

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY  
Tuesday April 18, 1939:  
"Molly Wants a Budget"

HARLOW: The Johnson's Wax Program.

INTRO: (music)

HARLOW:  
The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat  
present Marian and Jim Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly.

(extended applause for Molly)

MOLLY: Well, thank you everybody. My, my, it's nice to be back.

FIBBER: Well, it's nice to have you back, Molly.

MOLLY: Well, what are you waiting for, Mr. Wilcox, I want to go to  
work.

HARLOW:  
[laughing] All right, Molly. We also have Donald Novis, The Four Notes,  
and Billy Mills Orchestra. The show opens with "Fine and Dandy."

ORCHESTRA: (\*Billy Mills Orchestra plays "Fine and Dandy")

HARLOW:  
[Cut into music] Here is a sure way to banish your spring cleaning  
blues. Let Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat put a grand shine on your

floors and linoleum without any rubbing or buffing. There's no work to it at all, you know. You just pour the Glo-Coat onto the clean floor, spread it around with a cloth or the long-handled applicator, and in twenty minutes it dries to a beautiful, glowing finish. Now there's a special sale at your dealer's of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat right now. You can get both the regular wax and Glo-Coat in giant-sized cans. When you buy a pound, you get a pound and one-third; when you buy a pint, you get a pint and one-third. Now this sale is for a limited time only, so if you want to get one-third more for the regular price, we suggest that you phone your dealer the first thing tomorrow morning or go to the store and ask for Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat in the special money-saving giant-sized cans.

ORCHESTRA: (\*orchestra finishes song)

(\*2nd intro music)

HARLOW:

Well, folks, as you all know by now, Molly is home again, and after looking over the household bills accumulated during her absence, she's a trifle flabbergasted. And here in the living room at 79 Wistful Vista, we find the defendant and the plaintiff in the Case of Income vs. Outgo, Fibber McGee and Molly.

ORCHESTRA: (\*2nd intro music again)

MOLLY:

McGee, look at this milk bill! What on earth you been doin'? Sprinklin' the lawn with it?

FIBBER: [Sheepishly] It is a little high, ain't it? What say we get a cow?

MOLLY: Why, who'd milk it?

FIBBER: Oh, you gotta milk 'em?

MOLLY:

No, you just leave some empty bottles around the barn and then go out in the morning and rob the cow's nest. Do you have to milk 'em ??? And how 'bout this electric light bill?

FIBBER: Ooh, is that high, too?

MOLLY: Is it high? Well, look at it. Looks like the annual report of the TVA.

FIBBER:

Well...well, I was up late a couple of nights reading. You..you don't want me to be ignorant on current events, do ya?

MOLLY: No, but what events have been worth this much current? Now, look here, dearie...

SOUND: (door knock)

MOLLY: Answer the door.

FIBBER: O.K.

SOUND: (door opening)

MAN: Insurance man. Forty-five cents please.

MOLLY:

Forty-five cents for insurance? McGee, what is this? Plate-glass insurance on your diamond lodge pin?

FIBBER:

Now listen, Molly, I took this out while you was gone. It's...it's great stuff. You see, for only forty-five cents a week, you get a complete coverage on being struck by lightn'n, being lost at sea, and...and tell her the other features, bud.

MOLLY: Oh, yes, do.

MAN:

Eh, well, madam, this policy also covers you against capture by Chinese bandits, accidental injury from harpoons...eh, submarine collisions, runaway camels, falling pyramids, stratosphere sickness, and double indemnity for being bitten by a Mediterranean fruit fly.

FIBBER:

Imagine that, Molly, all for forty-five cents! I wanted a clause in there to cover us against being knocked out by the Sunday paper, but [chuckles] that woulda been another ten cents a week.

MOLLY:

Oh, that's wonderful. Does it protect us against from getting our fingers pinched in the encyclopedia?

MAN: No, madam, that would require a physical examination.

FIBBER: Shall I give him the forty-five cents, Molly?

MOLLY:

Sure, give it to him, then run out and round up a couple of Mediterranean fruit flies. Hungry ones, mind ya.

FIBBER [To Man]: Here ya are, bud, forty-five cents.

MAN:

Oh, thanks, you'll never regret this, folks. Why, just last week, one of our policy-holders--a bellboy--collected nine dollars and thirty-two cents for getting his left ear caught in a keyhole.

MOLLY:

[Laughs] I suppose if there'd a been twin beds in the room he'd a got double indemnity.

MAN: [Silly laugh]

MOLLY: Well, good day to you, sir.

SOUND: (door closing)

FIBBER: You don't think I was wrong taking out that policy, do ya, Molly?

MOLLY:  
Oh, no, McGee, 'twas a lovely stroke of business. In fact, we can put in a claim right away.

FIBBER: Huh? Claim? On what?

MOLLY: Capture by Chinese bandits.

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY: Look at this laundry bill!

FIBBER:  
I don't think that'd work, Molly. My shirts couldn't stand the physical examination. [Laughs] They'd flunk the buttonanalysis. [Laughs] Don't ya get it, Molly? I says they'd flunk...

MOLLY:  
Ah, t'ain't funny, McGee. But now, let's get down to business. We've got to work out a budget. I'll keep the books.

FIBBER:  
Swell, I'll run downtown and get a set of books and a sample budget. Shouldn't cost more than two...

SOUND: (telephone ringing)

MOLLY: I'll answer it, dearie.

FIBBER: O.K.

SOUND: (phone being picked up)

MOLLY:  
[Into phone] 79 Wistful Vista, Molly McGee speaking. To who am I  
speakin' with, please?...[listening to phone]...Who?...[listening to  
phone]...Myrt, who?

FIBBER:  
Oh, oh, that's Myrt, the telephone operator, Molly. I'll...I'll talk to  
her.

MOLLY: Oh, no, you won't.

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY:  
[Into phone] What was it you wanted, please? Mr. McGee is busy right  
now.

FIBBER: Oh, I am not.

MOLLY:

He is, too! I mean, what?...[Jealous] Ohh, you'll call him later on.  
All right, dearie, good-bye.

SOUND: (Phone being put on hook)

FIBBER:

[Singing] "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home..."

MOLLY: [Angry] McGee!

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY: Who's Myrt?

FIBBER:

Myrt? Oh...oh, she's just a telephone operator. I...I never met her.  
Just talked to her on the phone. Just kidded with her, and stuff like  
that there.

MOLLY: [Suspicious] I see.

FIBBER:



[Worried] Honest, Molly, don't ya believe me? Wait a minute.  
[Addressing the audience] Folks, them of you who've listened to our other shows, will ya write and tell Molly that I ain't ever seen this Myrt, tell her that I never had...

MOLLY: [Relenting] Oh, all right, McGee, let it go. I believe ya.

FIBBER: O.K.

MOLLY: But, now, eh, speaking of operators, look at this telephone bill.

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY:  
Thirty-four dollars! Can't Europe settle it's own problems? Did you have to call 'em up and give 'em advice?

FIBBER: Whatcha mean, Molly?

MOLLY: Why, we've got to cut down on using the telephone.

FIBBER:  
O.K., let's have it taken out. I'll build a little coop up on the roof, and we can use carrier pigeons.

MOLLY:

You think their cooing would help our billing? Oh, you was always one to go to extremes. Now, you run down and get some bookkeeping ledgers.

FIBBER: O.K., I'll call a couple of taxi cabs, right away.

MOLLY: A couple of taxi cabs?

FIBBER: Sure, I gotta come back, ain't I?

MOLLY:

Hmm. Sometimes I doubt the necessity. You'll take the streetcar.

FIBBER:

O.K., but that's false economy, Molly. It's a waste of time and time is money.

MOLLY:

Go on, now, it'll do you good to ride the streetcar and rub shoulders with the common people.

FIBBER:

[Laughs] I guess you ain't rode on the streetcar lately, Molly. It ain't your shoulders that gets rubbed. I'll be back in a little while, and then we can st...

SOUND: (door opening)

BILLY MILLS: Hello, Fibber, and hello, Molly.

FIBBER: Oh, hi, Billy.

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Mills.

BILLY MILLS:  
How would you like to hear Don Novis sing "You're  
the Only One for Me"?

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MOLLY:  
Oh, that would be nice. Isn't that the Irish number he...he sung with  
Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond"?

BILLY MILLS: Yes, it is.

FIBBER:  
Oh, "Bulldog Drummond," eh? Well, take off his muzzle, Billy, and let  
him howl. I gotta run downtown and buy some bookkeeping stuff.

MOLLY: Well, trot along, McGee. What are ya waiting for?

FIBBER: Ain't ya gonna kiss me goodbye?

MOLLY: Oh, of course, dearie.

SOUND: (brief kiss)

FIBBER: Goodbye.

MOLLY: Oh, are...are you leaving, too, Billy?

FIBBER:

No, he ain't. He's gotta stay and play for Don. Go ahead, fellas.  
"You're the One for Me."

ORCHESTRA: (\*Donald Novis sings "You're the Only One" with Billy Mills  
Orchestra)

SOUND: streetcar, bell ringing, people jostling and talking)

FIBBER: Kinda crowded in this car, bud. Am I standing on your foot?

MAN: I don't know, mister. Jump up and down once.

SOUND: (feet landing)

MAN: Ow! Yeah, that's my foot. Thanks.

FIBBER: You're welcome.

THE OLD TIMER: Hey there, Johnny, did I collect your fare?

FIBBER:

Oh, are you the conductor, Old Timer? I ride for half-fare, ya know.

THE OLD TIMER: Eh?

FIBBER:

I says, I ride for half-fare. This is a broadcast, and radio is still in its infancy [Laughs]

THE OLD TIMER:

[Laughs] That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the...Hey, step more onto the car, please. What was I sayin', Johnny. Oh, yes, that ain't the way I heerd it. The way I heerd it...

WOMAN: Excuse me, conductor, may I please have a transfer?

THE OLD TIMER:

You won't need none, daughter. Just tell the other conductor that Joe sent ya. [Laughs] Eh? Oh? Uh. The way I heerd it, Johnny, one feller says to the other feller, "Sa-ay-ay," he says, "this Joe Louis does a lot a fightin', don't he?" "Yep," says t'other feller, "he must get pretty tired of it." "Why shouldn't he," says the first feller, "to him life is just one round of fightin'." [Laughs] Let's you and me go to the next Louis fight, Johnny. If you can spare a couple of minutes.

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FIBBER:

O.K., Old Timer, but I never see'd anybody so intoxicated with prize fighting as you. You're practically punch drunk right now. Hey, here's where I get off, Old Timer!!

O.K., Johnny. [To the other passengers] Let the young feller through here, folks. One side...

SOUND:

(streetcar stopping, door being opened and closed, bell ringing, streetcar starting to move again)

FIBBER:

Whew! Wish I'd a been born rich. To me a streetcar ride is just a mob scene parted in the middle.

ARTIST: (HAROLD PEARY) [Laughs]

FIBBER: Well, what's the joke, bud?

ARTIST:

[Laughs] Oh, nothing much. [Laughs] I'm an artist. [More laughing].

FIBBER: Oh, you are, eh? One of your brushes ticklin' ya?

ARTIST:

[Laughs] No, no. I...I'm a modern artist. You know [laughs] I paint those screwy-looking things. You know [laughs] They don't make any sense [laughs].

FIBBER: Well, I know, but what's funny about that?

ARTIST:

[Laughs] I just had an exhibition [cackles] and somebody bought one of 'em, the darn fool [laughs, trailing off].

FIBBER:

Well, I've always wondered which got framed the worst, the picture or the buyer. Let's see, now, where'd be the best place to get a set of budget books...?

HARLOW: Oh, hello there, Fibber. Where ya bound?

FIBBER:

I'm looking for a bookstore or a stationary store, Harpo. Our bill's been too high, and I gotta get some books and make out a budget.

HARLOW: Oh, say, that's a fine idea. I have a budget myself.

FIBBER: Oh, you have? Ya got it with you?

HARLOW: Sure. Right here. Take a look at it.

FIBBER:

Oh...that's very interesting. What's this item here? [Reads]  
"Entertainment--20 cents"? Gee, that musta been quite a fling.

HARLOW:

[Chuckles] Well, it was. The twenty cents was for carfare out to the Better Housekeeping Institute.

FIBBER:

Oh, so that's your idea of entertainment- -the Better Housekeeping Institute? Is that the only 'tute [toot] you could think of?

HARLOW: Listen, I have a swell time out there.

FIBBER: [To audience] Here it comes, folks.

HARLOW:

Whenever I show 'em how easy it is to use Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, and particularly how they can save money right now by stocking up with those special giant-sized cans with the extra third free, why nothing's too good for me. Why, they make me fudge, or penuche or taffy apple, or something. You can see how much that saves on meals in my budget.

FIBBER:

Yeah, that's great. Why didn't ya hide in the oven till morning so you could get your breakfast free, too?

HARLOW:



[Laughs] Well, I tried that a couple of times but somebody always comes along and sticks a fork in me to see if I'm done. Well, watch that budget, Fibber. Remember, the close-fisted guy of today is the open-handed guy of tomorrow. So long, pal.

FIBBER:

Old Rockefeller Wilcox. Heh, heh. Boy does he budget. He saves so many pennies the government buys up his old pockets for Indian reservations. Oh, oh, here's a stationary store.

SOUND: (door opening)

BOOMER: What can I do for ya, Flytrap?

FIBBER: Oh, hi, Boomer. You workin' here?

BOOMER:

Yes, having a special sale today on asbestos diaries for red hot mamas.

FIBBER:

I don't know any red hot mamas, Boomer. All I know are s'm'older women.  
[Laughs]

BOOMER:

"S'm'older women." That's very good, very good. Little far-fetched, but you never were any judge of distance.

FIBBER:

Listen, Boomer, you got any ledgers in here? I'm going to start a budget.

BOOMER:

Is that so? Fine thing, a budget. Tried it once myself, but I had trouble with my incidentals. Got 'em confused with the etceteras and the miscellaneous. Well, what's the budget for, Pinchpoke. Business, household or personal?

FIBBER:

All three. If business ain't better in our household, my wife's gonna get personal.

BOOMER:

Ah, I see. Now, where'd I put those budget books? I have one right here somewhere. Let me look on these shelves. Interesting lot of stuff.

FIBBER: [Softly] Yeah...lot of junk.

BOOMER:

Budgets, budgets, budgets. Here's a bottle of invisible ink for feminine correspondents. Nothing a girl cherishes like an old, faded love letter. Roll of blotting paper. Ever make a study of blotting paper? Very absorbing.

FIBBER: Now, come on, come on. Let's see a budget.

BOOMER:

Oh, yes, certainly, certainly. Must have one here someplace. Let's see now. Here's some gold points for fountain pens. Nobby little nibs, aren't they? I'll take a handful--might want to have a tooth filled. What's this--package of paper? Wonder how it got so dirty?

FIBBER: That's carbon paper!

BOOMER:

[Chuckles] Oh, so it is, so it is. Thought for a minute it was brunette stationary for blackmailing. Here's an old computing machine. Might use that in your broadcast to add your libs. [Excited] Well, well, imagine this--I found a budget book!

FIBBER: [Laughs]

BOOMER: A very good one, too. Yours for only three dollars.

FIBBER:

O.K., here ya are. Don't wrap it up. I gotta be going, Boomer.

BOOMER:

Yes, well, so have I. Here comes the owner. It might be a trifle embarrassing to explain what I'm doing behind this counter.

FIBBER: Hey!

SOUND: (Footsteps running away, door slam)

FIBBER:

Can you imagine that? And I thought he was working in there. Humph, the crook. Well, let's see what's in this budget book, anyway. Hmm [reads] "Husband's clothing per a year--twelve hundred dollars." Say, that's great. I oughta get a nice outfit for that.

MAN: Saya, buddy, can ya spare a dime for a cup of coffee?

FIBBER:

Wait'll I look in my budget, bud. Oh, yeah [reads] "Charities per year--three hundred and fifty dollars." Well, might as well clear that up for the year. Here's a hundred, bud. I'll meet you here tomorrow noon and give you the other two hundred and fifty.

MAN: All right, but don't keep me waiting. I'm going to the races.

FIBBER:

O.K., bud. Now, let's see. [Reads] "Wife's clothing per year--fifteen hundred dollars." Boy, won't Molly be happy at that? Ha, this is a wonderful book. Gee, I never thought we could do it.

MRS. UPPINGTON:

Well, how do you do, Mr. McGee? Oh, it's so nice to see you.

FIBBER: Oh, hi, Mrs. Uppington. Where ya goin' in such a hurry?

MRS. UPPINGTON:

Oh, I must get down to the caterer's, Mr. McGee. You see, I'm giving a tea, and I must get some advice about the hors d'oeuvres. Why, do you know the anchovies I bought simply refuse to respond to the curling iron?

FIBBER: Oh, dear, dear, dear.

MRS. UPPINGTON: Yes.

FIBBER:

Oh, curling the anchovies, eh? [Chuckles] That's some stuff. How do ya get the toothpicks into the little sausages, Uppy? With a bow and arrow?

MRS. UPPINGTON:

Oh, now, Mr. McGee. I'm afraid you're twitting me. Reahhllly.

FIBBER: [Chuckles] I twitted myself with that one.

MRS. UPPINGTON:

>Oh, and that reminds me. My, I'm so glad Mrs. McGee has returned. Do tell her to come to my tea on Wednesday. Just a simple, homey affair. Only 60 or 70 people invited, you know.

FIBBER:

Oh, that sounds very chummy. Where're ya holding it--at home or in the Yale Bowl?

MRS. UPPINGTON:

[Laughing] Oh, my, how verry amusing. The Yale Bowl. Oh, ha, ha, yes...

FIBBER:

[Laughing] It is at that, eh? I can just see some old mug in a frock coat plunging around your left end with a piece of cake. Well, I'll tell Molly, Uppy, and much obliged. She'll be glad to get a free meal now on account of we're on a budget.

MRS. UPPINGTON:

Oh, reahllly? My, how fascinating. Oh, I've been through that budgeting nuisance myself, you know. Even now, I often say to myself, "Abigail, you naughty girl! Not another string of pearls until next week!" Well, so nice to have seen you again, Mr. McGee. Goodbye.

FIBBER:

Goodbye. Hmmm, "not a another string of pearls 'til next week." Wonder

if she's realizes how many oysters she's thrown out of work. Ah, let's see this budget book again. [Reads] "Allowance for..."

BILLY MILLS: Hello, Fibber, started your budget yet?

FIBBER:

Yeah, just the book, Billy, you see? And we're gonna come out a lot better than we thought.

BILLY MILLS: Oh, that's swell.

FIBBER:

Yeah, for instance, according to this book, we can spend thirty-six hundred dollars a year for groceries. Now, our grocery bill has never been over seven or eight hundred before. That...that's quite a saving, ain't it?

BILLY MILLS:

Yes, you ought to finish the year with a mighty nice little deficit.

FIBBER:

I'll say so. And believe me we ain't gonna touch that deficit except in case of emergency.

BILLY MILLS: Where you going, now?

FIBBER:

Shopping. I'm...I'm going to buy our clothes for the whole year now and get it over with, see? This budget allows me twelve hundred dollars and Molly fifteen hundred dollars. That's more clothes than we ever had in our lives. That's wonderful, ain't it? And, if it hadn't been for this little budget book, we'd a never been able to a done it....

BILLY MILLS:

Can't you wait a minute and hear The Four Notes sing "The Hawaiian War Chant"?

FIBBER:

No, I can't, Billy. I gotta lot of shopping to do, ya know, but you go ahead and play it. Folks, The Four Notes singin' "The Hawaiian War Chant." Take it, kids.

ORCHESTRA: (Orchestra plays and Four Notes sing "The Hawaiian War Chant")

SOUND: (Crowd noise, on street)

FIBBER:

[In undertone] That was great, kids [Louder] Oh boy. all our shopping done for the whole year, now. Gee, will Molly be tickled. Fifteen hundred bucks worth of clothes. Boy, I hope she likes her hats.



SOUND: (Tricycle bell ringing)

FIBBER: Oh, hello there, little girl.

TEENY: Hi, mister.

FIBBER:

Well, move your tricycle and let me by, will ya? I...I gotta get in the house. You live around here?

TEENY: Sure, I do, I betcha.

FIBBER: Where?

TEENY: Hmm?

FIBBER: I says where? Where do ya live?

TEENY: With my momma.

FIBBER: Well, where does your momma live?

TEENY: With papa. We all live there.

FIBBER: Where?

TEENY: Hmm?

FIBBER: I says...Oh...shucks, we're right back where we started.

TEENY: Oh, have we been some place?

FIBBER: No, we ain't.

TEENY: Well, then, how can we be back?

FIBBER: That...you...Oh, forget it. What's your name, little girl?

TEENY: [Giggles] Teeny.

FIBBER: Teeny? Well...that's a cute name.

TEENY: Sure it is, I betcha.

FIBBER: Don't you live in that house on the corner?

TEENY: Oh, you mean the brown one with the brick porch?

FIBBER: Yes.

TEENY: No.

FIBBER: Oh.

TEENY: Say, mister. You know what?

FIBBER: No, what?

TEENY: Hmm?

FIBBER: I says, what?

TEENY: Did...did you see my poppa at the playground last night?

FIBBER:  
No, I didn't. What was your father doing at a kid's playground at night?

TEENY: Well, I betcha he was there, I betcha.

FIBBER: Huh?

TEENY: He said so on the telephone this morning.

FIBBER: He did?

TEENY:  
Yeah. He said, "Boy we sure were swingin' last night, weren't we,  
Charlie?"

FIBBER: Where'd you say you lived, little girl?

TEENY: Right over there.

FIBBER: Oh, in that house.

TEENY: Uh, huh.

FIBBER:

Oh, then...you're the little girl whose momma is...Say, I got some news for you, little girl. I met somebody downtown and they told me you just got a new little baby sister.

TEENY: Oh, gee, honest?

FIBBER: Yes sir, ain't that great?

TEENY:

Oh, that's dandy, I betcha. I guess I gotta go now. Give me a push, will ya, mister?

FIBBER: Sure. Where ya goin'?

TEENY:

I'm going down to the hospital and tell momma. Gee, will she be surprised. Goodbye, mister.

SOUND: (Tricycle bell ringing)

FIBBER:

I'll bet her momma'll be surprised all right. I never know a surprise party yet that the host didn't know about long before hand. Let's see, where'd I put that budget book, now, before I...Oh, yes.

SOUND: (Footsteps walking up wooden steps, door opening and closing)

FIBBER:

Hey, Molly, I done it. I got the budget book. And that ain't all.

MOLLY: What?

FIBBER:

I done all our shopping for the whole year. Boy, is that a wonderful budget!

MOLLY: Wha...?

FIBBER: Fifteen hundred bucks for your clothes...

MOLLY: Yes...

FIBBER:

Twelve hundred bucks for my clothes, charity three hundred and forty-six dollars.

MOLLY: Ho...ho...hold it, McGee! Hold it! Calm down. Heavenly days!

FIBBER:

Yeah, but look, Molly, look at this budget. It's marvelous.

MOLLY:

Quiet eagernuts. There's something funny here. Let me see that book.

FIBBER: O.K., here. You see where it says about the char...

MOLLY: McGee.

FIBBER: Huh?

MOLLY: This budget is for an income of twenty thousand dollars.

FIBBER:

Why, sure...WHAT!?! It is. You mean. I gotta make twenty thousand this year to pay for all... Oh, well, what's the difference. I can handle it. I got the whole world ahead of me.

MOLLY: Oh you have, have you?

FIBBER: Yeah.

MOLLY: That isn't the world in front of you, dearie.

FIBBER: Whatcha mean?

MOLLY: You're behind the 8 ball.

FIBBER: Aw pshaw....

ORCHESTRA (\*Music)

HARLOW:

Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment. And now, I want to ask a question: Haven't you noticed that at this time of year everything in the house seems to be badly in need of a spring tonic? Floors, furniture, and woodwork are just waiting for a gleaming coat of Johnson's Wax to make them beautiful as new again. Well, right now is the time to buy Johnson's Wax, and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, too. By acting at once, you can get giant-sized cans of both wax and Glo-Coat at the same price you usually pay for a pint or a pound. These giant cans contain a pint and one-third or a pound and one-third at no extra cost. You'll save money by taking advantage of this special sale of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. Don't delay, for when these giant-sized cans are gone, there won't be any more. Ask tomorrow morning without fail for Johnson's giant-sized cans at your hardware, grocery, paint, drug or department store.

ORCHESTRA (\*Music: In and out)

FIBBER: Hey, Molly?



MOLLY: Yes?

FIBBER:

Are you still..? I mean, am I..? Heh, do ya forgive me for making a mistake and buying all that there silly stuff?

MOLLY:

[Laughs] Oh, sure. we all make mistakes, dearie. But now after this, don't be so extravagant.

FIBBER: Well, I...I guess I have been at that.

MOLLY: Yes.

FIBBER: Matter of fact, that ain't all.

MOLLY: What?

FIBBER: I got into a pretty stiff poker game the other night, too.

MOLLY: [Worried] Oh, why, that's terrible.

FIBBER: I won 13 bucks.

MOLLY: [Brightly] Oh, that's wonderful!

FIBBER: Good night.

MOLLY: Good night, all.

ORCHESTRA: (\*Closing music: In and out)

HARLOW:

This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, Racine, Wisconsin, inviting you all to be with us again next Tuesday night. Good night.

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