

RW *file*
WRITERS: DON QUINN
PHIL LESLIE

#33
(REVISED)

"FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY"

FOR

JOHNSON'S WAX

May 18th 1948

6:30 - 7:00 PM 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:

d

McGee - 5/18/48

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL

WILCOX: Homemakers have found a better way to keep their furniture and white woodwork looking bright, clean and beautiful. They've found that Johnson's Cream Wax is an easier way, a faster way, a brighter way. Cream Wax is a new product and a vast improvement over old-fashioned oily furniture polishes. Oil leaves furniture sticky. Oil catches dust and makes furniture dull and drab. The new Johnson's Cream Wax does not contain one single drop of oil...not a drop. This creamy white liquid is a combination of genuine wax and effective cleaning ingredients. When you apply Cream Wax, the cleaning ingredients remove every trace of dust and fingerprints. At the same time, it polishes to a bright gleaming lustre. Your furniture and light woodwork will be richer and brighter. ~~It will shine as it has never shone before if you use Johnson's Cream Wax.~~ That hard wax film protects ~~furniture~~ and makes it easy to keep clean, too. Try Cream Wax on refrigerators and enameled kitchen equipment. They'll stay clean and bright longer, ~~if you do~~. Ask for 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: BRIDGE

(REVISED) -4-

WILCOX: A GREAT CHEMIST AND INVENTOR WERE LOST IN MR. MCGEE OF 79 WISTFUL VISTA; THE ONLY TROUBLE IS, THEY WON'T STAY LOST. BECAUSE HERE HE IS, AT IT AGAIN IN A HOME-MADE LABORATORY, WORKING OUT A HOME-MADE IDEA, AS WE MEET --
-- FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY!

APPLAUSE:

CLINK OF BOTTLES - HISS OF STEAM - MORE CLINKS - LOUD POP:

FIB: Nope. That won't do it! Too much H27-W4 in the HO3. Releases adriatric acid. Now lemme see...(CLINKS)

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Beginning to get a good sweet fragrance, though. For a while it smelled like the Russians had held an election in here.

MOL: McGee.

FIB: Take it easy now, McGee...the world is waiting for this. Richard Hudnut was no flash in the pan; Coty didn't pop up overnight; you can do it, McGee!...Remember how the little key slid patiently down the kite-string till it discovered Benjamin Franklin.

MOL: McGee.

FIB: All I gotta do is be patient. Now let's try formula number 48 again. The one with the turpentine base...
(CLINKS)

MOL: (SHARPLY) MCGEE!!

FIB: Ooooh!

CRASH OF BOTTLES AND GURGLE OF LIQUID:

FIB: My gosh, kiddo, you startled me outa five years growth! How long you been standing there?

MOL: I don't know. What month is this?

FIB: May, 194-- Wait'll I pick this stuff up, Snooky.
(CLINK OF BOTTLES) Lucky I had the rug took up
and my raincoat threw down. BOY! Get a whiff of
that alcohol! Better stuff something under the
doors; Uncle Dennis will smell this clear from
Denver. (CLINKS) There we are! Were you speakin'
to me, baby?

MOL: Only for about fifty-five minutes. I've got one
question. What are you doing?

FIB: Inventing a cologne. For men.

MOL: Why?

FIB: A good question! Because men, my dear, spend 32 million
dollars a year for colognes, lotions, hair tonics and
various cosmetics. I want to cut myself in on that dough.
I ~~find~~^{got} a great idea.

MOL: Getting a hunk of thirty-two million dollars is as good
an idea as you'll ever have.

FIB: I mean I got an idea for a new cologne. Look...men
wanna smell good - but they also wanna be masculine,
see? SO, I says to myself - what's as masculine a
thing as there is? BASEBALL, I says. SO - I'm
whipping up a new men's cologne that smells like a
baseball game.

MOL: Ahhh yes!....the piney fragrance of a first baseman's
glove combined with the spicy tang of a wet dugout!

FIB: Right! If I can extract the odors of popcorn, salted
peanuts, cigar smoke and chewing gum, and add the
scent of green grass and alcohol rubs, I'll have me a
cologne that no American guy between the ages of 16
and 96 can resist!

MOL: What are you going to call this boon to the
bleachers? "POP'S FLY SPRAY?" "GLOVE-IN
BLOOM?" or, "MY ERROR?"

(REVISED) -7-

FIB: I haven't got a name for it yet. But I'm gonna package it in big bottles shaped like a catcher's mitt, with a hole in the thumb..Whaddya think?

MOL: I don't know, dearie. I'm - well, I'm a little stunned. The whole idea is so magnificent, that --

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's Mr. Williams, the weather man, McGee!
Hello, Mr. Williams.

GALE: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

FIB: Hiya, Foggy, old man. You'll pardon me if I resume my work, old man? Mixing up a formula.

CLINK OF BOTTLES:

GALE: Go right ahead. (SNIFFS) Very interesting atmosphere you've created in here! What are you mixing up - termite poison?

MOL: He's inventing a new cologne for men, Mr. Williams. You always smell nice. What cologne do you use?

GALE: Bay rum. I don't care for it particularly, but my brother-in-law Ray gave me a truckload of it in 1929, and I'm trying to use it up.

-8-

FIB: A truckload of bay rum? What was your brother-in-law? A wholesale barber?

GALE: No, - a bay rum runner. This was the last boatload he ran in.

MOL: Got caught, did he?

GALE: Yes. Ray was a dumb bay rum runner, and got caught on the bay with some bum bay rum, but the bay rum he ran was ---

FIB: HEY HEY HEY!!! WHOA...!!!..YOU'RE GETTIN' INTO MY TERRITORY THERE, SI!

GALE: Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were a bay rum runner, too.

MOL: He isn't, Mr. Williams. It's just that --

FIB: PLEASE..QUIET A MINUTE, FOLKS!! I GOTTA CONCENTRATE! Now lemme see..four drops of 9HW to the W6FH3 oughtta gimme a positive reaction of '7-T-J-12. Hmmm....

SOUND: GURGLE, GURGLE, GURGLE....FIZZZZZ!!

FIB: AHH, THERE WE ARE! SEE THAT GREEN LIQUID, FOGGY?

GALE: Yes - what is it?

FIB: That's the purple liquid that I put the vanilla into.... Turned green. Interesting reaction wasn't it?

GALE: Very.

MOL: What was the purpose of it?

FIB: I dunno. I didn't have any purpose. I'm just messing around till something smells good.

GALE: You say you're inventing a new men's cologne, McGee?

d

(REVISED) -9-

FIB: Yup. I'm gonna capture the essence of American baseball and bottle it, Foggy. Masculine but entrancing.

MOL: Isn't that a wonderful idea, Mr. Williams?

GALE: It is indeed. And I know McGee can do it!

FIB: Really, Foggy! Why do you think so?

GALE: Because for many years, McGee, I ran a weather observation station in the Rocky Mountains. I still remember the stimulating smell of the evergreens...The cedars, the pines, the firs, the balsams. How they released their fragrances as the warm sun and the gentle rain brought out their natural aromatic juices.

MOL: And you mean McGee is as strong and healthy as an evergreen tree, Mr. Williams?

GALE: No - but he is just as sappy! Good day, probably!

ORCH: "BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME"

APPLAUSE:

SECOND SPOT

(2ND REVISION) -10-

MOL: How are you progressing with your baseball cologne, McGee?

FIB: GREAT, GREAT, GREAT! I mixed up some stuff here that smells exactly like rain falling on center field with the faint nostalgic fragrance of hot dogs and mustard in the background. Here....take a sniff!

MOL: (SNIFF, SNIFF)

FIB: Ain't that clean and outdoorsy? I'M GETTIN' IT, KIDDO! If I only had a good name for it. Perfumes and colognes sell on the strength of their names, you know.

MOL: Well how about "SWAT" - "Put some on and Please the Bebe"?

FIB: Nope....that's not quite it, yet. Keep workin' on it, though, snooky. You work on the name, and I'll work on the cologne. Now lemme see.....(CLINK OF BOTTLES)
I wish I had some verdegris.

MOL: Some what?

FIB: Verdegris. That's some very expensive stuff they use as a base for perfumes. It's produced by whales.

MOL: That's ambergris, dearie. Verdegris is that green mould that forms on bronze statues and things.

FIB: Well, statues are easier to find than whales. I'll sneak down to the park tonight and scrape some offa Horace Greeley. I could even --

DOOR CHIME:

FIB: Whoever this is, get rid of 'em as quick as you can!
I got work to do.

MOL: Yes sir. COME IN!

DOOR OPENS:

MOL: Oh hello, Doctor Gamble! Do come in!

DOC: Thank you, my dear. Hello, short, dark and Otherwise
Indescribable.

FIB: Hiya, Crib-Crowder. How come you're away from the
hospital? Lose somebody's liver on the cutting-
room floor? Or just get tired of chasing the
pretty nurses down the long, dark halls?

MOL: McGee, that's no way to talk to the good doctor.

FIB: It's the only way to talk to this doctor. Make an
intelligent remark around him and he stares at you
suspiciously, like you, too, had cheated your way
through the eighth grade.

DOC: Our lovely friendship must be ripening into a nodding
acquaintance, Scoop-snoot. This is the first time
you've admitted that I got as far as the eighth ---
(SNIFF, SNIFF)....What's that odor? It smells like
a bunch of violets being crushed by a wet bathing
suit!

MOL: That's just some cologne himself here is mixing up, doctor.
He's trying to find one that smells like a baseball game.

DOC: Well, keep trying, sonny. This one smells more like the
midget auto races. ~~In fact, I can still smell the smoke
from the starting gun.~~

FIB: Don't worry, Fatso....I'll get it....sooner or later.

MOL: He says men spend more than 32 million dollars a year
just on colognes and lotions, Doctor. And he wants
some of that money.

DOC: A very laudable ambition, I'm sure. So that's what
all those bottles and things are for. He's a perfumer.
The perfect racket for anybody as nosy as he is.

FIB: What do you think of my great idea, Doc? Whip up a
man's cologne that smells like a baseball game.
Masculine, exciting, clean and healthy. Take the
fragrance of the popcorn and peanuts, the hot dogs
and mustard, the cigars and the rootbeer. Combine
them odors with the sharp, tantalizing fragrance of
leather, the grand earthy smell of the new-mown
grass, and the rich scent of new wool uniforms.
How can you beat it?

DOC: I'll show you! Like this!

DOOR OPEN AND SLAM:

MOL: Maybe he doesn't like cologne, McGee.

FIB: To him, anything that don't smell like either chlorform
or carbolic ain't worth inhaling. Oh, well....hand me
that bottle over there, will you, Snooky?

MOL: This little tiny one? What's in that? It looks
very sinister.

FIB: This is my own extract of leather. A dash of this
gives that leathery smell. I'd let you smell it,
but it's too concentrated.

MOL: You made that?
FIB: Yup. Chopped it up, mashed it down, boiled it and distilled it. This is the pure essence!
MOL: What did you use?
FIB: Remember that airedale Mort Toops had?
MOL: McGEE! YOU DIDN'T -- YOU DIDN'T -- ?
FIB: Mort gave me his old leather leash.
MOL: Oh. A leather leash.
FIB: Yeah....HEY, YOU THOUGHT OF A NAME FOR MY BASEBALL COLOGNE YET?
MOL: Yes, I have.
FIB: YOU HAVE? WHAT IS IT? MY GOSH, KIDDO, A GOOD SNAPPY NAME IS HALF THE BATTLE! WHAT'S YOUR SUGGESTION?
MOL: Well, how about "WINNING RUN", "The Cologne that Steals Home with its Clean American Fragrance".
FIB: I don't like that. "Stealing Home" makes it sound like it was ashamed to come in the front door. Besides, I --

DOOR OPENS:
WIL: Hello, Molly. Hiya, Pal.
MOL: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.
FIB: Hiya, Junior. What cologne do you use?

WIL: Some stuff called "REDWOOD", the "Discriminating Man's Personal Toiletry that Invites Closer Acquaintance. Like the Cedar scented air of a Cool Forest". I got it for Christmas.
FIB: What does it smell like?
WIL: Tar.
MOL: Well, if you had your druthers, Mr. Wilcox, would you druther be mistaken for a Redwood tree or the Yankee Stadium?
WIL: Why?
MOL: Well, he's working on a new men's cologne that will smell like a baseball game.
FIB: Yeah....you a baseball fan, Junior?
WIL: SURE. Also football, basketball, golf, polo, poker, rummy, charades, Run Sheep Run! And Pro-Free.
MOL: Pro-Free? What's that?
WIL: Pro-Free? Well, that's sort of an abbreviation for PROtect and PREE-serve. You use Johnson's Wax and any number of people can play.
FIB: Oh, fer the ---
WIL: The rules are very simple. Just apply the Johnson's Wax to wood and enamel surfaces, floors, furniture and woodwork, lampshades, leather goods - white kitchen equipment - in fact almost ANY surface that should be protected against dust and dirt and dampness.
MOL: Yes, but what we were --

WIL: It's an easy game and it has millions of enthusiastic players, particularly housewives. And PARTICULAR housewives. The funny part of playing this game is that you can't lose. You always win prizes of health and cleanliness and that look of sparkling hospitality, that warm and mellow luster that homes large and small always --

FIB: WAXEY...!

WIL: Yes, Pal? OH.....YOU WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT THIS NEW COLOGNE. Go ahead.

MOL: Do, Pal!!! I mean, do, McGee.

FIB: Well, it's very simple, Junior. What appeals most to the American Male?

WIL: The American Female.

MOL: Besides that.

WIL: *I don't know.*

FIB: BASEBALL.

WIL: Well, yes...I guess so.

FIB: YOU GUESS SO? WHY, IT'S THE NATIONAL PASTIME! THINK OF THE EXCITEMENT OF A WORLD'S SERIES...THINK OF CAPTURING THAT EXCITEMENT, THAT BLOOD-TINGLING, SCREAMING VITALITY OF A BALL GAME IN A BOTTLE OF COLOGNE:

MOL: Would you buy a cologne that held the fragrance of a baseball game suspended in its liquid depths, Mr. Wilcox?

WIL: Nope.

FIB: (INDIGNANTLY) AND WHY NOT?

WIL: Because if it's as bad as it sounds, I wouldn't have to. Some lint-head would give it to me for Christmas! BUT good luck with it, Pal! Bye, Molly.

DOOR SLAM

FIB: It's a regrettable thing, my dear, that one's best friends are the ones who have the least faith in one, when one is doing one's best to make something of myself.

MOL: My very words! And if you'll excuse me, Houbigant, I must go upstairs and sort the laundry. (FADE) Let me know if there's anything I can do to help.

FIB: (CALLS) AND LEMME KNOW IF YOU THINK UP ANOTHER GOOD NAME FOR MY COLOGNE! Ahh, there goes a good kid! Steady as the Rock of Gibraltar and just as ready to take a shot at somebody! Sometimes I ---

DOOR CHIME

FIB: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN

TEE: Hi, mister.

FIB: Eh? Oh, hiyah, Teeny. Sit down and don't jump around. I'm working on some very delicate chemical problems.

(GLINK OF BOTTLES AND POURING GURGLE)

TEE: Gee, it sure smells funny in here, Mister. Kinda good but kinda funny.

FIB: Well, that's explainable, Teeny. I'm mixing up some cologne.

TEE: That's what I...HMMM?

FIB: I says I'm mixing up some cologne. You know what cologne is.

TEE: Sure I do, I betcha. That's the stuff girls put on their ears to keep boys on their toes! (GIGGLES) What flavor clone you gonna make, mister? Hmmm? Carnation? Violet? or what?

FIB: Baseball.

TEE: Oboy, baseball! I loove baseball, mister! Gee, was that ever a ballgame at the ballpark today, I betcha!

FIB: At the ballpark? Were you out there, Teeny?

TEE: Sure. Oboy, did things happen! It was the last half of the ninth inning and Wistful Vista was behind six to four and the bases were loaded and our heaviest hitter came up to bat!

FIB: Yeah, what happened?

TEE: The pitcher wound up and threw the ball and an usher bumped my elbow and I got my face stuck in my box of popcorn and when I got it unstuck the game was over.

FIB: No kidding? Who won?

TEE: I did. I got three boxes of popcorn and my ticket back if I'd stop squalling and go home.

FIB: Sounds like a big day, but-- hey - wait a minute - didn't you have school today, sis?

TEE: Sure. Only my teacher let me out at noon, I betcha.

FIB: Let you out at noon?

TEE: Sure. When I told her about my granpa got hit by a car and they took him to the hospital, she said "That's terrible - you may go, Teeny". That's me, Teeny.

FIB: Oh, that's too bad, sis. How did your grandpa get hurt?

TEE: Well - he was running for a horsecar and he stepped in front of a Stanley Steamer and --

(REVISED) - 19 -

FIB: A horse car? A Stanley st - hey, when did all this happen?

TEE: I'm glad my teacher didn't ask me that! It was 19 - ought - 2, mister. So long now.

ORCH: AND KING'S MEN - "CASEY AT THE BAT"

APPLAUSE

THIRD SPOT

(REVISED) - 20 -

SOUND: CLINKS AND GURGLES

FIB: Ahhh, now I'm gettin' it! A dash more of the carnation and a smidgin more mustard... (CLINKS) .. if I'd thought of this idea ten years ago, I'd of been a wealthy man by now. But no...I had to wait till taxes were sky-high! HEY, MOLLY!

MOL: Yes, McGee?

FIB: I think I'm finally getting it. How's this for fragrance? Take a sniff.

MOL: (SNIFF SNIFF) Not bad at all, McGee. Rather a nice cologne. Although to be frank, it isn't particularly reminiscent of baseball.

FIB: YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T EVEN DETECT THE ROOTBEER, ROSEWATER, AND NICOTINE I PUT IN IT? MIGOSH, I WORKED HARD TO -

DOOR CHIME:

MOL: COME IN!

DOOR OPEN:

MOL: Oh, it's the old Timer, McGee. Hello, Mr. Old Timer.

FIB: Hiyah, Old Timer.

OLD: Hello there, kids! Hey, what do I smell in here? That your shavin' lotion, Johnny?

MOL: Does it smell like shaving lotion?

OLD: Wellllll, daughter, it smells either like shavin' lotion or the stuff papa used to cook up when we had ~~that~~ little cabin down in Tennessee. I remember I used to ask Papa, "Papa," I'd say, in my childish way, (which some folks say I still got) "What is that stuff in that big copper kettle that Uncle Rufe pours into jugs and hides under the old stump". And papa would jest kinda chuckle and larrup me with a powder horn.

FIB: A POWDER HORN? You mean your father still used to load his rifle with a powder horn?

OLD: I didn't say nothin' about a rifle, Johnny. The powder horn belonged to mama. She put flour in it and used it for a compack.

MOL: And what WAS in the big copper kettle, Mr. Old Timer? Maple syrup, I presume.

OLD: (CHUCKLES) Daughter, they was two revenoo men that was jest dyin' to know the answer to that question. And they succeeded, too!

FIB: In finding out?

OLD: Nope. In dyin'. Oncle Rufe got one of 'em right betwixt the ears, and Pap nailed tother one with a clean shot thru the larynx. Mama was so proud she give 'em hominy grits and apple pan dowdy fer dinner.

MOL: Oh, that's terrible! Shooting at revenue officers is a crime.

OLD: Not in them parts when I was a young 'un, daughter. Shootin' at revenooers was just kinda considered a common citizen's protest agin Governmint interference with private enterprise.

FIB: Your family have any feuds down there in Tennessee?

OLD: Plenty, Johnny. I was shot at four times before I was outa my three-cornered pants. In fact, I was wounded before I was wean-ded. I was settin' outside the cabin one day teethin' on a hunk o' bacon rind when I heered a shot and I felt me a sharp pain in the stummick.

MOL: YOU MEAN YOU GOT SHOT?

OLD: Nope, but almost, daughter. Ye see, we didn't have any safety pins in them days -- mama used to pin me with a long thorn. The bullet had slugged thru the wash tub, rickeyshayed off the plough blade and druv that thorn half an inch into my little stummick. Mama was so worried and upset she took a hame-strap and like to beat my brains out, BUT - the government took all the fun outa feudin', too.

FIB: How did they?

OLD: Passed a law. My cousin Clay come ridin' thru the piney woods one day, all of a lather. Jest come from the county seat with the bad news. "PUT UP YORE GUNS, FELLERS," he says, "GOVERNMENT SAYS THIS HERE FEUDIN' HAS GOTTA BE CLEANED UP! THEY JEST PASSED A LEGISLATION."

MOL: What legislation was it?

OLD: The Pure Feud Laws, daughter. We figured if we couldn't feud dirty they was no fun feudin' atall...Well, save me a gallon of whatever that stuff is, Johnny, I wanna poison some devil grass!

DOOR SLAM

FIB: He didn't even give me a chance to tell him about this baseball cologne.

MOL: Well, he's hardly the cologne type anyway, dearie. He's more of a rugged individualist. Did you say you thought you almost had the formula you wanted?

FIB: Yup. Just a few more experiments, and I'm ready to start dickerin' for a bottling works. IMAGINE ME, THE FIRST MAN IN AMERICA WITH ENOUGH IMAGINATION TO CAPTURE THE ESSENCE OF BASEBALL IN MEN'S COLOGNE?

MOL: We still haven't a name for it. As you said, no matter how attractive a product is, the name is important.

FIB: Yeah...we gotta get a good name. Maybe something with a French tang to it. How do you say "THE FRAGRANCE" in French?

MOL: Le Odeur.

FIB: Lee odor...lee odor...the fragrance of baseball. What's French for baseball?

MOL: How about "Osher"?

FIB: Osher? Does that mean baseball in French?

MOL: If you say the whole thing fast, it means baseball in any language.

FIB: Le Oder Osher...Leodor Osher. Leo Durocher...LEO DUROCHER! WOW!! THAT'S IT!! LEO DUROCHER!! I CAN JUST SEE THE BILLBOARDS...GET A BOTTLE OF LEO DUROCHER, THE ESSENCE OF BASEBALL!!...IT'S TERRIFIC!...CALL REXALL!...CALL WALGREEN...!

MOL: Call Durocher.

FIB: YEAH...CALL HIM, TOO! OH BOY THIS IS IT...(MUSIC IN)
...THIS IS THE FIRST...
ORCH: SELECTION - FADE FOR --

FIBBER MCGEE & MOLLY
May 18, 1948

-25-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL - CARNU

WILCOX: It doesn't make a bit of difference how much water you use ... a cup full or an ocean full ... water alone will not clean your car. No sir, water cannot remove the shabby grime left by traffic fumes, bugs, tree sap and oil. But - just try Johnson's Carnu. Why, it zips through all kinds of traffic tarnish. You see, Johnson's Carnu contains effective, powerful cleaning ingredients that remove all dirt and stain. And because Carnu is wax-fortified, it polishes at the same time it cleans. That's right. Carnu cleans and polishes in one easy application. You merely apply JOHNSON'S Carnu ... rub a bit where traffic tarnish is stubborn. Let dry to a white powder. Whisk off the powder and your car is sparkling clean and shining. Just think, without hard buffing or rubbing you can give your car the sparkle and luster of a brand new show-room shine. Try it. Give your car a Johnson's Carnu beauty treatment. Johnson's Carnu is the quickest, easiest way to bring out the beauty of your car.

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

ORCH: BUMPER ... FADE FOR

(REVISED) -26-

TAG

FIB: Ladies and gentlemen - if there was one thing the late war taught us, it is that no nation can wall itself off from the rest of the world and be either safe or prosperous. And there is no better time to emphasize this fact than during this week - which is World Trade Week.

MOL: The economic prosperity of our country depends greatly on the business we do with other countries. Part of every dollar you make comes from world trade.

FIB: So remember - good business helps toward peace -

MOL: And Peace is good business!

FIB: Goodnight.

MOL: Goodnight, all.

ORCH: PLAYOFF AND SIGNOFF

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

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

CHIMES