

Fibber McGee and Molly
Fibber Gets Stuck in Fresh Tar

WIL: The Johnson Wax Program...with Fibber
McGee and Molly!

MUSIC: (Orchestra) Theme.

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's
Self-Polishing

Glo-Coat

present Fibber McGee and

Molly...written by Don

Quinn...with music

by the King's Men and Billy Mills'

orchestra. The show

opens with "I Struck a Match on the

Moon."

MUSIC: (Orchestra). "I Struck a Match on the
Moon." (Fade for)

(Opening commercial)

ANNOUNCER: Ladies, what's the most popular room in your
house? Most

people say the living room, with the

easy chair pulled up

alongside the radio, but personally, I

want to put my vote

down for the kitchen. I spend

in my own...than

more time in people's kitchens...and

has something to do

anywhere else. I suppose the icebox

kitchen is a cozy room

with it...but whatever it is, the

can make it

and deserves to be a cheerful one. You

money...gay curtains

cheerful, too, without spending much

Johnson's Self-

Coat not only

and keeps the

protects them

And it does all this

work because Glo-Coat

apply and let dry...Glo-

you add Johnson's

shopping list?

MUSIC:
finish...Applause.

WIL:
time and all

wife almost none of

unusually gay and

better half suspects

doesn't grouse, his

MOLLY! (Applause)

FIBBER:
seen Egghead

Tavern, I walks up to

at the window, fresh oilcloth...and

Polishing Glo-Coat on the floor. Glo-

gives linoleum floors sparkling beauty

colors as bright as new...but it

against wear, makes them last longer.

in addition to saving you hours of

needs no rubbing or buffing. Just

Coat does the rest. May I suggest that

Self-Polishing Glo-Coat to your next

(Orchestra). Swell music to

A man can fool some of the people all the

the people some of the time and his

the time. So when our hero seems

lighthearted, laughing at anything his

the worst. In other words, when a guy

spouse smells a mouse. That's the way

it is tonight with...FIBBER MCGEE AND

(Laughing like everything) So when I

Vanderveen there in front of Joe's

him...(Laughs) Hiyah, Egghead, I says,

"What's cookin'?"

just gimme the

about tore my

kind of a guy who...

MOLLY:

FIBBER:

MOLLY:
as a grig over

FIBBER:
lemme tell you about

to Egghead, I says...

MOLLY:
to know about

you're covering up

special delivery letter

FIBBER:
thought, Molly.

Egghead

MOLLY:

FIBBER:
when you tell him

mail it?

(Laughs)...and he says, "I am!...They

hotfoot!"(Laughs) Well, sir, that just

upholstery, because Egghead is the

McGee!

the kind of a guy who...er...eh?

What's the matter with you? You're as merry

nothing. What's on your mind?

On my mind? Why...er...why, nothing. But

Egghead. (Laughs heartily) So I says

I don't want to hear about Egghead. I want

you. You always act like this when

something. Look-did you mail that

for me yesterday morning?

Special deliv...oh, that! Don't give it a

But to get back to what I says to

Did you mail that letter?

Why, Molly! Am I the kind of a guy who,

to do something you want done, don't

MOLLY: Never mind that. I just asked a simple
questi...

FIBBER: Did you ever ask me to do anything that I
wasn't only too
glad to cooperate into doing it? No,
sir!

MOLLY: McGee! Did you mail that letter? (Pause)

FIBBER: No.

MOLLY: Well, the reason I wanted to know is...

FIBBER: ...But I'll do it right away. Wait'll I get
my coat (Fade)
and as soon as I can run across the
street, I'll...

MOLLY: But McGee, let me...

FIBBER: No, I'll do it...Should o' done it
yesterday!...(Fade in)
Sorry I forgot, but you can consider
the error rectified!

SOUND: Door opens.

MOLLY: (Off-mike) Wait a minute, McGee, that
letter is...

FIBBER: (Laughs) I'll just dash across the
street to the mailbox,
Molly. Be right back!

SOUND: Footsteps on steps...sidewalk...fast.

MOLLY: (Way off-mike) McGee!! Wait a minute!! I
didn't!!! Oh,
dear...

FIBBER: (Laughing) Sometimes I wonder why the
government always puts mailboxes on the corner where
somebody else lives! If I had my way, I'd-hiyah, Gildersleeve!

HAL: (Off-mike) Hello McGee! Hey, don't
run across that pavement!! Can't you see they've just...

FIBBER: Aw...go bounce a meatball, you big ape!
(Fade) I know what I'm...

SOUND: Sucking noise, as cow-hoofs-in-mud.

FIBBER: Hey, what the...What is this? Fresh tar!

HAL: Get out of there, McGee!! They've just
resurfaced that pavement...You'll get stuck!

FIBBER: Whaddye mean, get stuck...I am stuck! Why
didn't you warn me, you dumbbell?

HAL: (Off) I tried to, you little twerp!
If you hadn't... ah there, Mrs. McGee!

MOLLY: Hello, Mr. Gildersleeve. McGee! Come out of
that this minute!

FIBBER: I can't...can't pick up my feet! What is
this, anyway-tar?

HAL: No...It's a new patent paving material

they're trying out.

(Laughs) You like it?

FIBBER:
dad rat it, do

I love it! In fact, I'm stuck on it! Well,

something. Get me outa here!

MOLLY:

Can't you pull your feet up, dearie?

FIBBER:

No. Wait...lemme try again.

SOUND:

Sucking noise.

FIBBER:
get in!

Nope...it's no use...harder I try the deeper I

HAL:
Confidentially, he sinks!

You see, Mrs. McGee? (Laughs)

FIBBER:

Dad rat it, Gildersleeve, if you don't...

MOLLY:
this thing out.

Now, now, now...let's all keep calm and think

shoes?

McGee...can you slip out of your

FIBBER:
half-soled.

Yes, but I ain't gonna. I just had 'em

MOLLY:
You're

Come on, McGee...don't stand there arguing

off, and start running.

attracting a crowd. Take your shoes

FIBBER:

Okay...(Grunts...again) Okay...here I come!

SOUND:

Sucking noises...pause.

HAL:

Well...come on!

FIBBER:

Can't. I'm stuck again!

MOLLY: Take off your socks, and start over.

FIBBER: Okay...I'll try anything. (Grunts...again)
Now!

SOUND: Sucking noises...pause.

FIBBER: Well...what do I do now-take off my feet?

MOLLY: Oh, dear!!!! Who shall I call, dearie? The
street
commissioner, the fire
department...the police or the
Gallup poll?

FIBBER: Whaddye mean, the Gallup poll?

MOLLY: Well, you're the man in the street, all
right. What shall
we do, Mr. Gildersleeve?

HAL: (Laughs heartily) I don't know what
you're going to do,
Mrs. McGee, but I'm going home and get
my movie camera.
(Laughs) By George, I never saw
anything so funny in my
life!

FIBBER: Dad rat it, you stay where you darn are,
Gildersleeve, you
big heel!

HAL: Ohhhhhhhh!!

MOLLY: McGee! You mustn't call Mr. Gildersleeve a
heel!

FIBBER: Wel-l-l...maybe not. But I'll bet he could
have a lot of fun
sliding down a shoe horn! Hey, ain't
anybody gonna get me

outa here?

MOLLY:
everything we can

Now, don't get excited, McGee...we'll do

to...

OLD MAN:

(Fade in) Hello there, daughter. H'lo,

doin'?

Gildersleeve. Hiyah, Johnny...whatcha

FIBBER:
dancin'?

Whaddye think I'm doin', you old dodo! Tap

OLD MAN:
could

Tap dancing, eh? (Aside) You never told me he

off-to-Buffalo, Johnny!

tap dance, daughter! Leseee you do a

MOLLY:
in a terrible

For goodness sakes, stop teasing him...he's

predicklement!

OLD MAN:
doin'

Hey, what's this all about, kids? What's he

out there in the

street, daughter?

MOLLY:
Timer. Know any

He's stuck in that fresh pavement, Mr. Old

way we can get him out?

OLD MAN:

Sure!

HAL:

How?

OLD MAN:
shovels!...see? Then, go down

(Excited) Look!...git a couple

tunnel till you're

into the basement of your house...Dig a

reach him and pull right under him...Then dig up till you

him down through!

FIBBER: (Groans)

HAL: Oh, my goodness!

MOLLY: That's silly!

FIBBER: It ain't only silly, it's callous and
cruel. Everybody

and suffer! Don't you makin' wisecracks while I stand here

gettin' harder every realize this pavin' material is

minute? Call somebody. Do something!

MOLLY: But what will we do?

FIBBER: How should I know!! If you can't think of
anything else,

I'll spend the rest of throw me a red and green lantern...and

my life here as a traffic signal!

OLD MAN: Heh heh heh...that's pretty good, Johnny, but
that ain't

it, one feller says the way I heered it! The way I heered

but hey...this ain't any t'other feller, "Sayyyyyy," he says-

little Johnny out there, time for jokes, is it, with poor

stuck in the tar!

MOLLY: It certainly isn't!

HAL: Of course not!

OLD MAN: Though, on the other hand, it might cheer him
up.

to t'other feller,
Groucho Marx is gonna be a
so?" says t'other
Wellesley?" Hey heh heh...

FIBBER:
there, Old Timer. That

(Laugh stops
laughin' at? Dad rat it, get me
Don't just stand
into)

MUSIC:
"Buddy, You Waltz Like a

Applause
(Second spot)

SOUND:
Crowd murmur...laughter.

VOICE 1:
street?

Advertising something?

VOICE 2:
pavement.
No, they say he got stuck in that fresh

VOICE 3:
street
Well, if he saw they were going to pave the

why didn't he get out of the way?

(Laughter)

VOICE 4:
him as
They ought to put a rail around him and use

a statue of a leading citizen!

The way I heered it, one feller says
"Sayyyyyy," he says, "I see where
professor of humor at Harvard." "Zat
feller. "Where's Harpo goin'...to
(Laughs) I guess you got somethin'
Harpo is a great guy for blondes, but
abruptly) Hey, what am I
outa here! Do something somebody . .
there...Help !! Help!! (Etc. Etc.
(Orchestra). "Poupee Valsante" or
Poop."

SOUND: Laughter...murmur of voices.

FIBBER: Hey, Molly!...Molly!!!

MOLLY: Yes, dearie...here I am! And here's a little
foot-
stool for you to sit on...catch!

SOUND: Wind whistle...thud.

FIBBER: Much obliged...Is somebody comin' to get me
outa
this? Whoja call?

MOLLY: Well, first Mr. Gildersleeve and I called
the commissioner
Department of Health.
of streets. And he referred us to the

FIBBER: The department of health!

HAL: Yes, he said it wasn't healthy to stand
there in the street
night and day. (Laughs)

FIBBER: Well what did the health department say?

MOLLY: They referred us to the license
commissioner because they
yourselves!
said you were making an exhibition of

FIBBER: (Groans)

HAL: Yes, and the license commissioner sent us
to the board of
education.

FIBBER: Dad rat it, what's the board of education
got to do with
it?

HAL: They said they'd teach you to stay off of
freshly paved

streets! (Laughs)

MOLLY: But we finally got to the right people,
McGee!!!...This is a

sending the inventor of it
new type of paving, and they're
out!

FIBBER: Well, thank goodness...at last! When will...

VOICE: Hey, stick-in-the-mud!!!...Can I have your
autograph!

FIBBER: Why certainly, bud! Throw me your death
certificate!

SOUND: Laughter...crowd murmur.

MOLLY: Oh, dear, Mr. Gildersleeve, if that man
doesn't get here

you do, Mrs.
pretty soon, I don't know...Oh, how do

Uppington?

MRS. UPPINGTON: How do you do, my deah...and Mr. Gildersleeve.

HAL: Ahhhh, Good-day, Abigail!

MRS. UPPINGTON: What on earth is the cause of this boisterous
crowd, my

deah?

MOLLY: It's McGee, Abigail. He's stuck out there
in the middle of

the street...see?

MRS. UPPINGTON: Well...reahhly! How...er...what did...I mean...did he
step on

some chewing gum?

HAL: (Laughs) Oh, no! He just started to
trot across a freshly

runner!
paved street...the silly asphalt

MOLLY: Now, look here, Mr. Gildersleeve...

MRS. UPPINGTON: But Mrs. McGee...we simply can't have your husband making a
spectacle of himself...He is lowering
the tone of the whole neighborhood!

MOLLY: Don't give me that Vassar vaseline, dearie!
Next thing
you'll get so exclusive you'll want
our fire department to have an unlisted phone number!

MRS. UPPINGTON: Well, really, Mrs. McGee!! I...

HAL: (Laughs) Wait. a minute,
girls...Hey, McGee!!! Here's Mrs.
Uppington. She wants you to get out of
there! (Laughs)
You're lowering real estate values!

FIBBER: Oh, I am, eh? Uppy, you mean to stand
there, wabbling on
your wedgies, and accuse me o' doin'
this on purpose?

MRS. UPPINGTON: I really wouldn't know, Mr. McGee but if you're
posing as
a personal investigator of paving
material . . I have a suggestion to make.

FIBBER: Yeah? What's that?

MRS. UPPINGTON: Did you ever hear of a certain place which is said
to be
paved with good intentions?

FIBBER: You mean...?

MRS. UPPINGTON: Yes!...And when you get through heah...go theah! Good-
bye!

SOUND: Crowd murmur.

FIBBER: Hey Molly...where's the guy who invented this stuff...when's he comin'?

MOLLY: Just as soon as they can get hold of him, dearie.

FIBBER: Just wait till I get hold of him! I'll...

WIL: (Fade in)Hey, what is all this?...Come here a minute, Fibber!

FIBBER: No, you come here, Wilcox.

WIL: All right. I'll...

MOLLY: No! No! No! Mr. Wilcox!...You'll get stuck, too!

HAL: McGee is held tight in that new paving material, Harlow.

Don't set foot on it!

FIBBER: Aw, why didn't you let him come? He always claimed he was a guy that would stick by his friends.

WIL: Say...you're in a tough spot, pal! Can't you pull yourself loose?

FIBBER: Who, me? Why, sure, Wilcox. I'm just standin' here till the steam roller comes by. Then I'll lay down and get my pants pressed.

WIL: Well, I Can really sympathize with you, Fibber. Standing in that tar, you're typical of the stories I hear every day.

FIBBER: Whaddye mean, I'm typical!

WIL: You're tarred, aren't you?

FIBBER: Sure, I'm tarred, but...

WIL: Well, so is every housewife in the world!
Tarred of the
dusting!...Tarred of
of trying to keep
methods! That's why
it cuts housework to a
shining and
wear and dirt. Get some
feeling!!!

everlasting scrubbing and cleaning and
dust and dirt and dampness!...Tarred
house with old-fashioned, inefficient
they all love Johnson's Wax! Because
minimum and keeps floors and furniture
beautiful and protects them against
today...Johnson's Wax for that tarred

FIBBER: Wilcox!

WIL: What?

FIBBER: You're farred!

WIL: I am not!! You didn't harr me, and you
can't farr me...and I can
prove it.

MOLLY: How, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: (Fade out) I'm going to send the
sponsor a warrrr!

FIBBER: Send the sponsor a warrrr! If he'd spend
more time listening
to Fibber McGee and Molly and less to
Lum and Abner...Hey,
when am I gonna get outa here?

HAL: Now now now...take it easy little
chum...take it easy! We'll
expert gets here...
just have to wait till that paving

FIBBER: Don't "little chum" me, you big chump! All
you've done

around and crack wise!

HAL:
grunion! You lippy

out of there, and I'll

FIBBER:
squirm! You big oaf!

be in just the mood

don't care if they

MOLLY:
Stop it!

FIBBER:

MOLLY:

FIBBER:

MOLLY:
done everything

come out here and get

FIBBER:
arrangements. Nothing

HAL:

FIBBER:

HAL:
aberration...

FIBBER:

HAL:

MOLLY:

since I been stuck here is stand

Is that so! Why, you ungrateful little

little lizard! You wait till you get

teach you a few manners.

Go on...you couldn't teach a worm to

By the time I get loose from here I'll

to kick you right in the teeth...and I

ain't paid for yet!

Now, now, now, for goodness sakes, boys!

Let him come out here...I'll show him.

You can't fight here...and McGee!

Eh?

You owe Mr. Gildersleeve an apology. He's

he could to get the city officials to

you loose.

Yeah...and it's like most of his

happens.

Is that so!

Yes, that's so!

Why, you abbreviated anthropological

Who's an anthropological aberration?

You are!

He is not!

FIBBER: I am too!

HAL: You are not!

MOLLY: Well, make up your mind! Now, stop this
bickering, both of
go call up the street
you. Come on, Mr. Gildersleeve...let's
commissioner again.

HAL: AII right. (Sweetly) Now don't worry,
little chum...we'll be
right back.

FIBBER: Okay, Throcky...and hurry back, Molly

MOLLY: All right, dearie

SOUND: Crowd murmur.

VOICES: Come on, Joe...Let's beat it. He ain't
gonna do
nothin'...naw, he just stands there
like a dope...Come
on...Charlie.

SOUND: Crowd murmur...fade out.

FIBBER: Hey!! Don't everybody leave! Somebody stay
and talk to me!
Hey! Aw, dad-rat the dad-ratted
luck...Why does everything
have to happen to me! If I'd of only
mailed that letter of
Molly's when I ought to of, this
wouldn't of...

TEENY: Hiyah, mister!

FIBBER: Sorry, sis, I ain't got time to talk to you
now. I'm in a
hurry.

TEE: Where you goin'?

FIBBER: I'm goin' down to the...I'm
goin'...I'm...Sayyy, come to think

of it, I ain't...Well whaddye want, sis?

TEE:
mister? HMMMMMM?

Whatcha doin' out there in the street,

Whatcha doin? HMMMMMM? Whatcha?

FIBBER:

I'm a scare sparrow.

TEE:

HMMMM?

FIBBER:
as a scare-

I says I'm a scare sparrow. That's the same

scare sparrows.

crow. Only, I don't scare crows-I

TEE:

Why?

FIBBER:
disturb the

Well, they make too much noise. They

frenistans.

TEE:

What's a frenistan?

FIBBER:
disturbed at sparrows.

That's a kind of a thing that gets

TEE:
widdicums, I betcha.

Oh. Well, I betcha you can't scare the

FIBBER:

What's a widdicum?

TEE:
that frenistan

It's a little girl who doesn't believe

stuff.

FIBBER:
You cheer me up.

(Laughs) I'm glad you come along sis.

TEE:

No, you cheer me up.

FIBBER:

You cheer me up first.

TEE:

All righty. Shall I tell you a story?

FIBBER:

Sure, tell me a story.

TEE:

How about Cinderella?

FIBBER:

It ain't riskay, is it?

TEE:

Well, gee, I...hMMMM?

FIBBER:

Never mind. Tell me about Cinderella. And

take your time,

while.

TEE:
little girl named

stepmother and she went

prince found it and

ever after you wanna

sis. I ain't goin' anywhere for a

All righty. Once upon a time there was

Cinderella, and she had a nasty old

to a ball and lost her slipper and the

he married her and they lived happily

hear another one?

FIBBER:
about Peter Rabbit,

No, thanks. I was gonna ask for the one

turn out to be

but the way you boil 'em down, it'd

hassenpfeffer.

TEE:

I can recite pomes, too.

FIBBER:

You can?

TEE:

Hmmm?

FIBBER:

I says you can?

TEE:

Can what?

FIBBER:
out of 'em.

Cherries. And be sure you get all the pits

TEE:

You're silly, mister.

FIBBER:
recite somethin'.

I guess I am at that, sis. Go ahead and

TEE:
I betcha.

All righty. This is gonna be a dandy one,

The boy stood on the burning deck

Mending a pair of socks.

It roused his ire when the thread

caught fire-

Hot darn! (Giggles)

FIBBER: If you don't mind, sis, I think that ought
to conclude your

benefit performance. You wanna earn a
nickel by running an

errand for me?

TEE: NO.

FIBBER: You don't?

TEE: NO. I wanna earn a dime.

FIBBER: You're takin' advantage of my desperation,
sis. I'm gonna

report you to the Labor Board.
Okay...it's a dime. Now

look.

TEE: All righty.

FIBBER: Run down to Kramer's drugstore and have 'em
throw me a

evening paper. Then run over to my
house and tell Mrs.

McGee I want a little table and a deck
of cards. So I can

play solitaire. Oh, yes...and a
portable radio.

TEE: All righty. Shall I tell her anything
else?

FIBBER: Yes.

TEE: What?

FIBBER: I'm hungry!

TEE: Oh, pshaw!

MUSIC: (Orchestra). "Little Brown Jug"...King's
Men.
Applause.
(Third spot)

SOUND: Crowd murmur.

MOLLY: Have you had enough to eat now, McGee?

FIBBER: Not quite...Toss me one more cookie!

SOUND: Short wind whistle.

FIBBER: Thanks.

HAL: How about coffee, McGee...Want some more?

FIBBER: No, thanks, Gildersleeve...You can pull in
the hose now.

HAL: Okay!

FIBBER: Hey, when is that guy gonna get here?

MOLLY: You mean the man who invented this paving
material? He's

patient. Are you terribly

tired?

I ain't as tired as I am disgusted...I'm
disgusted and

humiliated. And my feet are gettin'
numb. This stuff is

gettin' hard. Hey, did you call the
City Hall again?

MOLLY: Yes, I did, dearie.

FIBBER: Who'd you get?

MOLLY: Myrt.

FIBBER: Myrt! What'd she have to say?

MOLLY: She said her cousin overturned his canoe
yesterday.

FIBBER: Yeah? Did he get drowned?

MOLLY: Oh, no. He just got tired of paddling and
overturned it to

his brother:

Overturned it to his brother! If that ain't
the farthest

fetched gag I ever heard, and me
standing here helpless.

SOUND: Crowd murmur.

HAL: By George, here he comes, McGee...It won't be long now!

FIBBER: What? Who?

MOLLY: It's the inventor of this paving material, McGee...He'll know how to get you loose!...Make way there, please, folks...Let the man through.

SOUND: Crowd murmur.

MOLLY: McGee! Here's the expert!

FIBBER: Hiyah, Bud...Glad to see you!

WIMPLE: ...Hello.

HAL: Oh, my goodness...It's Wallace Wimple!

MOLLY: Are you really the inventor of this pavement, Mr. Wimple?

WIMPLE: Yes, I am. And I'm dreadfully sorry that your husband got stuck, Mrs. McGee...It just makes me miserable to think of it.

FIBBER: Whaddye mean, it makes you miserable! Whaddye think of me?

WIMPLE: I'd rather not say-in front of all these people.

MOLLY: Well, how do we get him out of there, Mr. Wimple?

WIMPLE: Well, Mrs. McGee...as I see it, the whole thing depends on a chemical analysis of the material. Maybe we can dissolve some of it around his feet.

FIBBER: That's the first sensible remark that's been made today. What's the chemical formula, Wimple?

WIMPLE: Oh, that's a secret, Mr. McGee.

MOLLY: What do you mean, it's a secret?

WIMPLE: That's what I mean...it's a secret.

HAL: Well, you know what the secret is, don't you?

WIMPLE: No, but my wife does.

FIBBER: Your wife! What's she got to do with your invention?

WIMPLE: Well, she's really the inventor. I'm only the one who saw the possibilities in it for paving material.

MOLLY: What was it in the first place?

WIMPLE: Her recipe for chocolate pudding. The minute I tasted it. I said, "this would make said to her, I said, "Cornelia," I wonderful paving material!"

HAL: And what did she say?

WIMPLE: I don't know...Everything went black...But here's what we better do, Mr. McGee.

FIBBER: I don't care what we better do...but let's do it!

WIMPLE: All righty. I'll go home and analyze this material and see how we can dissolve it around your feet.

MOLLY: Will your wife give you the formula?

WIMPLE: If she won't, Mrs. McGee...we'll have to use air hammers and chop him loose.

MUSIC: (Orchestra). Bridge. "William Tell"...out of music with

effect. concrete breaking. Air hammer

FIBBER: Hey, go easy, fellas! You're gettin' awful
close to my
feet.

MOLLY: Be patient you're nearly free, dearie!

SOUND: Hammer sound...thuds...clanks.

MAN: Dere you are, buddy! Sorry you gotta go
home wit' a hunk o'
pavement on each foot, but dat's de
best we could do.

HAL: I imagine you can soak that off with
turpentine, McGee...

MOLLY: Come on, dearie...I'll take one arm and Mr.
Gildersleeve
the other...

FIBBER: Okay...Much obliged, fellas...All right One
side there,
everybody.

SOUND: Crowd murmur.

HAL: Can you walk, little chum?

FIBBER: I think so...lemme try...

SOUND: Heavy clunks.

FIBBER: Yeah...I can manage.

SOUND: Clunking walk continues...then

FIBBER: Boy, is this a relief!...I thought I'd
never get outa
there. You know what the first thing
I'm gonna do is,
Molly, after I get these hunks o'
pavement offa my feet?

MOLLY: What, dearie?

FIBBER: I'm gonna run right out and mail that
letter for you!

MOLLY: Give it here, McGee.

FIBBER: No, sir...I started out to mail it, and by
the seven sisters of Maud Kelly, I'm gonna mail
it!

SOUND: Footsteps out.

MOLLY: It's no use dearie. That letter's no good
now.

FIBBER: Whatcha mean? Who was it to?

MOLLY: The street commissioner.

HAL: My goodness, Mrs. McGee...what did you want
him to do?

MOLLY: Pave the street in front of our house.

FIBBER: Oh, pshaw!

SOUND: Clunking walk into

MUSIC: (Orchestra). Selection. Fade for
(Closing commercial)

ANNOUNCER: Fibber and Molly will be back in just a moment.
Here's a
question several people have asked me
lately: Is Johnson's
Glo-Coat good for other kinds of
floors besides linoleum?
Yes, it most certainly is. It's good
for painted or
varnished wood floors...and for floors
covered with rubber or
asphalt tile. Glo-Coat gives all these
floors a real coat
of protection...enhances their
beauty...makes cleaning easy.
And it's just as easy to apply Glo-
Coat to these floors as
it is to linoleum. When the floor is
clean, apply Glo-Coat

applier, and let it
itself, without any
called Self-
especially helpful in
floors, because these
Linoleum manufacturers
rubbing method for
longer. Try
your floors,

MUSIC:

(Tag gag)

FIBBER:
that wasn't the

MOLLY:
Vanderveen?

FIBBER:
receptacle of

me...and me

MOLLY:
bad. And anyway,

FIBBER:

MOLLY:
in it and then

with a cloth or long-handled Glo-Coat
dry for 20 minutes. Glo-Coat polishes
rubbing or buffing...that's why it is
Polishing. Most women find Glo-Coat
protecting their kitchen linoleum
floors get more than average wear.
themselves recommend this easy no-
keeping linoleum clean, making it last
Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat on
(Orchestra). Swell music...fade on cue.

(Mutters) Of all the dad-ratted...if
darndest...

Who you talkin' about, McGee?...Egghead

No. Egghead McGee. I'm disgusted. Makin' a
myself, everybody jeerin', pointin' at
squawkin' and hollerin' there like a...

Oh, stop fussin' about it. It wasn't that

I'll give you credit for one thing!

What's that?

It's the first time you ever put your foot

opened your mouth!

FIBBER:

Eh? Oh. Good night!

MOLLY:

Goodnight, all!

MUSIC:
on cue.

(Orchestra). Closing signature...Fade

(Closing tag)

MOLLY:

Good night, all.

(Cue)

WILCOX:
makers of

...This is Harlow Wilcox...speaking for the

Polishing Glo-

Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-

next Tuesday night.

Coat...inviting you to be with us again

Good night.

WOMAN:
enamel that

Mr. Jones, do you have that new kind of

contains wax?

DEALER:
customers are buying

Yes, indeed, I have, and lots of my

Namel, and a wonderful

it. Here it is...Johnson's Wax-O-

colors...all selected

enamel it is! See those 19 stunning

gives a smoother

by prominent decorators. Wax-O-Namel

than any enamel I've

finish and a more beautiful luster

all. And the wax in

ever handled...not a harsh glare at

against wear and

Wax-O-Namel gives it added protection

free color chart for

makes it easier to clean. Here's a

you...just try Wax-O-Namel on old

furniture or on your

bathroom or kitchen walls.

ANNOUNCER: This is the National Broadcasting Company.

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