

rw
5J
#29
(REVISED)
file

WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR
JOHNSON'S WAX

APRIL 20, 1948

7:30 - 8 PDST

-2-

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

ORCH: THEME.....FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products for home and industry,
present Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson,
Gale Gordon, Arthur Q. Bryan, and me, Harlow Wilcox.
The script is by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie - Music by
the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!

ORCH: THEME UP AND FADE FOR:

WILCOX: The other day I heard that most women walk about five miles a day in a kitchen. Just think! Over eighteen hundred miles a year. That's a lot of walking. It's no wonder kitchen linoleum soon looks drab and dull. That is, unless it's protected with wax. Now, Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat will keep your kitchen linoleum and other floors bright and shining, no matter how much you walk on them. ~~A gleaming protective film of Johnson's Glo-Coat adds not only sparkling beauty, but years and years of wear.~~ ^{GLO COAT IS} And ~~it's~~ so easy to use. There's no rubbing or buffing. You merely apply and let dry. With a damp cloth you can whisk away dust, dirt, and spilled things and keep that hard film of wax clean and bright and glowing. Next time you step into your kitchen, remember ... you're going to be stepping off hundreds of miles during the year. ~~Make sure~~ those steps are taken on a shining, sparkling protective film of Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. Johnson's Glo-Coat is the perfect way to protect and bring out the beauty of your floors.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BRIDGE

WILCOX: THE BON TON DEPARTMENT STORE IS THE SCENE OF A SHOPPING EXPEDITION THIS MORNING, BY ONE OF WISTFUL VISTAS LEADING CITIZENS - AND HER HUSBAND....HERE SHE IS, LEADING HIM THROUGH THE HOUSEWARES DEPARTMENT RIGHT NOW, AS WE JOIN --

MOLLY MCGEE AND FIBBER!!

APPLAUSE

MOL: Now let's see - let me cross off my list here, McGee. We bought that big ashtray you wanted - a box of your favorite cigars -

FIB: Yeah - we were lucky to get those cigars, you know that?

MOL: I suppose that's a matter of opinion.

FIB: They quit makin' 'em during the war, you know. The factory was workin' for the Navy - makin rope.

MOL: I've got a TL for you, sweetheart -- that factory is STILL making rope!... Here, let's look around at vases and things here a minute. They've gotten in some wonderful new imported ceramics here and -

FIB: Yeah? Well, let's grab a hunk of it! There's nothin' I love like a big slab of ceramic on rye with a slice of raw onion and -

MOL: Oh no, sweetheart! You're thinking of salami.

FIB: I'll say I am. Constantly! That good imported stuff with-

MOL: I'm talking about pottery, McGee. Here - these little statues and things are ceramics. Aren't they beautiful?

FIB: Ohh, them.

MOL: Yes - Oh, look at this vase, McGee! Perfectly plain and isn't it lovely! That would look beautiful on the hall table.

FIB: Well, if you like it, Molly, go ahead and buy it. And time my wife wants a vase or something for the house, you'll never hear me cry over a buck or two. Buy it!

MOL: Do you think I should, dearie?

FIB: Gimme a good reason why not!

MOL: Welllll - it's ten dollars, and I -

FIB: THAT'S REASON ENOUGH!! TEN BUCKS?? For that hunk of fried clay? Why, migosh -

MOL: Oh, but look at it, McGee - that's a BEAUTIFUL vase! I'll admit that's a lot of money, but -

FIB: I'll say that's a lot of money! I wouldn't lay out ten bucks for a vase like that if (PAUSE) Ohh, but I'm not being very thoughtful, am I Molly? You'd really like to have that vase, wouldn't you?

MOL: Yes, I would but it IS pretty expensive and -

FIB: So what? If you want a vase like that, baby, you'll HAVE a vase like that!

MOL: (DELIGHTED) I will?

FIB: Certainly...I'LL BAKE YOU ONE MYSELF!!

MOL: You'll bake me one your - OH NO, MCGEE! NO! We - we don't really need it! Not that bad, anyway! Oh no, let's forget it! Skip it!

FIB: No sir! You want a vase - I'll bake you a vase! Geewhiz, there's nothin' complicated about cookin' up a vase.

MOL: Look, sweetheart - making pottery isn't that easy! You have to have tools and, well, - clay - and -

FIB: Clay is a cinch! We got a backyard full of it. Why do my tulips always look like crocuses? Why do my tomatoes always look like crabapples? Because our backyard is all clay! Come on - I'll grab a book on "How to Make Pottery" and -

MOL: Wait a minute, McGee - here comes the Old Timer.

FIB: Where? Oh, hi Old Timer.

MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

OLD M: (FADING IN) Hello there, kids! Whatcha doin' downtown - buyin' somethin' or jist shoppin'?

FIB: Bcth. And I just got a great idea down here, too! I'm lookin' for a book on it right now. I'm gonna make Molly some pottery.

OLD M: Pottery, eh? That's very interesting, Johnny. I useta be a politician myself.

MOL: What's that got to do with making pottery?

OLD M: Well, the way I look at it, daughter - it don't matter if you bake it or sling it - mud is mud!

FIB: Well, it won't be mud when I get through with it! I'm gonna model a vase cutta clay, bake it in the oven, and -

OLD M: Well now you might do all right, at that, Johnny. Poppa made a lot of money fer awhile, modelin' things out of clay!

(REVISED)

-7-

MOL: Your father? What did he make - statues?

OLD M: Nope - bricks!.....He was always tryin' somethin' new, Poppa was - always experimentin'. He made up a batch of bricks one time outta clay and bakin' powder. Built a hotel with 'em.

FIB: AWWWW, cut it out! A hotel with bakin' powder bricks?

MOL: Of course, dearie - you've heard of the Parker House?

(CHUCKLES)

OLD M: (PAUSE) Daughter.. I don't wanta be rude - but who's tellin' 'em - you or me?

MOL: (CHUCKLES) I'm sorry.

OLD M: I'd like to stand here and do straight lines for you, kids - but I gotta get home. I been fixin' up my room today - doin' my spring cleanin'.

FIB: Your spring cleaning?

OLD M: Yep - every year I lift my mattress and clean off the springs...I jist come down to the Ben Ton here to buy myself a chint.

MOL: A what?

OLD M: A chint, daughter, a chint! They say a room looks real nice decorated with chintz. I got a small room, so one chint oughta do. Where is the chint department, kids - you know?

MOL: You're a little confused, Mr. Old Timer. Chintz is a material - they use it for window drapes.

(REVISED)

-8-

OLD M: Drapes? You mean burlap is outta style now, kids?

FIB: Yep - and look, Old Timer, I gotta grab me a book on pottery Makin' and get to work.

MOL: Isn't your Cousin Salvador a painter and sculptor, dearie?

FIB: Yes, he makes faces and busts - I'm gonna make a vase and mug. (LAUGHS)

OLD M: HEHEHEHEHEH, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD, JOHNNY, BUT THAT AIN'T THE WAY I HEERED IT! The way I heered it, one feller says to tother feller, "Saaaaay," he says, "Don't touch my back! I got a terrible sunburn!"....."Zat so"?, says tother feller, "Why didncha use suntan oil?"....."It's no good," says the first feller, "I drank three bottles of it and still got blistered!".....So long, kids!

ORCH: "YOU TURNED THE TABLES"

APPLAUSE

SLAP-SIAP OF HANDS ON WET CLAY

FIB: Boy, is this vase ever shapin' up, Molly! It's just about ready to cook, too! (EAGERLY) How's it look?

MOL: (DOUBTFUL) Weelllll.... The one at the Bon Ton had a graceful shape to it - and this one is a little lopsided, but -

FIB: Just details, that's all! That'll all come out when I fire it!

MOL: Let me do that for you! Let me fire it!

FIB: You know where to fire it?

MOL: Certainly, open the window! I'll fire it clear across the -

FIB: No, no no - "firing the clay" means to cook it, Molly! That's shop talk when you bake it in the kil-len.

MOL: In a what?

FIB: A kil-len. K - I - L - N. Kil-len.

MOL: Oh.

FIB: The gas stove'll do just as well, of course. You see here in the book it says "place the vessel in the kil-len and heat slowly to 2000 degrees Fahrenheit." Compare that to 1000 degrees Gesundheit and it's nothing to sneeze at.It says "this requires about 4 hours".

MOL: You won't get 2000 degrees of heat out of this gas range in 4 years, McGee!

FIB: Don't worry, a little simple arithmetic solves that. You see, instead of 2000 degrees in 4 hours, I simply give it 500 degrees for one hour. Simple?

MOL: Mmmm-Hmmm - that's the simplest arithmetic I ever -

DOOR CHIME

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

FIB: Well, if it isn't the local weather prophet! Hiyah, Foggy!

MOL: Hello, Mr. Williams. Come in.

GALE: Thank you, Mrs. McGee, Hello, McGee.

FIB: Sit down, Foggy, if you don't mind the mess.

MOL: He's just gotten a new hobby, Mr. Williams - he's making me a vase.

GALE: Really. That's very interesting. Scrape the mud off it, and let's have a look at it, McGee.

FIB: Whattaya mean scrape the mud off of it? The mud IS the vase!

GALE: Oh...it's - lovely.

FIB: (PLEASED) Yeah? You really like it do you?

GALE: I like everything today, McGee! I'm a very happy man! An association of airline pilots has just given me a citation, and I'm quite proud of it!

MOL: Wonderful! What did you do for the airline pilots, Mr. Williams?

(REVISED)

-11-

GALE: I stumbled upon a device which would dispel early morning fog.

FIB: Yeah? Whattaya call it?

GALE: Alka-Seltzer.

FIB: Oh. Hey, you do quite a bit of scientific research on the weather, doncha, Foggy?

GALE: Quite a bit. My brother Cedric and I used to work together on it. He was a lightning calculator. He used to stand on top of a hill and calculate where lightning would strike next-poor lad.

MOL: Why "poor lad", Mr. Williams?

GALE: He miscalculated. On top of a hill we found his shoes full of melted suspender buttons, and ten feet away were his socks in a running position.

FIB: You know, Fog - I never knew that the weather business could be so interesting. You've really had some weird experiences, haven't you?

GALE: I've kept busy. Just this morning, for instance, I had a postcard from the Coast Guard.

MOL: Really? What did the Coast Guard say on the postcard?

GALE: They wanted a transcript of the celebrated controversy which took place in 1929 between the weather bureau and the ~~SPCA~~ *Bird Lovers of America*.

FIB: What kind of a controversy, Foggy?

R

(REVISED)

-12-

GALE: Well, the weather bureau found that in bad weather sea birds would roost on the channel markers in Chesapeake Bay. The Coast Guard thereupon installed whistling buoys to frighten the birds off, and the ~~SPCA~~ ^{B-L-A} took the matter to court.

MOL: With what result?

GALE: Case was dismissed. The Judge said "No power on earth can keep a buoy from whistling at a gull!" Well, good day, probably.

DOOR SLAM

SMACK-SMACK ON CLAY

FIB: Well, this is just about ready to cook, Molly. If I just had a little flatter ~~shape~~ around the bottom.

MOL: Don't be so self-conscious - go ahead and make your vase.

FIB: Okay, open the oven door, kiddo...she's ready for firing.

MOL: All right.

DOOR OPENS

WIL: Hello, Molly...hello, Pal.

FIB: What were you doing in our oven, Wilcox?

MOL: Don't be silly, McGee - Mr. Wilcox just came in coincidentally with the oven door opening. It isn't often we give you your choice of two openings, is it, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: No, and don't think I don't appreciate it. Hey, what're you doing with the muck, Mac?

FIB: It's a new hobby, ^{Bobby} ~~Junior~~. I've just took up pottery.

dk

WIL: Well, put it down quick - you're getting your hands all dirty.

MOL: His hands? Look at his face. He looks like he swam across Oklahoma.

FIB: I got no time to worry about a little dirt. A good craftsman is completely oblivious to things like that.

WIL: You mean "oblivious," Pal. At your age you should know how to use the right word for the right things - like Glocoat is the right word for linoleum.

MOL: I will say, Mr. Wilcox, that you stick to your hobbies a lot longer than McGee does to his.

WIL: Selling Glocoat is much more than a hobby with me, Molly. I've dedicated my life to it...it's my vocation and my avocation...it's a crusade - a cause - and when you consider that I have an expense account on top of that, you can't dismiss it as a mere hobby. It becomes a mission with a commission...May I say something?

FIB: It's been 13 years and we haven't stopped you yet. Lemme put this vase in the oven.

MOL: What is it, Mr. Wilcox? As if we didn't know?

WIL: I just wanted to tell your Gutzon little Borglum here not to worry about the consequences of his folly - er, hobby. What if he does get clay all over the linoleum?

MOL: And he has.

WIL: Go ahead and splash it around, Pal. Be yourself! With the floor protected with Glocoat's tough wax film, spots are easy to wipe up with a damp cloth.

FIB: Junior -- A nation--wide survey has shown that this is a very wide nation -- And if all the announcers were ---

WIL: Maybe I haven't told you, but the new Glocoat gives nearly twice as much shine as before - there's no rubbing or buffing - it makes your linoleum last much longer and prevents varnished wood floors from becoming scuffed and ugly -

MOL: Yes, but clay is so ---

WIL: ---- so don't worry about it, Pal! Fling it around.

What's a spot here and there? They'll wipe up.

Johnson's Self Polishing Glocoat is the perfect protection against spots, so spot it all you like. (PAUSE) End of spot announcement. Bong-bong-bong-~~bang~~

DOOR SLAM:

FIB: Well, while that vase is cooking, I'm gonna whip us up a flower pot for your geraniums.

SMACK-SMACK...SMACK-SMACK

MOL: Say, how long does the vase have to cook, anyhow?

FIB: Well, lemme see - I could look it up in the book. Although I should know - I spent enough time around the pottery in Peoria.

MOL: You never told me about the pottery in Peoria!

FIB: I never toldja about puttering around the Peoria Pottery?

MOL: You never did!

FIB: Well, baby, I WILL!.....You see, the proprietor of the Peoria Pottery was a fellow named Peter Porter, and I worked there as a porter for Peter and his pater in the pottery place. Papa Porter - Peter's Pater - was not only a potter, too, but also Peter's partner. So while Peter and his pater potted their pottery pots, I portered for the potters and puttered around the pottery like any porter with a whole pottery to putter in would putter. It was so interesting that Peoria people useta peep into the premises to watch Peter Porter potting pots - Pat Porter (Peter's pater) patting pottery, and me, the porter, pitter-pattering around the pottery - and between the puttering, the pottering, the pittering and the pattering, Porter and his pater would - you going someplace, kiddo?

MOL: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes, I've got to call Perkins at the Pen place to pick up your Parker Pen and put a new point on it. (FADES) Don't go away, dearie, 'll be right back.....

FIB: Okay. (SLAP-SLAP OF HANDS) Ahhh, there goes a sharp kid! And tolerant, too! How could she have known when she married me, that she could be happy with a hubby with a hobby that - 00000000! THERE'S ONE FOR NEXT WEEK!
I BETTER -

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPENS

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Hiyah, Teeny.

TEE: Hi. (PAUSE) Whatcha dooon with all the mud, mister?

Hmm? Whatcha dooon with it? Hmmm? Whatcha?

FIB: It isn't mud, sis. It's clay.

TEE: GEE, IS THAT CLAY? Gee, lemme see some....Hmmm!

So THAT'S what mamma says papa has feet of!

FIB: (LAUGHS) She does, eh?

TEE: Yes, she alw- Hmm?

FIB: I says, SHE DOES, EH?

TEE: Who does?

FIB: Your mamma.

TEE: Does what?

FIB: Says that.

TEE: Says what?

FIB: SAYS YOUR DADDY HAS FEET OF CLAY.!!

TEE: I know it! But he really hasn't though, I betcha. Because if his feet were made out of clay, and he stepped out of bed onto the cold floor he wouldn't say the things he does, I betcha! HEY WHATCHA DOON WITH THE CLAY, MISTER?

FIB: Working on ceramics sis. That's vases and pottery and china and stuff.

TEE: Oboy, China!--that's where I'd like to go, I betcha! You ever been in China, Mister?

SLAP-SLAP ON CLAY

FIB: Spent several years there, sis. I was a pirate on the Yangste Kiang River. Sailed under the skull and chopsticks.

(2ND REVISION) -17 - 18

TEE: Ohhhh, boy....a PIRATE!! You ever get seasick when you were a river pirate, mister?

FIB: Seasick?

TEE: Sure...you know what seasick is. That's when you decide not to have any breakfast - after you've had it. (GIGGLES)

FIB: Nope. I never was seasick, sis. Too busy to think of it. Too busy now, too -- so if you'll excuse me I gotta go put the heat to this little pot.

TEE: Why? Gotta stummick ache?

FIB: Certainly not. I've merely gotta bake this clay.

TEE: OHHHHHH, THAT LITTLE POT. (GIGGLES) Oh excuse me. So long, mister.

DOOR SIAM:

FIB: (PUZZLED) What other pot did she think I meant. Oh well, kids don't make much sense anyhow. Now, if people will just leave me alone for a minute, Oh, hi, Molly.

MOL: (FADING IN) How's the vase coming along? Isn't it about time you stuck a fork into it to see if it's done? That oven's pretty hot!

FIB: Hand me the book, willya? I'll look it up.

MOL: Here.

FIB: Thanks. Now, lemme see.....it says here, "After the vessel is properly shaped and molded, allow to dry thoroughly before placing in killen or oven". Dry thoroughly?

R

(REVISED) -19-

MOL: What's that for?

FIB: Let's see - it says here - "Warning! If moist clay is placed in hot killen or oven, steam will form and result in a violent--

BOOOM!...CLATTER OF OVEN DOOR...RAIN OF MUD WITH FINAL SPLAT:

FIB: --explosion". Oh. You scrape the mud off the walls, kiddo, I gotta get started on a new vase.

ORCH: KING'S MEN... "IT'S A QUIET TOWN"

APPLAUSE

MB

THIRD SPOT

JIGGLE OF RECEIVER ON HOOK:

MOL: Hello! Hello! Hello! (HANG UP) That's funny, McGee...
he hung up.

FIB: Who hung up?

MOL: Doctor Gamble.

FIB: Whyd'ja call him? These explosions haven't hurt anything
but my pride.

MOL: I didn't call him...he called you. He asked me what you
were doing and I told him, and he got very excited and
said hold everything he'd be right over, and hung up.

FIB: Ah-HA! THAT OLD SNOOP! I knew he'd rush over here to
try to catch me makin' a fool of myself again! And he's
gonna be wrong this time...for a change!

MOL: He is?

FIB: (CHUCKLES HAPPILY) Yep. I got a different angle on this
thing...and I just went downtown and got some new
materials! When I promise you something, kiddo, you get
it!

MOL: You're sweet. But the next time I ask for something, you
just ignore me! I'm just a little old gold-digger. And
by the way...did you know that oven is turned off?

FIB: Yep, I turned it off. I got a vase in there now and it's
gotta cool slow. I'm takin' no chances with this one
because--

DOOR BURSTS OPEN:

DOC: (IN, BREATHLESSLY) Where is he, Molly? Loosen his
collar! Heat some water! McGee, you open the window!
Quick!

FIB: Okay, Doc. (FAST FOOTSTEPS - WINDOW SLAMS UP) Why?

DOC: Molly said you were-- McGee! Who got you out?

MOL: Out of what, Doctor?

DOC: The oven! You told me on the phone that he had his face
in the oven! That's why I rushed --

MOL: Oh no, Doctor! No. I said he had his vase in the oven.

DOC: VASE?

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Boy, are you ever eager for business, you big
Fee Splitter! Talk about ambulance chasers...you're
always ten blocks ahead of the sirens!

MOL: That's a fine way to talk, McGee...after he rushed over
here to save your life! Sit down, Doctor.

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Now, what goes on here. What's with
all the clay - Pigeon?

MOL: Well, I'll tell you what's going on, Doctor. I admired
a vase at the Bon Ton..it was a tall vase-ful grace that
would have looked beautiful on the living-room label.
So himself here--

FIB: Lemme tell it, Molly. For your information, Knucklenose,
I'm the kind of a husband that when my wife expresses
a desire for something he's the kind of a guy that I
see that she gets it. Soo - when she seen the vase
downtown I says "Relax, kiddo. I'll bake you one
exactly like it". So tread lightly, Fatso..it's still
in the oven!

(2ND REVISION) -22-

DOC: Ohh, fine! I've seen you through at least 48 hobbies and you've been a dismal flop at every one of them! You took up flycasting - and what did you catch? The lobe of your left ear!

MOL: It was his right ear, Doctor.

DOC: Then you took up the piccolo and I had to saw it in half to get your pinky out of the E-hole!

FIB: It was the G-hole.

DOC: And now...pottery! Well, that's harmless, I guess.

MOL: That's YOUR opinion! You should have been here when he blew the door off the oven.

FIB: (PROUDLY) Blew it clean across the kitchen, Doc! Took me forty minutes to get it back on - and eight rolls of Scotch tape!

DOC: Well, that's more like you, Jughead! I'd hate to think you'd let me down by doing anything sensible. So you're a pottery-maker, are you?

FIB: Yep.

DOC: Look, Mudhen! Any time you produce anything ceramic that doesn't look like it was made out of a cup custard by a blindfolded Pottawatamie with the hiccups while riding full gallop across a railroad trestle on a lame camel in the dark of the moon..I'd like to see it.

MOL: Heavenly days - so would I.

FIB: Oh, you would, huh? Well watch this, both of you. Open the oven, Molly. But don't touch the vase, it's still hot.

OVEN DOOR OPENS:

PAUSE:

(2ND REVISION) 23 & 24

MOL: Well, for-- Why, McGee! You did it.

DOC: He did what? Let me see! (PAUSE) Hmm...I seem to have misjudged you, my boy. That's a very handsome vase. Do you want to sell it?

FIB: No sir. This vase is for my little wife and there ain't enough money in this whole world to buy something on which my little wife has her heart set on, that I've got specially for her. Are you makin' me an offer?

DOC: No, I'm just testing character. And you've just proved what I've always said. You're still a no-talent, double dealing cheapskate. Goodbye, Molly...Pip-pip, potter.

DOOR SLAM:

MOL: This vase is simply beautiful, McGee. Look how graceful!

FIB: How's it compare with the one you liked at the Bon Ton?

MOL: Why, sweetheart, it's almost exactly like it. Same shape, same color, in fact it's so much like the one at the Bon Ton that you forgot to take the price tag off the bottom of it!

FIB: (CHUCKLES) Yeah. Glad you like it, kiddo!

ORCH: "MY SIN"...FADE FOR:

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: (CUE LINE: Fibber and Molly will return in a moment.)
Do you remember back in the old days when most women used to oil their floors...back in the days before the wax method of protective housekeeping? Do you remember how dull and drab floors were, how the oil collected dust and dirt? Well, as wax was an improvement over oil for your floors, the new Johnson's Cream Wax is an improvement over sticky, oily furniture polish. You see, there is not one single drop of oil in Johnson's Cream Wax. Powerful cleaning ingredients go to work when you apply it, and remove all traces of dirt and grime, leaving your furniture shining with a bright coat of genuine wax. It's the perfect polish for white kitchen equipment, too. Ask for some Johnson's Cream Wax and polish your furniture and woodwork the modern way. Don't confuse Johnson's Cream Wax with ordinary furniture polish, because there's all the difference in the world. You'll see that difference the first time you use Johnson's Cream Wax, to bring out the beauty of your home.

KING'S MEN: "Look on the bright side -
Shine up the right side -
Bring out the beauty of the home."

ORCH: BUMPER...FADE FOR:

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - here's one more short commercial. Not about how to protect your floors and furniture, but about how to protect your future and that of your family.

MOL: The sponsor is Uncle Sam and the product is United States Security Bonds - those four-dollars-for-three bonds that are just about the best investment you can make.

FIB: Security Bonds give you a reservoir of purchasing power to protect your future and help fight inflation.

MOL: See your nearest dealer today - your bank, or your employer.

FIB: ...and if you mention our names you can buy them at a 25% discount off the maturity value. Or just mention your own name! Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all!

PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF:

WIL: The makers of Johnson's Wax Products, Racine, Wisconsin, bring you Fibber McGee and Molly each Tuesday night at this time. Be with us again next week, won't you?

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

(CHIMES)