

File

#14

WRITERS: Don Quinn
Phil Leslie

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 P.M.

NBC

January 2, 1945

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WILCOX: THE JOHNSON WAX PROGRAM -- WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

ORCH: THEME:

WILCOX: THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY
PRESENT FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY, WRITTEN BY DON QUINN AND
PHIL LESLIE, WITH MUSIC BY THE KING'S MEN AND BILLY MILLS'
ORCHESTRA!

ORCH: SELECTION: - FADE FOR COMMERCIAL -

(COMM'L P. 3 TO COME)

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S.C. JOHNSON & SON, INC.
FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY
TUESDAY 6:30 PM PWT NBC
JANUARY 2, 1945

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

WIL: It has always been a temptation the first of a new year to make resolutions. Even if you can't keep them all, it's good for the soul to make a few. May I suggest one that would be good in many ways - and very easy to keep? Oh, you've probably guessed it - but why not resolve in 1945 to practice protective housekeeping with WAX - with genuine JOHNSON'S WAX? I mean not just wax your floors - but go right through your house, from front door to kitchen, and give wax-protection to your furniture, and woodwork as well - to your windowsills, lampshades, ornaments - your refrigerator, picture frames, leather goods. The coat of wax protects all these surfaces from wear - makes cleaning ever so much easier - and adds immeasurably to the beauty of your home. Raise your right hand: "In 1945 I will practice protective housekeeping with wax" -- Thank you!

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC TO FINISH) (APPLAUSE)

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WILCOX: ONE SUBJECT THAT'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR AN ARGUMENT AT 79 WISTFUL VISTA, IS AUNT SARAH. MRS. MCGEE THINKS SHE IS A SWEET, LOVABLE OLD DARLING, AND WHAT MR. MCGEE THINKS OF HER SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG. YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN AS WE JOIN --

-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

MOL: But, McGee, darling...you don't know what Aunt Sarah said. You didn't even read her letter!

FIB: I don't have to read her letters. I've read her character. That buck-clutching old bimbo is closer than two coats of shellac.

MOL: Please, McGee!..Aunt Sarah is my own blood relative.

FIB: She might be if she had any.

MOL: Heavenly days...anybody'd think Aunt Sarah was the stingiest woman in the world, to hear you talk.

FIB: I can only think of one woman in history who dished out dough any slower.

MOL: Who?

FIB: The Venus de Milo. She didn't have any hands OR pockets.

MOL: Aunt Sarah is just careful, McGee. You just remember, she got caught in the Panic of 1893.

FIB: That old prune WAS the Panic of 1893.. Got more folding money than Johnson has Wax, and the only Foundation she ever endowed was the one she's been wearing ever since! And that ain't an endowment - that's a trust!

MOL: ~~Light.~~

MOL: Well, if you're so set against the poor old dear,
I don't suppose you want any part of what she's
sending us.

FIB: You can play THAT on your ocarina in six flats, baby!
I don't want any part of anything that old-- (PAUSE)
What's she sending us?

MOL: You wouldn't be interested. And it's a shame, too.
She took such a fancy to you when she visited us
that time.

FIB: Oh, sure! I spent nine days diggin' out that
Civil War photo of hers outa the attic to put on
the piano, to show how we loved her. And what
happened?

MOL: What did?

FIB: She took one look at it, sniffs, and says, "OH,
NEVER HAD IT TINTED, DID YOU?" THAT NOSEY OLD--
What did she say in her letter?

MOL: She said she was sending us a valuable present,
registered insured mail. She said it belonged to
her husband, and he had always been very proud
of it.

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FIB: Her husband! IF SHE'S SENDING ME ANOTHER PAIR OF THOSE
YELLOW BUTTON SHOES OF HIS....but no...she wouldn't spend
the dime to get something like that registered.

MOL: Oh now, McGee..just because Aunt Sarah happens to have a
little money is no --

FIB: A LITTLE MONEY! THAT OLD SHE-MISER HOLDS A FIRST MORTGAGE
ON FORT KNOX! SHE'S GOT MORE MAZUMA THAN

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: Who's that?

FIB: I'll peek and see. Oh. 'It's the mail woman.

MOL: Don't call her a "mail woman"! It sounds like a circus
freak. Say "the woman who delivers the mail".

FIB: Too cumbersome. Why not just "The Baguette" like we
used to?

MOL: Well, all right, but -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

FIB: Hiyah, sis. Got some mail for us?

VIRG: No, I'm just going around ringing doorbells for the ~~bell~~ ^{fun}
of it.

MOL: Don't ask silly questions, dearie, if you don't want
silly answers.

VIRG: Is this 79 Wistful Vista?

FIB: No, we just put that number over the door to kid people,
sis. This is really the Empire State building.

MOL: MCGEE!

FIB: Well, she was askin' silly questions herself.

VIRG: Just a formality sir. Is this lady Mrs. Molly McGee?

MOL: I am that.

VIRG: Have you any identification, madam?

FIB: She's got a small scar on her elbow from gettin' it caught in the wringer, sis. We also had some ex-rays of her teeth but we used 'em for Christmas cards. You know "Don't be down in the mouth! Have a Merry Christmas!"

VIRG: I'd prefer a ration book, ~~marriage certificate~~, drivers licence or something similar.

MOL: My goodness, I know the United States Mail must go through. But must it go thru all this?

VIRG: I have a very valuable consignment for you, Madam. I am responsible for delivering it to the proper person.

FIB: Oh my wife is proper all right, sis! She'd rather eat a dry hamburger than spank the bottom of a catchup bottle in public. Further more, she's -

MOL: Be quiet, dearie...Here, Miss - here's a bracelet with my name on it...where is the package?

VIRG: Right here, madam.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS, MCGEE..IT'S FROM AUNT SARAH!

FIB: That don't thrill me any, baby. Probably a handful of Dewey buttons.

MOL: We'll soon see....(RATTLE OF PAPER) You don't mind if I open this, Miss?

VIRG: Not at all, Madam. I'll be glad to see that it was delivered in good condition.

RATTLE PAPER:

FIB: Open the box....AHHH, I THOUGHT SO! A LITTLE SQUARE OF COTTON! MY GOSH WHAT A GIFT! WHAT DO WE USE THAT FOR? TO DRY OUR TEARS AT THE THOUGHT OF HER GENEROSITY? A LITTLE DAB OF COTTON...

MOL: That's just the way the box is packed, McGee...Look! IT'S UNCLE LOOIE'S DIAMOND STICKPIN!!

FIB: WOW!!..WHAT A ROCK!!! MUST BE SEVEN CARATS AT LEAST!

MOL: IT'S TEN CARATS IF I EVER ATE ONE!

VIRG: Pardon me, would you mind signing for this, please.

FIB: Eh?

MOL: WHAT? OH..OH YES OF COURSE....THANK YOU. WHERE DO I SIGN?

VIRG: Right here....thank you.....and here.....thank you... now down here...in two places....thank you. *thank you*

FIB: My gosh, sis, when you deliver stuff as valuable as this you oughtta travel with a armed guard!

VIRG: I do. (SLIGHTLY OFF) ALL RIGHT, MEN! 'BOUT...FACE! FORWARD.....MARCH!!

SOUND: MARCHING FEET DOWN STEPS, FADE OUT ON PAVEMENT INTO -

ORCH: SELECTION:

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

MOL: McGee this is the biggest diamond I ever saw outside of the White Sox Park.

FIB: AHHH, GOOD OLD AUNT SARAH!! I KNEW THE OLD GIRL WOULD COME THROUGH ONE OF THESE DAYS!! My gosh...a 10-carat diamond!

MOL: Haven't you changed your tune about Aunt Sarah?

FIB: It's the same tune - I just fixed up the lyrics a little. GREAT OLD GAL! I'm happy to admit I was wrong about her? To think of her sendin' me a diamond stickpin!

MOL: It was addressed to me, dearie, if you'll remember.

FIB: Women don't wear stickpins.

MOL: This one is going to wear this one. If I have to wear a necktie on my housedress. ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

FIB: Better than that...it's VALUABLE. My gosh, diamonds must run about a thousand bucks a carat...and they get valuable as they get bigger...so this oughtta be worth about fifteen grand!

MOL: I've always wanted a big diamond...one that was really vulgar.

FIB: You got one, snooky! If you had this thing in a ring you'd have to wear your arm in a sling. It oughta be carried over the shoulder in a pair of ice tongs. I never saw such a -

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh Hello Alice...LOOK WHAT AUNT SARAH JUST SENT US!!

FIB: A ten carat diamond, Alice. Peek thru your fingers at it, - it ain't equipped with dimmers.

ALICE: CREEPERS...ISN'T THAT BEAUTIFUL!! ~~You could scratch the Declaration of Independence on every window in the Pentagon building with that!~~ Who did you say sent it to you?

MOL: My Aunt Sarah, Alice.

FIB: Yes, our favorite relative, Alice. Grand old girl! One of the best.

ALICE: Aunt Sarah. Isn't she the one that Mr. McGee is always saying that she's--

MOL: "A human piggy bank with a built-in grunt"?... Yes, she's the--

FIB: WELL, MY GOSH, WHEN A MAN ADMITS HE WAS WRONG, WEY--

ALICE: And he always gave me the impression that she was--

MOL: "Going to sell her house and go live in her safe-deposit box"? Yes, he often said--

FIB: OKAY-OKAY OKAY!...MY GOSH, CAN'T ANYBODY TAKE A JOKE? Gee whizz, I was always very fond of Aunt Sarah in my quiet way.

ALICE: Well, it certainly is a gorgeous diamond, Mrs. McGee. I never knew oysters GREW diamonds that big.

MOL: Oysters grow PEARLS, Alice.
ALICE: Jeepers, pearls, too? Why, the versatile little things!
FIB: No, Alice...diamonds come from...er...they're grown in the...er...diamonds are a product of...er...they...ah...come from--
MOL: Aunt Sarah.
FIB: Yeah...people give 'em to you.
MOL: Was there something you wanted, Alice?
ALICE: Yes, I wondered if you had any extra V-mail stationery. I've got a stack of letters to write and I haven't any V-mail paper left.
FIB: Sorry, kid. Nary a sheet of it. But there's plenty of other kinds in the desk there, you're welcome to.
MOL: Yes...you can take your choice of stationery from the Ambassador Hotel, the Santa Fe Railroad, the Chicago World's Fair, or the Kansas City Stockyards.
ALICE: No thanks...V-Mail gets where it's going so much faster, I don't like to use anything else.
MOL: Why do they call it V-Mail, anyway?
ALICE: I think it's because you can write voluminously and it gets to various villages all over the world with such vunderful velocity.

FIB: *hey, wait, hey!*
I always get a bang outa sending letters V-Mail myself. Always feel like I'm slipping a fast one over on the Postal Department.
MOL: Why?
FIB: Oh I dunno. Costs you 8¢ to send a letter air mail across the country. But send a V-Mail letter and they'll fly it anywhere in the world, for three cents. You can lick a stamp and stick out your tongue at the government at the same time.
ALICE: Don't you like the government, Mr. McGee?
MOL: He loves it Alice. He loved his fourth grade teacher too, but that didn't keep him from putting flypaper inside of her overshoes. He has a wide strain of mischief in him. And it is a strain.
FIB: Well, gee whizz, a guy's gotta --
ALICE: I guess I'd better get to the drug store and get some V-Mail stationery. I owe Jimmy Thompson another letter this week.
MOL: ANOTHER LETTER. Two in one week?
ALICE: Three. You see I used to go with Jimmy in High School. He was captain of the football team, the track team and the basketball team.
FIB: Three letter man eh?
ALICE: Yes so why should I out him down now? Well, goodbye now.. and take good care of that ice cube.
DOOR SLAM:
MOL: Ice cube is right, McGee...I'm a little fraid to have this diamond around the house.

FIB: Me too. If anybody found out we had a fifteen thousand dollar....MOLLY!!! GET MY GUN...QUICK!!!...CALL THE POLICE!!! RUN AND HIDE!!!..NO, STAY HERE WITH ME...HURRY UP!

MOL: What on earth is the matter with you, McGee? You're as white as Christmas in Spitzbergen!

FIB: (LOW VOICE) I JUST SAW SOMEBODY PEEKIN' IN THE WINDOW... TOUGH LOOKIN' MUGG!!..UGLY FUSS ON HIM!!! GANGSTER TYPE!!

MOL: My goodness!.which window?

FIB: THAT ONE THERE!!! YOU CALL THE POLICE WHILE I --

MOL: McGee..that's not a window. That's a mirror!

FIB: Eh? Oh. (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Well, it just goes to show you what COULD happen. Here..you better keep the diamond.

MOL: No, you take it. It makes me nervous.

FIB: You take it. It was sent to you.

MOL: But it was meant for both of us.

FIB: Well, you're a woman. You ought ta have it.

MOL: You're a man..you can guard it better.

FIB: Yes but --

DOOR OPEN:

WIL: Hello, folks. What are you looking so serious about?

MOL: Oh hello, Mr. Wilcox.

FIB: Hiyah, Junior. We were just debatin' about who should have custody of the diamond.

WIL: What diamond?

MOL: This one, that Aunt Sarah just sent us. See?

WIL: (LOUD WHISTLE) WELL BURN MY TOAST, IF THAT ISN'T A ROCK! If that was crushed, you could pave a driveway with it!

FIB: A stone like that is like a restaurant pie, Junior. Gotta study it before you cut it.

WIL: YOU SAY THIS THING WAS A GIFT?

MOL: Yes, from my Aunt Sarah, Mr. Wilcox. McGee's favorite aunt, as of ten minutes ago.

FIB: Oh I ALWAYS LOVED Aunt Sarah, Molly. You know that. What would you say that diamond was worth, Junior?

WIL: Why. ... I'm no jewel expert, Pal, but off hand I'd say this stone was worth about twenty thousand.

MOL: HEAVENLY DAYS... TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!

FIB: I'd of said fifteen thousand ... but you know me ... always conservative.

WIL: Look at it glitter! Why I haven't seen anything gleam like that since I gave my last demonstration of how Johnson's self-polishing Glocoat makes faded and worn linoleum glisten like new again.

FIB: Waxey, is there any subject that anybody could discuss that you couldn't whittle a sales angle out of it?

WIL: Let me think. (PAUSE) No.

MOL: What if this had been a ruby, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Well, that WOULD have been a coincidence, Molly. It was my sister Ruby I was demonstrating the Glocoat to. Showing her how simple it was to pour a little Glocoat out on the scuffed and tired old linoleum, spread it around with the long handled applier and let it dry to a shiny protective finish in 20 minutes or less. How it saves hours of tedious scrubbing and -

FIB: Just a minute, Waxey. What if we'd showed you an emerald?

(REVISED)

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WIL: OH GEE THAT REMINDS ME. The Emerald Avenue Bowling alleys! We had a date to go bowling this afternoon, Fibber. Remember?

FIB: My gosh, I'd forgot all about it, Junior. I'll get my hat and be right with you. Don't wait up for me, Molly, because -

MOL: MCGEE...NO!! . NO! .. PLEASE! ... DON'T LEAVE ME IN THE HOUSE ALONE WITH A TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLAR DIAMOND! I'd be frightened to death.

FIB: But Molly, I can't take it with me. You don't wear ten carat diamonds to go bowling.

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WIL: I see where you're both going to be worn out if you keep this up. You won't dare go out and you won't dare stay home with it around.

MOL: Well, what'll we do?

WIL: Have it insured, and stop worrying.

FIB: Well, for the...I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! ~~WAXEY~~, YOU'RE PRETTY BRIGHT.

WIL: If you think I'm bright, you ought to see a newly pol--

MOL: YES, WE KNOW, WE KNOW!! DO YOU MIND IF MCGEE DOESN'T GO BOWLING WITH YOU TONIGHT, MR. WILCOX?

FIB: Sorry, Junior, but you see how it is.

WIL: THAT'S okay, pal. We can go some other time. You get that stickpin insured. Go see my cousin, ^{Big Barney} ~~Waxey~~ Wilcox in the Security Building. He'll appraise it for you.

MOL: Does he handle jewelry insurance, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: He specializes in insuring jewelry and opera singers' voices.

FIB: Odd combination.

WIL: Oh, I don't know. An opera singer thinks as much of her precious tones as a jeweler. TELL ^{Big Barney} ~~Waxey~~ I SENT YOU.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: Precious tones...heavenly days!!!

FIB: Ever notice, Molly...whatever you want done, he's always got a cousin or an uncle that can handle it?

MOL: Yes, and it's pretty handy, too, relatively speaking. Well, I'll run upstairs and put on my face, McGee. We'd better leave right away.

FIB: We better tell Beulah we're going out. Oh BEULAH..BEULAH!!

DOOR OPEN:

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BEULAH: Somebody whoopin' fo' Beulah?

MOL: Yes, Beulah. Mr. McGee and I have to get downtown right away. But we'll be back for dinner.

BEULAH: Okay, ma'am. In case somebody call up while you is gone, you want me to take their backwarding address?

FIB: You mean forwarding address?

BEULAH: Nossuh, I mean so you kin call 'em back.

MOL: Well, we won't be gone long, Beulah. We're just going to have a diamond stickpin appraised and insured. Show it to her, Dearie.

FIB: Here, Beulah. Take a look at that!

BEULAH: MMMM-MMM! Heavenly days, if you don't mind me quotin' you, ma'am. That is the gorgeousest, magnificentest diamon' I ever did see. If Sanna Claus bring you that, he got a new believer.

MOL: No, my Aunt Sarah sent us that, Beulah.

BEULAH: AUNT SARAH! Scuse me, ma'am, but ain' she the one Mist' McGee always say she as tight as the string on a tennis racket?

FIB: (LAUGHS) I was just kiddin' about that, Beulah. Aunt Sarah is really a wonderful person. Sweet, generous... really loveable!

BEULAH: That is a revised estimate, ain't it, suh?

MOL: Slightly, Beulah. But who wouldn't revise their opinion of somebody who sent them a diamond like this?

BEULAH: You sho got somethin' theah, ma'am! I wish Ira could see this.

FIB: Ira?

BEULAH: Yassuh. Tha's my finance.

MOL: You mean fiance, Beulah. Finance refers to money.

BEULAH: So do Ira. With the DEEPEST respect. He think we ain' got enough yet to git married on.

FIB: He pretty cautious about money, Beulah?

BEULAH: Yassuh. He is. He a real nice boy, Ira is, but sometime...(SICHS) Sometime I wish he would FLING a lil. (LAUGHS) How much a lil old diamon' like this worth, folks?

FIB: Twenty thousand, at a guess, Beulah.

BEULAH: Twenny thou-- How much is that in MONEY, suh?

MOL: (LAUGHS) More than we ever saw, Beulah. That's why we've got to have it appraised and insured.

FIB: Yeah...it's a funny feeling, too. Here we been on the rocks for twenty years and now we got the rocks on us!

BEULAH: Been on the rocks for twenty yeahs and...(LAUGHS HEARTILY) LOVE THAT MAN!

ORCH: SELECTION: KING'S MEN "DON'T FENCE ME IN"

APPLAUSE:

THIRD SPOT:

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN MARBLE CORRIDOR: (SUSTAIN)

MOL: Goodness, McGee...I never saw so many insurance offices in my life. Why are they all in the same building?

FIB: I dunno. I suppose they all get in the same building so they won't be bothered by insurance salesmen.

MOL: Yes, but...

DOC: (FADE IN) (FOOTSTEPS OUT) Well hello there, Molly. Hello, Rumpelstiltskin, with the emphasis you know where.

MOL: Hello Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Yiyah, Doc, you old tummy-pumper. What do you doing in an insurance building? Makin' a deal with 'em before you knock off a couple o' patients?

MOL: Why McGee...what a horrible thought.

DOC: The idea of his even thinking is horrible enough, Molly. As a matter of fact, Lemonhead, I was paying the premium on my own insurance. Do you find anything sinister in that?

FIB: Yes, because you musta cheated to get any insurance in the first place. According to the charts, a guy of your weight oughtta be 12 feet tall.

MOL: Listen to Skinny McGee.

DOC: Yes, listen to Superman, spelled with two P's. Did you ever try leaving the table, Hungry? Pardon me - I mean did you ever try leaving the table hungry?

FIB: No, do you ever leave in the middle of a movie?

MOL: Movies are not fattening, McGee.

DOC: They're broadening though, dear, and from the looks of him he's spent the best years of his life sitting thru double features.

FIB: You're about four axe-handles across the pistol pockets yourself, Chubby. You oughtta stand back and take a good look at....OH HEY...LOOK WHAT AUNT SARAH SENT US, DOC....

MOL: We're going to get it appraised and insured.

DOC: Well, that's a very pretty stickpin.

FIB: (ANGRY) WHADDYE MEAN, A PRETTY STICKPIN? THAT'S THE DOGGONED BIGGEST DIAMOND YOU EVER LAID YOUR BIG FAT EYES ON!

DOC: Yes yes yes...I am dooply impressed, McGee. Now what do I do? Tip toe away with my hat in my hand?

MOL: I thought it was pretty nice of Aunt Sarah to send it to us, Doctor.

FIB: You remember me speakin' of Aunt Sarah, Doc? That wonderful aunt of ours with all the dough. We're very fond of her.

DOC: Yes, I've heard you speak of her, you little hypocrite.

FIB: You said she was the worst - *Now just a damn minute -*
~~NEVER MIND WHAT I SAID!~~ I WON'T HAVE ANYBODY DISPARAGING AUNT SARAH.....EVEN ME!

MOL: We'd better be on our way before it gets too late, McGee.

FIB: Yeah...See you later, Doc. Got to get to the appraiser before he closes up.

(REVISED) -23-

MOL: WHAT? IT'S AN IMITATION?
FIB: YOU MEAN IT ISN'T A REAL DIAM.... THAT'S AUNT SARAH FOR
YOU!!! THAT PENNY PINCHING, MISERLY OLD DROOP!!! SHE'S
GOT A TIGHTER CLUTCH THAN A TEN-TON TRUCK. (MUSIC IN)
WHAT HAVE I ALWAYS SAID ABOUT HER? SHE'S THE WORST NICKEL
NIBBLING, TIGHT-POCKETED OLD SKINFLINT THAT EVER ROBBED
A NEWSBOY! SHE'D TAKE THE --
ORCH: "IF I KNEW THEN"..FADE ON CUE FOR COMMERCIAL

N

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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ANNCR: Winter must have been a very trying time to our
grandmothers, in the days when kitchen floors got
scrubbed once a week, and "Please don't track up my
floors!" was such a familiar request. How grateful those
earlier housekeepers would have been for JOHNSON'S SELF-
POLISHING GLO-COAT! Imagine not having to worry about
wet feet tracking across the linoleum -- or things
spilled. If there's a protective shield of GLO-COAT on the
floor, you can relax, because spilled things wipe up in a
jiffy -- and the actual linoleum surface is protected
against moisture, dirt and wear. The regular use of
GLO-COAT makes linoleum last 6 to 10 times longer -- and
of course keeps it bright and colorful all during its
long life. And that's besides the major job of saving
you work. Because it is self-polishing, GLO-COAT needs
no rubbing or buffing, shines itself while it dries in 20
minutes to a colorful lustre. Yes, our grandmothers would
have been mighty happy about JOHNSON'S SELF-POLISHING
GLO-COAT.

ORCH: (SWELL MUSIC - FADE ON CUE)

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me to our
 floors got
 t track up my
 How grateful those
 for JOHNSON'S SELF-
 g to worry about
 -- or things
 old of GLO-COAT on the
 things wipe up in a
 ace is protected
 regular use of
 times longer -- and
 l all during its
 for job of saving
 ng, GLO-COAT needs
 while it dries in 20
 ur grandmothers would
 S SELF-POLISHING

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen, there are millions of servicemen overseas who are awfully hungry for news. Jst simple, gossipy news about you and home. Send them letters by V-MAIL - a lot of them ... and often.

MOL: V-MAIL FLIES overseas. V-MAIL doesn't clog up the vital supply lines. But most important of all, V-MAIL means FASTER and MORE FREQUENT mail to our men and women, overseas. AND KEEP YOUR LETTERS CHEERFUL.

FIB: Yes, a guy with his feet in the mud, dodging high explosive and gnawing on emergency rations shouldn't be bothered with sisters measles, late laundry and family feuds.

MOL: WRITE CHEERFULLY! WRITE OFTEN! WRITE V-MAIL! RIGHT?

FIB: RIGHT!! GOODNIGHT.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

WIL: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF.
 This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of JOHNSON WAX FINISHES for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Goodnight.

ANNCR: THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY

Johnson's Wax

6:30 - 7:00 PM

January 9, 1945