

WNBC & NET

FRED ALLEN SHOW

TENDER LEAF TEA - BLUE BONNET MARGARINE

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8:30 - 9:00 P.M.

NOVEMBER 2, 1947

SUNDAY

(OPENING: THEME ... FADE ... ORCHESTRA)

KENNY: The makers of Blue Bonnet Margarine and Tender Leaf Tea present The Fred Allen Show - with Fred's guest Maurice Chevalier, Portland Hoffa, Minerva Pious, Peter Donald, Parker Fennelly, The De Marcos, Al Goodman, his Orchestra, and Kenny Delmar.

(THEME: UP TO FINISH ORCHESTRA)

BLUE BONNET MARGARINE ... TENDER LEAF TEA

November 2, 1947

COMMERCIAL I

ANNCR: This week, when you're shopping for the family table -
here's something to remember.

("THIS WEEK, WHEN YOU'RE SHOPPING FOR THE FAMILY TABLE - HERE'S
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER" ... CUE FOR SWITCH)

NETWORK

ANNCR: Remember the letters F....N....E - for Flavor, Nutrition,
Economy! BLUE BONNET Margarine gives all three? Flavor,
Nutrition, Economy!

Yes, now more than ever, it pays to remember BLUE BONNET.
For BLUE BONNET'S the margarine that gives you three
big advantages:

FLAVOR - delicious flavor! Fresh, delicate, country-sweet!
Just try BLUE BONNET! Compare! See if you ever had
a better-tasting spread at any price!

NUTRITION - proved nutrition! Every fresh, sweet pound
is consistently rich in Food Energy...rich in Vitamin A,
the whole year 'round! BLUE BONNET is more than a taste
treat - it's a real food for active, growing youngsters
- the whole family!

ECONOMY - real economy! BLUE BONNET always saved you money.
And this week you can save up to thirty-seven cents
a pound when you buy BLUE BONNET instead of the expensive
spread for bread. So when you buy - buy BLUE BONNET, made
by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast. Remember, BLUE
BONNET is the margarine that gives all three --
Flavor, Nutrition, Economy!

(COMMERCIAL PLAYOFF ... TO FINISH ... ORCHESTRA)

PORT: Ladies and Gentlemen - during the next thirty minutes, if the Hooper Radio Survey calls and asks to what radio program you are listening, you can say it's - Fred Allen!

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: Thank you. Thank you. And good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. Portland, your eyes are red. Don't tell me you've been crying?

PORT: Mama took me to see a picture.

ALLEN: Uh-huh.

PORT: It was called - "Death Had Yellow Knuckles."

ALLEN: A mystery?

PORT: Part of it was a mystery and part of it was sad.

ALLEN: I see.

PORT: At the finish the fellow goes to the electric chair and the girl promises to wait for him.

ALLEN: Forget the picture. Tell me, what's new?

PORT: A man in Baltimore says a surgeon left a towel in him after an operation.

ALLEN: Left a towel in him. What did he do?

PORT: He had to wipe his hands on his shirt.

ALLEN: I read about a case one time where the doctor left a stocking in a patient.

PORT: What happened?

ALLEN: The next time the patient ate pigs' feet, one of the feet put the stocking on. It solved the whole problem. What is that next clipping?

PORT: A Russian paper says that Russian inventors really discovered radio and the electric light.

ALLEN: I wonder why the Russians didn't invent the juke-box?

PORT: Because the Czar at the time was Nicholas.

ALLEN: Very good. The Czar was Nicholas. You ought to have your own program. About four in the morning - right after Jack Eigen. What's next?

PORT: John Masefield, the poet laureate of England, wrote a poem for Princess Elizabeth's wedding.

ALLEN: A poem, eh?

PORT: I wrote one, too.

ALLEN: You are competing with John Masefield? How does your poem go?

PORT: All hail, the Princess' wedding day
And greetings from Manhattan
To Elizabeth and her fiance
Lieutenant Phil Mountbattan.

The bride will wear her royal crown
The groom his regal peruke
And all of England will be there
All but Wally and the Duke.

ALLEN: That does it. Before we get a nasty letter from Mr. Atlee, I'm off for Allen's Alley.

PORT: What is your question for tonight?

ALLEN: Well, this past week the Dean of Columbia's School of Journalism urged the expansion and improvement of Sunday newspapers. And so our question is - Do you think Sunday papers can be improved or expanded in any way?

PORT: Shall we go?

ALLEN: As the Waring mixer said when the raw egg was dropped in it - "I think I'll beat it."

("ALLEY MUSIC" ORCHESTRA)

KENNY: Say, that was good, wasn't it, Son? Ah'm full of jokes. Ah sneak 'em out one at a time like a little boy shopliftin' jellybeans.

ALLEN: Look, Senator. Do you think the Sunday newspapers can be improved or expanded?

KENNY: Ah'm newspaper conscious, Son. With the election comin' up next year ah'm lookin' through every paper.

ALLEN: Really?

KENNY: Ah'm readin' the editorial columns. The financial columns. The foreign columns.

ALLEN: And if you're not re-elected?

KENNY: Ah'll be readin' the Help Wanted columns. So long, Son. So long, that is!

(DOOR SLAM)

ALLEN: The Senator is prepared either way. I wonder if Mr. Moody is still up?

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

PARK: Howdy, Bub.

ALLEN: Say, Mr. Moody, is that confetti in your hair?

PARK: Could be. I went to a party last night.

ALLEN: A party, eh?

PARK: It was a masquerade. I went as a house.

ALLEN: How could you go as a house?

PARK: I had shingles.

ALLEN: Oh, fine.

PARK: I can pull one once in a while, ye know.

ALLEN: I -

PARK: That Claghorn ain't the only cut-up in the Alley.

ALLEN: But I -

PARK: Jest 'cause a man ain't yappin' all the time don't mean he ain't got no sense of humor.

ALLEN: That's true.

PARK: There's many a good-time Charlie lurkin' behind a gloomy-Gus exterior.

ALLEN: Well, tell me, Mr. Moody, what about this business of expanding or improving the Sunday papers?

PARK: I'm finished with newspapers and especially them editorials.

ALLEN: Why?

PARK: Them editors are so sure of their opinions. They don't mean nuthin' and I can prove it.

ALLEN: How?

PARK: One day last week it was rainin'. There was a hole in the roof of my bee shed.

ALLEN: Your bee shed, eh?

PARK: I nailed the editorial page of a certain paper over the hole.

ALLEN: What happened?

PARK: The rain came through the hole and drowned 200 bees.

ALLEN: And that shows that editors' opinions don't mean anything?

PARK: It proves their editorials can't hold water.

ALLEN: I see.

PARKER: Yesterday I got so mad I couldn't eat my Wheaties.

ALLEN: Something else went wrong?

PARKER: The front page of the paper blew into the henhouse.

ALLEN: Yes.

PARKER: Forty of my hens flew to Washington to be examined.

ALLEN: Why should your hens fly to Washington to be examined?

PARKER: They're Rhode Island Reds. So long, Bub!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ALLEN: Who will notice a few more clucks in Washington? Let's try this next door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

MIN: Howdy, Kiddo!

ALLEN: Ah, Mrs. Nussbaum, tell me how do you feel about the Sunday papers?

MIN: Mostly, I am liking the funnies.

ALLEN: The comic supplements, eh?

MIN: It is a boid! It is a heliumcopter! It is Stuperman!

ALLEN: You read Superman?

MIN: Also, Dick Tracy, Little Adler, Flash Goodman and Winnie Finkle.

ALLEN: You enjoy the funnies?

MIN: I am laughing till doubling up with in between I am constantly tittering.

ALLEN: Do you ever read the news in the paper?

MIN: Who needs it? News I am getting from H. V. Kaltencohen.

ALLEN: You don't use the rest of your newspapers?

MIN: Since food conservation I am using recipes.

ALLEN: Meatless recipes?

MIN: Mostly. One is salmon loaf.

ALLEN: How do you make a salmon loaf?

MIN: It is simple. You are getting a lazy salmon.

ALLEN: I see.

MIN: Another recipe is Luckman Surprise.

ALLEN: Luckman Surprise?

MIN: This is a heaping bowl sour cream sticking up is a lump.

ALLEN: What is the lump - a potato?

MIN: It is a tennis ball.

ALLEN: A tennis ball?

MIN: This is the surprise.

ALLEN: I should hope so. A tennis ball in sour cream.

Tell me, do you think the Sunday papers should be changed in any way.

MIN: All papers should having only one article to a page.

ALLEN: Why?

MIN: Yesterday, I am finding a strudel recipe.

ALLEN: I see.

MIN: On the same page is directions on how to making a sweater.

ALLEN: Uh-huh.

MIN: While I am preparing I am getting mixed up.

ALLEN: Mixed up?

MIN: Partly I am reading the strudel recipe. Also partly I am reading how to making a sweater.

ALLEN: What happened when the strudel was finished?

MIN: I am opening the oven.

ALLEN: Yes?

MIN: It is looking like a strudel.

ALLEN: I see.

MIN: But hanging down the sides is sleeves. Dank you!

(DOOR SLAMS)

ALLEN: And that brings us to the little shanty at the far end of the Alley.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

PETE: What's all the hocus focus? Who's raisin' the din? Oh, how do ye do?

ALLEN: Well Mr. Cassidy, you look mad tonight.

PETE: I am mad. Them Irish Sweepstakes.

ALLEN: Your horse lost?

PETE: Blunderin Bridget. She left the post with all of the speed of Mad Man Muntz biddin' on a 1912 Essex.

ALLEN: Well, tell me, Ajax, how do you feel about the Sunday newspapers?

PETE: I'm against all newspapers, me boy. They're dangerous.

ALLEN: Dangerous?

PETE: 'Tis because of a newspaper me Uncle Jibber Nolan lost his nephew.

ALLEN: What happened?

PETE: Well, Jibber brought his nephew over from Ireland.

ALLEN: I see.

PETE: The boy was called Dull David Dineen. And he lived up to his name.

ALLEN: Dull David was stupid?

PETE: He came over on a cattle boat. Jibber missed him at the dock. Two weeks later he got a letter from a slaughter house in Chicago.

ALLEN: Dull David?

PETE: He was in with the cows. Just as they were goin' to slaughter Dull David they noticed his sideburns.

ALLEN: But what about the newspaper?

PETE: Well, Jibber brought Dull David back to Brooklyn on a leash....

ALLEN: I see.

PETE: Well while waitin' for a job on the police force Dull David thought he'd learn how to read.

ALLEN: I see.

PETE: He started studyin' the Sunday paper.

ALLEN: Good.

PETE: After he learned how to read Dull David believed everything he'd see in a newspaper.

ALLEN: Uh-huh.

PETE: If the weather said "Rain , even though the sun was shining Dull David would go out with his umbrella up and his rubbers on.

ALLEN: Fine.

PETE: If an ad said "Don't delay - rush to Bloomingdale's" - Dull David would drop everything and rush to Bloomingdales.

ALLEN: Dull David believed everything he saw in the newspapers.

PETE: It was his undoing.

ALLEN: How do you mean?

PETE: One day Dull David saw his name in the obituary column.

ALLEN: And?

PETE: He assumed he was dead.

ALLEN: So?

PETE: So he went out and killed himself. Good-bye to ye, Boy!

(DOOR SLAM)

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: It is always just a step from Allen's Alley to the five De Marco Sisters. Abetted by Maestro Al Goodman and his Orchestra - the De Marcos sing "Stanley Steamer".

("STANLEY STEAMER" DE MARCOS & ORCHESTRA) .

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: And now we pause for sponsor identification.

BLUE BONNET MARGARINE ... TENDER LEAF TEA

November 2, 1947

COMMERCIAL II

ANNCR: Any day, every day - at any hour - the all-weather, always appropriate beverage is delicious Tender Leaf Tea.

("ANY DAY, EVERY DAY - AT ANY HOUR - THE ALL-WEATHER, ALWAYS APPROPRIATE BEVERAGE IS DELICIOUS TENDER LEAF TEA" ... CUE FOR SWITCH)

ANNCR: And now more than ever the way to enjoy it is in Tender Leaf Tea Balls! ... - you get the finer, richer flavor of the young, top, tender tea leaves. These are the choice leaves of the tea plant. And Tender Leaf Tea Balls are the most popular - the largest-selling tea balls in America. SAVE MONEY by getting the big box - forty-eight Tender Leaf Tea Balls at a time.

That adds economy to all these other practical advantages. You get finer tea, rich with the flavor of the small leaves from out toward the tips of the branches. Greater convenience, more appeal - because the famous-for-flavor Tender Leaf Brand Tea is put in crisp, white, clean, tasteless filter-paper packets. Your tea is filtered crystal clear. There's nothing but pure enjoyment in your cup - enjoyment and heart-warming QUICK COMFORT.

Save money on finer tea! For every good reason including economy - get the big box of forty-eight Tender Leaf Brand Tea Balls!

("SO FAR" FADE ORCHESTRA)

("SO FAR"..... FADE..... ORCHESTRA.....)

ALLEN: That was a musical snack of "So Far", played by Maestro Al Goodman and his "If It Wasn't For Petrillo We'd Be Out Selling Brillo" Orchestra. Say, Portland!

PORT: Yes.

ALLEN: Have you seen a little French book around here?

PORT: How to speak French in 250 easy lessons?

ALLEN: Oui.

PORT: Here it is.

ALLEN: Merci. Let me see. Bonjour. Good day. Good night is Bonsoir. Please. S'il vous plait.

PORT: What is that?

ALLEN: It's French. Ou est le grand tambour de ma bonne - maman.

PORT: What does that mean?

ALLEN: Where is my grandmother's bass drum? This is a great book. You can teach yourself French.

PORT: When you finish the book to whom can you talk?

ALLEN: You can talk to yourself. Do you think a Frenchman comes with the book?

PORT: But why are you studying French?

ALLEN: Last night, I saw Maurice Chevalier in his new picture Man About Town at the Bijou. It's a big hit. Mr. Chevalier is here in New York rehearsing his one-man show. I may be able to get him to come on our program.

PORT: Are you going to speak French to Mr. Chevalier?

ALLEN: Am I? When we meet I'm going to say, Bonjour Monsieur Chevalier. Comment allez vous? I'm all set. I'll see you later, Portland!

("BRIDGE MUSIC"..... ORCHESTRA.....)

(DOOR CLOSSES)

ALLEN: Ah, this is the rehearsal hall.

PETE: Just a minute you. Have you got a pass?

ALLEN: Oh, doorman, I'd like to see Maurice Chevalier.

PETE: Shh! Quiet! Mr. Chevalier's rehearsin'. He's gonna sing his new song hit, Place Pigalle. Listen!

("PLACE PIGALLE" MAURICE & ORCHESTRA ...)

(APPLAUSE)

PETE: (CALLS) Say, Mr. Chevalier! Mr. Chevalier!

MAURICE: Yes?

PETE: This gennelman wants to see yer.

ALLEN: Bonjour, Monsieur Chevalier, comment allez vous?

MAURICE: Would you mind repeating that please?

ALLEN: Bonjour, Monsieur Chevalier, comment allez vous?

MAURICE: Look, Buddy, what is that you are speaking?

ALLEN: I'm speaking French. Don't you understsnd it?

MAURICE: Only in spots.

ALLEN: Oh.

MAURICE: The verbs I understand. The rest is a mish-mash.

ALLEN: Do you mind if I speak English?

MAURICE: You will do me a great favor. I always have trouble talking to you foreigners.

ALLEN: I'm no foreigner. Mr. Chevalier. My name is Fred Allen.

MAURICE: Fred Allen?

ALLEN: Yes. I am on the radio.

MAURICE: The radio?

ALLEN: Yes. You know. That little box. You turn it on - you hear voices.

MAURICE: Oh you mean keep your eye on the red bulls-eye.

ALLEN: That's right.

MAURICE: Duz is doing everything.

ALLEN: That's radio in America. Do you have anything like it in France?

MAURICE: Yes, of course. In France we have many radio programs.

ALLEN: What are some of your French programs?

MAURICE: Every morning early we hear "Breakfast In Bordeaux".

ALLEN: Breakfast In Bordeaux, eh?

MAURICE: Yes. There is a very funny fellow. On the old ladies he is pinning dandelions.

ALLEN: Not orchids?

MAURICE: At the rate of exchange, orchids are coming out dandelions.

ALLEN: What other programs do you have?

MAURICE: Gaston Spitalny and his all-mademoiselle orchestra.

ALLEN: Gaston Spitalny?

MAURICE: Yes. With Fifi and her magic flute.

ALLEN: When you were here in New York last Spring, Maurice, did you listen to any of our American radio programs?

MAURICE: Yes. I heard quite a few of them.

ALLEN: Did you ever tune in on Sunday nights?

MAURICE: Of course. First I hear Jack Benny with Phil Harris.

ALLEN: That's right.

MAURICE: Then I hear Phil Harris without Jack Benny.

ALLEN: Yes. The evening gets better as it goes along.

MAURICE: And then I hear Charlie McCarthy.

ALLEN: Well, I come on right after Charlie McCarthy.

MAURICE: Oh! Now I know your program.

(SINGS) Remember the letters F - N - E
For flavor, nutrition, economeee ---

ALLEN: That's right. How do you like the program?

MAURICE: Some fellow is always talking through his nose. I can't understand him.

ALLEN: Well, Maurice, I'll tell you why I'm here. I'd like to have you come on my program next Sunday night.

MAURICE: I'm sorry, Fred. I'm afraid I am too busy.

ALLEN: Busy?

MAURICE: I am rehearsing day and night for my one-man show.

ALLEN: Tell me, Maurice, what do you do in your show?

MAURICE: It is very strenuous. In the first act I sing a song, and then I chat with the audience.

ALLEN: I see.

MAURICE: Then I sing another song, and chat some more.

ALLEN: Yes.

MAURICE: Then another song or two and then intermission.

ALLEN: Then you have a little rest?

MAURICE: No. During intermission I am in the lobby selling popcorn.

ALLEN: And you do the entire show by yourself?

MAURICE: Yes, Fred. Just myself and a piano player.

ALLEN: When does your show open, Maurice?

MAURICE: I start tomorrow night in Washington. I am going there alone.

ALLEN: Your pianist isn't going with you?

MAURICE: No. The French ambassador told me there is a very good piano player living in Washington. Harry something.

ALLEN: Well, he's no Eddy Duchin, but he might work out. After Washington, Maurice, where do you go on your tour?

MAURICE: I will play Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

ALLEN: Are you going to Hollywood?

MAURICE: Yes. I will spend Christmas with my old friend, Charles Boyer.

ALLEN: How will you and Charles celebrate Christmas, Maurice.

MAURICE: Like true Frenchmen, Fred. At the stroke of midnight we fill our glasses and drink a toast.

ALLEN: To the French Republic?

MAURICE: To Hildegarde.

ALLEN: Oh, fine. I suppose while you're in Hollywood you'll make a picture.

MAURICE: I just finished a picture in Paris, Fred. Man About Town.

ALLEN: I know. I saw it last week. It's very clever the way you explain the French dialogue to the audience in English.

MAURICE: Thank you, Fred.

ALLEN: Maurice, I have a great idea. I've written an American picture to send to France. If you'll explain my picture to the audience in French, the way you explain your picture, "Man About Town", in English, it will be a sensation.

MAURICE: What is your picture about, Fred?

ALLEN: Well, it's a Western story. As the picture starts we see an old cattleman. Too poor to afford a psychiatrist, the old cattleman is lying on a couch talking to himself. His daughter goes to phone for a psychiatrist. Peeking in the window is a handsome cowboy. It's love at first sight. That's the end of the first reel. What would that be in French?

MAURICE: Amour.

ALLEN: Amour? That's all?

MAURICE: The language of love is universal, Fred. You don't want to bore the audience with detail.

ALLEN: That's true.

MAURICE: What is the next reel?

ALLEN: In the next reel the psychiatrist is there. The old cattleman is still lying on the couch but he isn't talking. The couch is talking to the psychiatrist. The psychiatrist thinks the couch is an old patient of his who used to think he was a couch. The girl comes into the room. She sees the couch talking to the psychiatrist. She says - "Excuse me." and closes the door. That's the end of the second reel. What would that be in French?

MAURICE: Pardonnez moi.

ALLEN: Just pardonnez moi?

MAURICE: In a picture of this sort, Fred. speed is the thing. It is best not to drag it out.

ALLEN: This is some picture. Two reels are over and the audience has heard three words. Amour and pardonnez-moi.

MAURICE: In France it will be a riot, Fred. What comes next?

ALLEN: The psychiatrist proposes to the girl. The good-looking cowboy says - "Confound it!"

MAURICE: Confound it. In French that is "Sacre Bleu!"

ALLEN: The cowboy kills the psychiatrist and the old cattle-man tells him he can marry the daughter. The cowboy says "Thank you."

MAURICE: In French that is "Merci."

ALLEN: But the cowboy is from the South.

MAURICE: From the South would be "Merci, you all."

ALLEN: And as the picture ends the old cattleman is still on the couch. The couch is singing "Home on the Range" and the cowboy and the girl are riding along the trail with their dog barking behind them. What would that be?

MAURICE: In French a dog bark is - (BARKS)

ALLEN: Fine. Well, that's my picture in English, Maurice. Now how would the whole five reels sound in French.

MAURICE: Amour! Pardonnez-moi! Sacre bleu! Merci, you-all!
And - (BARKS)

ALLEN: I think I'll forget the whole thing. I'm sorry you can't come on my program Sunday.

MAURICE: Perhaps sometime later, Fred.

ALLEN: Okay. I hope I didn't break up your rehearsal.

MAURICE: No, Fred. I just have one more song to sing.

ALLEN: Do you mind if I wait around and hear it.

MAURICE: No, Fred. Make yourself at home. I'm going to sing "Mimi". Hit it, Sam!

("MIMI" ... MAURICE & ORCHESTRA ...)

(APPLAUSE)

("MC CONACHY SQUARE" ... (FADE) ORCHESTRA ...)

ALLEN: Before we remind you to remember Blue Bonnet Margarine and Tender Leaf Tea on your shopping days, I want to thank Maurice Chevalier for his visit tonight and to wish him a successful tour with his one-man show. Next week, our guest will be Edgar Bergen and Charlie Mc Carthy. Or vice versa. Thank you. And good night!

(APPLAUSE)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO FINISH)