

Barbara DeLoose

WEAF

FRED ALLEN SHOW

( ) ( )  
9:00 - 10:00 P.M.

FEBRUARY 21, 1940

WEDNESDAY

(FANFARE)

HARRY: The Fred Allen Show! (FANFARE) Brought to you by Ipana  
Toothpaste for the Smile of Beauty! Sal Hepatica for the  
Smile of Health!

("SMILE DARN YA"....UP AND UNDER BILLBOARD)

HARRY: An Hour of Smiles with Fred Allen, Folks. 3600 seconds  
of fun and music. Fun with our star comedian, Fred Allen.  
With our guest, the 6-year-old xylophonist, Baby Barbara.  
Music with Peter Van Steeden, the Merry Macs and Wynn  
Murray. The time has come - It's the Fred Allen Show.

(APPLAUSE)

HARRY: Tonight, we have a recipe for a happy hour. And the  
first ingredient is overture. And here it is 'Give A  
Little Whistle.'

("GIVE A LITTLE WHISTLE".....ORCHESTRA & MERRY MACS)

HARRY: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen. I could say "Here is  
America's favorite comedian." I could say "Here is the  
man who is responsible for more laughter in the world  
than woolen underwear." I could say a lot of things. But  
tomorrow's Washington's Birthday. And out of respect to  
Washington's memory, I shall tell the truth. What he is,  
is a matter of opinion. But here he is, Fred Allen --  
in person!

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: Thank you. Thank you. And good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. And congratulations, Mr. Von Zell, in breaking the habit of a lifetime. Although you might have chosen another time and another place to start telling the truth. Your income tax is coming up. You might have held up.

HARRY: But, gosh, Fred, tomorrow's Washington's Birthday.

ALLEN: Well, you could observe it some other way. You could get a hatchet and chop down a commercial. You could throw Van Steeden across the Potomac.

HARRY: New Jersey would only throw him back.

ALLEN: That's right. And the air is bad enough without Van Steeden in it. So much for the truth. Do you realize what would happen in radio if everybody suddenly started telling the truth?

PETE: You'd sure get some surprises in your fan-mail, Allen.

ALLEN: He who laughs last catches the repeat program, Mr. Van Steeden. If our audience expressed its true opinion of you - right now. You would be M.C.ing a vegetable blitzkrieg.

PETE: If you want my true opinion, Mr. Allen, I'd rather have vegetables around me than a half-baked ham.

ALLEN: You intimate that I have descended from a long line of underdone swine ancestry.

PETE: If the shoe fits, you're the heel, Allen.

ALLEN: You and those guy nineties rejoinders. If you want to hear the truth -

PETE: It will be a novelty coming out of you.

ALLEN: I'll tell you the truth.

PETE: Okay. How do I rank as a musician?

ALLEN: When used to qualify your limited talents, Mr. Van Steeden, the word rank ceases to be a verb and abruptly becomes an adjective.

HARRY: Now, wait a minute, Fellows. There's only one way to settle this.

PETE: If Allen ever opens his mouth at the Zoo a baby kangaroo will jump in it.

ALLEN: I'd make you swallow those words, Van Steeden, but I'm not going to relieve your malnutrition.

HARRY: Hold it, Fellows. Here's what we'll do. Let's all tell the truth about each other in one short sentence. That will be a tribute to Washington and we'll get the whole thing off our chests at the same time.

PETE: That suits me.

ALLEN: It's okay with me. You start it, Harry. And give us the truth.

HARRY: All right. Peter Van Steeden and Fred Allen. I think you two guys are --

ALLEN: Let's have it.

HARRY: The rest of my line has been censored.

PETE: My line's all cut out, too.

ALLEN: So is mine. But I happen to think of another line I can use right here. Van Steeden you are so low a worm can look down on you.

PETE: Doggone you, Allen, you do it every time.

ALLEN: And with this hilarious Van Steedenism we close our truth conference and seek solace in the latest news of the week!

(FANFARE)

ALLEN: The Ipana News presents the World in Review!

(MUSIC UP.....FADES)

ALLEN: New York City, New York. Mother Nature sends Eastern States a cosmic valentine in form of winter's worst blizzard. Heavy snow, accompanied by sub-freezing temperatures and icy gales, ties up highways, slows trains, impedes city traffic, and brings chills and spills to millions. Ipana News checks up on effects of last week's storm by quizzing the man in the sleet.

ALLEN: First, a representative of the city department which bore the brunt of the storm and came through with flying shovels -- the Department of Sanitation. For the story of how the snow was removed from our streets, Ipana News consults a minor member of the Department, Mr. Fidley Blobb. Mr. Blobb.

HARRY: Don't thank me.

ALLEN: All right, I won't.

HARRY: Thank Mayor La Guardia.

ALLEN: But he isn't here.

HARRY: Start a fire and he will be.

ALLEN: Well, that's a lot of trouble. Suppose you give us the details, Mr. Blobb. Just what part did the Mayor play in getting the snow off the streets?

HARRY: He warned us the storm was comin'.

ALLEN: Really? How did he know?

HARRY: He was dedicatin' an orphanage in Brooklyn. Smack! Somethin' wet hit him in the back of the neck.

ALLEN: Was it a spitball?

HARRY: No. All the orphans was in front of him.

ALLEN: Then was it --

HARRY: No. Not that. This ain't the migratin' season.

ALLEN: Then it must have been --

HARRY: Yes. Snow. Zip! The mayor's headin' for a telephone! Bang! He's got us on the wire! Whoosh! We're sendin' out 377 snowplows to clear the streets!

ALLEN: And that kept the snow under control?

HARRY: Not yet! Smack! Some more snow hits the Mayor! Bang! He's got us on the wire again! Whoosh! We're sendin' out thirty thousand shovelers to clear the sidewalks!

ALLEN: And that --

HARRY: Not yet. Smack!

ALLEN: Some more snow hits the Mayor!

HARRY: Bang!

ALLEN: He's on the wire again!

HARRY: Whoosh!

ALLEN: You're sending out --

HARRY: A man with a teaspoon.

ALLEN: A man with a teaspoon?

HARRY: To dig the Mayor out of Brooklyn.

ALLEN: Oh, I see. Well, thank you, Mr. Fidley Blobb.

HARRY: Don't thank me.

ALLEN: You've said that --

HARRY: Thank Mayor LaGuardia.

ALLEN: I told you, he isn't here.

HARRY: Oh, yeah? Waste some water!

ALLEN: Look, with things the way they are, I don't even dare to drool, and goodbye, Mr. Fidley Blobb.

ALLEN: The man who had the most unique experience of all the millions affected by the storm is Mr. Diogenes Leer. What is your occupation, Mr. Leer?

JOHN: I'm a professional perambulating blockade.

ALLEN: A professional perambulating blockade?

JOHN: That's uptown for picket.

ALLEN: And were you picketing on the day the blizzard struck?

JOHN: And how, brother. I was workin' a theatre that was showin' "The Invisible Man."

ALLEN: Picketing "The Invisible Man?"

JOHN: On accounta you can't tell if he's wearing a union suit.

ALLEN: Oh, I see.

JOHN: No you don't.

ALLEN: At any rate, when the blizzard came --

JOHN: I was walkin' up an' down in front of the theatre with me picket sign. The snow piles up around me. I put a de-icer on the sign and keep on walkin', back and forth.

ALLEN: Yes.

JOHN: First thing I know, I've worn a path and the snow's drifted so high on both sides I'm out of sight. Next thing I'm covered over.

ALLEN: But you kept right on picketing?

JOHN: That's right, bud. Next mornin' they dig me out. There I am, still walkin' up an' down in the trench I'd made.

ALLEN: Oh, you --

JOHN: You said it, bud. I was in the groove.

ALLEN: Well, thank you, Mr. Diogenes Leer.

JOHN: If there's another blizzard and you come by that theatre --

ALLEN: Yes --

JOHN: Be sure and don't see me.

ALLEN: Thank you, I won't. And goodbye, Mr. Diogenes Leer.

ALLEN: A society matron who found the recent storm of decided benefit to her beauty is Mrs. Wiltmore Van Dabble, Junior. You enjoyed the storm, Mrs. Van Dabble?

MIN: Deliriously. It brought back the roses to my cheeks.

ALLEN: You had been wan up to that time?

MIN: I was frightful. People said my face looked as if it had been lifted by a plastered surgeon.

ALLEN: Really?

MIN: My school girl complexion had flunked out.

ALLEN: Did the loss of your beauty affect your social life?

MIN: Definitely. When Elsa met me, she didn't nod, she merely bobbed. Brenda gave me an occasional smile, but only with fifty watts. Lucius came to call, but in overalls.

ALLEN: You had to do something to make yourself more attractive.

MIN: Decidedly. Finally, someone suggested winter sports. Skiing. Skating. Romping in the snow.

ALLEN: You tried it?

MIN: I was desperate enough to try anything. I'd even slept on collar buttons to give myself dimples.

ALLEN: So when the blizzard came --

MIN: I hastened to the park with my footman, Pebbles. He carried skis, skates, and a pair of snowshoes.

ALLEN: You were going to try them all.

MIN: In rotation. First, Pebbles strapped me to the skis. He helped me up.. I sat down. He helped me up. I sat down. Up. Down. Ad infinitum.

ALLEN: I see.

MIN: Then Pebbles strapped me to the snowshoes. He helped me up. I sat down. He helped me up -- I sat down.

ALLEN: That kept up?

MIN: For hours. Then we repaired to the skating pond. Pebbles strapped on my skates. And again.....

ALLEN: It was up and down, up and down.

MIN: But harder.

ALLEN: But you kept it up, regardless?

MIN: I'd go through anything for beauty.

ALLEN: Then you did find that romping in the blizzard aided your beauty?

MIN: Yes. It helped me in the end.

ALLEN: And thank you, Mrs Wiltmore Ban Dabble, Junior.

A man who suffered a bitter disappointment as a result of last week's storm is Mr Phil Anolick, alias Leggsy Anolick, alias Phil the Lug, alias Strangler Phil.

CHAS: (TOUGH) Call me Strangler. Me old mudder liked dat best.

ALLEN: All right, Strangler. Tell us, how did the blizzard bring frustration into your life?

CHAS: Huh?

ALLEN: How come da storm gotcha down, pal?

CHAS: Oh, dat. I was in de Tombs, see.

ALLEN: The Tombs. That's the city prison, isn't it?

CHAS: It ain't no playground, bud.

ALLEN: Was it your first sentence?

CHAS: Nah. I was playin' a return engagement. I'm Public Criminal number 9,432,698 3/4.

ALLEN: I see.



CHAS: I set there in me cell for three months. Then I got to thinkin'.

ALLEN: Naturally, you had to do something to pass the time away.

CHAS: I remembered a movie I seen once. The Count of Mount Crisco or somethin'. There was an old guy in it that lammed outa stir.

ALLEN: Yes, I remember. The Count pried up a block in the floor of his cell and dug his way out.

CHAS: Yeah. So I says to myself, what's he got that I aint got?

ALLEN: Did you get an answer?

CHAS: I didn't wait for no answer, bud. I pried up me floor and started diggin' a tunnel. Wid me bare hands. I dug every night for six weeks, sendin' out de dirt in my laundry.

ALLEN: You dug all by yourself?

CHAS: A friendly groundhog helped me some.

ALLEN: I see.

CHAS: At de end of six weeks -- dat's Wednesday morning -- I'm right under de street. All I gotta do is shove up a couple cobblestones and I'm out.

ALLEN: You shoved up the cobblestones?

CHAS: Not den. It was daylight. I hadda wait till dark.

ALLEN: Oh, naturally.

CHAS: Wednesday midnight I crawls through me tunnel. I shoves up de cobblestones --

ALLEN: You were free.

CHAS: Nah. I'm under a three foot snowdrift. De blizzard had come.

ALLEN: Oh. And you --

CHAS: I went back to me cell. A failure. All on accounta de snow.

ALLEN: But wait a minute. You'd dug all that tunnel with your bare hands -- couldn't you dig a few feet farther through a snowdrift?

CHAS: Are you kiddin'?

ALLEN: Well, why couldn't you?

CHAS: Look, bud. De city had kept me in de Tombs fer three months --

ALLEN: Yes --

CHAS: You think I'm gonna help 'em clear the streets?

ALLEN: Oh.

CHAS: Whatcha think I am?

ALLEN: I couldn't say it here, and thank you, Mr Strangler Anolick.

A little known official in the street cleaning department gives his opinion after the storm, Mr Tinker Dawdle. What is the snow outlook, Mr Dawdle?

JOHN: I just made a flyin tour of the city on skis.

ALLEN: And?

JOHN: Nothin's under control.

ALLEN: What's the trouble?

JOHN: The city's short of dough, Brother. They been spendin' money like water. What's the matter?

ALLEN: Now we're out of water, too.

JOHN: Right. If the streets was as clean as the treasury, and the reservoir, we'd be sittin pretty.

ALLEN: Isn't the Mayor doing anything about removing the snow?

JOHN: He called the Board of Estimate into his office yesterday.

ALLEN: To pass an appropriation?

JOHN: To pray for rain. It's cheaper.

ALLEN: You've got the equipment, haven't you?

JOHN: Plenty. Remember that big snowstorm last year?

ALLEN: Yes.

JOHN: I called out 72 broom trucks, 400 crosswalk plows, 297 flushing machines. My first truck was back in 20 minutes.

ALLEN: What was in it?

JOHN: 60 tons of snow. And 91 pickets.

ALLEN: Pines.

JOHN: I had the city clean in six hours.

ALLEN: Why can't you send out your equipment today.

JOHN: We gotta cut down on the budget. I only got two men out.

ALLEN: Only two men clearing the snow away.

JOHN: Yeah. I got a guy with a whiskbroom brushin' off Park Avenue.

ALLEN: And the other man removing the snow.

JOHN: He's a guy with big feet. He's stampin it down in the Bronx.

ALLEN: Do you think New York will ever be able to get rid of the snow without any money.

JOHN: There's only one solution, brother.

ALLEN: And what is that?

JOHN: If all the people goin' to Jersey to buy cigarettes -

ALLEN: Yes.

JOHN: If they'll carry a pound of snow over to Jersey with 'em -

ALLEN: Yes.

JOHN: The city'll be clean tomorrow.

ALLEN: I hope so. And thank you Tinker Dawdle. A mounted policeman who had an unusual experience in the blinding snowstorm was Officer Cornwall Straddle. What happened, Officer Straddle?

CHAS: Well, I ride out Wednesday as usual. I'm feelin tip-top.

ALLEN: Ready for traffic, eh?

CHAS: Rarin' to go. I'm ridin down Sixth sidesaddle.

ALLEN: Kidding, of course.

CHAS: Yeah. Handin the cab-drivers a laugh. I pull up at 57th Street. I'm yellin Hyo, Silver and prancin me horse to a hurdy-gurdy.

ALLEN: You were on duty at 57th and sixth.

CHAS: Yeah. I got a five hour hitch. I take over. I'm watchin me lights, blowin me whistle.

ALLEN: Everything's under control, eh?

CHAS: Traffic's runnin as smooth as syrup leakin through a hole in a waffle.

ALLEN: Fine.

CHAS: But not fer long, Brother, it started.

ALLEN: The snow?

CHAS: I never seen nuthin like it. The snow's comin so thick I can't even see in between the flakes. I'm sittin there on me horse.

ALLEN: It must have been terrible.

CHAS: It's brutal. I feel like a hair stickin up in a shower of dandruff.

ALLEN: The snow kept coming down.

CHAS: I can't see nuthin. I'm blowing me whistle. Wig-waggin me arms, cars is goin in all directions. I don't mean nuthin.

ALLEN: Yes.

CHAS: At two o'clock the snow is up to me horse's withers.

ALLEN: Yes.

CHAS: At three o'clock it's up to mine.

ALLEN: At four o'clock.

CHAS: It's peltin down. I'm still in the saddle. Me horse is treading snow.

ALLEN: This kept up all afternoon.

CHAS: By five o'clock. I'm under the snow. Only me eyes is stickin out. I'm just gettin ready to quit.

ALLEN: Yes.

CHAS: I see a lump comin under the snow. The lump pulls over to the curb.

ALLEN: And?

CHAS: It's a car. The guy's parkin next to a hydrant.

ALLEN: What did you do?

CHAS: I gets down off me horse. I'm in eight feet of snow. I burrow me way through the snow and give the guy a ticket.

ALLEN: Did you find your way back to your horse.

CHAS: I come feelin me way back under the snow. Finally, I comes to somethin.

ALLEN: Yes.

CHAS: I can't find the stirrup but I jumps up on top.

ALLEN: Yes.

CHAS: All but me head is under the snow. I yell "Giddap" and I'm off.

ALLEN: On your way back to the station?

CHAS: That's what I thought. I come to 59th Street, me horse won't turn. I'm yellin "Gee, Bessy." Nothin doing. I shoot up Central Park west.

ALLEN: With your 'head sticking out of the snow?

CHAS: Yeah. I'm yellin Whoa. I'm still goin. Through Yonkers. Through Mt Vernon. I come to Stamford. Bang. I stops.

ALLEN: Your horse must have been exhausted.

CHAS: What horse?

ALLEN: You didn't get back on your horse in that snow.

CHAS: No. I mounted the Boston bus.

ALLEN: Well many happy returns and thank you, Officer Straddle. A downtown housewife who enjoyed a freak adventure in heavy snowstorm is Mrs Maxine Messbaum. You had an unusual experience, Mrs Messbaum.

MIN: (JEWISH) What is happenink to me could be by Disney.

ALLEN: It was so funny, you mean?

MIN: A bissel funny but with complications.

ALLEN: What happened?

MIN: Where I am livink is a ground floor. Upstairs it's a tenement.

ALLEN: I see.

MIN: All day lonk my husband Neville is away woiking.

ALLEN: What does your husband do?

MIN: Neville is a tzipper-tester.

ALLEN: He tests zippers in a clothing store?

MIN: No. In a soda fountain.

ALLEN: Zippers at a soda fountain?

MIN: When you are gettink a soda in a soda fountain what is sticking up.

ALLEN: Straws.

MIN: Exactel. Sometimes the straws is clogged, with eppis, the soda is not tziping up.

ALLEN: Oh. So before the straws are put into the sodas --

MIN: Neville is givink a tzip to making coitan.

ALLEN: And that makes him -

MIN: A tzipper-tester.

ALLEN: Fine. Now about the snowstorm.

MIN: As previously, I am stating. I am livink on the ground floor.

ALLEN: I see.

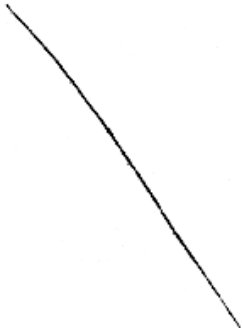
MIN: Always the window I am leavink open I could see what's goink on.

ALLEN: That's the beauty of living on the ground floor.

MIN: Is also handy. When I am goink by the A and P I am steppink out the window and I am already on the street.

ALLEN: Very convenient.

MIN: Comink back I am steppink in the window. Zip. I am home.



ALLEN: And on the day of the storm.

MIN: I am goink to a movie. Zazu Pitts is playink, it's a Western.

ALLEN: You left home early, did you?

MIN: I am steppink out the window. It could be one o'clock.

ALLEN: And while you were in the theatre it started snowing?

MIN: I am comink out. It's six o'clock, the streets is mountains. Snow is over all.

ALLEN: Did you have any trouble getting home?

MIN: Trouble, he's sayink. In Minsk, as a little girl, I am skiink incessantly.

ALLEN: What did you do.

MIN: I am climbink on the snow givink a yodel.

ALLEN: And starting for home?

MIN: Foist, I am stopping by Irvink, the delicatessen, and buyink cold cuts. Neville is likink cold cuts Wednesdays.

ALLEN: A gourmet.

MIN: Every time.

ALLEN: After buying the cold cuts did you come right home?

MIN: Pell mell. I am walkink down the street on top the snow, steppink in the window, I am home.

ALLEN: And then.

MIN: I am fixink up the cold cuts and sittink down to wait for Neville. Then it is happenink.

ALLEN: What?

MIN: A man is steppink in the window. I am swoopink down and kissink him. He is looking up-

ALLEN: And.

MIN: It is not Neville.

ALLEN: You were in the wrong apartment?



MIN: The snow is so deep I am steppink in a window three flights up.

ALLEN: What happened?

MIN: Luckily the stranger is liking cold cuts. We are eatink dinner.

ALLEN: What became of Neville?

MIN: Neville I am divorcink. Next week I am no longer Mrs. Neville Messbaum.

ALLEN: No.

MIN: I am Mrs. Pierpont Weintraub, M.D.

ALLEN: M.D.

MIN: Millinery Designer. From now on my hats I am gettink wholesale.

ALLEN: Congratulations, Mrs. Pierpont Weintraub on your Snow White adventure. And now a man who welcomed the snow was Poet Thorndyke Swinburne. Your name sounds familiar Thorndyke. Have you ever been on this program before?

HARRY: Are you still on the air?

ALLEN: As far as I know.

HARRY: Then I haven't been on your program.

ALLEN: Didn't you write a poem about the cold?

HARRY: Yes. When zero is below, below  
The world is decked in ice and snow.

ALLEN: I knew it. You were on this program last month.

HARRY: So I was. So I was.

ALLEN: You recited that cold poem, didn't you?

HARRY: So I did. So I did. And you threw me out the 49th Street door.

ALLEN: So I did. So I did.

HARRY: Before I recite tonight, may I ask a favor?

ALLEN: What?

HARRY: Will you throw me out the 50th Street Door? I'm going uptown.

ALLEN: I'll be glad to. Have you written any poems since you were here last?

HARRY: One or two. Oh, Mother, Mother Make My Bed! A Hangnail Caught On A Harpstring Said! The Skeletons Retort to An Xray Plate.

ALLEN: These were fill-ins.

HARRY: Yes. I write mostly about the elements. Cold, Fog, Wind, Rain.

ALLEN: You swung into action during the recent snow storm, of course.

HARRY: Yes. I composed a poem. Would you care to hear it?

ALLEN: Is there anything I can do about it.

HARRY: No. I weigh 200 pounds.

ALLEN: That's all I want to know. What is your poem called?

HARRY: Snow Is Snow.

ALLEN: Fine.

HARRY: Snow is Snow  
Where 'er you go  
Pile it high  
Pile it low  
Still it's snow.

Snow is Snow  
When it's in a ball  
When it's in the street  
When it's in the hall  
Still it's snow. (More)

HARRY:  
(CONTD)

Snow is Snow  
Though it seems a blanket  
When it's in your motor  
As you try to crank it  
Lump it. Dump it. Stack it. Bank it.  
Still it's snow.

Snow is Snow  
To the child at play.  
To Admiral Byrd it's all in a day  
And if you ask me  
Is it eye. Is it nay.  
Is it snow  
Then to you I say  
Yes. It's no.

ALLEN: That is the end

HARRY: Yes. You may throw me out now .

ALLEN: It will be a pleasure. And thank you Thorndyke Swinburne.  
Complication following visit of blizzard to New York in  
crisis in funds available for snow removal. Commissioner  
of Sanitation William F. Carey announces that not enough  
money is available to work city's regular snow-clearing  
equipment or to hire emergency trucks and laborers. Mayor  
La Guardia confers on situation, but concedes that fund  
shortage is serious. Ipana News helps out situation by  
presenting a theme song to aid snow removal fund.

BOYS: Snow, Johnny, snow Johnny, blizzard and sleet,  
No money, no money, to clean up the street.

(More)

BOYS:           There's slush on ev'ry av-en-ue,  
(CONTD)         Fiorella cannot tellya what to do..  
  
                  There's no dough, Johnny, no, Johnny, not a red cent  
                  To pay for shovelling snow --  
                  We'll just kick it around,  
                  Till it cannot be found --  
                  We mean the snow, Johnny, snow, Johnny, snow..

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH. . . . .)

ALLEN:         And now the Merry Macs dedicate their first song to the Lone  
                  Ranger's Grandfather. You remember him 'Ragtime Cowboy Joe!

("RAGTIME COWBOY JOE" . . . . . MERRY MACS . . . . .)

(APPLAUSE)

FIRST COMMERCIAL

("SAY SI SI " . . . . . ORCHESTRA)

(APPLUASE)

ALLEN: Pietro Van Pancho and his Hacienda Hill Billies have just played "Say Si Si." Si means Yes in Spanish. With those Si Si's that's probably a Spanish Yes-man's song. And now we turn from boisterous banter to our guest. She's a cute little girl -

PORT: Yes, Mr. Allen.

ALLEN: No. Not you, Portland. I was talking about our guest. The word cute should have been your tip-off.

PORT: Well, your guest isn't here yet. If you want to kill time you can talk to me.

ALLEN: That's a nasty weapon to pull on time. But, tell me, what's new?

PORT: Nothing much. Mama and I went to the Dog Show.

ALLEN: You didn't win any prizes, did you. Ha! Ha!

PORT: If that was supposed to be funny, I'm not laughing.

ALLEN: You've joined the great majority, eh? What kind of dogs did you see at the Show?

PORT: We saw some bagels.

ALLEN: A bagel isn't a dog. A bagel is an ossified crumpet. You mean a beagle.

PORT: Maybe. They have long ears that hang down.

ALLEN: If their ears hang down. How can they hear anything?

PORT: They can't. If you want to call a bagel it takes two people.

ALLEN: How do you work it?

PORT: One person stays behind and lifts up the bagel's ears.

ALLEN: Yes.

PORT: And when you call it the beagle can hear where you are.

ALLEN: It must be confusing if you're all alone with a beagle. If you lift up his ears to call him you're right there. And the beagle has no place to run.

PORT: I guess the best thing is not to own one.

ALLEN: That's what I do and it's working out very well. Did you see any bloodhounds at the show?

PORT: Yes. We saw one bloodhound that sure had imagination.

ALLEN: How could you tell the bloodhound had imagination?

PORT: He made a big fuss over Mama. And Mama's anemic.

ALLEN: That must be the same bloodhound that bit Benny one year, on speculation. What else did you see?

PORT: We saw some of those little dogs with the sunken stomachs.

ALLEN: Their stomachs hang down like skin snoods?

PORT: Yes.

ALLEN: Those are dachshunds. They're built so low when you feed them you have to bury their food so they can get at it. If you ever buy a dachshund be sure to ask for the shovel that goes with it.

PORT: I will. A funny thing happened when we passed the English setters.

ALLEN: Really?

PORT: Yes. All the dogs stood up and pointed at Mama.

ALLEN: But why should the bird-dogs point at your Mother.

PORT: Before Mama got married her maiden name was Partridge.

ALLEN: What a memory those dogs must have had. Was it cold at the Dog Show?

PORT: I guess so. A man kept going around defrosting the water spaniels.

ALLEN: Yes. A water spaniel will cube up on you if you don't watch him. Did you see any Boston Bulls at the show?

PORT: Those dogs with the Ubangi lips?

ALLEN: Yes.

PORT: Yes. We saw lots of those.

ALLEN: You have to be careful with a Boston Bull. It's lower jaw sticks out so far if you leave it out in the rain it will ship water and drown. If you ever buy a Boston Bull be sure to ask for the umbrella and stomach-pump that goes with it.

PORT: I'll remember.

ALLEN: Do that. Did your Mother buy any dogs at the Show?

PORT: She was going to buy a French Poodle but it was a fake.

ALLEN: The French Poodle was a fake? How could you tell?

PORT: Mama said "Comment allez-vous" to the dog.

ALLEN: Yes.

PORT: And it never even looked up.

ALLEN: It's a good thing your Mother didn't start talking Sealeyham. Or you'd have been arrested. Well, now that we've put on the dog what about our guest star?

PORT: She's the youngest xylophone virtuoso in the world.

ALLEN: You mean she's so small I'll have to hold her up for two choruses while she plays a number?

PORT: You'll have to ask her. Mr. Allen meet Miss Barbara Delrose.

ALLEN: Dood evening, Barbara.

BARB: Hello Mr. Allen.

ALLEN: How is itsy bitsy Babsy this dweat big booful evening.

BARB: If you're talking baby-talk for me, Mr. Allen, you can dispense with it.

ALLEN: I'm sorry, Barbara. You're so little I didn't know.

BARB: I stopped baby-talk years ago.

ALLEN: How old are you, Barbara?

BARB: I'm six and a half.

ALLEN: Six and a half. Well, I must say you don't look it. I have never seen anyone as well preserved at six and a half as you are Barbara Delrose.

BARB: Thank you, Mr. Allen.

ALLEN: Don't mention it. Why I've got a suitcase home that's only four years old and it's a mess. And here you are at six and a half as fresh as a daisy. It's frustrating.

BARB: What does that mean, Mr. Allen?

ALLEN: It's a word I picked up someplace. I'll put it back down again. Portland tells me, Barbara, that you are an expert on the xylophone.

BARB: I don't know if I'm an expert, Mr. Allen. But Mama says I'm good.

ALLEN: That's good enough for me. When a Mother says her little girl has talent, I'm convinced. When did you start playing the xylophone, Babs?

BARB: When I was four years old.

ALLEN: But how could you reach up to beat those splinters. You don't look tall enough to reach it now.

BARB: I can though.

ALLEN: Let me see. Just play a few notes.

BARB: (PLAYS FEW NOTES 'OH, JOHNNY, OH')



ALLEN: That's good enough for me. You had me a little worried, Barbara. You look like a fugitive from Edgar Bergen's knee. I thought I might have to piggyback you up and down to play a number.

BARB: No. I can play all right.

ALLEN: Tell me, Barbara, of all the instruments why did you choose the xylophone as an outlet for your musical talents?

BARB: That's kind of a long story, Mr. Allen.

ALLEN: Well, I sat through Gone With The Wind. I can take it. Shall we carry on?

BARB: I think Mama can tell it better than I can.

ALLEN: Where is your Mother?

BARB: Right there.

ALLEN: Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Delrose. And good evening.

MRS D. Good evening, Fred.

ALLEN: I didn't know you were Barbara's Mother. Uncle Jim, the Casanova of Jackson Heights, occasionally brings a nearsighted girl friend to the program. And plants her up against the microphone so she can see what's going on. The least Jim could do is get girls with good eyes or buy them glasses. Don't you think so?

MRS D: If you say so, Fred.

ALLEN: I do. And thank you, Mrs. Delrose for your implicit confidence in my judgment. But enough about Uncle J. Tell me, how did Barbara come to take up the xylophone?

MRS D: Well, my sister used to play. And she gave me an old xylophone, she had discarded.

ALLEN: I often wondered what people did with old xylophones. They give them to relatives. Do you think if your sister had given you a set of bagpipes that Barbara would be a squealing-pillow virtuoso today.

MRS. D: I doubt it, Fred. The xylophone intrigued the baby and she liked to try to play it.

ALLEN: Did she make any progress spanking the slats alone?

MRS D: Yes. She picked it up so quickly, and like the instrument so well, I took her to a teacher and she's been playing ever since.

ALLEN: I see. Has Barbara appeared professionally before.

MRS D: Yes. She's played at several clubs and private shows.

ALLEN: And are you planning a musical career for Barbara when she grows up?

MRS D: Yes, I am.

ALLEN: That's very nice. In years to come you can sit back in Carnegie Hall, look up on the stage. And there will be Barbara playing with old Phil Spitalny. Won't that be nice.

MRS. D: Yes, Fred. Only I hope the conductor is Stowkowski. *STW-KOW-SKI<sup>o</sup>*

ALLEN: Say, the way music is going. 20 years from now, who know, Borrah Minnevitich may be headman at Carnegie Hall. I don't know much about the xylophone, Mrs. Delrose. I did know a fellow who played one in vaudeville, years ago. He never took care of his xylophone though. Notes kept dropping off, playing small towns hungry woodpeckers would eat the notes off.

(MORE)

ALLEN:  
(CONT)

I met this fellow about ten years ago and his xylophone was down to eight notes. All he could play was Raggin' The Scales in one key.

MRS D:

And you haven't seen him since, Fred.

ALLEN:

Not until this morning, Mrs. Delrose. He's working here at N.B.C. Today, his xylphone is down to three notes (SING) Bong, Bong, Bong. How are you doing Barbara. You haven't dozed off while Mama and I were talking.

BARB:

No, Mr. Allen I'm wide awake.

ALLEN:

Fine. Are you anxious to play your solo and go to bed.

BARB:

No. I like to stand around and talk.

ALLEN:

Well, that's a woman's prerogative. I didn't know it asserted itself at such an early age. Do you go to school Barbara.

BARB:

Yes.

ALLEN:

You don't let your music interfere with your homework, do you?

BARB:

Oh, no. I get very good marks. I've skipped twice.

ALLEN: Fine. When I was a little boy they had to put brakes on me. I used to back up intellectually each year. Do you play any other instrument besides the xylophone.

BARB: Not yet. But I'm going to start studying the piano soon.

ALLEN: The piano's a lot easier. You can sit down when you play. The xylophone is nice but it's hard on the feet. And then again you don't have to carry your piano around.

BARBA: But I like the xylophone, Mr Allen.

ALLEN: I know, Barbara. But it's a risky business when you get older. I read about a concert xylophonist who gave a recital out in Hollywood. He broke his glasses and couldn't see his instrument. Before they could stop him he had played half of Liebestraum on the ribs of one of Bing Crosby's horses. The horse ran a race that afternoon and the xylophonist won by a nose. But I'm boring you Barbara. What are you going to play for us now.

BARB: The overture to Poet and Peasant.

ALLEN: Poet and Peasant is pretty long, Barbara.

BARB: I can shorten it a little.

ALLEN: I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll cut Poet and Peasant in halves. You play Poet tonight. And some other night you play Peasant. All right. Go right ahead.

BARB: (PLAYS POET AND PEASANT)  
(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: And now, Miss Wynn Murray, our little vocal pixie comes out the dell to sing for us just one Of Those Things.

(JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS" . . . . . WYNN MURRAY)

(APPLAUSE)

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

(SOUTH OF THE BORDER . . . . . ORCHESTRA)

HARRY: (FADE) The Fred Allen Hour continues after a brief  
pause for your station identification.

(STATION BREAK)

(MUSIC UP TO FINISH . . . . .)

HARRY: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, The Question of the Week!

(PANFARE)

HARRY: This is Mr and Mrs Average man's round table where three  
persons selected from our studio audience are invited to  
give their opinions on a question that concerns some  
prominent issue of the day. These little sessions are  
entirely unrehearsed. Fred takes his place at the round  
table where he meets his fellow debaters for the first  
time. Ready, Fred?

(QUESTION SPOT)

(BILLBOARD . . . . .)

(APPLAUSE)

ALLEN: And now The Merry Macs regale us with a song that concerns  
a tentative, supernatural appointment that involves the  
co-operation of Morpheus. The song I'll See You In My  
Dreams.

(I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS . . . . . MERRY MACS)

(APPLAUSE)

(THIRD COMMERCIAL)

("AFTER I SAY I'M SORRY" . . . . . ORCHESTRA")

ALLEN: Peter Pan Steeden and his Long Hairdoers have just concluded 'After I Say I'm Sorry'. And now, through the courtesy of the 'Morris Plan', we present the Mighty Allen Art Players. This is the first little theatre group to play a digest version of 'The Man Who Came To Dinner' and call it 'The Man Who Came To Hors D'oeuvre'. Tonight, they dramatize an episode found on the cutting room floor after a recent Charlie Chan picture had been released. It's called "When They Told Detective One Long Pan The Cat Was Missing. He Started a Poker Game And Presto There Was The Kitty".  
Music, Maestro, Please!

(ORCHESTRA . . . . "PEPPY NUMBER" . . . . FADES)

(HAND BELL RINGS TWICE)

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

JOHN: (ENGLISH) You rang, Mrs. Van Drone?  
MIN: Yes, Hillpot. Has Persian Lady lunched?  
JOHN: Persian Lady has been served, Mum. And beggin your pardon, Mum, I'm afraid your prize cat is a trifle indisposed.  
MIN: Indisposed, Hillpot? Good Heavens! The Cat Show is opening tomorrow.  
JOHN: Persian Lady barely touched her caviar ragout.  
MIN: And her filet of tomtit?  
JOHN: Sniffed it and turned away.  
MIN: Distressing, Hillpot. Did Persian Lady lap up her demi-tasse of champagne?  
JOHN: Not a lap, Mum. I served our best vintage. Chateau Lefkowitz '29.  
MIN: Oh, if Dr. Fink would only come.

JOHN: Dr. Orestes Fink, Mum?

MIN: The cat psychoanalyst. Yes. I called Dr. Fink in to psychoanalyze Persian Lady yesterday. He's bringing his report today.

JOHN: If I may say so, Mum, your cat has been a bundle of nerves lately, Mum.

MIN: I know. Persian Lady is overdeveloped mentally, Hillpot. She reads the tabloids. She broods. She does everything but talk.

JOHN: I hope she wins the \$50,000 prize at the Cat Show, Mum.

MIN: If Persian Lady doesn't win, Hillpot, I shall have to close the town house and join the Nouveau poor.

JOHN: You won't like it, Mum. I speak from experience.

MIN: I know. I have insured Persian Lady to guard against disaster.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

MIN: Ah. Dr. Fink is here. Show him in, Hillpot.

JOHN: Very good, Mum.

(DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: Ah. A neurotic good day, Mrs. Van Drone.

MIN: Doctor! Have you brought your report?

HARRY: Yes, Mrs. Van Drone. In psychoanalyzing Persian Lady yesterday, I overlooked one important thing. Your cat's reflexes.

MIN: You didn't tap her knees?

HARRY: No. I'll have to see Persian Lady Again, if I may.

MIN: Of course. Hillpot!

JOHN: On edge, Mum.

MIN: Bring Persian Lady to Dr. Fink, instantly.

JOHN: I'm fleeing, Mum.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MIN: What does your report show, Dr. Fink?

HARRY: Your cat, on one hand, is a mental giant, Mrs. Van Drone.

MIN: I know.

HARRY: On the other hand, Persian Lady is a whirlpool of inhibitions. She is a victim of faulty diet. She is suffering from mousophobia.

MIN: Mousophobia?

HARRY: The medical term for rodent deficiency. You feed your cat caviar, champagne and truffles.

MIN: Persian Lady is a feline aristocrat, Dr. Fink.

HARRY: She is also a cat. Persian Lady is lacking in vitamin F Sharp Major.

MIN: Vitamin F Sharp Major, Doctor?

HARRY: Is mousemeat, Mrs. Van Drone. Persian Lady craves mice. That cat should be fed a mouse at once.

(DOOR OPENS)

JOHN: Mrs. Van Drone! Mrs. Van Drone! It's ghastly!

MIN: Hillpot! Speak, Flunkey!

JOHN: Persian Lady is gone.

MIN &  
HARRY: Gone!

JOHN: Yes! I went to her bassinet, she wasn't there. I said "here, puss" discreetly several times. She didn't respond.

MIN: Yes.

JOHN: Then I saw the hole in the window. I knew she was gone.

HARRY: Catnapped!.

MIN: Good Heavens! Persian Lady gone! The \$50,000 prize lost. What shall I do?



HARRY: I'm calling the police!

(PHONE HOOK JIGGLES)

HARRY: Hello, operator! Get me police headquarters!

(START FADE) Hello Jay Edgar? Persian Lady has been  
catnapped. (OUT)

CHAS: (FILTER) Calling all cars! Calling Detective One Long Pan!  
Prize cat stolen from Van Drone residence. Calling One Long  
Pan. Get out of that taxi line with your police car, Long  
Pan! Report Van Drone mansion (FADE) Calling One Long Pan!

(SIREN UP ... BRAKES)

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Greetings, Gate. Let's fumigate. Detective One Long Pan  
Johnny-On-Spot. Long Pan oriental Gang-Buster. Only solve  
crime without commercial. (SINGS) Nyah, nyah, nyah, said I.  
J. Fox. Nyah, myah, myah my furs ain't free. Nyah, nyah,  
nyah.

MIN: Good heavens! A Chinese Merry Mac.

ALLEN: Long Pan not Merry Mac. Merry Mac swing. Long Pan not  
swing. Make criminal swing ally time, you bet, and how. Hy,  
students - yet's dance. Yet's go. Yet's dance. Yet's go  
Students.

HARRY: Call the butler, Mrs Van Drone. Have him throw out this yellow peril.

ALLEN: Ho! Ho! Not throw out peril. Roll out (SINGS) Roll out the peril. We'll have a peril of fun.

MIN: Now, see here, you oriental jitterbug.

ALLEN: Long Pan not fritterbug. Long Pan ace detective. You catchem gander on badge.

HARRY: F B I. Is that Federal Bureau of Investigation?

ALLEN: Not Fuller Brush Inspector. Let's go, kiddies. What is crime?

MIN: My prize cat, Persian Lady, has disappeared.

ALLEN: Furgin Lady disaffear. Catastrophe!

HARRY: Yes. Mrs Van Drone was counting on Persian Lady to win the \$50,000 prize at the Cat Show tomorrow.

ALLEN: Who are you misser Huff and Puff.

HARRY: I am Dr Crestes Fink, C P.

ALLEN: C P? Castinet Player?

HARRY: C P. is Cat Psychoanalyst, Winny.

MIN: Yes. Dr Fink is here to psychoanalyse my cat.

ALLEN: Tryto-tantalzie cat. Oh, you bad boy. You tease pussy. Who else here when cat disaffear, Missy Van Drone?

MIN: Just Dr Fink, myself and Hillpot, the butler.

ALLEN: What about husband? Your husband living?

MIN: My husband stays at the Union League Club.

ALLEN: Answer question, Missy. Husband living, or dead?

MIN: Well, Pegler yawned three months ago, but he hasn't moved since. We really won't know until the hot weather sets in.

ALLEN: You have guard for Furgin Lady?

MIN: No. Persian lady was insured. I did have a detective agency man here.

ALLEN: Pinkerton not stay?

MIN: No. He intimated my cat could take care of herself.

ALLEN: Detective intimate -

MIN: His exact words were "Madam, your puss will scare any thief out of the house".

ALLEN: Ho! Ho! Ho! Some smart crack.

(FIRE ENGINE BELLS ... FADE IN)

(POUNING ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

CHAS: Where's the fire? Quick, where's the fire?

ALLEN: Who are you, Misser Fire Helmet?

CHAS: I'm Mayor LaGuardia. Isn't there a fire here?

MIN: No. There's a catnapping here.

CHAS: Oh, shoot! The wrong house. Don't waste your water. And excuse me.

(DOOR SLAMS)

(FIRE BELLS ... FADE OUT)

ALLEN: Good old Fiorello. Little man who allatime there.

HARRY: Yes. They say the Mayor will ride 20 miles to see a hot-foot.

MIN: I hate to appear inquisitive, Gentlemen, but are we getting anywhere?

ALLEN: You bet. Long Pan whip into action. Long Pan concentrate, catchem clue. (SINGS) South of the border. The landlady stand. When boarder reach for second piece of meat. Get fork stuck in hand.

MIN: Will you stop that, John Charles Foo Yong?

HARRY: Yes. If you're a detective start detecting.

ALLEN: You bet start reflecting. Long Pan get inspiration. Where would Long Pan go, if Long Pan cat.

MIN: Good heavens, can you turn yourself into a cat?

ALLEN: Not kitten, Missy. Long Pan look in mirror, hypnotize Long Pan. Look me in eye Long Pan. Concentrate, Long Pan. You are cat. You are pussy. You - are (MEOWS)

HARRY: Great snakes. He's starting to look like a cat. A Chinese Maltese.

ALLEN: (MEOWS)

MIN: He's getting down on all fours.

ALLEN: (MEOWS)

MIN: Mr Long Pan!

ALLEN: (MEOWS)

(SCRATCHING ON DOOR)

HARRY: He's scratching on the door. He wants to go out. It may be urgent.

MIN: I'll open it.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: (MEOWS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

HARRY: Nimble neuroses! He's scampered on all fours into the library.

MIN: I do hope he finds a clue.

(SCRATCHING ON DOOR)

ALLEN: (OFF MIKE) (MEOWS)

HARRY: Leaping libidoes, Long Pan's back.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Heigh-Ho, Kiddies. Peekaboo!

MIN: Did you find Persian Lady.

ALLEN: No. Long Pan silly billy impersonate cat catchem false  
clue. Catch self try to eat copy Gone With Wind.

HARRY: But why should a cat try to eat Gone With The Wind?

ALLEN: Mebbe Rat in Rat Butler fool kitty.

MIN: If you're a detective, I'm Pinnochio.

ALLEN: I am detective.

MIN: Then I am Pinnochio.

HARRY: Who does that make me?

ALLEN: Mebbe Orson Welles.

HARRY: I am obediently yours.

ALLEN: Ho! Ho! You stop Orson round. Long Pan go into action.  
Mette Persian Lady hide. Long Pan examine room. Aha,  
three closet. Closet number one.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Ah, important clue. Chinaman in closet. Who are you,  
Misser Almond-eye?

CHAS: (CHINESE) I am Confucius.

ALLEN: Why you hide in closet, Confucius?

CHAS: Confucius say "Believe it, or not, I am waiting for  
Jinrishka"

ALLEN: Silly Billy. Long Pan close door.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MIN: Good Heavens! Who was that?

ALLEN: Who knows. Mebbe left in closet by lady who lived here  
before. Long Pan open second closet.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Holy Smoke! Second Chinaman! Who are you, Big Boy?

CHAS: : (CHINESE) I am Confucius.

ALLEN: What you do in second closet, Confucius?

CHAS: Confucius say "Man hide in closet, in suits, Man hide in  
bureau, in drawers."

ALLEN: Old stuff. Hokey-pokey. Long Pan close door.  
(DOOR CLOSES)

HARRY: It's uncanny. Strange Chinamen in both closets.

ALLEN: Mebbe air-condition service. Put in coolie system.  
Open third door.  
(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Holy smoke. Who are you?

CHAS: (CHINESE) I am Confucius.

ALLEN: Long Pan open three closet. Confucius in every closet.

CHAS: Yes. Confucius say "That's me all over."

ALLEN: Confucius nuts!  
(DOOR SLAMS)

ALLEN: Confucius have too much to say. Allatime Confucius say.  
All work and no say make Confucius more popular.

HARRY: Well. I've got to get back to my clinic. I'm  
psychoanalyzing a leopard at three.

ALLEN: Nobody leave this house. Long Pan grill everybody.  
Where is butler.

MIN: Hillpot is in the pantry chalking his dickey.

ALLEN: Philpot hocking icky. You call Philpot pronto.

MIN: I'll ring for him.  
(HAND BELL RINGS)

MIN: Hillpot will be right in.  
(DOOR OPENS)

JOHN: (ENGLISH) You rang, Mum?

ALLEN: You bet rang. You come clean, Sideburns. You pilfer pussy.

JOHN: No.

ALLEN: You lie, Flunkey. You kill cat, sell fur. You fess up.

JOHN: No, No. I'm innocent.

MIN: This is ridiculous. I'll vouch for Hillpot.

ALLEN: Says who? Who will vouch for you, Toots.

HARRY: I'll vouch for Mrs. Van Drone.

ALLEN: And who -

JOHN: I'll vouch for Dr. Fink.

ALLEN: Hold on. Long Pan lost in middle. Too much vouching. Sound like Bulova vouch time. Long Pan close in. Use third degree.

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

ALLEN: Ah! Knock on door. Maybe Confucius again outside. Long Pan open door.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: What you want, Buddy.

CHAS: (STRAIGHT) Is Mrs. Van Drone in.

MIN: I'm Mrs. Van Drone.

CHAS: I'm from the Neapolitan Insurance Company, Mrs. Van Drone.

ALLEN: You beat it, Buddy. Long Pan solving crime. You peddle insurance - butt in.

CHAS: Go chalk your cue, Moto. I got business with Mrs. Van Drone.



MIN: Yes. The Neapolitan has Persian Lady insured for \$100,000.

CHAS: Right. The company just heard your cat is missin, Mrs. Van Drone.

ALLEN: You bet missing. So what.

CHAS: I'm here to make a settlement.

MIN: You've brought my \$100,000.

CHAS: No. Here's what we'll do. You lost a cat, Right?

MIN: Yes.

CHAS: The company will replace this used cat with a brand new cat.

HARRY: Why that's ridiculous. Persian Lady was a prize cat.

MIN: Yes. You insured her for \$100,000. I want the money.

ALLEN: You bet. Cat business, not monkey business. Cough up, Buddy.

CHAS: Okay. You say you want the dough. Your cat was insured for \$100,000.

ALLEN: You bet.

CHAS: Right. A cat has nine lives. One life is missin. One ninth of \$100,000 is \$11,111.11. Here's your check.

MIN: This is preposterous. I want \$100,000, or nothing.

ALLEN: You bet. Pony up John Hancock.

CHAS: Only one ninth of your cat is missin.

HARRY: Where are the other eight ninths.

CHAS: I ain't here to argue fractions, Brother. I'm here to make an offer.

MIN: And I'm not taking it. I'll get a lawyer.

CHAS: My card, Lady.

ALLEN: You lawyer, too.

CHAS: The law's my profession, Brother. I'm sellin insurance to live. And confidentially Mrs. Van Drone, I can beat this case for yer.

MIN: If Long Pan doesn't find Persian Lady. I'll call you in the morning.

CHAS: I'll start workin on the Judge tonight, so long.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ALLEN: Ah. Insurance man important clue. Mystery solved.

MIN: At last! Who took Persian Lady, Long Pan.

ALLEN: You, Missy Van Drone. You need money. You insure cat. You kill cat collect money. Pretty slick.

JOHN: You're crazy, Long Pan. The cat was there when I served it's lunch.

ALLEN: Very good. Long Pan arrest you for murder. Caticide.

HARRY: If Hillpot killed the cat, who made the hole in the window.

MIN: Yes. When Dr. Fink sent Hillpot for Persian Lady. Hillpot found the hole.

ALLEN: Exactly. Long Pan arrest you Dr. Fink for murder, Purgin Lady.

HARRY: You're an imbecile.

ALLEN: You bet, windowsill. You climb windowsill make hole, steal cat.

JOHN: But Dr. Fink and Mrs. Van Drone were in this room when I found Persian Lady gone.

ALLEN: Long Pan plenty mixed up. Don't know self. Who am I?

HARRY: You're One Long Pan.

ALLEN: Very good. Now, who are you.

HARRY: I am Dr. Orestes Fink, the Cat Psychoanalyst.

ALLEN: Exactly. You here when cat disappear.

HARRY: Yes. I had psycho-analysed Persian Lady. She was melancholy. She was maladjusted.

ALLEN: Saladcustard.

HARRY: Yes. I traced the cat's melancholia to rodent deficiency. Mousophobia. Mrs. Van Drone refused to feed her mice, or tenement mink as they are sometimes called.

MIN: Mice, ugh! A plebian diet!

ALLEN: Aha! Long Pan pick up scent.

JOHN: At long last! You've got a clue?

ALLEN: And how clue. And I do mean clue. You lead Long Pan to scene of crime.

MIN: Persian Lady's suite is right next door.

JOHN: Yes. In here. This way, please.

(DOOR OPENS)

ALLEN: Aha! Some fancy stuff. Platinum saucer. Gold bed. What is piece of silk, on bed.

MIN: The cat's pyjamas.

ALLEN: Never mind slang, Toots. What is silk.

MIN: It's the cat's pyjamas. Designed for her by Schiaparelli.

ALLEN: Long Pan sleep in Mandarin coat. Cat sleep in Pyjamas. Funny world.

HARRY: There's the hole in the window.

ALLEN: Exactly. Broken glass not on floor. Hole cut inside, glass pushed out.

JOHN: But how was the hole cut.

ALLEN: Aha! Diamond ring on sill. Glass cut by diamond. Who left diamond.

MIN: I did. It's an old dirty diamond. Persian Lady liked to put it on her paw. I left it here for her to play with.

ALLEN: Exactly, cat cut hole in window with diamond. Crawl out Smart cat.

HARRY: Yes. Persian Lady's feline I. Q. was 97. Mousophobia was her only weakness.

ALLEN: Who left newspaper on floor.

MIN: It's the New York Times. Persian Lady liked to glance through it every morning.

ALLEN: Long Pan examine open page. You see this corner wet. Cat drool on paper. Mystery solved.

HARRY: What, again?

ALLEN: Exactly. Confucius say "Many times not necessary put nose in mousetrap to smell a rat."

MIN: But where is Persian Lady?

ALLEN: Long Pan check on watch. Persian Lady come home in exactly two minutes. We go back to parlor and wait.

MIN: This is absurd.

HARRY: He can't be wrong again, it's the law of averages. We may as well go back and wait.

MIN: Oh, all right.

(DOOR OPENS)

MIN: But I warn you, Long Pan, you'd better be right this time.

ALLEN: Long Pan rather be right than be President. No third term worry.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

ALLEN: Aha! Doorbell. As Confucius say "The cat came back".

MIN: I can't believe it. The door, Hillpot!

JOHN: Knob in hand, Mum.

(DOOR OPENS)

CHAS: Mrs. Van Drone? (MEOWS SEVERAL TIMES)

MIN: Persian Lady! Thank Heaven, you're back. Darling!

CHAS: (MEOWS)

MIN: Down Dear. Who brought Mother's pet home.

CHAS: I did, Lady. I'm the doorman at the Roxy Theatre. Your cat sneaked past me into the theatre. She climbed up on the stage and was jumpin at the screen. We finally subdued her and here she is.

MIN: Extraordinary. And you knew where she was, Long Pan.

ALLEN: Exactly. Dr. Fink say cat suffer Mousophobia. Starve for mice. Long Pan check open page newspaper Roxy ad wet. Cat mouth water.

HARRY: But why should a cat go to the Roxy Theatre.  
MIN: Yes. What picture are you showing, Doorman.  
CHAS: Of Mice and Men.  
ALLEN: Mice and Men, exactly. Mystery solved.  
MIN: You're a genius, Long Pan.  
ALLEN: You bet, Long Pan know everything. Long Pan Chinese  
John Kieran. (ROOSTER CROW) Go to sleep, America!

("BUMPER NUMBER" . . . . . ORCHESTRA)

FOURTH COMMERCIAL

ALLEN: And now, before the little man with the bells plays his obligato, may I remind you, Folks that next week we bring you skiing advice.

JOHN: When I'm coming down a hill and one ski flies off, what shall I do?

HARRY: Don't worry, you'll do it.

(CHORD . . . .)

ALLEN: Your SONG OF THE WEEK!

CHAS: (SINGS) Crazy, crazy, give me your answer do.

ALLEN: Psst. Lauritz. That's Daisy, Daisy - not crazy, isn't it.

CHAS: You don't know my girl, Bud. She's nuts.

ALLEN: Oh.

(CHORD . . . .)

ALLEN: And our guest will be.

HARRY: Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Luddmer, a guide at the Statue of Liberty. Is Miss Liberty's right arm tired? Who is she carrying the torch for? Tune in next week and save a trip down New York Harbor. Or take a trip down New York Harbor and save tuning in.

(CHORD . . . .)

ALLEN: And music!

("THEME" . . . . . ORCHESTRA)

ALLEN: Good night!

ANN: THIS IS THE WACKY BROADCASTING COMPANY.