Harlow Wilcox: The Johnson's Wax Program, with Fibber McGee and Molly. The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat presents Fibber McGee and Molly written by Don Quinn, with music by the King's Men and Billy Mills Orchestra. The show opens with Hallelujah.

Harlow Wilcox: At a friend's house last night. I sat alongside the window and couldn't help noticing that the window sills had been waxed and were shining. I looked around the room, and I'll bet I saw 10 other places that had been waxed. Picture frames, Venetian blinds, lampshades, ornaments, even the bricks around the fireplace. Of course, the floors and woodwork were waxed and the furniture too. I couldn't help thinking how much genuine Johnson's Wax is helping all of us in this critical time to take better care of the things we have. And because germ-laden dirt won't readily adhere to a waxed surface, it's helping to keep homes more sanitary and thereby helping folks guard their health. There are three forms of genuine Johnson's Wax paste, liquid and cream wax.

Harlow Wilcox: Well, mileage rationing has just come to Wistful Vista, and in spite of its being a meatless day ... In spite of its being a meatless day, got a load of the beef being put up by an average citizen as we meet Fibber McGee and Molly.

Fibber McGee: I tell you it ain't fair, Molly. They can't do this to me. Four gallons a week. Well, that's ridiculous.

Molly McGee: I think so, too.

Fibber McGee: You do?

Molly McGee: Yes. You don't need four gallons.

Fibber McGee: Doggone it, I do too. Four gallons is outrageous. Where can I go on four gallons of gas?

Molly McGee: Where do you want to go, dearie?

Fibber McGee: Well, gee whiz. What if I did want to go someplace and in an emergency or something?

Molly McGee: You mean like running out a cigars?

Fibber McGee: Yes. No. Running out of cigars ain't an emergency.

Molly McGee: You never spoke a truer word, McGee. When I get a whiff of those poison panatela's of yours, I know why tobacco auctioneers talk that way.

Fibber McGee: What do you mean?

Molly McGee: Well, it's panatela hysterical.

Fibber McGee: Oh, forget my cigars. I'm talking about this mileage rationing. I think it's a dirty deal. The whole thing is silly. It's going to make everybody stay at home. Why, in two years a guy from Indiana won't know what a guy from Kansas is talking

Molly McGee: Where are you from?

Fibber McGee: Illinois.

Molly McGee: Then it's happened already. I don't even know what you're talking about.

Fibber McGee: I'm talking about giving all the car owners a measly little medicine dropper full of gasoline. It's an infringement on private rights, that's what it is.

Molly McGee: Look, dearie. Look. The main reason they're rationing gasoline is to save tires. Don't you know that if we continue driving like we have been, a majority of automobiles will be off the road next year?

Fibber McGee: Good. There's too much traffic anyway. You've got it. Get the cars off the road. That'll be fine. That's swell.

Molly McGee: Well, I'm glad you feel that way because yours will probably be one of them.

Fibber McGee: What? Me give up my car? Oh, no you don't. I pay for my tires and by the left hind leg of Leon Henderson, I've got a right to. I'm going to write to my Congressman this very minute.

Molly McGee: Who is that Congressman?

Fibber McGee: Why it's old ... I don't know, who is he?

Molly McGee: Oh, just send it to the Congressman from this district.

Fibber McGee: Okay. That's exactly what I'll ... What district is this?

Molly McGee: Maybe you'd better write to our senator.

Fibber McGee: That's better yet. I'll tell him I'm not going to stand for any such ... Who's our senator?

Molly McGee: Look, dearie. Our government has asked us to take less gasoline so we'll drive less and save the country's rubber, and if you haven't got enough interest in the government to know who you're representatives are, you haven't got any right to stand around and stomachache.

Fibber McGee: Not stomachache. The word is-

Molly McGee: I know what the word is.

Fibber McGee: Well, gee whiz. The idea of giving an important citizen like me just a book. Save rubber my clavicle. What happened to that synthetic rubber that inventor made out of it milkweed? Or was it milk he made out of a rubber plant?

Molly McGee: Oh, that's probably Mr. Jeffers come to explain mileage rationing to you personally.

Fibber McGee: Well, he'd better talk first. Come in, Jeffers.

Mr. Wilcox: Hello, folks. Hey. Are you busy.

Molly McGee: Not a bit, Mr. Wilcox. Come right in.

Fibber McGee: Hi, Junior. What are you so excited about? Your rich uncle die and leave you a pound of coffee?

Mr. Wilcox: You mean you haven't heard about Mayor La Trivia?

Molly McGee: Heavenly days, what happened to him?

Mr. Wilcox: He's joined the Coast Guard. Leaves tomorrow morning.

Molly McGee: Oh.

Fibber McGee: What? Mayor La Trivia in the Coast Guard?

Mr. Wilcox: Yes, sir.

Fibber McGee: Why, I didn't think that I could pass the physical for a crossing watchman. He must have pulled some wires.

Mr. Wilcox: He never pulled a wire. He simply went down and enlisted. Passed his examinations like a mice. Ah, great outfit the Coast Guard.

Fibber McGee: You think so?

Mr. Wilcox: Think so? I know so. Do you realize the boats ashore in the Solomons and North Africa were Coast Guard boats?

Fibber McGee: They were?

Mr. Wilcox: Yes, sir.

Fibber McGee: By George, Molly, I think I'll try to join it myself. I want to get out of here anyway. This mileage rationing has got me disgusted.

Molly McGee: You know, he's been raving about it all day, Mr. Wilcox. He thinks the LPA is trying to make an A-P-E out of him.

Fibber McGee: And they are too, a citizen of my standing trying to get along an A book. It's a lot of hooey. I've got business to take care of.

Mr. Wilcox: What business, pal?

Fibber McGee: Well, in the first place I ... Well, gee whiz. I've got responsibilities.

Molly McGee: Oh, he really has, Mr. Wilcox.

Fibber McGee: Yes.

Molly McGee: You know, he's the sole supporter of three pinochle at the Elks Club.

Mr. Wilcox: Fibber, you talk like a chump. Yes, mileage rationing is the only fair way to cut down non-essential driving. When the rubber this country has got is gone, it's gone. That's all there is, then there isn't anymore.

Fibber McGee: Well, then they should have foreseen that and took care of the situation.

Molly McGee: Well, not everybody can't be as far-sighted as you are, dearie.

Mr. Wilcox: Is he pretty far-sighted, Molly?

Molly McGee: Why, he's uncanny. Mr. Wilcox. He's the one who said we'd lick the Japanese in 10 days. Remember?

Fibber McGee: Well, shucks.

Molly McGee: He's the one who said Germany would fold up from starvation last April.

Fibber McGee: I know, but circumstances-

Molly McGee: He's the one who said we'd never ship a soldier out of this country. I didn't know how he does it, though I will say he made one accurate prediction.

Mr. Wilcox: And what's that?

Molly McGee: Last night. He said, "Lamb, tomorrow is another day," and sure enough it was.

Fibber McGee: Well, gee whiz.

Mr. Wilcox: Fibber, I'm just a little bit ashamed of you.

Fibber McGee: Oh, yeah?

Mr. Wilcox: Yeah. If you had the brains of a seahorse, you'd realize the spot this country's in regarding rubber.

Fibber McGee: I don't see why-

Mr. Wilcox: Why, England does almost no civilian driving.

Fibber McGee: Yes, but-

Mr. Wilcox: Canada has had mileage rationing for months. So has our Eastern seaboard, and you stand there and squawk. You stand there and squawk, putting your cruddy little private life against the importance of winning this war.

Fibber McGee: I still-

Mr. Wilcox: Get wise, Fibber. Only a monkey could expect to do business as usual, and we haven't got time for monkey business.

Fibber McGee: You know Molly, maybe I was wrong.

Molly McGee: Well, for goodness sakes, at last you've begun to realize it.

Fibber McGee: As he says, only a monkey could ... Hey, was that guy calling me a monkey? Why that indigent ... Just because I think I've got a right to more than four gallons of gas, a guy of my standing in the community forced to give up ... Four gallons. (silence).

Fibber McGee: Four galls of gas. Why, that's absurd, and I only get 12 miles to a gallon. 48 miles, a man in my position. If that ain't the-

Molly McGee: Fibber McGee, are you still moaning about only getting an A book?

Fibber McGee: Well, it burns me up. I'm going to call a ration board right now and read them the Riot Act. Give me the phone.

Molly McGee: Here.

Fibber McGee: Thank you. Hello, operator. Give me Ration Board 79J on the corner of ... Oh, is that you, Murph?

Molly McGee: Now, this is the sort of thing that should be rationed.

Fibber McGee: How's every little thing, Murph? What say, Murph? Your brother got stung by a black widow?

Molly McGee: Oh goodness, McGee. Was it fatal?

Fibber McGee: No, he was just disappointed. Seems like he used to watch a couple of newlyweds necking in the house next door, and now they pulled the shades down.

Molly McGee: Well, what's the got to do with a black widow?

Fibber McGee: Did I saw widow? I meant window. What say, Murph? Oh, no answer? Well, nevermind, Murph. I'll write them a nasty letter instead. They don't answer, Molly. I'll bet they know who was calling and they're ashamed to answer.

Molly McGee: That must be it, or else they're laughing so hard they can't talk.

Fibber McGee: Laughing at what?

Molly McGee: You, sweetheart. The idea that you, one little citizen in 130 million, thinks he's so much more important than winning a war against-

Fibber McGee: I'm glad you got interrupted. I think I was going to be deeply hurt.

Molly McGee: Yeah. I think so, too. Come in. Oh, Abigail Uppington. Hello, Abigail.

Abigail Uppingt...: Well, how do you do, my dear, and Mr. McGee.

Fibber McGee: Hi, Uppy. Have a chair. Then tear off three coupons and we'll gas a while.

Abigail Uppingt...: Oh, no thank you, Mr. McGee. I really wish to ask you some mechanical advice.

Fibber McGee: Well, you've come to the right guy. You know, I'm a mechanical wizard. Don't let anybody kid you. Do you know who really invented the diesel engine?

Abigail Uppingt...: Oh goodness, not you?

Fibber McGee: Oh, I guy named Diesel.

Abigail Uppingt...: So what?

Fibber McGee: Well, I guess that shows I know something about engines. What's your trouble?

Abigail Uppingt...: Well, Mr. McGee, like most conscientious citizens, I wish to get the utmost mileage out of the gasoline allowed me by not exceeding 35 miles an hour, so I wondered if it would help to maintain a lower speed if I drove with the emergency brake on?

Fibber McGee: Oh my gosh, don't do that. Why, you'll wear out your breaks in no time, Uppy, and besides, your engine will keep stopping.

Abigail Uppingt...: Oh, yes. Yes, I noticed that Mr. McGee. It stopped again as I drove up in front of your house just now.

Molly McGee: That's what you did, Abigail. You killed your engine.

Abigail Uppingt...: Good heavens. And it was such a good engine, too. Oh, well. I shall have my butler give it a decent burial in the backyard tonight. Perhaps a few flowers.

Fibber McGee: No, no, no, you don't have to bury it, Uppy. It'll come to life again. I'm glad you mentioned that mileage rationing. You know what they done to me, Uppy?

Molly McGee: Oh, dear. Here the comes the moan of the mistreated motorist again.

Fibber McGee: They only gave me an A book, Uppy. Four a gallons a week. It's an infringement on personal liberty, that's what it's an infringement on.

Molly McGee: Fibber McGee is an average citizen, Abigail. I bet you never realized how long the average was, did you?

Abigail Uppingt...: Well, Mr. McGee, as usual you are being stupidly self-centered. Any intelligent person knows that every extra necessarily mile of wear on a single tire is practically sabotage. Do you think for one single minutes that your drab little driving habits are of any importance whatsoever during times like these?

Fibber McGee: Well, doggone it, I don't think-

Abigail Uppingt...: That is obvious, Mr. McGee. Goodbye.

Molly McGee: Well, you're not getting much support for your anti-rationing campaign, dearie. Everybody understands it but you.

Fibber McGee: Well, can I help it if I'm the only cool-headed, clear thinker in the lot? It's the principle of the thing.

Molly McGee: Well, you better put your principal in another bank. You're not getting any interest.

Fibber McGee: Four gallons of gas. If that isn't the worst injustice I ever heard of, and me that used to driving a hundred miles a week. Do you realize, Mrs. McGee, that just because of this, we're going to have bad cops this year?

Molly McGee: Leave deeper footprints, dearie. I can't follow you.

Fibber McGee: Well, I'm telling you there's going to be a crap shortage. And why? Too many rabbits. They eat the crops. And why too many rabbits? Because guys like me can't get enough gas to go hunting. It's preposterous.

Molly McGee: Look, McGee, I'm tired of arguing about it. You're all wet, and I haven't got time to keep drying you off. Just sit down and write a letter to Mr. Roosevelt. Pour your little heart out. Make him cry. Personally, I'm going out in the kitchen, make myself a cup of tea.

Fibber McGee: Write a letter to Roosevelt, that's not a bad idea to have. Let me see now. Dear Mr. President. Too formal. Dear Chief ... That's it. Dear Chief. I know you must be pretty busy these days, but I got a very important ... Excuse me, Frank. There's somebody at the door. Come in.

Speaker 6: Hi, mister.

Fibber McGee: Oh, go away little girl. I'm in no mood to stand around and fiddle and faddle with you. I'm sore.

Speaker 6: Where?

Fibber McGee: Well, in the driver's seat if you must know. If it's mileage ration, that's what I'm sore about. Me only getting four gallons. Who do they think I am?

Speaker 6: Gee, who do you think you are? My daddy only got that much, and he says he make it do.

Fibber McGee: Well, your daddy ... Say, I'd like to have a talk with him. Where is he anyway?

Speaker 6: He's out of town, mister. He's in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Fibber McGee: Oh, Grand Rapids, eh? Oh, I played there many from Waterville.

Speaker 6: You did?

Fibber McGee: The old Empress Theater. Ah, it's a great little city. Big furniture center. Been lots of big portions made there in furniture sales.

Speaker 6: I know, mister. Lumberjacks, huh?

Fibber McGee: Look, sis, it was me that had the Waterville act, not you. What's your daddy doing there?

Speaker 6: He's an engineer, mister, and radio station WOOD there has got a new transmitter with more power and he helped them install it, and they're going to desecrate it tonight.

Fibber McGee: You don't mean desecrate. You mean dedicate, sis.

Speaker 6: I mean desecrate, mister. They carry your program.

Fibber McGee: As I said before, sis, I haven't got the patience to stand her and dilly the dally with you. Next time you want to come over and bother me, don't come. Call me up.

Speaker 6: It'll cost a nickel. You want to give me the nickel, mister?

Fibber McGee: No, I don't.

Speaker 6: Cheapskate.

Fibber McGee: What was that?

Speaker 6: Hmm?

Fibber McGee: What did you say?

Speaker 6: I don't know, I wasn't listening. And look, mister, if I were you'd I'd stop crabbing about mileage rationing, I bet you.

Fibber McGee: Oh, you would?

Speaker 6: Sure. How do you think we can keep doing it over there if we don't keep doing more over here? So long, mister.

Harlow Wilcox: The King's Men playing Yeah, Man.

Speaker 7: (singing).

Fibber McGee: Four gallons of gas. I don't know why they couldn't have given me more and trusted me not to drive more. I realize the rubber situation is bad. My gosh, for gallons for a man in my position.

Molly McGee: McGee, I just decided what I was going to get you for Christmas.

Fibber McGee: You did? What?

Molly McGee: A good bird dog.

Fibber McGee: Huh?

Molly McGee: You've got the longest [inaudible 00:19:39] season of anybody I know.

Fibber McGee: Doggone it, it's the imposition. Four gallons of ... Come in.

Molly McGee: Oh, heavenly day. Mayor La Trivia.

Mayor La Trivia: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, McGee.

Fibber McGee: Hi, La Trivia. Hey, what's this Wilcox was telling us about you joining the Coast Guard?

Mayor La Trivia: That's quite true, McGee. Leave tomorrow. I just dropped in to say goodbye.

Molly McGee: Oh, well, we'll really miss you, Mr. La Trivia.

Fibber McGee: Wasn't joining the Coast Guard kind of sudden for, La Trivia.

Mayor La Trivia: No, no. I've been trying to wind up my affairs for some time so I can do it, McGee. I'm very happy that I was accepted.

Molly McGee: Have you had any experience with [inaudible 00:20:10] boats, Mr. Mayor?

Mayor La Trivia: Oh, yes, Mrs. McGee. I've been through the Tunnel of Love at Coney Island.

Molly McGee: Ha ha, you're just fooling.

Mayor La Trivia: Yes, I am, Mrs. McGee. Seriously, Seriously. I'm rather an expert on small craft. I once had a little sloop on Long Island Sound.

Fibber McGee: What kind, clam chowder?

Molly McGee: McGee, he said sloop, not soup.

Fibber McGee: What'd you go in as, La Trivia? Captain?

Mayor La Trivia: Certainly not. An ordinary apprentice seaman to start with.

Molly McGee: Why'd you ask, McGee?

Fibber McGee: Well, if La Trivia had spoke to me, I might've got him a commission. I know a certain guy who's got a cousin that knows the secretary of a very high-

Mayor La Trivia: I don't want a commission, McGee. I'll earn it.

Molly McGee: Anyway McGee, if you know such important people, why do you keep crabbing about only getting an A book.

Fibber McGee: Hey, I'm glad you brought that up, Molly. Now, look here, La Trivia. You're the mayor of this town, anyway for one more day, and I want to ask a favor. I want you to use your influence.

Mayor La Trivia: In what way, McGee?

Fibber McGee: You know what that rationing board has done to me? Only gave me an A book. Four gallons a week. Well, that's ridiculous, a man of my importance in the community.

Mayor La Trivia: Oh, so you're one of moaners and groaners, one of those astigmatic individuals who thinks the war is being fought only by soldiers and sailors and Marines. Well, let me tell you what it is. Everything you do in your daily life has some effect on our water program.

Fibber McGee: Well, yeah. I suppose the way I comb my hair is important too, huh?

Mayor La Trivia: Yes, it is. Watch's your comb made of? Rubber. That's a piece of rubber that didn't go into a tire. It was made when this country had plenty of rubber, and we haven't got plenty now. We're dangerously short of it. What we have got, we need for military purposes and essential transportation. Do you belong to a carpool?

Fibber McGee: Well, no.

Mayor La Trivia: Are you engaged in any important war work, McGee?

Fibber McGee: Well, no, I guess not, but gee whiz-

Mayor La Trivia: Then for heaven's sake, stop your griping. You're lucky you've got a car at all. Oh, excuse me, McGee. When I get over to Africa or Australia or wherever they send me, I'll be thinking of you, McGee, and the hardships your suffering. Well goodbye, Mrs. McGee. I'll see you when this is over.

Molly McGee: Goodbye, Mr. Mayor, and happy landing.

Mayor La Trivia: Thank you. Goodbye, McGee.

Fibber McGee: Good luck, La Trivia. Don't take any wooden anchors.

Mayor La Trivia: I won't. And McGee?

Fibber McGee: Huh?

Mayor La Trivia: When you do drive, if you get up to 35 miles an hour, think of somebody who didn't get a rubber lifeboat. Goodbye.

Molly McGee: Oh, my, my, isn't he a nice man?

Fibber McGee: Yeah, La Trivia's all right. You know, Molly, maybe I've been wrong about this whole thing.

Molly McGee: What?

Fibber McGee: Yes, sir. Maybe I can get along on four gallons only.

Molly McGee: Oh no, McGee, a man of your importance in the community-

Fibber McGee: A man of my importance ought to set an example to these guys that are crabbing about not getting enough gas. Why, when I-

Molly McGee: Well, we're doing a nice business aren't we? Come in.

Mr. Wimple: Hello, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.

Molly McGee: Oh, hello, Mr. Wimple.

Fibber McGee: [inaudible 00:22:59].

Mr. Wimple: Please, Mr. McGee. That's not way to talk about Mrs. Wimple.

Molly McGee: Oh, he didn't mean her, Mr. Wimple. That was just a variation of hello, Joe. What do you know?

Mr. Wimple: Oh. I don't know much though. Did you go to the football game Saturday?

Fibber McGee: No, I didn't Wimp. You a football fan?

Mr. Wimple: Oh, indeed, I am. It's about the only chance I get to shout insults at people bigger than me. I wrote a poem about football.

Molly McGee: Oh, did you really, Mr. Wimple? Let's hear it.

Mr. Wimple: All righty. I call the poem Football, because that's the title of it.

Fibber McGee: I never heard a better reason. Now, go ahead Wimp.

Mr. Wimple: Football. I've saved my money from sodas and hum to buy a seat at the stadium to see a college football game, though I don't know why. They're all the same. But I got a seat on the 10-yard line, where I could see the game just fine. So all through the game, what did I see? Just the backs of the people in front of me.

Molly McGee: Why, that's simply a wonderful poem, Mr. Wimple. McGee, that ought to appeal to you.

Fibber McGee: I wonder why it doesn't. Wimp, you mean to tell us there's a market for that stuff?

Mr. Wimple: Oh, yes, Mr. McGee. I'm sending this to my publishers right now. Tell me, if I send it air mail today, will it get to New York by the end of the week?

Molly McGee: Oh, of course it will, Mr. Wimple. Sure.

Mr. Wimple: Isn't that wonderful?

Fibber McGee: What's so wonderful about getting it to New York in four days?

Mr. Wimple: It's addressed to Philadelphia.

Molly McGee: Does your wife like your copy, Mr. Wimple?

Mr. Wimple: Oh, no, Mrs. McGee. Sweetie-face is more the physical type. Did you know she had a job at the filling station last week?

Fibber McGee: What doing?

Mr. Wimple: Blowing up tires. But she had to quit.

Molly McGee: Oh, why?

Mr. Wimple: Her lips got chapped. Well, I've got to go to the post office. Goodbye.

Molly McGee: I like your car, Mr. Wimple. McGee, where you going?

Fibber McGee: I want to peek out the window. Oh, it's okay.

Molly McGee: What's okay?

Fibber McGee: Wimple's walking to the post office.

Molly McGee: Well, what difference does it make how he gets there?

Fibber McGee: What do you mean what difference does it make? He ain't got any right to drive down there. It's only five blocks. We can't drive our car for trivial stuff like that.

Molly McGee: Well, for goodness sakes. When did you get converted?

Fibber McGee: Well, you heard what La Trivia says about the rubber boat. That brung it home to me. Up til then, I was ... Come in.

Molly McGee: Oh. How do you do? You wish to see someone?

Mrs. Sincson: Yes. I was looking for Mr. La Trivia. Is he here? Hello, sweetheart.

Fibber McGee: Well, I'm sorry, sis. La Trivia just left a few minutes ago.

Mrs. Sincson: Oh, thank you so much. He probably went home. I'm his sister, Mrs. Simpson.

Molly McGee: Oh, how do you do, I'm sure? This is my husband, Mr. McGee, Mrs. Simpson.

Mrs. Sincson: Not Simpson, Mrs. McGee. Sincson, like what's in Santa Claus. I-N-C, another S-O-N.

Fibber McGee: Oh, Sincson.

Mrs. Sincson: Yes.

Fibber McGee: Well, I'm glad to know you, sis.

Molly McGee: Aww. What a sweet little boy. What's his name, dearie?

Mrs. Sincson: Susan. Susan Sincson. No, no, no. Don't cry, sweetheart. No, no, no, you mustn't cry. Here. Here's your teething ring.

Fibber McGee: Hey, cut that out. Give me that.

Molly McGee: McGee, what are you doing?

Mrs. Sincson: Yes, I confess, I don't understand.

Fibber McGee: Don't you see what that kid's doing? Chewing on that teething ring. Don't you know that that's made of rubber? Oh, yeah, howl your head off. I did too [inaudible 00:27:05]. Don't you realize, kid, that this rubber [inaudible 00:27:05]? Don't you realize that we have to utilize every scrap of rubber for the sake of [inaudible 00:27:07]? Okay, okay, yell your head off, but you going to eat any rubber while I'm here. Don't you realize that we've all got to collect ...

Harlow Wilcox: We all know how important transportation is today. Trains, trucks, and planes, all operating at maximum capacity to help maintain the country's tremendous war production. How many of you will know that wax finishes made by Johnson play a part in keeping up these transportation units? Some streamlined trains wear a coat of specially prepared wax finish to make them easier and quicker to clean and to offer some protection against the elements. Many thousands of commercial trucks across the country are waxed with this same special Johnson transportation wax polish. Planes are given a wax coat also, particularly those that have to stand up against the corrosive action of sea air. These wax finishes do much more than keep up appearances; they give real protection, and they saved maintenance labor when manpower is a vital issue, truck operators and transportation executives are invited to write S.C. Johnson and Son at Racine, Wisconsin or Brantford, Canada for full information about these wartime uses for wax finishes.

Fibber McGee: Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Gail Gordon, our Mayor La Trivia was with us for the last time tonight before going into the service. He's only one of many of our little group now in our armed forces. Musicians, engineers, sound technicians, and others behind the scenes whose names you probably wouldn't know, but who are valued members of our company just the same. We'd like to take this occasion to wish you, Gail, and all the other boys the very best of luck and to assure you all of a warm welcome when you come back.

Mayor La Trivia: Thank you.

Molly McGee: And if all of you give that big show everything you gave our little one, your new sponsor, Uncle Sam, will be very happy.

Fibber McGee: Goodnight.

Molly McGee: Goodnight, all.

Harlow Wilcox: The character of Wallace Wimple heard on this program was played by Bill Compton. This is Harlow Wilcox, speaking for the makers of Johnson's wax finishes for home and industry. We invite you to be with us again next Tuesday. Goodnight. This program has reached you from Hollywood. This is the National Broadcasting Company.