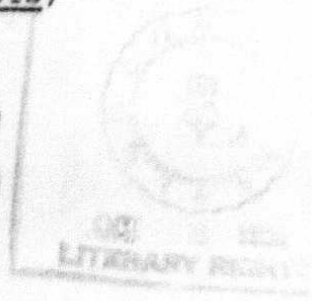


SOUND: (KNOCK)  
VOICE: All hands on deck. Here's Popeye!  
SOUND: (SEVEN BELLS)  
MUSIC: (POPEYE THE SAILORMAN) (NEW ARRANGEMENTS)

MUSIC: (TROMBONE SLUR)  
POPEYE: (SINGS) I'm Popeye the Sailorman (TOOT)  
I'm Popeye the Sailorman (TOOT)  
I yam what I yam  
Cause I yam what I yam  
I'm Popeye the Sailorman. (TOOT)

MUSIC: (4 BAR TAG)  
KEFCH: Wheatena's his diet!  
He asks you to try it!  
With Popeye the Sailorman!

MUSIC: (PANFARE)  
KEFCH: Popeye is too much the artist, maybe, to tell you the name of his favorite cereal. But I am not! You have a right to know what it is that makes him so all-fired strong. It's the sun-browned wheat cereal that's been building bone and blood and muscle in people for fifty years. It's the toasted wheat cereal that makes a million breakfast tables more cheery every morning. It's delicious, savory, nourishing---Wheatena! That's Popeye's favorite cereal---and it will be yours, I believe, after the very first dish.)



MUSIC: ("GOOD NEWS").....BACKGROUND)

KEECH: Good news! Now that Popeye has family responsibilities he has decided to settle down permanently. He is establishing a business of his own. His barge, the S.S. Herring, is his office, factory, and well, just everything. As our scene opens we find Popeye hard at work ready to open up on the first day...

MUSIC: (FADE OUT)

OLIVE: (OFF MIKE) Yoo hoo.....Popeye....Hello....

POPEYE: Ahoy, Olive, yer jes in time fer the grand opening of me business.

OLIVE: Wait don't open till I come aboard...

POPEYE: Mind yer step, Olive...

WIMPY: How do you do, Miss Oyl, gaze upon the sign I have just affixed to the barge...

OLIVE: Let me see....

POPEYE: "POPEYE'S MARINE AND HARBOR SERVICE"

OLIVE: Ship Chandler, outfitter and fixer...

WIMPY: Cruises arranged...Exploring done at moderate rates...

POPEYE: Yeah, an' I has a special deparakmenk too...

OLIVE: What is it, Popeye?

POPEYE: It's me strong arm department...

OLIVE: My gracious, what does the strong arm department do....

POPEYE: Pirakes and enemies layed among the sweet peas cheap... Sea monskers ruined at low prices....

WIMPY: We have a complete organization...I am vice-president.

POPEYE: Go on, yuh ain't even a office boy...

OLIVE: I should think Skinny would be office boy Popeye...

POPEYE: He is, oney he is at school jes now...

WIMPY: Look, Popeye, our competitors next door seem agitated...

OLIVE: Competitors!!! Couldn't you start in a place where there weren't any rivals?

POPEYE: Blow me down they ain't nothin'...

OLIVE: Why Popeye, they have a big dry dock, and derricks and boat factories and lots of people workin'....

POPEYE: They has lots a fansky trimmin's but they ain't got the sea in their hearts...

OLIVE: My stars alive, Popeye, I'm afraid they're goin' to make it troublesome for you...

POPEYE: I yaint askeered. I has ambition...

WIMPY: One of them is calling to you, now, my friend...

MAN: (OFF MIKE) Hey, you one eyed imitation of a sailor... You can't start a rival boat business next to mine.

POPEYE: (CALLS) Who sez so? ... Who sez I can't... I yam mad!

OLIVE: Now Popeye, calm yourself... You don't want to make enemies...

POPEYE: I never makes enemies...They manufactures themselves...

MAN: (OFF MIKE) I'm comin' over there and put a stop to the whole thing!..

POPEYE: Come over here and I puts a stop to you, yuh insecck!..

OLIVE: Oh dear...here he comes...it looks like trouble!

MAN: (FADING IN) Well, sailor, I'm here and I'm goin' to put your business out of commission before you even begin.

WIMPY: Popeye, hadn't you better explain that we operate only a modest laundry here...

OLIVE: Oh Mr. Man...Popeye's business is so little and new...

MAN: He can't start in the boat business next to me!

POPEYE: I yam inkersted ta know how yer goin' to stop me....



MAN: That's easy! I'm goin' to wreck your whole place.

WIMPY: Pray spare this lovely derrick...I painted it with my own hands...

MAN: What derrick? Where?

POPEYE: Yuh mus' be blind...It's right in front of yuh...

MAN: Holy smoke...You don't call that piece of junk a derrick?

POPEYE: The gazookus is jealous...

MAN: Jealous...don't make me laugh...Why that thing's ready to fall apart...

POPEYE: That's a elegant derrick, I says...

MAN: Yeah? Let's see it work...

POPEYE: Come on, Wimpy, we shows him...

WIMPY: But how, my friend. We have nothing to lift.

MAN: Lift! why it couldn't even lift that skinny woman over there!

OLIVE: Ooooooo I'm insulted...My beeeotiful figure...

POPEYE: This ain't no time for vanicky Olive...I'll show this guy... I yam goin' to lift yuh with the derrick...

OLIVE: Oh how lovalas...A ride on the derrick...

POPEYE: Come here, Olive...I'll tie this here rope around yer waist.

OLIVE: Now no tricks, Popeye...Remember, I'm a lady...

POPEYE: I yam not playin' ...This is bizeeness...I'm goin' to crank the derrick so's yuh goes up....

OLIVE: Oh Popeye, I feel so funny...You think it's safe, don't you?...

POPEYE: Sure, oney don't jump up and down on accounts you would look like a monkey on a string...

OLIVE: If you insult me, Popeye, I'm agoin' home...

POPEYE: Now don't get mad, Olive, I was oney foolink'.  
Is the rope fast around yer waist?

OLIVE: Yes, Popeye....

POPEYE: Alright...I yam goin' to crank...

SOUND: (NOISY SQUFAK OF CRANK)

OLIVE: Oh my it's skaweezing and pulling me somethin'  
awful....

POPEYE: Nachurly...It's goin' to pull yuh up... Here ye go...

SOUND: (CRANK)....

OLIVE: Wheeeeeeee....Whooooopeeeee....I'm off the ground...

POPEYE: Stand back, ye swabs, or else Olive might kick yuh  
in the chin!

WIMPY: And that would be no mean kick!....

POPEYE: Ahoy Olive...Here yuh goes on a sky ride....

SOUND: (LONG DRAWN CRANK)....

OLIVE: (OFF MIKE AND PADING SLIGHTLY) Wheee...Ohh....  
My oh my....

MUSIC: ("THE FLYING TRAPEEZE").....

OLIVE: (TO MUSIC) Oh I float through the air with the  
greatest of ease...

WIMPY: (TO MUSIC) The daring Miss Oyl on the flying  
trapeeeze....

MUSIC: (OUT)

SOUND: (CRANK)...

OLIVE: Hooray...Whoooopee. The view is elelegant up here...  
Wimpy...Come on up!!

WIMPY: Alas I cannot...The rail is holding tightly to my  
hands....

MAN: Look out, sailor...Look out...your derrick is falling  
apart!

SOUND: (OMINOUS CRACK)

POPEYE: Blow me down...The crank is jammed.

WIMPY: Goodby, Miss Oyl, you're going to fall.

OLIVE: Popeye...Halluppp...Hallup...stop jiggling me....

POPEYE: I'm not jigglin' yuh...I'm turnin' the derrick over the river, Olive so's yuh have a soft fall in the water.

SOUND: (SQUEAK AND SCREAM OF DERRICK)

MAN: There she goes in the river!

MUSIC: WHIZZ DOWN.....TO BOOM!

SOUND: (HUGE SPLASH).....

OLIVE: HALLUP.....hallupp....I'm drownin'....I'm wet...  
I'm soaked....

SOUND: (SPLASHES IN WATER).....

POPEYE: Keep yer head, Olive...Here I comes....

SOUND: SPLASH OF POPEYE'S DIVE...AND CONTINUED SPLASHING)...

WIMPY: Ladies and gentlemen...You have just witnessed the fancy high dive....

MAN: (LAUGHING) Oh bless my soul, I've never seen anything as funny in a circus....

WIMPY: And...here come the star performers...

POPEYE: (OFF MIKE) Ahoy, Wimpy...Give Olive a hand....

WIMPY: Miss Oyl...Permit me...Your dive was perfect...such grace....

OLIVE: Wimpy, you keep quiet...I'm ruined...I'll catch my death....

POPEYE: (FADE IN) Pipe down..Wimpy...I yam drippin' buckets...Olive...I yam morktified....

SOUND: (WATER DRIPS FOR FEW SPEECHES)...

OLIVE: I'll never lift my head again...



MAN: Boy oh Boy, was that funny?

POPEYE: Look here, yuh goof, I yam mad...Do you want to fight...

MAN: No! No! I take it all back...I apologize...

POPEYE: Blow me down...Now I kint get no satisfaction...

MAN: I won't wreck...your place...I couldn't...It's a wreck already...So long...

POPEYE: Avast, yuh oaf...Yuh can't get away with threatenin' me business...

MAN: You're welcome to any business you can get here....  
I'm going...so long...  
(FADING) So long... (LAUGHS)...

OLIVE: Well, I better be gettin' home and put on somethin' dry before I catch cold...

POPEYE: Thas a idea, Olive...

OLIVE: You oughta change too Popeye...

POPEYE: Thas humerous...On account I has so much salt in me system I dries in no time...I does...

OLIVE: (FADING) I'll be back...but no more derrick rides....

MUSIC: (WALKING THEME FOR OLIVE AND FADE QUICKLY)

POPEYE: Okay, Olive....so long...Le's get to work, Wimpy?

WIMPY: What for? Business does not seem to be rushing...

POPEYE: Thas true...Nobody is comin' to have their boats fixed...

WIMPY: I will summon them (CALLS) Yoo hoo...Boats...Come on in...Excellent repair service...Boats made like new...  
Yoo hoo...Here we are...Let us fix you....

POPEYE: Thas the idea, Wimpy... it pays to avertise!

WIMPY: Look, my calling takes effect....

POPEYE: Blow me down...That big yacht is headin' right this way..

(CALLS AS THOUGH ADDRESSING A DOG)

WIMPY: Yoo hoo! Here yacht...Here yachty....That's a nice yachty...Come onn...H'ya...H'ya...Come....Come....

SOUND: (SHORT BLAST ON WHISTLE)

SKINNY: (OFF MIKE) Ahoy Popeye...

POPEYE: Here comes Matey, Jes in time to see our first customer, Ahoy Matey....

SKINNY: Ahoy Popeye, school's out...

POPEYE: Come aboard we welcome our first customer.

SKINNY: (FADE IN) Gee...you mean..that big yacht out there?...

POPEYE: Thas it!...Well I yam a four masted bell bouy...

SKINNY: What's the matter, Popeye?

POPEYE: That blarsked yacht is headin' next door!

WIMPY I believe the fickle boat visits our rival....

POPEYE: Blow me down...Thas just where they're goin'....

SOUND: (THREE BLASTS ON WHISTLE AND HIGH JINGLE OF ENGINE BELL)

POPEYE: All hands look lively...Somethin's wrong...

SKINNY: Everybody on that boat is running around like they were crazy....

POPEYE: She's reverskin her engines....fast....

SOUND: (FIVE SHORT LOUD BLASTS)

POPEYE: (SHOUTING) Belay, Port yer helm, yuh dumb skipper.... yer goin' to ram the dock....

VOICES: (OFF MIKE) Shouts...and cries....

SOUND: (CRASH AND SPLINTER OF WOOD)

POPEYE: Come on, Skinny...She's rammed the dock and she's stuck...fast...

SKINNY: Gee....Will she sink?

POPEYE: No...She's jes stuck...head on...come on le's see if we can help!



MUSIC: (WALKING THEME FAST)

SOUND: (BABBLE OF VOICES AND RANGING)

MUSIC: (OUT)....

POPEYE: They's argifyin' about something....

WIMPY: Our business rival seems to be in a state of mind...

POPEYE: Batten down yer hatches and lissen yuh wind bag....

SKINNY: Gee! The skipper of the boat and that man next door are havin' an awful row!

MAN: (OFF MIKE) I say it's a clear case of salvage and my men won't touch the job for less than five hundred dollars.

SKIPPER: (OFF MIKE) This is piracy...high way robbery...Your signals were wrong and you gave me incorrect directions...

MAN: (BRING UP TO MIKE) Listen to me...You've rammed the dock...Your stuck fast and you've run aground...

SKIPPER: (BRING UP TO MIKE) Yes, and you want to charge me as much as the boat's worth to help me off...

MAN: I won't argue...Take it or leave it...

SKIPPER: I'll get someone else to help me at a fair price...

MAN: Yeah, where? There's no one else in these parts but me....

SKIPPER: There's no one else to help me...So that's why you hold me up...

POPEYE: (OFF MIKE) Ahoy there, Skipper...Belay, I yam in this here boat business, too....

SKIPPER: Ah, there is justice after all...Come here, my good man...

MAN: (LAUGHING)...Where's your derrick and your skinny girl friend, sailor....

SKIPPER: Don't let this man intimidate you sailor....

POPEYE: I pays no attention becorst biznize comes first.....  
I yam at yer service....

MAN: Go to it, sailor! (CALLING) Hey men...Come on and  
watch this...It will be a three ring circus....

POPEYE: Les see...Yuh is jammed into the dock and stuck and  
yer has run aground....

SKIPPER: That's right...Can you get me off today...

POPEYE: Get ye off today...I yam goin' to push yuh off in a  
minute....

MAN: Yay! Yay! Listen to Samson...

WIMPY: The name is Popeye...He is the only Popeye boy....

POPEYE: Wimpy, we has a imporkant job. I needs some extra  
special muskle...Give me some of me favorite cereal...

WIMPY: What are your requirements, Popeye!...

POPEYE: Les see...The boat's aground and her prow is at  
least six feet in the dock...I needs five bowls...

WIMPY: Five bowls...comin' up....

MAN: Oh! So it's 'heatena?

MUSIC: (STRENGTH SOCK)

WIMPY: Here's one...

MUSIC: (SLAP AND GURGLE)

WIMPY: And another....

MUSIC: (SLAP AND GURGLE)

WIMPY: And another.....

MUSIC: (SLAP AND GURGLE)

WIMPY: And a fourth....

MUSIC: (SLAP AND GURGLE)

WIMPY: And the fifth and last....

MUSIC: (SLAP AND GURGLE)

POPEYE: Now look at me muskle...

MUSIC: (MUSCLE WIND UP)

SKIPPER: My good man, what in the world are you going to do....

POPEYE: I pushes your boat off...Here she goes.

MUSIC: (GRUNT AND WRENCH)

SKIPPER: Good heavens...he moved her.

MUSIC: (GRUNT AND WRENCH)

SKINNY: Shove her again, Popeye, she's almost loose.

MUSIC: (GRUNT...WRENCH AND TERRIFIC SPLASH)

SKIPPER: She floats...She's free.

ALL: Cheers.

SKIPPER: My good man...You are a marvel...What is your charge?

POPEYE: On account I yam new in business I doesn't know what to charge...

SKIPPER: Man alive, name your figure...anything within reason...

POPEYE: Does yuh think...two dollars is too much...

SKIPPER: Good grief...two dollars!

POPEYE: I apologizes fer askin' too much...I charges fifty cents...

SKIPPER: You don't understand...this pirate wanted five hundred dollars....

WIMPY: There is no such figure...

POPEYE: Thas ridkoolous....

SKIPPER: But a hundred dollars is not ridiculous and you shall have it... What's more...I am the commodore of the yacht club...You shall do all of our future business...

POPEYE: I yam very thankful to yuh...Now me business is a success and I kin give me family the bes...take 'em places and see the world...

MUSIC: ("EVERYTHING IS HOTSY-TOTSY NOW")



KEECH: Popeye is not only on the radio...he's on a pin. It's a honey. And you can get it free. You'll be glad to wear it anywhere, except maybe to church. Measures about an inch and a half from keel to tops'l--- this sea-going lingo is getting me, too---I mean the pin is an inch and a half high. Shows Popeye in full stride, arms a-swinging, pipe at a cocky 45 degree angle, face at peace with the world. Six bright colors decorate this beautifully enameled Popeye pin---blue pants, black shirt, red sailor collar---shiverin' sardines, it's colorful! And there are some women who are going to wear it on their sport clothes. They told me so. Wouldn't be surprised if it became a fad. Here's how you get Old Popeye on a pin! Just send one Wheatena package top, with your name and address, to Popeye, in care of Wheatena, Rahway---R-A-H-W-A-Y----- New Jersey; and your pin will be sent to you by return mail. Sez Popeye, and sez Kelvin Keech, who's wearing one of those pins right now.

MUSIC: (PANFARE)

SKINNY: Hey - Popeye -

POPEYE: What is it, Matey?

SKINNY: I'll bet that skipper would have paid you more than a hundred dollars....

POPEYE: He did Matey, he has paid me in confidence and trust which will last a life time....

MUSIC: ("CARTOONLAND BAND")

KEECH: This is Kelvin Keech. You have just heard the Thimble Theatre featuring Vic Irwin's Cartoonland Band...

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA UP AND DOWN)

KEECH: .....and starring...

MUSIC: (MUSIC UP)

(HORN NOTE)

MUSIC: "I'M POPEYE THE SAILORMAN")

POPEYE: (SINGS) I'm Popeye the Sailorman (TOOT)  
I'm Popeye the Sailorman (TOOT)  
I yam what I yam  
Cause I yam what I yam  
I'm Popeye the Sailorman (TOOT)

MUSIC: (POPEYE CODA)

KEECH: Don't forget - Popeye will be with you again Saturday evening at this same time... Until then - Happy Breakfast with Wheatena... And in the words of Popeye himself -- Wheatena makes muscle....

MUSIC: (FINAL THEME)

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

POPEYE THE SAILOR

04 04

WEAF

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3RD

7:15 - 7:30 P. M.

SIGNATURE: POPEYE THE SAILOR  
INT: SAILORS HORNPIPE

(FAMOUS)

1. GOOD NEWS from "GOOD NEWS"
2. EVERYTHING IS HOTSEY TOTSEY
3. THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

(HARMS)

(MILLS)

(ROBBINS)

WEAF  
10/3/35  
Contact - Dolly  
Baiss - Phelps  
M

Victor Irwin - Director  
Dramatic Cast  
Orchestra

