

- 1 WILCOX: THE FET MILK PROGRAM -- WITH FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!!
- 2 CRCH: THESE...FADE OUT:
- 3 WILCOX: The First Evaporated Milk - Fet Milk - presents Fibber McGee and Molly, with Bill Thompson, Arthur Q. Bryan, Cliff Arquette, and me, Harlow Wilcox. The show is written by Don Quinn and Phil Leslie, and directed by Max Hutto, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills' Orchestra!
- 4 CRCH: THESE UP AND FADE OUT:

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

1 WIL: These days, babies have a far better chance of growing strong and healthy than babies born a generation or two ago. Steady, normal growth? Today your baby can be sure of it. Strong, straight bones? Yes. Sound teeth, too. These benefits come naturally to Inf Milk babies. For in Inf Milk your baby gets the combination of milk minerals and vitamin D that enables him to build sound teeth and bones, and to make sure steady growth. And do you know something else? It costs less to raise a baby on Inf Milk...because Inf Milk costs less generally than ordinary bottled milk, or any other form of milk. When your doctor suggests evaporated milk for your baby, get the first evaporated milk...Inf Milk...the first food for millions of babies.

2 CHUCK BRIDGE



1 WILCOX: WHEN A MAN GETS ALONG TO A CERTAIN AGE, IT'S A GOOD IDEA
FOR HIM TO HAVE HIS GLASSES CHECKED OCCASIONALLY.
OTHERWISE, THERE COMES A DAY WHEN HE GOES CLIMBING AROUND
THE HOUSE, BUMPING INTO THINGS, KNOCKING OVER THE
FURNITURE -

2 SOUND: THUD AND CLATTER OF BED TABLE

3 WILCOX: - AND MAKING HIMSELF AND HIS WIFE UNCOMFORTABLE. LIKE THE
MAN WHO JUST KNOCKED OVER THE BED TABLE THERE, MR. MOORE
OF -

FISHER HOSES AND MOLLY!

4 (AFFLAIR)

5 FIB: DAIDAT THE DAIR -- WHAT'S THAT BED TABLE LAIN' THERE NEXT
TO THE DAVIDPORT ARROW, MOLLY?

6 MOL: It's lying on its side right now, daurie. What's the
matter with you today, McGee? You've been groping around
the house like the head man in a game of blind man's buff.

7 FIB: It's my glasses, Molly. I think I got my old
catigmatism back.

8 MOL: Your what?

9 FIB: Asprigmatism. You know - when you see somethin' that
ain't there - clear across the room - when all the time
you're lookin' at it, it would be right in front of you,
if it was anyplace - only what it looks like, it ain't.
That's opigmatismus.

10 MOL: My goodness - when did this happen?

- 1 FIB: It's been awful so, I guess. Got worse this mornin'
These glasses don't seem to be strong enough for me
any more.
- 2 MOL: They never were very strong. Everytime you step on them
they break all to pieces.
- 3 FIB: I mean they don't suit my eyes any more. Everything
looks - HEY! Who laid the baseball bat on top of the
piano there?
- 4 MOL: What? --- That's not a baseball bat --- that's your
fountain pen. Although it IS a ball-pointed, so maybe -
- 5 SOUND: DOOR CLOSING
- 6 MOL: I'll get it, dearie. COME IN!
- 7 SOUND: DOOR OPENING
- 8 MOL: Well, good morning, Doctor Geahle. Come right in.
- 9 DOC: Thank you, Molly. Hello, Knockhead.
- 10 FIB: Hi, Sweet Seat. (RAISES VOICE) WELL, COME ON IN! DON'T
STAND OUT THERE IN THE HALL, DOC!
- 11 DOC: What?
- 12 MOL: He's right here beside you, McDee.
- 13 FIB: Huh? Ohh - over here. Couldn't see you, Dooky. Hey,
you look pretty good, boy - lost some weight, didn't
you? Gimme your hat and overcoat and -

1 MOL: McGee!

2 FIB: Rub!

3 MOL: That's the ball tree you're talking to.

4 FIB: Oh. I thought Doc looked awful skinny, I can see a little better now, though. (PAUSE) Where are you, Molly?

5 MOL: I'm right here, dearie.

6 FIB: I thought you were behind me.

7 MOL: I am.

8 FIB: Then who's this in front of me?

9 DOC: ME, STUPID!!

10 FIB: OHSH, HI, LA TRIVIA: I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN.

11 DOC: I DIDN'T COME IN! I mean, La Tri is isn't here - this is Doc Orable! What's the matter with you, anyhow, Featherhead?

12 MOL: It's his glasses, Doctor. They don't seem to -

13 FIB: Anagnosias, Doc. My old anagnosias is back. Sit down and leave recite a few pages of symptoms for you.

14 DOC: Oh, that will be peachy! I sit in my lonely little office all day, listening to people's symptoms - and do you think they ever show any imagination? No...just standard old legitimate symptoms. But YOU - you can dream up pathological variations that the medical books have never even thought of!

1 FIB: Gee, thanks, Doc! Hear that, Molly? I think that's one
of the nicest things you ever said to me, Doctor. Here,
have a chair. Lemme move this one over for you. (GRINDS)
well, that's a new symptom. I can hardly lift this chair.
2 MOL: Set it down. That's the piano.

3 SOUND: THEY AND FIANO JANGLE

4 FIB: Oh. (CHUCKLES) Thought it was a chair. Here, Doc,
set in this -

5 DOC: WATCH OUT FOR THE LAMP!

6 FIB: Don't worry, I ain't anywhere near the lamp! I see it.

7 SOUND: CRASH OF KNOCKED OVER LAMP

8 FIB: Ain't this ridiculous? I'd of sworn that thing was
clear across the room.

9 MOL: It is now.

10 DOC: Look, Buster - and I do mean BUSTER! You'd better sit
down before you wreck the joint.

11 FIB: Yeah. I'll sit down.

12 MOL: Not on the radiator though. Here, sit here, dearie.

13 FIB: Thanks. Kigh, Doc, this is awful. I'm out of focus
like a six-bit camera!

14 DOC: You always were. Look, Brighteyes, do you know who
invented bifocals?

15 FIB: Who, Doc?

16 DOC: Benjamin Franklin - and I think that's the very pair he
invented!.....How long have you had those glasses,
anyhow.

- 1 FIB: Aw, I only been wearin' 'em a few years, Doc. Matter of fact, I don't hafta have glasses anyhow - I don't really need 'em.
- 2 MCL: Except to see with. And then only when he's awake.
- 3 DOC: I know. Look, Gruper - you go downtown and get yourself an eye test, and have those lenses changed. Go see Doctor Proctor in the medical building. Tell him I sent you.
- 4 FIB: Ohh yeah? And why did you happen to pick that particular Doctor, Doctor? Is he the only one in town who splits fees with you? Don't you have lunch with him once a week and discuss business over a bowl of split-fee soup?
- 5 MCL: OH, MOOSE!
- 6 DOC: Nobody splits fees with me, and you know it, you insulting little slander-slinger!
- 7 FIB: They don't? What do.s he do - take all of it? He got something on you, so you have to give him all the fees you got? He could be reported for that, because the Doctor's Union is....
- 8 MCL: MOOSE! NOW STOP IT! My goodness, then Doctor Grable is good enough to -

1 DOC: That's all right, Molly - just ignore him. Take him down to the oculist, and if McGee affects him like he affects me, Dr. Proctor will just put something in his eye and send him home.

2 FIB: Yeah? What'll be put in my eye, Doc? Drops?

3 DOC: No - ~~SHUCKLES!~~ So long, Molly.

4 SOUND: DOOR SLAM

5 MIE: Isn't he sweet, McGee? You know, you don't treat the Dr. very nicely.

6 FIB: I ain't supposed to treat him - he's supposed to treat me. Come on, let's go downtown and see Doctor Proctor.

7 MIE: Wait'll I run upstairs and put on my face, dearie. (SINGS) You sit right there, because there isn't such furniture left and you'll break up the whole -

8 FIB: Okay, tootsie! MIE, there goes a good kid! Sticks with me through thick and thin. And when I was thin - before I got so thick, she always.

9 SOUND: DOOR CHIME!

10 FIB: COME IN!

11 SOUND: DOOR CHIME!

12 YEE: Hi mister. (GIGGLES)

13 FIB: Oh, come in, kids. Sit down, both of you.

- 1 THE: I'm not both of us, mister, I betcha. I'm just me,
Teeny. What's the matter, don't you see good, mister?
- 2 FIB: Well, I just suddenly seem to of outgrow my glasses, aha.
Been doin' a little readin' lately. Probly wear all the
strength out of the lenses. I and Mrs. McKee are goin'
downtown in a minute and see Doctor Procter.
- 3 THE: Oh, he's a dandy doctor, I betcha. We took from him
once last year. He fixed my eye. It had a cinderella
in it.
- 4 FIB: (CHUCKLES TOLERANTLY) You don't need a cinderella, sis,
you need a cider.
- 5 THE: Ho - Willie Toop hit me in the eye with a book. It was
Cinderella.
- 6 FIB: He did, ah?
- 7 THE: Sure, the corner of it bit - HA?
- 8 FIB: I says he did, huh?
- 9 THE: Who did?
- 10 FIB: Willie Toope.
- 11 THE: Did ~~what?~~
- 12 FIB: Hit you!
- 13 THE: Where?
- 14 FIB: In the eye.
- 15 THE: What with?
- 16 FIB: A book!
- 17 THE: What book?

- 1 FIB: CINDERELLA!
- 2 THE: No - it was Black Beauty.
- 3 FIB: Didn't it, you said it was Cinderella.
- 4 THE: (GIGGLES) I know it - that was on account of the cinder -
it made a better joke that way....Why, you should
seen our school play last night, mister! It was a
Thanksgiving play.
- 5 FIB: Was, eh?
- 6 THE: Sure - I wrote it, I betcha. Boy was it ever exciting.!!
It opened up with a horrible scream, before the curtain
even went up.
- 7 FIB: Very good that's. Indians, eh?
- 8 THE: No, our teacher backed into a hot radiator.
- 9 FIB: She got it right in the beginning, eh?
- 10 THE: No, she got it right in the end. (GIGGLES) Well....then
the curtain went up and there was a lot of Pilgrims,
and Indians and people and Santa Claus.
- 11 FIB: SANTA CLAUS? In a Thanksgiving play? Why?
- 12 THE: That was a costume we had left over. AND RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE of the stage there was Willie Toops, dressed up
like an Indian smoking a piece of pipe.
- 13 FIB: You mean smoking a pipe of peace.
- 14 THE: No, it was just a piece of pipe he found in the alley
and filled it with his daddy's tobacco.

- 1 FIB: This sounds like a very colorful production.
- 2 THE: Colorful is right! Willie turned green and purple from smacking and our teacher turned red from being embarrassed and I was blue because it was such a fun play and Mr. Brown the janitor's grey hair turned white when he saw how we messed up the auditorium. Boy was it ever colorful!!
- 3 FIB: Sis, I'M so overwhelmed I gotta go out and get some fresh air. Which way's the front door? Aim me at it. I don't see very good today.
- 4 THE: Okay....it's right out....THAT way.
- 5 FIB: Thanks, Sis. (FAIR) when Mrs. McGee comes down, tell her I'm on the porch and she -
- 6 ~~SOUND: TINKLING GLASS CRASH AND THEE.~~
- 7 THE: Coo, he should of ast me if the front door was open. Oh well....it is now!
- 8 ~~CHCH: KING'S MEN. "IF YOU FEEL LIKE SINGING, SING"~~
- 9 ~~APPLAUSE:~~

SOUND EFFECTS:

1 SOUND: ENT. TRAFFIC AND PAUSE FOR --

2 MCL: Well, I'M certainly glad you're going to see the oculist, McGee.

3 FIB: I'M going to him all right, but I dunno if I'm gonna see him. My gosh, I can hardly see you. This is the...
NIYAH, NEDIE!!

4 SOUND: MOTOR HORN.

5 MCL: Who were you hollering at?

6 FIB: Eddie Girdle. I think. Was it a tall fella with a big shock of shaggy yellow hair?

7 MCL: No, it was a truck full of hay.

8 FIB: Oh. I wondered why he didn't answer me.

9 MCL: Who is Eddie Girdle?

10 FIB: Eddie Girdle? He's the fella that if you smell leaking gas in your basement, the gas company can't ever locate their trouble shooter so they send Eddie. Nice guy though. He -- OH OH.....LOOK....I FOUND A HALF A BOOK!!

11 MCL: McGee....don't pick that up!!..that's a warhole cover.

12 FIB: It is? Boy, I better get my seprigmasias looked at pretty quick. I'M gettin' worse. Gee whis - I -

✓ 13 WIL: (PAUSE IN) Niyah, Molly. Hello, McGee.

14 MCL: Well....hello there.

- 1 FIB: OH MORT TOOPS.. HIYAH, Mort! How are ya boy. Say,
I'll have to call off our bowling date tonight....my
eyes have suddenly been took asprigmatic.
- 2 WIL: I'll say they have, Pal! In the first place, I'M not
Mort Toops. I'M Harlow Wilcox.
- 3 MOL: And in the second place, dearie, that was me you just
shook hands with. Mr. Wilcox is over there...to your
left.
- 4 FIB: I thought that was a telephone pole. Hiyah, Milky.
- 5 WIL: What's the matter with your eyes, Pal?
- 6 FIB: My asprigmatic suddenly got worse, Junior.
- 7 MOL: Yes, at breakfast this morning he throw me his napkin
and said, "READ THIS TO ME, DARY - THE PRINT IN THIS
MORNING PAPER GETS SMALLER EVERY DAY!"
- 8 WIL: This is pretty serious, Pal. Just how bad is it? Can
you see that grocery store across the street?
- 9 FIB: You mean the red building with the people lookin' outa
the windows?
- 10 MOL: You're looking at a street car, McGee. He means the
big white building over there....
- 11 FIB: Where? Face me at it.

- 1 WIL: Right over there, Pal. See?
- 2 FIB: OH YES...I GET IT. RIGHT PAST WHERE THAT KID IS SITTING
ON THE AIRDALE.
- 3 MCL: That's a mounted policeman.
- 4 WIL: Can you see the big Pot Milk display they have in the
window, over there, Pal?
- 5 FIB: E-o-o-oooooo, I don't believe I -
- 6 WIL: The window with the big card that says:
"BE GOOD TO YOUR FAMILY...BE GOOD TO YOURSELF,
KEEP POT MILK HANDY ON THE PANTRY SHELF."
- 7 MCL: Where do you see that sign, Mr. Wilcox?
- 8 WIL: I don't see it but I know it's there because I wrote it.
I also have one in there that says:
"IF YOU LIKE GOOD COFFEE, SMOOTH AS SILK.
JUST ADD A BIT OF HIGH POT MILK;
IT WILL COST YOU LESS AND PLEASE YOU MORE.
SO GET A CAN FROM YOUR GROCERY STORE.
IT'S CONCENTRATED AND HOMOSEINIZED -
IN ITS OWN SEALED CAN, IT'S STERILIZED.
- A COW TRIES HARD, BUT YOU GOTTA CONFESS
THAT POT MILK GIVES YOU MORE FOR LESS!
FOR GROWING KIDS, AND BABIES, TOO,
FOR COOKING AND TOPPING AND --"
- 9 FIB: HEY HEY HEY...MILKY!!
- 10 WIL: KID

1 MIL: Milky Milkov, the Pet Poet of the People. You ever write any song, Mr. Wilcox?

2 WIL: Well, when I was in Chataaugus --

3 FIB: I did, Junior! Wrote a lot of songs with Fred Nitney which he was a fella that he and I were in vaudeville together, him and I. I wrote one song that would of been on the hit parade for ten years if anybody'd liked it well enough to publish it.

4 MIL: What was the title, Dearie?

5 FIB: The name of it was "JUST FOLLOW YOUR HEART AND YOU WON'T GET LOST".

6 WIL: And you won't what?

7 FIB: Get lost, Junior.

✓ 8 WIL: Okay. I can take a hint. So long now.!!!!

9 TRAFFIC UP AND DOWN

10 MIL: Wasn't that a little rude, McGee? Telling Mr. Wilcox to get lost?

11 FIB: Maybe...but it was also very ingenious, I thought. Imagine goin' back 20 years and remembering an imaginary song just so you could shake a salesman off your coat lapel? Why my gosh, I---HARRY, HARRY. I REMEMBER ALL THE KIDS?

12 MIL: Harry who?

13 FIB: Harry Muzalocron. Wasn't that a fella with eight or nine kids with him? Didn't you see their heads bobbin' up and down?

- 1 MCL: That was just a street peddler with a bunch of balloons.....
And here thank goodness, is the oculist's office. Come on.
- 2 FIB: I'll open the door for you, kiddo....pardon me, ma'am....
- 3 WAR: (GASP VOICE) WHO YOU CALLIN' MADAM? HOW'D YOU LIKE A PUNCH
IN THE PUSSY?
- 4 FIB: Oh. I'M sorry, bud. Come on, Molly.
- 5 DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES
- 6 MCL: I think we're getting here soon to soon, dearie....And
that must be Doctor Proctor over there. Good day, Doctor.
- 7 (PAUSE)
- 8 FIB: He didn't hear you, kiddo. HEY, YOU WITH THE WHITE COAT
AND THE ROLL OF WALL PAPER. YOU DOCTOR PROCTOR?
- 9 CLIFF: No sir, I'm just here to assist the doctor in re -
- 10 MCL: Oh, well, we'll wait. Sit down dearie.
- 11 FIB: Glad to. Tell Doc Free to hurry, willya, bud? I'm plumb
tuckered from stambling.
- 12 CLIFF: Ahh yes, Mr. Tuckered from Stambling. I'm Mr. Freeeling,
from Wheeling. And this, I presume is Mrs. Tuckered?
- 13 MCL: No, I'm Mrs. McGee, Mr. Freeewheeling.
- 14 CLIFF: How do you do. You have an interesting first name, Mr.
Tuckered. I suppose your mother was a plumb.
- 15 FIB: No, my mother was a peach - but let's get to the -
- 16 MCL: He wants to have his eyes checked, sir.

- 1 CLIFF: Fine. The checkroom is right down the hall. But
remember, if they're left here over thirty days, we'll
sell them at auction.
- 2 FIB: No, no, no - I want somebody to look at my eyes.
- 3 CLIFF: Very well sir, I'll be glad to look at your eyes.
(PAUSE) Ohh, you have NICE eyes. Sort of like a cocker
special. I had a cocker spaniel once that --
- 4 FIB: NEVER MIND YOUR COCKER SPANIEL!
- 5 CLIFF: That's fair enough - he never minded me. But as I was -
- 6 MOL: Look - why don't you ask him to read a chart or something?
- 7 CLIFF: All right, read a chart or something, Mr. Tuckered.
- 8 FIB: Forget it, I'm not --
- 9 CLIFF: Ah-ah-ah! Don't excite yourself, sir! Raises the blood
10 pressure and affects the optical capillaries. Now then
....please look at the wall at the end of the room, and
read the top line on the chart.
- 14 FIB: You read it for him, Molly. I can't see very good.
- 15 MOL: No, you read it - it's your eyes that're being tested.
Try the second line.

- 1 FIB: Gony. (READS) P..K..T.....N....I....L..K.....I....S....
B..E..S..T.....HEY WISEGUYA GET THAT CHART, BUDY
- 2 CLIFF: A chap named Wilcox give it to us. Interesting, isn't
it? Letters 12 inches high like that give people more
confidence. Now can you read the third line, sir?
- 3 NOLA: Look, if you turned on a little more light in here,
don't you think it would help him read?
- 4 CLIFF: (PAUSE) Mr. Reed - the lady is speaking to you.
- 5 FIB: Huh? Oh, I'm sorry, I wasn't list- MY NAME AIN'T REED!
- 6 CLIFF: Oh, how stupid of me. Of course it isn't. Let me see,
what was your name against Tuckered?
- 7 NOLA: (PATIENTLY) NO, NOGEE!
- 8 FIB: Huh?
- 9 NOLA: I WAS TALKING TO HIM!
- 10 CLIFF: Oh, I'm not NoGee, madam. YOU are, remember?
- 11 FIB: NO, I AM! I'M HER HUSBAND!
- 12 CLIFF: But you're Tuckered.
- 13 NOLA: AND SO AM I! WE'RE MR. AND MRS. TUCKERED!
- 14 CLIFF: From Stumbling.
- 15 NOLA: No - from Arguing! Now go sit down and we'll wait for
Dr. Proctor! This is the silliest -
- 16 CHOR: SWITCH
- 17 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALONG PAVEDGENT

- 1 FIB: Migoah, Helly, with them eyedrops Doc Proctor put in my
eyes, I can see worse than ever now! Watch where I'm
goin' willya?
- 2 MOL: We're nearly home now, dearie. Your new glasses will be
ready Friday and -
- 3 FIB: Hey, are you grovin', kiddo? You're a head taller than
4 I am, all at once!
- 4 MOL: No I'm not - you're walking in the gutter, McGee. Get
up here on the sidewalk and -oooh, look dearie - look
who's sitting on our front steps!
- 5 FIB: Where?
- 6 OLD M: HELLO TIGGS, KIDS!
- 7 FIB: OHHHH, HI, OLD TIGGS!
- 8 MOL: Hello, Mr. Old Times.
- 9 OLD M: Whatcha draggin' the boy home for, Daughter? What's he
been up to? Bow?
- 10 FIB: I been up to Dr. Proctor, the Eye Doctor.
- 11 OLD M: Eye doctor, eh? I had a secretary once, had kind of a
case on an oculist, kids. Fact of the matter is, she
took so much time off from work to see this eye doctor
that I did, too.
- 12 MOL: You did what?
- 13 OLD M: I Docked her! And hey...speakin' of doctors, kids...papa
was in the medical business. Had a medicine show and
trained race horses on the side.

- 1 FIB: What was his name? Maybe I seen his production.
- 2 OLD M: Name was Flayson, kids. Winfield Flayson.
- 3 NOL: How now. And what did he call his entertainment?
- 4 OLD M: The Win Flayson Show.
- 5 FIB: Win, place 'a show.... oh Brother!!
- 6 OLD M: You said it, Johnny! He owed brother plenty. You see, brother had the show originally. Sold Chief Wataidaisy's Magic Snake Oil. And went broke with it.
- 7 NOL: Why?
- 8 OLD M: Seems like nobody wanted to oil a snake. Didn't get a speck of his money out of it and speakin' of specs, kid--
- 9 FIB: Don't talk about specs to me, Old Timer...I don't get my new ones till Friday and by that time I'll ---
- 10 OLD M: SPECS!!!!
- 11 NOL: What?
- 12 OLD M: DID YOU SEE ANYTHING OF MINE? I LEFT 'EM HERE YESTERDAY AND (PAUSE) HEY, JOHNNY....YOU'RE WEARIN' MY GLASSES!
- 13 FIB: WHAT.? You mean I been wearing your...sigosh, I thought everything looked awful old.... HNS...LET'S TRADE BACK! OF ALL THE SILLY....
- 14 ONCH: "MR. TOWNOME".....PAUSE FOR:

11/7/50

FLOWING COMMERCIAL

1. WIL: Fibber and Molly return in a moment. You may not have thought of it in just this way, but when you buy Fot Milk for your baby you're also buying peace of mind. How reassuring it is, for example, to be certain that the milk your baby gets is safe. With Fot Milk you can be sure because Fot Milk -- sterilized in its sealed can -- is as safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world. How reassuring, too, to know that the milk your baby gets is more readily digestible. And you have that peace of mind when the milk is Fot Milk, for Fot Milk is always gagi for babies to digest. And wherever you may buy Fot Milk, you can be sure it is always uniformly rich -- always the same good, sweet milk. That means no variation from one feeding to another to cause harmful upsets. And that means peace of mind, too. All this, and yet Fot Milk continues to cost less generally than any other form of milk.

2. GRON: CLOSER UP AND FAIR FOR

- 1 FIB: Hey Molly, I just got a post card from Aunt Sarah!
- 2 MOL: How nice! What did she say?
- 3 FIB: Says she heard last week I was learning to play the ukulele. Says she always knew I was musical.
- 4 MOL: MOM-JEM!
- 5 FIB: Says every time she thinks of me, it reminds her of the "Unfinished Symp."
- 6 MOL: That's an abbreviation?????
- 7 FIB: Yeah. She left off the "phony".
- 8 MOL: Oh.
- 9 FIB: Yeah. Goodnight.
- 10 MOL: Goodnight all.
- 11 CHOR: TUNE.....FAIR FOR:
- 12 WIL: The First Evaporated Milk - Fat Milk - brings you Fibber McGee and Molly each week at this time. Be with us again next Tuesday night, won't you?
- 13 CHOR: TUNE UP AND BOARD FAIR UP

HITCH-HIKE

1 WIL: Every young wife wants her husband to get ahead -- and Sally Carter is no exception. And how Sally maneuvers husband Jim, into an exclusive Capital City Club, is the subject of next Saturday's amazing Story of the Week on Pot Milk's Mary Lee Taylor program. Be sure to hear this new chapter in the life of the Carters. And get in on the special husband-tested Recipe of the week for BACED FRUIT DUMPLINGS...a real he-man Dessert. Remember, for this big double feature, it's Pot Milk's Mary Lee Taylor program next Saturday morning.

2 COOK: THREE...SIDE OF