

NBC

VERTISER

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc.

WRITER DON QUINN

GRAM TITLE

FIBBER MC GEE AND MOLLY - #137

OK

AGO OUTLET

W M A Q

8:00- 8:30 PM
11:00-11:30 PM

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(

NOVEMBER 18, 1937
DATE

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MONDAY

DAY

DUCTION

OUNCER:

GINEER

ARKS

SECOND CORRECTION



*Have only one copy of
this data.
move away - incl.*

CRK: 1st PHRASE:

TIL: WHEN YOU WALK ON WAX, YOU SAVE YOUR FLOORS!

CRK: 2nd PHRASE

TIL: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM, PRESENTING "FIBBER MCGEE"!

CRK: THEME: "SAVE YOUR SORROW" - Tanner.

TIL: TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA OPEN THE SHOW WITH "THANKSGIVING"!

CRK: "THANKSGIVING", - down for -

TIL: 1st COMMERCIAL:

UP TO FINISH "THANKSGIVING"

THEME - "RIDIN' AROUND" - down for -

Well - Wistful Vista University football team is playing Saskatchewan tomorrow, and with Molly away visiting her Aunt Sarah, Fibber has volunteered to be a speaker at the pep meeting tonight. And here, approaching the gymnasium, with Silly Watson, who is trainer for the team, we find - Fibber McGee & Company!

THEME

What'd they say when they got my letter offering to make a speech tonight, Sil?

Oh, they gonna make you a guest of honor, on account of how you tole 'em in youah lettah whatta football playeh you used to be suh, -

By the way, Sil. Who's our team playin' tomorrow. Sasse U.

Says who?

Sasse-U. Tha's lil ole University of Saskatchewan, please suh? We calls 'em Sasse U.

Well. - Where you goin' now, Sil?

Ah gotta go back to de trainin' quaktehs, suh. Gotta git mah stuff ready fo' the game. (FADE OUT) Scuse me now suh....

Okay, Sil. See you later. HI there sis...you goin' to the pep meeting?

Oh yes, sir. Are you?

You betcha. I'm the guest of honor. Fibber McGee. Yale, ought three.

Gee, really?

Yep. I'm an old Yale aluminum.

I'll bet they'll give you a locomotive when you go in.

Eh? ~~Scuse me now suh~~. I'm Fibber McGee - not Casey Jones, come on let's go in. You can sit near me, and tell me who's who.

All right.

MR LATCH: VOICES LAUGHTER

All right, kids, start the meeting. I'm here!

ENDS UP LOUDER

I'd better tell them, Mr. Gee. Yoo hoo, BOYS!

WED OUT

YEAH...IT'S ME...~~ME~~, FIBBER MCGEE....~~START THE MEETING WITH A~~

~~CHEER. FIBBER MCGEE HIMSELF IS HERE. BARRUMBARRUMBARRUM~~ *

(OFF MIKE) *Let's welcome* ~~our guest of honor.~~ (YELLS)

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MC GEE?

MAN'S VOICE: ~~Well, if you ask me, I'd say~~

CHORUS: HE'S ALL RIGHT!

LEAD: WHO'S ALL RIGHT?

~~Well, I'd say~~

McGEE! *

MAN'S VOICE: All right, gang. Let's START OFF WITH THAT ROUSING OLD
WISTFUL VISTA YELL...ALTOGETHER NOW.

CHORUS: MUSS THEIR HAIR, SOIL THEIR FACES,
WE MUST WIN - GOODNESS GRACIOUS

Man has *YAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!
Shook up, they're playing tomorrow
McGee

LEAD: Oh it ~~really~~ does, Mr. McGee. Oh boys...sing our Wistful
Vista fight song for, Mr. McGee

CHORUS OF ASSENTS.

CHORUS: DID YOU EVER SEE A TEAM HANDSOME, AS OUR TEAM.
DID YOU EVER SEE A TEAM GRANDSOME, AS OUR TEAM

CHORUS: WISTFUL VISTA'S ON THE FIELD, FIGHTING - OH GOODY!
WISTFUL VISTA WILL NOT YIELD, FIGHTING - OH GOODY!

CHORUS: DID YOU EVER HAVE A TEAM THRILL YOU WITH "LET'S HIT THAT LINE
GEE BUT IT'S GRAND, AND IT'S TOO TOO DIVINE!"

CHORUS: DID YOU EVER FIND A FOOTBALL RIGHT IN YOUR ARMS
SAYING COME ON LET'S GO THRU.....

CHORUS: WELL THE TEAM THAT IS PEACHY, THAT WILL PLUNGE THRU THE BREACH
IS THE TEAM OF WISTFUL VISTA U!

END

MOSES:

SPEECH - SPEECH. MOGEE, SPEECH!

Thank you, fellow students - thank you -

As I look into your young faces

It takes me back to my own

College days -

MOSE:

Don't be gone long - pop!

ENTER:

~~111 - I see the star lined for the Streak - why~~

(P)

I was the star kicker of old *Swish* -
Page 6B

MANY'S THE TIME THE COACH USED TO SAY TO ME.....MCGEE,
HE'D SAY, YOU DO MORE KICKIN' THAN ALL THE REST OF THE
BOYS PUT TOGETHER. * I WAS THE BIG TOE OF THE BIG 10 *then*.
PIGSKIN MCGEE, I WAS KNOWN AS IN THEM DAYS.

Oh - my --

PIGSKIN MCGEE, POSITIVELY THE MOST POPULAR PACHYDERM IN
PADDED PANTS, PRODIGIOUS PASSER, PLUNGER AND PUNTER, A
PERFECT POWERHOUSE IN PILE-DRIVER PLAYS, POUNDING OPPONENTS
TO PULP, PLEASING PATRONS AND PRESS AND PREDOMINATING THE
AND
PIGSKIN PICTURE, PUBLIC/PRIVATE, FROM PENSACOLA TO
PITTSBURGH! *

PAUSE:

Di- In other words - Oh Hisk Ted

6c

~~in their minds and means.~~

~~Well, confidentially, that's the way it is. What a skinny bunch of punts they really are. The and fairness of our on account of their all-around the biggest goal. But they'll be no big there even in the field for "Gully," and they'll eat the same food as the others, which I personally think is a good thing. In other words, ~~they're all the same.~~~~

memorable speech
TED: Hello, Fibber. ~~I just made a speech about speech and per meeting tonight.~~

memorable
FIBBER: ~~Thanks, Ted.~~ Anything I can say about your ~~college~~ college band I'll be glad to do.

ED: I wish you'd advocate more men for the band.

Why?

there's a lot of colleges
ED: Well, we can't play the ~~varsity~~ varsity ~~instrument~~ until we have more musicians.

ED: Why, Mr. Weems?

Well, we always parade out on the field and form the initials of our opponents. We only got enough men for ~~the~~ *U.C.L.A.* letters. So we can play ~~varsity~~ *U.C.L.A.*, till we have about eight more musicians. *

I'll make a note of that, Ted. AHEN. What you gonna play now. VARSITY SUE.

Okay. FELLOW STUDENTS, TED WEEMS AND HIS BOYS ENTER A CLAIM FOR MUSICAL DAMAGES.... VARSITY SUE! Take it, Ted.

* VARSITY SUE *

PLAUSE:

Now students...the reason I'm here tonite is to give you the benefit of my wide experience as a coach and player - I'll never forget the game between Yale and Princeton when I carried the ball around the end -

VOICE: Around which end?

Around the end of the season - ahem...now if there's any questions...

Q: Oh Mr. McGee...will you tell me something?

A: You? Anything, sis?

Q: What if all the air should come out of a football, while it was in play?

A: IN that case, sis, it'd be declared out of bounce till they blew it up again (LAUGHS) Get it? I says it'd be outa bounce -

VOICE: TAIN'T FUNNY, MCGEE!

A: Okay. I'll take the penalty. Any other question, sis?

Q: Yes...Why does a football team wear all those pads and stuffing in their shirts and trousers.

A: Well, confidentially, sis, that's so the opposing team won't see what a skinny bunch o' punts they really are. *Never forget when I played in the Michigan Army game when I dashed down the field and went loose the biggest battle was intercepted a mark note from the dean of women to the dean of men.*
~~and~~ THE TIME WE WAS PLAYIN' DARTMOUTH. IT WAS IN THE LAST QUARTER, AND TEN TO GO.-

AND I'LL BET MY LAST QUARTER YOU INTEN TO GO GET ANOTHER CAN
 OF JOHNSON'S WAX BECAUSE ~~YOU REALIZE HOW MUCH MORE BEAUTIFUL~~
~~YOUR FLOORS AND FURNITURE LOOK WITH THE POLISH~~ -

HARPO!

Oh hello, Fibber.

You a football player here, Harpo?

You Jim - I'm a Lineman
~~Yes I am - I'm a Lineman~~
~~Of a Lineman eh. Well I always say the best~~
~~place in the world to~~

All right - all right - (FADE OUT) No college spirit. *watch a*

Now - how many of you would like to hear more about my own *football game in*
 gridiron days? *the top of the*

Aha - Well let's call on our coach *Mick* Depopolis.

What you gonna talk about, Pop?

I am telling these student bodies all about the skin that is
 loving to touch me - the pigskin.

Well, hop to it, Mick. Give 'em the old pop/Depopolis', er-pop/
 Depopolis *

Sure, Fibber. DEAR FELLOW STUPIDS AND GOED WHICH IN PRIVATE
 I AM CALLING CUTIEPUSSSES WHEN SHE IS NOT LISTENING TO MY WIFE
 We are being with me tonight to KID myself into thinking we
 are not losing tomorrow. As your football coaches we must
 everybody and each get behind himself and fight for his alma's
 mother, you grob me?

TEERS:

ICK:

We are working out some very ingenious tactics^{which} which will probably be fooling these visiting teamsters, and maybe us, too. We have some goods forwards passing, plenty of good subetutights, and I think everyone of me is on my toenails to bring home some bacon and eggs for Wistful Vista!

TEERS:

ICK:

BESIDES, Any team which is having Butch Dromsky to play with it, is having everything I need for winning except one thing and I am sure we have that too, because my cousin George Stanikopoulos is being the referee. So that is all I am having to say, so until tomorrow, I will see you all out with the grandstands but you won't see me if we are losing.
HAH HAH. I am just joking....you think so?

TEERS:

Thank you, coach. As I was sayin', fellow students, we must all -

BOY: (FADE IN EXCITEDLY) ATTENTION PLEASE EVERYBODY...I HAVE BAD NEWS,

CHORUS UP AND DOWN.

JOED: Oh what's the matter Charlie?

BOY: (LOUDLY) The FACULTY HAS JUST ISSUED A STATEMENT. BUTCH DROMSKY IS DECLARED INELIGIBLE FOR TOMORROW'S GAME!

MOANS:

BOY: HE FAILED IN HISTORY.

JOED: I'll be glad to help Butch with his history.

BOY: You ain't the kind of a date he'd forget sis *

BOY: BUT WE HAVE ONE LAST CHANCE. THE NEW HISTORY PROF SAYS HE'LL GIVE BUTCH A SPECIAL EXAMINATION JUST BEFORE THE GAME TOMORROW, AND IF HE PASSES, HE CAN PLAY.

JEERS:

JOED: But he probably won't pass.

MOANS:

BOY: STILL...HE MIGHT.

JEERS:

JOED: Well, I dunno..

MOANS:

LISTEN, STUDENTS...WE AINT GETTING ANYPLACE THIS WAY.
WE GOTTA BE PRACTICAL. LET'S CALL BUTCH DROMSKY UP
HERE AND SHOOT HIM A FEW QUESTIONS.

Oh here he comes...Butch...yoo hoo...BUTCHIE WOOTCHIE..
Come here.

Oh hello, baby. ~~Howdy~~. How are you.

Are you BUTCH DROMSKI?

Yeah. What's all the excitement about?

You can't play tomorrow unless you brush up on your history.
I'm gonna give you a informal test.

Okay, go ahead.

Let's see...now...what'll I ask him first sis?

Ask him about the fall of Troy?

Good. Listen BUTCH....who defeated the Trojans?

The Washington Huskes, 7 to nuttin' *

OOhhhh, Butch, you were wonderful last week when you kicked
that forward pass.

Gee ain't some people dumb, though? *

One more, question, Butch, WHAT WAS THE LOUISIANI PURCHASE,

~~PARADE?~~

Are they buyin' players down there? How much they payin'? *

Oh dear...I'm afraid Butch can't play. And all on account
of that new History Professor, the near sighted old moss
back.

Shucks, if I was a few years younger, I'd leap into the
fray myself and --

BOY: HEY THAT'S AN IDEA, FELLAS!

BOY: Hey now wait a minute...I was just...I mean my rheumatism would...

BOY: NO I DON'T MEAN FOR YOU TO PLAY, MR. MCGEE! LISTEN..

Listen, Margie...didn't you say the new Prof was nearsighted?

COED: He can't see a thing without his glasses.

BOY: SO, LOOK. I'LL swipe his spectacles and tomorrow Mr. McGee can take the examination for Butch.

CHEERS:

BOY: Okay gang. Let's give fifteen for McGee.

15! Shucks, it oughta be worth more'n that*

BOY: Make it fifty.

YELL: 10, 20, 30, 40, FIFTY! HERE WE COME, READY OR NOT..

MCGEEEEEEEEEE!

Thanks boys and girls. Now let's close the pep meeting with a song from Clark Dennis.

CHORUS OF APPROVALS:

Whatcha wanta sing, Clark?

CLARK: Summertime?

SUMMERTIME. This ain't a baseball meeting. Clark. This is a FOOTBALL MEETING.

CLARK: I know, but in Summertime, I can get hot.

You can get...AHEM. OKAY. SUMMERTIME!...TAKE IT, THEODORE!

ORCHESTRA: *SUMMERTIME* - DENNIS

APPLAUSE:

BOY: Here's the history room, Mr. McGee...and I hope this works.
Maybe I shouldn't of agreed to ~~that~~^{like this}, Bud. They say College History's pretty tough.

BOY: Why, you said you used to teach it.

O I....I know, but there's been a lotta history made since then.
Y.

BOY: Jiggers...here comes the professor...I better beat it.
Good luck, Mr. McGee...

O (TREMOLO) Th-thanks, bud...

TAPPING WITH CANE:

PROP: Carn sarn it...where'd my glasses go..

SOUND: THUD

O WOOPS...What's the matter, can't you see without your glasses?

PROP: Don't be silly, course I can. See as good as anybody. Just wear glasses for effect. Who are you?

O I'm Fibber Mc....er....BUTCH DROMSKY, Prof..

PROP: Oh yes...well...let's go to my room for the history examination. Room 13.

O This is it,...right here.

PROP: Where?

O Right here. Say, I thought you says you could see okay

PROP: Can. Got eyes like a hawk.

Well. What's it say on this door here?

What door? Little dark here.*

Better let me help you thru the door.

Take your hand off my arm. Got eyes like a hawk. Come on.

WHAM! AGAINST WOOD

Better wait 'll I open the door, Hawkeye.*

DOOR LATCH AND SLAM.

BOF: Come on...just follow me. I got eyes like a h-

SOUND: CRASH

BOF: Carn sarn bungling...speak to janitor..putting desks right in middle of floor...Sit down, son..if you can find a chair.

There's about fifty of 'em here, Prof.*

BOF: I've written your questions down on this sheet of paper, and

That's not paper. That's a handkerchief.

BOF: ~~4~~ No wonder it blotted so bad.* Written on the black-board anyway aren't they?

There's something written up there..let's see...it says.
"I LOVE THE PROFESSOR"...SIGNED Phoebe. Say, is that the -

BOF: ERASE THAT! My my..naughty girl...very very naughty. Very pretty though. Very pretty. Wonder if she mean that. AHARRUMPH
Look at the other blackboard, Mr. Drowsky.

Who? Oh yes..me. Yes those are the questions, Prof.

NOF: You'll see they're very simple. Child could answer 'em.
Want to see you get in that game, Butch. (GOTTO VOICE) Got
five bucks on Wistful Vista.

Ye have eh?

NOF: Well, good luck. The games already started and I'm goin'
down and watch. Come back between halves and see how you're
gettin' on.

Bring me a hot dog. Say better let me help you thru the door.

NOF: No no no ..got eyes like a hawk.

MUND: SERIES OF CRASHES.

NOF: (OFF MIKE) CARN SARN IT..SOMEBODY MOVED ~~THAT BUTCH~~ *Michael Donato LeVine*

NOF SLAM

Now let's see...WHO WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR
ONE DAY? NAME THE PROVISIONS OF THE MAGNA CHARTA, GIVE A
BIOGRAPHY OF KING JOHN. ^{Shake} Why, that eagle beaked old
dixwitted scurpuss of a-----

NOF

NOF LATCH

NOF: By the way, Butch - don't look in that book over on my desk -
it's got all the answers in it. Heh - heh--

NOF SLAM

Book with the answ---why--why shucks.- this is gonna be
child's play - play - Children!

"GOODNITE KISSES" --

- Tanner

NOF LAUSE:

"COMMERCIAL"

MOGEE THERE

SPOT:

(SINGS) *Three last one. Hape the answer*
~~Oh, I'll be for him. He's got a lot of~~
~~in that book. Were right~~
~~Oh a pick up his die. He's got a lot of~~

AT DOOR: DOOR LATCH AND SLAM

Ahhhhh how you doing, my boy?

All thru Prof. Didn't bother me a bit. Say, I see you found your glasses.

Oh yes...yes...didn't matter though. Can see just as well without 'em...eyes like a hawk. *But Butch* by the way...you look rather old for a college boy, Butch.

I know. Them history questions aged me a little...

These the answers...Hamm...Very good...Very good...splendid..

You've passed, Butch my boy! Now go out and get into your uniform and be a hero.

I can't...I mean...I ain't...there's been a slight mistake.

What's one mistake in fifty questions...come...come...not a

second to lose...(FADE OUT) The trainer has your uniform all ready and...

SLAM: RUNNING FEET...CHEERS

Butch slams. Yeah Butch.

Here Watson...here's Butch Dromaky...get him into his uniform quick...I'm going back to the stands and...

Yessuh...ah...well...who dat? Dat you Mist' McGee? Whesh at is Mistah Butch?

WELL FOLKS...IT'S 3 to 0 FOR SASKATCHAWAN...AND TWO MINUTES TO PLAY.

SOUND WHISTLE OFF MIKE

WISTFUL VISTA HAS BEEN STALLING DESPERATELY...HOPING THEIR GREAT STAR BUTCH DROMSKY MIGHT BE REINSTATED AT THE LAST MINUTE SO...HE...WAIT A MINUTE...WAIT A MINUTE...A WISTFUL VISTA PLAYER IS RUNNING OUT ON THE FIELD...CAN IT BE...YES YES...IT IS FOLKS...NUMBER 23, BUTCH DROMSKY'S NUMBER...YES BUTCH DROMSKY IS ENTERING THE PLAY AND THERE'S ONE MINUTE TO GO. THE STANDS ARE GOING WILD!

CHEERS...!!!!

BUTCH HAS ON A NOSE GUARD TODAY...IT'S HIDING HIS FACE AND HE SEEMS TO BE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH HIS UNIFORM. IT SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE LARGE FOR HIM...LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO... SIGNALS..WING BACK TO THE RIGHT...JUST A MINUTE NOW...BUTCH IS TAKING A DRINK FROM A BOTTLE...PROBABLY A LAST MINUTE SWIG OF WATER...NOW THE BALL IS SNAPPED! BUTCH HAS IT HE'S AWAY... HE'S UP THE LINE OF SCRUMMAGE...HE'S DOWN...NO HE'S THRU... HE SHAKES THEM OFF...HE'S THRU TO THE SECONDARY...HE'S RUNNING LIKE A CRAZY MAN...GALLOPING UP THE FIELD...HIS PANTS ARE SLIPPING...THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN BETWEEN HIM AND THE GOAL LINE ...HE'S TACKLED...HE'S DOWN...NO HE ISN'T HIS PANTS ARE... THE TACKLE HAS HIS PANTS BUT DROMSKY IS OVER FOR A TOUCHDOWN. SHOT...CHEERS...

AND THERE'S THE GUN! THE GAME IS OVER AND WISTFUL VISTA WINS THE GAME. NOW WE'LL SWITCH YOU TO OUR PORTABLE MICROPHONE OUT THERE WHERE BUTCH IS LYING ON THE FIELD...SURROUNDED BY HIS TEAM MATES...

FADE IN EXCITEDLY...CONGRATULATIONS ETC.

How do you feel, butch old boy?

(GASPING) Nyhellkman...knjushkls...nyhmmmm...

Where's the trainer - hey Watson!

(FADE IN) Heah ah is, folks...what de match, boss?

(SPLUTTERS AND GASPS) Water...Gimme some water!

Heah...drink this heah wateh, boss...that's it...

Wheh...Hey all...wh...what was that stuff you gimme before I went in? I drank it all, and that's the last I remember.

YOU Wah? You...why...ah din' mean you to DRINK it suh! Ah meant to RUB IT IN. Tha was Hoss liniment!

STRA: "GOODBYE JONAH" OVER APPLAUSE

FOR COMMERCIAL #3

SON WAX PROGRAM - NOVEMBER 15, 1937 MONDAY

GAG

Well Sil - you gotta give credit - I saved the day for
Wistful Vista.

Yessuh - you sho did, Mis' McGee...an sh wanna apologize suh.

What for? givin' me that ~~house~~ body-polish? Oh that's okay -
made me feel like one of the four horsemen -

Nessuh - ah din' mean that - but ah made a mistake and put
two helmets on yo' haid - one inside the other...

Shucks, I noticed that, but I thought maybe we were playin'
a double-header.

A double-h--yassuh - g'night, Suh.

Good night - folks - Good night, Molly!