



200,000

FOR BREAKFAST

with Tom Breneman

Tom Breneman's
200,000
FOR BREAKFAST

**TALES BY
TOM**



**CORN BY
CORN**



**BOBBLES
BY BOBBIE**



**CRACKS
BY CARL**



with an introduction by **MRS. BOB HOPE**



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Mrs. Bob Hope Laughs with Tom

INTRODUCTION by MRS. BOB HOPE

YOU'D expect a man who's had breakfast with a couple of hundred thousand women to be in the general condition of butter at a wartime rummage sale. . . . But Tom Breneman bears up amazingly well. . . . He's even bearing up well as this book—composed to a large extent of non-gentle ribbings of Mr. Tom—goes to press. . . . He does still more—he delights, in the following pages, in joining in the general idea . . . and ribs himself both in pictures and print. . . . I guess therein lies the two-fold secret of Tom's appeal and success. He's big enough to make himself the stooge to Mrs. America. And—he honestly gets just as much fun out of the daily Breakfast at Sardi's proceedings as he seems to get. . . . That laugh of his is as real as the hair he is content to pretend isn't real, might be a good way to explain my point. . . . I hope you'll find, as I did, that this little book succeeds in capturing some of the spirit of Tom and Breakfast at Sardi's . . . their wackiness and their tenderness . . . their morale-lifting genuineness . . . their throat-catches and their laughter.

Dolores Beade Hope
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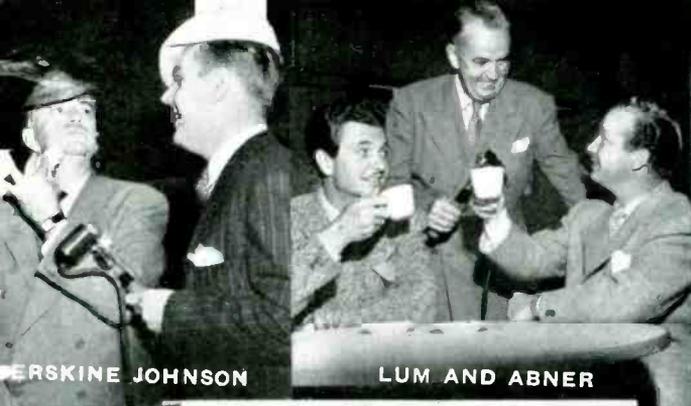


WHAT THIS BOOK *is all* ABOUT



FOR nigh on to three years now I've been breakfasting with several hundred ladies every weekday morning in Sardi's restaurant, at Hollywood and Vine in Hollywood. . . . Somebody has to grab the check for all those breakfasts! . . . So—we broadcast the little get-together. . . . We started out broadcasting to only a single station. Then to 13 stations on the Pacific Coast. And now our little shindigs go out to over 169 stations on the Blue Network. I guess there aren't many programs anywhere like ours. Because we just start from scratch every morning, with no rehearsal, no persons "planted" to come up with supposedly off-hand wisecracks, no script. . . . We have a lot of fun, I know. . . . And we spread a lot of cheer across the nation, I hope. . . . A heap of pretty interesting things crop out on such an informal program as ours. And we've received quite a lot of requests for pictures and accounts of some of those croppings. . . . So the Kellogg people asked me to get some of 'em into a book . . . candid shots of our goings-on, some of our guests' comebacks, announcers' introductions, best jokes gotten off by our old orchid-pickup character, Uncle Corny, and so forth. . . . Ladies, here's the book.

Men, about the gals' hats . . . when I wear 'em, I'm just kidding!



ERSKINE JOHNSON

LUM AND ABNER



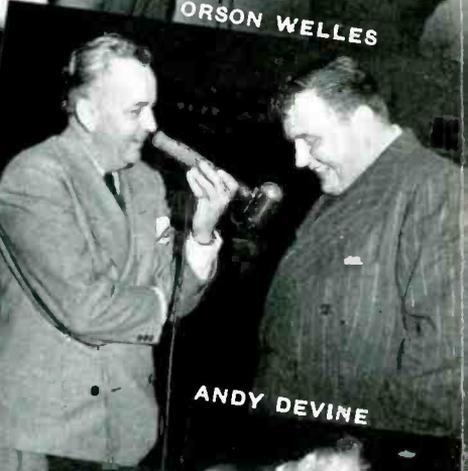
ORSON WELLES



MRS. FLORENCE
McCARTHY



THE WISHING RING



ANDY DEVINE



JIMMY DURANTE



HUGH HERBERT



MARILOU NEUMAYER



SAY "HELLO"

BREAKFAST *at* SARDI'S

Breaks that are fast Breaking Me

BY

TOM BRENNEMAN

Who, Me?

I was really floored by this one:

The oldest guest of the day was telling about the Los Angeles of 60 years ago, when now-remote Main Street was really the main stem of the town.

Suddenly, she turned to me, said:

"But YOU remember those days, don't you, Tom?"

Peppery Oldster

Going back to her table with our "eldest guest" orchid, a 90-some year-older started talking at a great rate with her friends.

"You'd better be quiet, or I'll have to put you out," I kidded her.

Replied she: "You'll have to catch me



first, young man—I'm full of that PEP you talk about."

Pun Fun

After chatting with everyone at the table, I discovered that two ladies sitting side by side who were strangers to each other were both named Mona.

Said one to the other: "Pleased to know you. When Tom walks away with that microphone we'll hold a Mona-logue!"

1943 Travel Comment

"I came out to Southern California for my health. And I'm getting to love it here," the woman said.

I asked: "How did you come out?"

"On the train," she replied.

"Guess you found things pretty crowded," I ventured.

"Why no, Tom, not at all."

"You didn't?" I squeaked, amazed.

"No, the train wasn't a bit crowded," she said with conviction. "It was a most pleasant trip."

"When did you come out?" I inquired, further amazed.

Said she: "In 1922."

The Letter

As regular listeners know, one of the features of our program is the awarding of a lovely Wishing Ring, designed especially for the show by famed Joseph of Hollywood.

In a very dramatic and intensely serious ceremony, we award the ring to one of our

guests, ask her to tell us what wish is closest to her heart, and then ask both our restaurant and air audiences to wish along with her that her wish comes true.

When I came to ask one Wishing Ring winner her wish, she exclaimed fervently, "Oh, I wish so much that I would receive a letter from my mother. I haven't heard from her in over three years."

Visions of war torn Europe flashed through my mind. And a wave of sympathy swept me, that this poor woman's mother couldn't even get word through to her daughter whether she were alive or dead.

"A most unselfish wish," I extolled. "But tell me—where is your poor mother?"

Came the choked answer: "Kansas City."

Another Wish

And then the Wishing Ring winner of a few days ago closed her eyes, breathed deeply, wished in a voice vibrant with longing:

"My wish is for a new set of tires."



Mr. Housewife

A woman always wins the Wishing Ring, naturally.

But one day, after I called the winning number, a huge, 250-pound man stood up, waving his ticket.

"I'm the winner," he roared.

"But mister," I explained. "You're not really entitled to the ring—you're no housewife."

"Is that so?" roared Mr. Big. "Listen, Tom, my wife runs a 10-ton crane for the Aluminum Corporation of America—while I stay home and do the housework. Look at my dishpan hands!"

P.S. He got the ring!

Today's Battery

The lady's name was Mrs. Pitcher Long. She remarked that six male members of her husband's family had been named Pitcher.

"Too bad they didn't have a Catcher in the family—then they would have had a ball team," I said.

But she topped me with: "I'm the Catcher—I caught one of the Pitchers."

Breakfast Hint

"What's your favorite a.m. fruit juice?" I asked a Breakfast at Sardi's guest.

Her answer: "Gin Rickey."

Is Radio Here to Stay?

The dear old lady said that her eyesight was bad, now, and that she couldn't read or knit any more.

"Well, I guess you get quite a joy out of your radio then," I ventured.

"Oh, no," she said, "I never listen to the thing."

Pick-a-Back?

The lady said she originally came from the east, but that she had lived in Los Angeles twenty years.

I asked: "Just what brought you out to California in the first place, Mrs. Haggard?"

She replied: "My husband."

Travel by "Air"

I asked a boy at our Servicemen's Table how he got to Hollywood from his camp.

"By air, sir," he replied.

"Well—it's nice that you got to save precious furlough hours by flying," I commented.

"Who said anything about flying?" he wanted to know. "I mean by the 'air you

going my way' route. By the good old thumb!"

Off Mike

I don't think the mike "picked up" this crack—but it was one of the fastest ever gotten off at one of our morning get-togethers.



After interviewing three grand old girls all of whom were 89 years old, I said in adieu: "Stick around after the program and we'll all go stepping."

At that a woman sitting in a far corner managed to squeal through her laughter: "You wolf!"

Attention Lockheed

I told another 89 year older that she certainly didn't look that old.

"Well, I can prove it," she said. And she could—and did. She opened her purse on the spot, and produced her birth certificate!

"That was pretty wise, bringing your birth certificate along for proof so you'd win the eldest guest orchid," I said.

"Oh, I always carry it with me," she grinned. "Never know when I'll want to get a job in a defense plant."

Argue Over What?

A woman said that she and her husband always argued over who should get up and give the baby his bottle at 2 a.m. feeding time.

I asked an older woman sitting next to her who in her family had got up to feed the babies at night.

"Well," she mused, "it certainly wasn't my husband. You see, we didn't have bottles in those days!"

Night Owl

The little bent 80-year-old shook her head as she stepped up to receive her orchid for being our eldest guest of the morning.

"I don't feel very well," she explained. "My girl friend—she's 79—and I were so excited about coming to Breakfast at Sardi's that we couldn't sleep—so we sat up most of the night playing rummy."

"Do you play gin rummy?" I questioned.

Said she: "No, we play without the gin—we don't need it."

Teamwork

Two sisters sitting side by side at the same table revealed that they were married to two brothers.

Said one sister: "My husband works at Lockheed—hers is a chiropractor."

Said the other sister: "You see—one of them loosens and the other one tightens."

Was My Face Sandy!

We couldn't get a stork to slow up deliveries and attend our last Breakfast at Sardi's anniversary broadcast—so a huge ostrich substituted.

I fed Mr. Ostrich a lot of oranges. Then he apparently mistook my round-headed microphone for another orange, took a powerful peck at that.



The studio engineer's log for the day read:

"Sardi's—8:17 a.m.—some noise—ostrich tried to eat 88A microphone."

Rocking Chair Ain't Got Me

What's your guess as to how a little 83-year-old lady spends her hours?

I asked that aged Mrs. Roberts that question at Sardi's, and she came back with:

"Why, I just play around all the time, Tommy."

A Whopper

The big, slow-spoken man said: "We came over here this morning, Tommy, to celebrate. Wife here and I were married 56 years ago today."

"That's grand," I congratulated. "Where did you go on your honeymoon?"

Said un-wordy Mr. Smith:

"Went fishin'."

Fan

Long, long ago, we had a coffee sponsor prospect eyeing Breakfast at Sardi's. And, to show him that our audience would give him a send-off via grocers' shelves if he came on our show, we asked our BLUE Network listeners to write in and say they'd buy the coffee (unnamed) if it were signed up.

We got a whale of a lot of letters—apple boxes of 'em, thanks be. But the one I got the biggest kick out of was from a woman who wrote:

"Breakfast at Sardi's program: I will be very glad to use your coffee if it's anything like your master of ceremonies—because I always use drip."

Departmental

Our mail really is another story in itself. But here's another sample. I'll pass it along to the *New Yorker*—if they'll create a Department of Utter Despondency, or some such, for it.

A Hood River, Oregon, housewife won a record album awarded as a prize on one of our programs.

And wrote me this letter: "Dear Tom: Thanks so much for the lovely record album. It's the second prize I won in over 10 years of entering contests. All the records were broke when the package arrived. But that doesn't matter—at least I won. The other prize I won, about 20 years ago, was a huge case of canned milk. We had 17 cows at the time."

Secret Weapon?

Ninety-seven year old Mrs. M. B. was one of the sprightliest guests we ever had the pleasure of entertaining, and being entertained by.

Sample bit of sprightliness: She related that she had lived through five wars. During one of the early ones, she heard of a woman who went to a store to purchase candles. The storekeeper told her their price. She objected that was five cents more than she had paid for candles the previous week.

The storekeeper explained, "But there's a war going on, madam."

And Mrs. B. recalled that the shopper replied to that with: "Good heavens, man, don't tell me they're fighting it by candle-light!"

Ouch!

Guest Lou Nova, world's fight crown challenger, was telling us that the hardest blow he ever received was delivered by Max Baer.

It left a nick on his ear, Nova said. And he added that when his son was born recently, the little lad had a similar nick on the same ear.

"Yes," observed Lou, with great respect, "Max hit me so hard that that punch is passing from generation to generation."

Friendship

They howled at this one:

A guest mentioned that she had left her several very young children home, to come down and take part in our program.

"You don't mean you left them home alone?" I asked.

"Oh, my no," the guest protested into the microphone. "I left them in very good hands."

She paused, then concluded with genuine seriousness:

"My husband's ex-wife came over to take care of them."

Advice

Here's a hair-raiser a grand young 80-year-old got off—about my hair:

She started the hair stuff, as I pinned an orchid on her smartly tailored coat.

"Don't let them bother you with their talk about your hair coming out," she consoled. "You've got plenty of hair yet."

Then she said: "And here's some advice,

if your hair does start to thin out, just you take Carter's Little Liver Pills, young man."

Comeback

Awarding an orchid to another 80-year-old guest, I inquired:

"Do you remember what your husband said to you when he proposed?"

Without an eye-blink she came back, "That's my own affair, young man."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I excused. "I shouldn't have asked that—I make it a point to never get personal on this program."

"I know different," said my lively little guest with a grin. "I listen to you all the time—and most of the time you're pretty nosev."

The Big Blow

You may have heard of the "Blow the man down" campaign we started on Breakfast at Sardli's a while back.



A Trio of Oldies—Tom with Oldest Twins, Mrs. Helen DuBois and Mrs. Ellen Teeter

The idea was that if a motorist whizzed by you at a speed much in excess of 35 miles per hour, you'd give him three short toots and a long blast on your horn, to remind him that his speed wasn't doing much to aid victory.

The movement caught on nicely—was even officially approved in Washington. But I heard of one series of toots that backfired.

A Jacksonville, Florida, listener wrote that he tried to "blow down" a car that careened by him. The car screeched to a stop, backed up. In it were a couple of police officers.

Believe it or don't, they gave my disciple a traffic ticket for violating the city's anti-noise ordinance!

Verboten

I caution our guests about three things before we hit the air each morning: there must be no reference to military informa-



tion, no reference to the weather, and no one must speak in a foreign tongue.

Talking with lovely screen actress Osa Massen, I asked her where in Europe had she gone to college.

"I don't dare tell you," she said, "for the name of the college is so long that someone might think I was speaking an alien tongue, and cut us off the air!"

Queen

Loveliest of queens these old eyes have seen in many a year was the stately charmer who flew down from Washington state to tell our Breakfast in Sardi's audience about Wenatchee's famed Apple Blossom Festival.

And she proved as quick on the verbal draw as she was easy on the eyes.

Trying to wax facetious during our interview, I mentioned that I, too, came from a great apple country—Pennsylvania. I told her we had huge apples back there, some perhaps twenty inches in circumference. And asked her whether they had anything like that up in Washington.

Back came her answer, with queenly dispatch: "Not exactly—you see, we don't go in for growing little crabapples like that in Washington."

To Coin a Phrase

Bobby Batuga, the lovable little Filipino who serves as assistant maitre de at Sardi's, is enlisting in the army, and expects to see service soon with a Filipino contingent from the States.

Bobby used to do some classy fisticuffing in Coast rings, and will give Mr. Jap a load of trouble if he gets a little swinging room.

I wanted to chat with Bobby about the army during a recent program, but the modest, grinning little fellow wouldn't be drawn out.

"We were told not to talk about our enlistments, Mr. Brenemans," he said with his appealing accent that's almost not an accent.

As I stood absorbing that intelligent reprimand, Bobby added:

"But I will say this, Mr. Brenemans, I'm pleased as punches."



*Tom and his Oldest Guest, 100 year old Mrs. Elizabeth Wood
... and below one of his prettiest, Anita Colby*





"Uncle Cory"

JOKES (?) BY CORNY

On His Cow and Farm

CORNY: Sorry I'm late, Tommy. I was busy out on the farm, collectin' cream puffs.

TOM: That is silly. How can you collect cream puffs on a farm?

CORNY: My cow smokes!

☆

CORNY: Been spendin' most of my spare time down at my farm. Just this mornin' I sat in a big tub of milk and played with my yo-yo.

TOM: You sat in a big tub of milk and played with your yo-yo? That's silly!

CORNY: Do you know an easier way to make butter?

☆

CORNY: Sure had some trouble out on the farm this mornin'. That electric milkin' machine I got broke—so I hooked up ma's permanent wave machine instead.

TOM: Permanent wave machine? Did it work?



CORNY: Nope—and from now on I'm gonna have to milk bossie with a cork screw!

☆

CORNY: I'm late this mornin' cause I had to brand my three calves. It takes time to pile 'em up on top of each other.

TOM: You pile them on top of each other to brand them?

CORNY: Sure—I use carbon paper.

☆

CORNY: I think my dog's sore at me. Do you know that he hasn't spoken to me for a month?

TOM: What? A talking dog? That's amazing. How old is this dog that hasn't spoken to you for a month?

CORNY: A month.

☆

CORNY: My chickens don't lay very well. I even tried to coax one of 'em by puttin' a glass egg under her.

TOM: Did the glass egg work?

CORNY: Nope—instead of eggs, she laid a forty watt bulb.

☆

CORNY: Did I tell you I changed my cow's name. I now call her Japan.

TOM: Japan? That's a strange name. Why do you call her Japan?

CORNY: Cause she's afraid of the yanks!

☆

CORNY: I've got lots of flowers in my garden . . . an' are they growin' fast.

TOM: They're really growing fast, eh?

CORNY: Yep—my tiger lilies are so big I gotta have Frank Buck water 'em.

CORNY: My Victory Garden is comin' along right scrumptious. I'm raisin' mashed potatoes, you know.

TOM: Now wait a minute, Corny. How do you raise MASHED potatoes?

CORNY: Easy. You just take a regular potato, and plant it with a hammer!

☆

CORNY: Been havin' trouble with my cow. You see, I've been feedin' her a new grade of alfalfa . . . and it's plenty rich.

TOM: Why should that cause you trouble?

CORNY: Well, this new alfalfa contains so much iron, every time I milk her she bongs! The other day I milked her real fast, and she played "The Anvil Chorus."

☆

CORNY: Yep, my hired hand out on the farm left me . . . on account of the cold.

TOM: On account of the cold? It's no colder on the farm this year than usual.

CORNY: Nope—but he listened in on the wireless set and heard that everybody workin' on the farm was to be frozen this year.

☆

CORNY: Gotta new idea for my farm. I'm goin' to plant some razor blades right along with my wheat.

TOM: Razor blades and wheat? That I don't understand.

CORNY: Well, I wanta make sure my bread comes up sliced.

☆

CORNY: Just put in a new sink out at the old farmhouse . . . and it has no drain-pipe. But I like it fine.

TOM: Like it? But how will that keep you clean?

CORNY: This way I can wash my hands and feet at the same time.

☆

CORNY: My crops are comin' along fine. I think. In one field I planted beans, and

some corn on top of them . . . and then some more beans, and then more corn on top of beans . . . and . . .

TOM: Wait a minute, Corny. You're not supposed to plant corn and beans together.

CORNY: Do you know a better way to raise succotash?

☆

CORNY: Decided to speed up things out at the farm. So I put roller skates on my cow.

TOM: That's ridiculous . . . roller skates on a cow?

CORNY: Yep. I put on FIVE skates. One for each leg and one under her stomach.

TOM: Now wait a second, Corny. A cow needs only four skates. What's the idea of putting one under her stomach?

CORNY: She's got short legs!

☆

CORNY: That cow of mine has been givin' me lots of excitement. When I tried to put her through a ringer, she refused.

TOM: And why not? Why should anyone want to put a cow through a ringer?

CORNY: I just wanted to make sure there'd be no more lumps in the buttermilk.

☆

CORNY: Knitted my cow a pair of slacks over the weekend. I'm an expert knitter, you know.

TOM: A pair of slacks? How can you milk a cow that's wearing slacks?

CORNY: I'm a pickpocket, too.

☆

CORNY: Out at my farm last night, I took one of 'em milk showers like Anna Held.

TOM: Wait a minute, Corny. You mean milk BATH. How can anyone take a milk SHOWER?

CORNY: It's easy. All you gotta do is hoist a cow over your head and start milkin'.

CORNY: Was out on the farm yesterday. I'm worried about my cow—she's a little swaybacked.

TOM: Swaybacked?

CORNY: Yessir . . . her stomach rests so low on the ground, every time she takes a step she pole vaults!



His Views of Tom

CORNY: To be absolutely frank, Tommy, you look terrible. Every day you get uglier and uglier.

TOM: But how do I look today?

CORNY: Well, today you look like TOMORROW.



CORNY: I don't think they treat you right here, Tommy. Every time the announcer says you're a bald, fat man the ladies laugh.

TOM: Yes . . . it's all wrong.

CORNY: It certainly is . . . that's no way to treat a bald, fat man!



TOM: You say you don't like my program, Corny. What's wrong with it?

CORNY: Oh, nothin' a little Chanel No. 5 couldn't cure.



TOM: I get a lot of kidding on my age, Corny. Just how old do you think I am?

CORNY: Oh, I'd say about thirty-one.

TOM (Joyous, elated, enthused—and why not?): Do you really think I'm about thirty-one?

CORNY: Nope—but you sure had a lot of fun for a minute, didn't you, son?



CORNY: A little while ago I listened to you talkin' about Soup . . . and now I'm talkin' to you.

TOM: What about it?

CORNY: From soup to nuts!



TOM: Do you have the nerve to stand there and hint that I have only a few hairs on my head?

CORNY: Well, you're the only man I know who uses a mirror with a built-in toupee.



CORNY: You're not lookin' very good, sonny. Why, look at them circles under your eyes!

TOM: I have no circles under my eyes.

CORNY: Oh, no? From where I'm standin' your nose looks like it's ridin' a bicycle.



CORNY: Your face looks drawn.

TOM: It does?

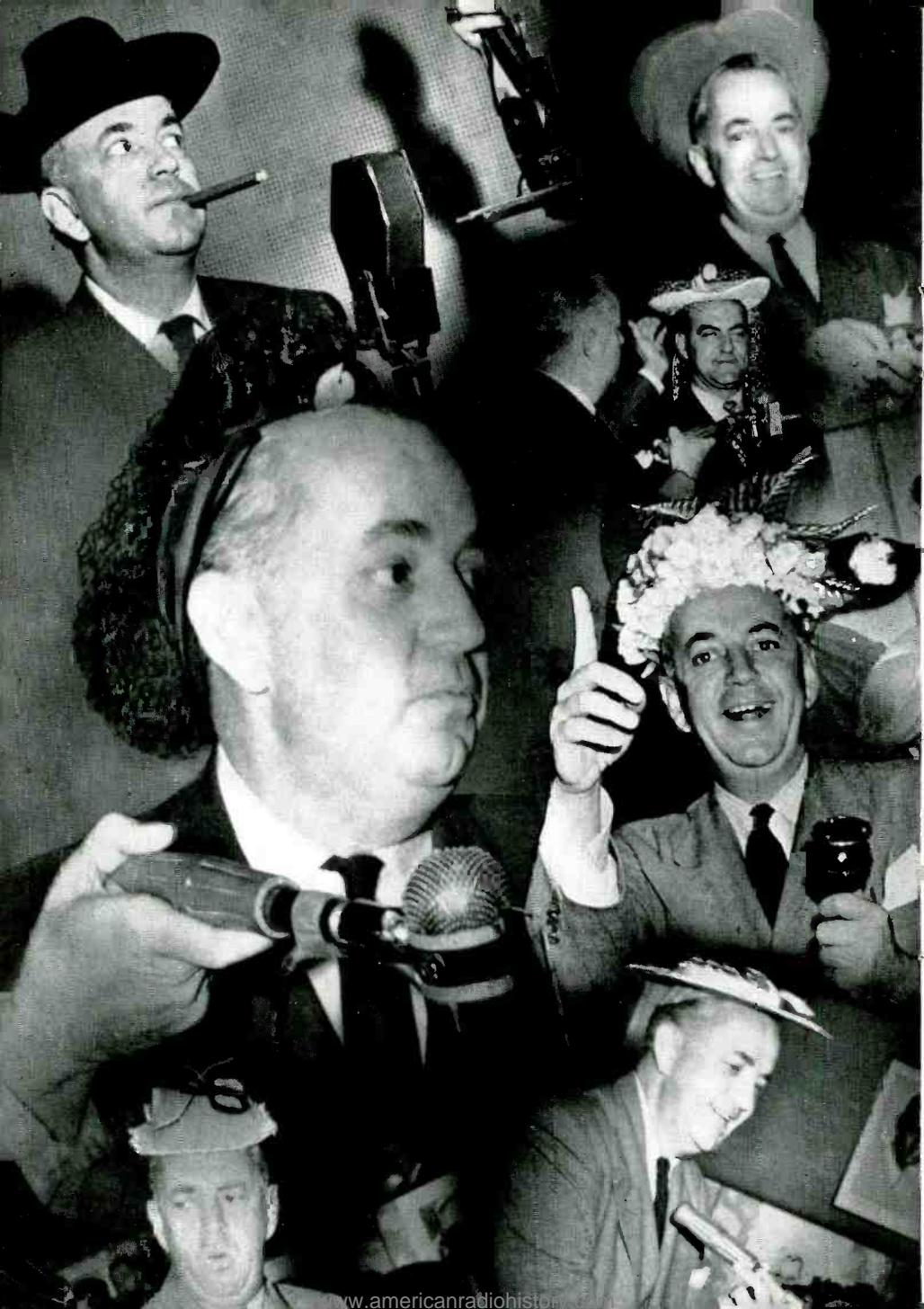
CORNY: Yep—drawn by Ripley.



CORNY: Hello, Roquefort.

TOM: Now wait a minute, Corny. Roquefort is a foreign cheese.

CORNY: Well, what are you—local stuff?





CORNY: Nope, I don't think I'll go to the dentist. Maybe this loose tooth will fall out by itself.

TOM: Don't be silly, Corny. Nothing falls out by itself.

CORNY: Oh, no? What about that stuff on top of your head?

☆

TOM: Corny, I know you'll be glad to tell our listening audience that I'm not fat.

CORNY: Oh, no? The other day two near-sighted old ladies hopped on your back with bus tickets and said, "Let us off at Albuquerque, please."

☆

CORNY: Say, you're always makin' cracks about MY age . . . just how old are YOU, Tommy?

TOM: Well, I'm on the sunny side of thirty, Corny.

CORNY: Why you've been on the sunny side of thirty so long you're beginnin' to peel!

☆

About Himself

CORNY: Yep, it's true that I was in the Civil War. But I was neutral.

TOM: You were neutral?

CORNY: Yeah . . . I sold cigars and cigarettes to both sides!

☆

TOM: Corny, you can't expect me to believe that buses are so crowded people are always standing on your feet.

CORNY: Well, I didn't *always* wear open toe shoes!

☆

CORNY: Don't feel too pert this mornin'. I ate too many persimmons.

TOM: What in the world were you eating a lot of persimmons for?

CORNY: Well, sir, was tryin' to pucker up my stomach to fit my ration book.

CORNY: I'm tryin' to ge' a job as a pilot. Yesterday they took me up for a test ride, an' as soon as the plane began to move, my face got all red.

TOM: Scared, huh?

CORNY: Nope, my suspenders got caught in the propeller!

☆

CORNY: I may be leavin' the program soon, somy. Looks like the army's got me in the eighteen-nineteen draft.

TOM: Come now, Corny. You're not in the eighteen-nineteen draft.

CORNY: Oh, no? Look at my birth certificate. Born January 10, 1819.

☆

TOM: Say, Corny, there's one thing you never did tell me. How did you ever get the name of Corny?

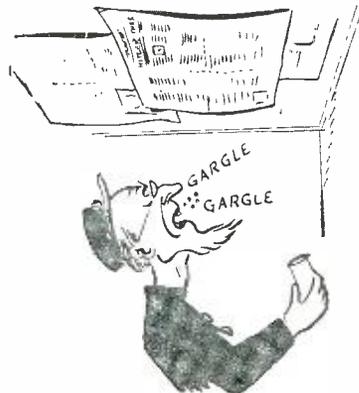
CORNY: Well, I come from Iowa, where the corn grows tall. What's your excuse?

☆

CORNY: Got paste all over me, 'cause I just finished pastin' newspapers up on my bathroom ceilin'.

TOM: Pasting newspapers on your ceiling?

CORNY: Yep—I like to read while I'm garglin'.





*Paul Whiteman Puts Tom up to Talk
to Lockard Martin*

She wins a professional make-up kit



*Brenda and Cobina finally get their man
Kay Kyser meets Tom and says "So Long
Evvabody?"*



CORNY: I've had such bad dreams that I've been takin' pills. One night I took a red pill . . . next night I took a green one . . . and last night I took a purple one.

TOM: Did that put an end to your nightmares?

CORNY: Nope—but now I see my dreams in technicolor!

☆

CORNY: I used to be an expert miner. . . . I'll never forget when I stuck that big vein.

TOM: What happened?

CORNY: I was bleedin' for twenty minutes!

☆

CORNY: Boy, it sure was windy last week.

TOM: Well, that's what happens in the month of March.

CORNY: Yep—it was so windy, I stuck my hands up to stretch . . . and the next thing I knew I was comin' in at Lockheed airport!

☆

CORNY: Last night I had an awful nightmare. I sleep walked in my pajamas all the way to the Palladium. But they wouldn't let me in.

TOM: Why not?

CORNY: No necktie!

☆

CORNY: I'm not feelin' so good. Guess it must be my bum leggo.

TOM: No, Corny—you mean LUMBAGO.

CORNY: I mean BUM LEGGO—I caught my foot in a bear trap!

☆

CORNY: Yep, I sure had a ride with that test pilot. He did some Immelmans . . . then he went into a barrel roll . . . and ended up by going into a tail spin.

TOM: That's quite a routine . . . that's enough to make anyone dizzy.

CORNY: Dizzy? When I stepped out of that plane my eyes were in single file!

CORNY: Boy, what a Sunday I had! Thirty-six holes of golf . . . six sets of tennis . . . four miles of hiking . . . five rounds of boxing and nine innings of baseball.

TOM: Now, Corny—don't tell me you went through all that in one day!

CORNY: Yep—them newsreels sure are excitin'!

☆

TOM: You must feel swell this morning, Corny—with that big smile.

CORNY: Who's smilin'—I got some new teeth and they're a size too big.

☆

CORNY: I thought I'd brush up on my marksmanship yesterday . . . so I went out to an army camp. Practiced shootin' for three hours on the rifle range.

TOM: Did you hit anything?

CORNY: Yeah . . . do you know how to stuff a three star general?

☆

CORNY: I been feelin' kind of run down lately . . . and I've even been takin' vitamin pills. But they don't help.

TOM: Maybe it's your diet. What have you been eating?

CORNY: Oh, do you have to eat when you take vitamin pills?

☆

TOM: Why, Corny, you haven't gone to the dentist as you promised you would. One side of your jaw is still swollen.

CORNY: Yep, one side of my face looks like Abbott and the other side looks like Costello.

☆

CORNY: Yep, I lost my teeth . . . haven't been able to eat for three days . . . think I must have swallowed 'em.

TOM: Swallowed your teeth? What makes you say that?

CORNY: Well, every time Ma starts cookin' my stomach starts clickin'!

CORNY: There you go again, askin' me my age. All I'll say to that is that I'm at the perfect age.

TOM: The perfect age?

CORNY: Yep—young enough to read Superman . . . and old enough to read Esquire!



His Inventions

CORNY: My latest invention is a piece of soap with a hole in the middle.

TOM: A cake of soap with a hole in the middle?

CORNY: Yep—with my soap, people won't have to worry what to do with the little piece that's always left over.



CORNY: I invented a new shavin' cream that does away with blades.

TOM: That's certainly interesting. How does it work?

CORNY: Well, this shavin' cream makes your beard grow on the inside—and all you have to do is bite it off!

CORNY: I've invented a new kind of umbrella. It's got holes in it.

TOM: That's silly. What's the idea of putting holes in an umbrella?

CORNY: So people can tell when it stops rainin'.



CORNY: I'm quite an inventor, you know.

My latest is a mattress filled with sauerkraut.

TOM: A mattress filled with sauerkraut . . . ?

CORNY: Yep . . . that's for people who like to eat hot dogs in bed.



CORNY: I've got a new invention . . . a new kind of spot remover . . . somethin' completely different.

TOM: What on earth could be new about a spot remover?

CORNY: Well, my spot remover removes the spot left by other spot removers!

The Seven Dore Sisters—Ages 60 to 84



His Wife, Family and Relatives

CORNY: I'm sore 'cause my wife just got transferred, out at Lockheed. She was buildin' bombers and now they've got her buildin' them plywood planes.

TOM: Why be sore about that?

CORNY: Doggonit, I gotta trade this brand new rivet gun in on an old woodpecker!

☆

CORNY: Been helpin' my wife clean house. This mornin' I took down all the venetian blinds and put them in the washin' machine. Then I turned on the switch.

TOM: Venetian blinds in a washing machine?

CORNY: Yep. Do you know anybody who wants to buy six thousand toothpicks?

☆

CORNY: Let the rainy weather come. I'm ready for it. My wife knitted me a wool raincoat.

TOM: A woolen raincoat? But doesn't it shrink in the rain?

CORNY: Yep—the last time I was out in a storm, it shrunk so I had to walk sittin' down.



TOM: Good morning, Corny. What's cookin'?

CORNY: Me . . . my wife just gave me a hot foot!

☆

CORNY: I'm all mixed up about food these days. Can't find out what things are.

TOM: That sounds strange—what do you mean?

CORNY: Every time I ask my wife what we're havin' for dinner she says: "A pointless vegetable and a can of creamed eight-point red coupon . . . and don't leave your No. 17's in the middle of the settin' room."

☆

CORNY: My wife just took a job as a designer at Lockheed.

TOM: What did she do before she married you?

CORNY: She was a ladies' hat designer.

TOM: Sort of went from one extreme to the other.

CORNY: Yep—if you happen to see a P-38 with a snood on it, that's her first mistake.

☆

CORNY: My uncle had a terrible accident the other day . . . by mistake he put in his lowers upside down.

TOM: What happened?

CORNY: Before we could stop him, he ate up half his beard!

☆

CORNY: My wife bought me a beautiful snakeskin belt . . . but I can't wear it . . . it embarrasses me.

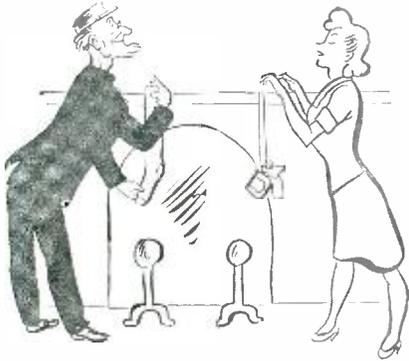
TOM: That's silly. How can a snakeskin belt embarrass you?

CORNY: Well, every time he opens his mouth his pants fall down!

CORNY: Yep, I hung up my stockin' for Santa Claus. . . . But my wife just hung up an empty bottle.

TOM: An empty bottle instead of a stockin'?

CORNY: Yeah . . . she's wearin' leg makeup this year.



☆

TOM: Your wife was telling me how you help her around the house. She says you get a big kick out of using that new vacuum cleaner you gave her for Christmas.

CORNY: Yep. But it's kinda powerful. You shoulda seen the way it swallowed up ma's false teeth.

TOM: It did?

CORNY: Yeah, and it was the first time I saw a Hoover smile since 1928!

☆

CORNY: I'm no flyer . . . I even get sick when I lick an air mail stamp.

TOM: Well, it doesn't take long to learn to fly. Today an air cadet can get his wings in about five months.

CORNY: That's nothin'. I had an uncle who stepped out on Hollywood Boulevard and got his wings in thirty seconds!

CORNY: I was out late last night—but my wife kept a light burnin' in the window for me.

TOM: A light in the window? That must mean she really cares. . . .

CORNY: Nope—she's a welder at Lockheed, and she was doin' some homework!

☆

CORNY: Got a letter from my son—ya know, the flyer down in the South Pacific. He's the black sheep of the family. When he went to school he never got a passin' mark, and I don't think he's changed.

TOM: What makes you think he's still dumb?

CORNY: Well, in his last letter he wrote that he got six more Zeros.

☆

CORNY: Guess I'd better get my wife a present, to make up. And I know what to get her. She's been nuts about a fur coat.

TOM: You mean you're going to get her a fur coat?

CORNY: No . . . the nuts.

☆

CORNY: My wife sure likes your program. You know, there's nothin' she'd rather do than sit in the kitchen listenin' to the radio, and peeling onions and garlic.

TOM: Peeling onions and garlic? Isn't that kind of a strong odor?

CORNY: Yep, but she don't notice it, while your program is on.

☆

CORNY: My wife asked me to make a New Year's resolution not to flirt with girls on Hollywood Boulevard any more. But I refused. Then she started walkin' toward me with a rollin' pin.

TOM: What happened?

CORNY: Came the resolution!



As Xavier Cugat Sees Tom

CORNY: Walked all over yesterday tryin' to buy my wife a present.

TOM: I understand the stores nowadays are crowded with shoppers.

CORNY: That they are, Tommy. One store I was in was so crowded I started to scratch my back—and four people said “thank you”!



CORNY: Went shoppin' yesterday and bought my wife a fox jacket.

TOM: Genuine fox, Corny?

CORNY: Of course, it's real fox!

TOM: Silver?

CORNY: Nope . . . terrier! Now when she says she's puttin' on the dog, she ain't kiddin'.



Essie Barrett and Orson Welles having Breakfast at Sardi's

His Romances

CORNY: I would of had a better time at the dance last night if the floor wasn't so slippery.

TOM: Was the floor too slippery, Corny?

CORNY: Was it? I was still dancin' five minutes after the music stopped.



TOM: Let me give you a tip, Corny. You don't have to chase women. There's romance in the sky . . . romance in the stars . . . romance in the moon . . .

CORNY: Say, ain't you got somethin' within walkin' distance?

CORNY: This spring weather is great—makes you want to go out and do big things.

TOM: You can't fool me, Corny . . . you're interested in nothing but fishing and hunting. . . . I can read your mind like a book.

CORNY: You'll find some women on page three, Tommy boy!

☆

CORNY: Them stores are sure crowded with Christmas shoppers. You know these dolls that yell "Mama" when you squeeze them?

TOM: Yeah?

CORNY: Well, I squeezed one.

TOM: Did she yell "Mama"?

CORNY: Nope . . . this one yelled "Floor-walker"!

☆

CORNY: I'm just at that awkward age.

TOM: The awkward age?

CORNY: Yep. I'm young enough to smile at Hedy LaMarr . . . but too old to have her smile back at me.

☆

CORNY: I spent the evenin' at Earl Carroll's, admirin' them beautiful gals.

TOM: Beautiful gals! Why, I'm surprised at you, Corny. Didn't you know that beauty is only skin deep?

CORNY: Well, that's deep enough for me . . . I'm no cannibal!

☆

CORNY: Had a lot of fun at the beach yesterday. Boy, did I have fun! Ann Sheridan was lyin' right next to me . . . and they buried her in the sand.

TOM: They buried Ann Sheridan in the sand?

CORNY: Yeah—and in thirty seconds, half the beach joined the United Mine Workers' Union!

His Thoughts

on Things in General

CORNY: Boy, am I mad! Last night I didn't have enough gasoline in my ol' car to git around—so I poured a couple of gallons of beer in the tank.

TOM: Didn't the car run?

CORNY: Sure, it ran all right . . . but, dog-gonit, a cop gave me a ticket for havin' bloodshot headlights!

☆

CORNY: Know anythin' about algebra?

TOM: A little. X plus X equals two X.

CORNY: That's the old fashioned algebra. Our air force is teachin' the flyin' cadets a new kind. Zero plus P-38 equals Zero Zero!

☆

TOM: Today's Lincoln's birthday. You've heard of Honest Abe Lincoln.

CORNY: What makes you think he was honest?

TOM: Corny—everybody knows that!

CORNY: Well, if he was so honest, why do they close the banks on his birthday?



TOM: Lincoln deserves your tribute. He came up the hard way. He lived in a log cabin.

CORNY: It's hard to believe that Lincoln lived in a log cabin.

TOM: And what makes you doubt that he lived in a log cabin?

CORNY: Well, in the first place, he was too tall—and besides, he'd have drowned in all that syrup.

☆

CORNY: Sure had excitement out by my place this mornin'. A crazy man escaped and was runnin' loose in the neighborhood . . . he was a very skinny man . . . and weighed over three hundred pounds.

TOM: Now wait a minute, Corny. How could a man be very skinny, and weigh over three hundred pounds?

CORNY: Well, I told you he was crazy, didn't I?

☆

CORNY: Yep. I always depend on my dog to help me with my ration problems.

TOM: But that's impossible. What kind of a dog is he?

CORNY: A pointer.

☆

TOM: You're lazy, Corny. You should take a lesson from the industrious little ant. Did you know that an ant will toil all his life just to build an ant hill?

CORNY: Well, them ants is suckers. Why don't they just take a gopher hole and turn it inside out?

☆

CORNY: I had to quit that good job I had in the dry cleanin' plant.

TOM: Why did you quit?

CORNY: All day long I got spots before my eyes!



CORNY: Saw a funny thing out on Hollywood Boulevard yesterday, Tommy.

TOM: What did you see?

CORNY: Saw a woman comin' down the street behind a pair of midgets. When she saw the midgets, she let out a yell and said: "Oh, look at that—they're even rationin' men!"

☆

TOM: Yes, that lady who won the orchid was from Denver. And did you know, Corny, that Denver is the highest big city above sea level in the United States?

CORNY: The highest? Oh, boy!

TOM: What do you mean?

CORNY: What a place to play yo-yo!

☆

CORNY: I can recognize any kind of plane. For instance, a Japanese Zero's got half a wing, a broken rudder, a twisted propeller and a ripped up body.

TOM: And do you call that a Japanese Zero?

CORNY: Well, that's the way I see 'em in the newsreels!

CORNY: I was out to the ball game Sunday. There was an awful big crowd
An' somebody stole my money.

TOM: Well, that'll teach you to carry it in a safe place.

CORNY: I did. I had it in my sock.

TOM: Well, if you had it in your sock, how could you lose it?

CORNY: A midget picked my ankle.



CORNY: Yep. I was out to that Rose Bowl game. Had a pretty good seat, too, 'cept it was a little far back from the field.

TOM: Which side was it—the U.C.L.A. or the Georgia side?

CORNY: I was on the Georgia side.

TOM: That's not bad. How far back WERE you sitting?

CORNY: I don't know, but I think it was Atlanta.



TOM: Say, Corny, how did you get that swelling on your nose?

CORNY: Oh, I bent down to smell a brose in my garden.

TOM: Not BROSE. Corny—ROSE. There's no "B" in rose.

CORNY: There was in this one!



His Riddles

CORNY: Why did the chickens want their coop put in the middle of the highway?

TOM: Why?

CORNY: So they could lay it on the line.



CORNY: What did my little nephew say when he saw me using a vacuum cleaner for the first time?

TOM: What?

CORNY: Look, unk—a broom with an out-board motor!



CORNY: Why don't fat women look good in slacks?

TOM: Why?

CORNY: Because there's usually too much woman and not enough slack.



CORNY: What did the firefly say to the air raid warden during the blackout?

TOM: What?

CORNY: I'm sorry, bud, but when you gotta glow you gotta glow.



CORNY: Why don't the submarine America presented to Norway go to the bottom?

TOM: Why won't it?

CORNY: Because you can lead a Noise to water . . . but you can't make it sink.



CORNY: Why is a tight girdle like an income tax blank?

TOM: Why?

CORNY: Cause if you try to fill it with the wrong figure you get pinched!



CORNY: What did the little boy say when he saw a cow for the first time?

TOM: What?

CORNY: Look, maw . . . ain't that silly . . . all them faucets and no sink!

CORNY: What did the little Indian say when he saw a baby kangaroo in his mother's pouch?

TOM: What?

CORNY: Said: "Look, maw—a papoose—in front!"

☆

CORNY: What is a fox?

TOM: I dunno, what?

CORNY: A fox is a wolf who brings flowers.

☆

CORNY: Why can't Hedy LaMarr get in the same telephone booth with Santa Claus?

TOM: Why can't she?

CORNY: Cause there ain't no Santa Claus.

☆

CORNY: Why is the Axis like a United Nations calendar?

TOM: Why?

CORNY: Because in any language, their days are numbered!

☆

CORNY: Why do I call my cow a "V" for Victory cow?

TOM: Why?

CORNY: Cause every time I milk her it's three shorts and one long.

☆

CORNY: Why did my wife make me quit my job as a fire watcher?

TOM: Why?

CORNY: Cause I kept concentratin' on an old flame!

☆

CORNY: What did the little boy say when he saw a pimienta for the first time?

TOM: What?

CORNY: Look, Ma—a green pea . . . with a tail light!



*Three Waves and a Ripple
Happy Birthday to
Breakfast at Sardi's*



Jimmy Fidler finds a soft spot

After Breakfast at Sard's nothing like a good cigar





*Frank Hemingway,
announcer during
Carl Pierce's vacation*

*Nelson and Pierce phewing and
laughing at Breneman's picture*

OUR FIFTY FAVORITE DESCRIPTIONS OF TOM

by

CARL PIERCE and JOHN NELSON

(Introductions of Tom Breneman from Breakfast at Sardi's Programs)

Friends, when I was asked to introduce Tom this morning, I stopped for a second, and pondered on his name. Tom . . . Breneman. . . . Well, a tom is a male puss. Brenner is a famous puss. And man is just man. So in introducing Tom Breneman, all I can say is: Man, what a puss! I pass!

☆

Friends, this is National Apple Week. Apples are a fruit that can be served many different ways . . . if you like them sweetened, there's apple dumplings, if you like them baked, there's apple pie, and if you like apple sauce, there's Tom Breneman . . . and here he comes now!

☆

Friends, the boys here at our Servicemen's Table have been trying to describe our master of ceremonies in terms of *military rank*. They concluded that he looks *rank*, all right. His head's got a *private* hair or two, his body is a *major* catastrophe, and his brain is a *general* liability . . . here he is, Tom Breneman!

☆

Friends, the government has asked each one of us to give to the salvage drive. Are you doing your part? All the school children who have enlisted in the salvage army are given military ratings according to the amount of *junk* they turn in. Well, we now bring you a man who unless he stays off the streets will make some little boy a four-star general. . . . Tom Breneman!

Friends, as you know, this is National Newspaper Week. And so in view of this fact, I want to introduce an old newspaper man—that five-star *fizzle* with no *circulation*, who's rapidly losing his *head-line*—Tom Breneman!

☆

Friends, this is our Program's Second Birthday. And we intended to celebrate by having a big cake with two candles on it. But because of dimout regulations we couldn't get the candles. And on account of rationing, we couldn't get the sugar for the cake. So all we have left is a crumb. And here he is—Tom Breneman!

☆

Friends, the duck season has opened for just one month. And most hunters wish it could last more than thirty days. Well, we bring you a man who doesn't worry how short the season is, because he gets a bird every morning—Tom Breneman!





Friends, during the winter a lot of us will suffer from wind irritations. However, any doctor can get rid of the chap from your hands and the chap from your lips. But there's one chap nobody can get rid of, and here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, it's been four days since John Nelson, our former announcer, left to become an Ensign in the Navy. Well, we haven't any Ensigns around here, but we do have a man who represents the sea. Yes, sir—his teeth have white caps, his hair's gone with the tide, and the finance company calls him "The Old Skipper." Here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, we're all doing our bit to help out in the war effort. Some of us are working in defense plants. Others entertain the boys in the service. Well, yesterday our master of ceremonies decided to give some of his blood to the Red Cross. And today we bring you the only man to be turned down at a blood bank because of insufficient funds—Tom Breneman!

Friends, today we observe Meatless Tuesday. The Governor of California has decreed that we can't have any meat on Tuesday, only poultry. Well, in keeping with this change from meat to poultry, we bring you a man who is more fowl than ham—Tom Breneman!



Friends, yesterday was Meatless Tuesday. And that meant we all had to eat something else in place of meat. Uncle Corny likes roast beef, but he had to do without it. Bobby, our Filipino boy, likes ribs, but he had to do without them. And now, for all you listeners who like brains—well, you'll have to do without them—'cause here comes Tom Breneman!



Friends, many of us are joining Share-the-Ride Clubs. That means six people in a car. Tom Breneman applied for membership in one of these clubs and was immediately rejected. It seems he's the only man who can sit in the back of a car and have his stomach occupy a seat in the front. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, the other day Tom Breneman was appointed Chief Air Raid Warden in his block. The job carries a lot of weight, for whenever something of importance comes up, they consult Tom, because he's head of the block. And here he is, your master of ceremonies—Block Head Breneman!



Friends, at this time I would like to bring you the best master of ceremonies in radio. I'd like to bring you the best comedian on the air. I'd like to bring you the most popular entertainer I know. But, this is war and when we *can't* get what we *like*, we have to take substitutes. So here is—Tom Breneman!

Friends, the War Department has named different type shells after famous radio people in the order of their popularity. A two-ton bomb was named for Bob Hope. A torpedo was named for Fred Allen. And the big depth bomb was named for Jack Benny. We now bring you the only man in radio to have a spit ball named after him—Tom Breneman!



"Friends, every day we receive letters from people who are sick in bed, and they say that when they hear this program it seems to do them more good than all the medicine in the world. Yes, radio is a comfort to these people. . . . every morning instead of swallowing a pill, they just tune in and listen to one! And here he is—Tom Breneman!"



Friends, yesterday I went over to Tom's house and for a little excitement we put on the gloves and boxed for a while. You know, when a fighter keeps getting punched in the ear, he ends up with a cauliflower ear. Well, I wouldn't say I knocked Tom down often, but he's the only man I ever saw with cauliflower shorts. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, January is white sale month, and department stores are featuring a wide selection of bath towels, face towels, and hand towels. Well, we here at Sardi's can't give you ladies a *towel*, but we can give you something that's *all washed up*. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, in honor of the new baseball season we bring you a *man* who *represents* baseball, because he has *two strikes* on him already! His *head* is like a *ball*, his teeth are *out*, and his eyes are *two baggers*—Tom Breneman!

Friends, do you know that the London Zoo has the biggest collection of tigers in the world? And the Bronx Zoo has



the biggest collection of lions in the world? Well, in keeping with this, we bring you a man who has the biggest collection of *hippos* in the world—Fats Breneman!



Friends, Tom Breneman can always be counted on to help in time of need. Yesterday in front of a department store, Tom was helping the Salvation Army fill a kettle. I wouldn't exactly say Tom has a pot belly, but in no time at all five people dropped quarters in his vest pocket by mistake. So now we bring you the only man in radio whose stomach jingles, jangles, jingles—Tom Breneman!



Friends, at a recent meeting of the Women's Sewing Circle of Southern California, the ladies present voted in Tom Breneman as a member in good standing. Yes, the Southern California Sewing Circle is very proud of him. And here he is—the only man in radio who is an honorary sew and sew—Tom Breneman!



Tom Interviews a Girl Friend

Friends, I believe we're all familiar with the popular advertising slogans. For example, we know that when a little fuzz appears on a man's face, he has Five O'Clock Shadow. Well, we bring you now the only man I know who has five o'clock shadow *on his head*—Tom Breneman!



Friends, today is New Year's Day, and people all over the country have said goodbye to that little old bent man and are now welcoming the new born babe of 1943. Yes, sir—everyone is ushering in the new born babe, excepting here at Sardi's—we *still have* that little old bent man. And here he is—Tom Breneman!

Friends, you know recently here at Sardi's we had a big party for the boys in the Armed Forces. And to all the servicemen present, I introduced a man with a real military physique. Yes, ladies, he has a real military physique. His chest is retreating, his stomach is advancing, and the rest of his body is on furlough. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, recently a well known beauty expert said, if a man has a full crop of hair, a slim waist, his original teeth, and a youthful appearance he is considered handsome. Well, in view of these findings, we bring you now, the ugliest man in the world—Tom Breneman!

Friends, we've all heard the expression, "Head over heels in love." Well, that was true of Tom and his wife. Yes, ladies, it was head over heels. Well, we can't bring you the head, but we can give you the heel. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, tomorrow is Ground Hog Day and for those of you who have never seen one, I'd like to describe a groundhog. He's round, and fat and has short little hair and two teeth. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, every year at this time young people start making college plans. Well, Tom Breneman would have liked to have gone to college. Yes, ladies, he would have liked to have gone to college, but one thing kept him back . . . High School. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, yesterday Tom went to the airport to say goodbye to two WAVES. The three of them made a swell picture. There they were—two small WAVES and one big drip. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, this is National Boy Scout Week. And for the third consecutive year the Boy Scouts of America have paid tribute to Tom. Two years ago when they saw his *bald* head, they made him an honorary member of the *Eagle* Troop. Last year they saw his *buck* teeth, and made him an honorary member of the *Beaver* Troop. Well, this year they've been listening to him on the air, so we bring you now the only man in radio to be made an honorary member of the *Skunk* Troop—Tom Breneman!



Friends, yesterday Tom sat out on his lawn taking a sun bath. But I guess he stayed out a little too long, because he's turned the color of salmon. Not only does his face resemble a salmon, but it looks like his hair has jumped upstream, too. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, I'm very, very happy to bring you our tall, dark and handsome young master of ceremonies. He can sing, he can act, and he can dance. And besides doing all these things to perfection, well, he's a terrific writer. Yes, Tom can really write. In fact, he wrote this introduction. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, today is the birthday of our first president, George Washington. During his time the two political parties were the *Whigs* and the *Tories*. Well, we bring you now a man who claims he doesn't wear a *Whig*, but that's his *Tory*. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, I regret to say that Tom's age is beginning to show. Yes, ladies, if you look closely, you can see that his shoulders are stooped a bit. His back is stooped. And even his neck is beginning to stoop. He's really the stupidest man I know. Here he is—Tom Breneman!



Tom Breneman Jr., Mrs. Tom Breneman, Gloria Breneman



Tom and his Mother
•
John Masterson,
Manager



Jo Wilcox,
Secretary



Arnelle Olson,
Hostess

Friends, today is the first of March. They say that March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. Well, speaking of lions and lambs—here's an old goat, and I'm not lion—Tom Breneman!



Friends, one of our Kellogg friends is in the east for a few days. We just received a wire from him saying that he has lost touch with the program and would like to hear the latest dope. Well, to him, and to all you ladies who want the latest dope—here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, today is the second day of March. Have you ever stopped to analyze the word "March"? "M" in Roman numerals stands for a thousand. "Arch" is something big and round and bent in the middle. So ladies, here's something big and round and bent in the middle and he looks like a thousand—Tom Breneman!



Friends, every year about this time the people in Vermont tap their maple trees to let the sap out. Well, we're more than 3,000 miles from Vermont, and we have no trees to tap. But we can still let the sap out. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, as you know, we aren't allowed to talk about the *weather* on the radio. But I don't think I'll be violating any military law if I tell you that our master of ceremonies is a sort of *walking weather report*. His chins positively *drip*, his stomach is like the *pot* at the end of a rainbow, his mouth, as you well know, is always *blowing* . . . and his head *shines* all day long. Here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, quite a few of you have written me pretty hot letters, bawling me out for the way I've poked fun at Tom. Well, I apologize, and beginning right now I'll turn over a new leaf—because a lawyer just told me there's a severe penalty for poking fun at a half-wit. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you *Mister* Thomas A. Breneman!



In this day of P-38's and B-17's, when it's nothing to see a plane clipping along at 100 miles per hour, we forget in what kind of thing man first flew through the air. It was in a balloon. A big bag filled with hot air, which reminds me that here's Tom Breneman!



As you all know, due to the war, building a new home is out for the duration, because you can't get the material needed, like steel, lumber and cement. But Tom doesn't have that worry. *He* can build anything, because he's got plenty of brass, a wooden head and a heart of stone. And here he is—Tom Breneman!



Friends, a lot of you apparently don't quite understand just how Tom's name is spelled, for hundreds of you have written asking me to pronounce his name phonetically. All right, it's Tom *Brene-man*. You see, it's *easy* to say his name *phonetically*, for he's the biggest phony in Hollywood. Here he is.

Friends, at this time I'd like to introduce our well-groomed Master of Ceremonies. He wears shoes by Florsheim, a shirt by Arrow, a hat by Stetson—and a face by Ripley! Tom Breneman!



I'd like to remind you ladies who are listening to our Blue Network that in these days of food shortages the clever cook serves the same thing in many different ways. Take ham, for instance. When you have an ordinary ham sandwich, that's ham on white. When you have ham and scrambled eggs, that's ham on yellow. And when you have Tom Breneman—that's ham on Blue!



Friends, though the Chamber of Commerce will deny it, San Francisco is sometimes called "Frisco." Joe DiMaggio is called "Di Mag." President Roosevelt is called "F. D. R." You see, when any-

one becomes popular and well-liked, the public generally shortens his name. And so, let me introduce to you Thomas . . . Anthony . . . Frothingwell . . . Breneman!



Friends, you've all heard "Information, Please" and you've heard the "Quiz Kids." Since there are so many questions on the lips of thousands today, radio has responded by presenting programs that give you *all the dope*. Right now we do the same. His name is Tom Breneman—and here he is!



Friends, we give away any number of things here at Breakfast at Sardi's, including roses, orchids, and makeup kit. But don't think that today we're handing out an automobile when I tell you that you're about to meet a man who will give you the *willies*—I'm only introducing Tom Breneman!





"Bobby"

BOBBY'S BEST

BOBBY: What did the little boy say when he saw a crepe suzette for the first time?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: Look, Ma—a pancake with a hot foot!

☆

BOBBY: Why is this program like me and Hedy Lamarr on a date?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because I don't make any progress either!

☆

BOBBY: What happened to the little boy when he ran through the screen door?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: He strained himself.

☆

BOBBY: What happened to the shoplifter who was caught stealing a girdle?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: They sent him up for a two-way stretch.

☆

BOBBY: Why did the man kiss the girl in front of the sweater counter?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because the sign said "V-Neck."

☆

BOBBY: What is the most popular tree in America today?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: The SHOE tree.

☆

BOBBY: Why did the man eat electric bulbs for dinner?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because the doctor told him to go on a light diet.

BOBBY: Why do sparks fly out of your hair when I comb it?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because it's connected to a dry cell.

☆

BOBBY: What happened to the man who stole the hot dog?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: He was caught red-handed.

☆

BOBBY: What is the favorite food in China?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: Jap-Suey!

☆

BOBBY: Why does Hirohito sleep with a bowl of rice?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: So he can feed his nightmare.

☆

BOBBY: Why does the elevator from the top floor remind you of the Japanese Navy?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because it is always going down.

☆

BOBBY: Why does the street light at Hollywood and Vine turn red?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: You'd turn red too, if you had to change before all those people.

☆

BOBBY: What did the paint brush say to the floor?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: Another *crack* like that, and you'll get the worst *shellacking* of your life!

BOBBY: Who owns the most expensive house in the world?

TOM: Who?

BOBBY: The old lady who lives in a shoe.

☆

BOBBY: What happens when you sit down in a tub of hot water?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: The telephone rings.

☆

BOBBY: Why didn't the prisoner want to be pardoned in the winter time?

TOM: I don't know, why?

BOBBY: Because it was warmer in the cooler.

☆

BOBBY: What kind of curtains did the fat lady buy for her bay window?

TOM: What kind?

BOBBY: Double chintz.

☆

BOBBY: Why does Hitler sleep with a gallon of beer?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: So he can sleep tight.

☆

BOBBY: Why are life preservers the biggest seller in Tokyo?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because the Japanese are falling *fleet* first.

☆

BOBBY: Why did Mussolini always carry around a handkerchief?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because that was the only thing he could put his nose into without having to ask Hitler.

☆

BOBBY: What did the mouse say to the piece of cheese?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: He said—if you shut your big trap, maybe we can get together.

BOBBY: Why should all parents paint a picture of the dawn and save it for their youngsters?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Cause when their children grow up, there'll be no Rising Sun!

☆

BOBBY: Why are Hitler and a yo-yo alike?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Cause they're both at the end of their rope.

☆

BOBBY: Why is a woman like an old bullet?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Put a little powder on an old shell, and they both look good.

☆

BOBBY: What is the smallest book in the world?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: Who's Who in Japan.

☆

BOBBY: What's the new definition of a skeleton?

TOM: What?

BOBBY: Nothing but a guy with skin rationing.

☆

BOBBY: Why were the Allied armies in Egypt like a good vaudeville act?

TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because they kept laying the Germans in the Nile.

☆

BOBBY: What did the city kid say when he saw some milk bottles on the farm?

TOM: What did he say?

BOBBY: Hey, look—I found a cow's nest!

☆

BOBBY: Why is Uncle Corny a smart man?

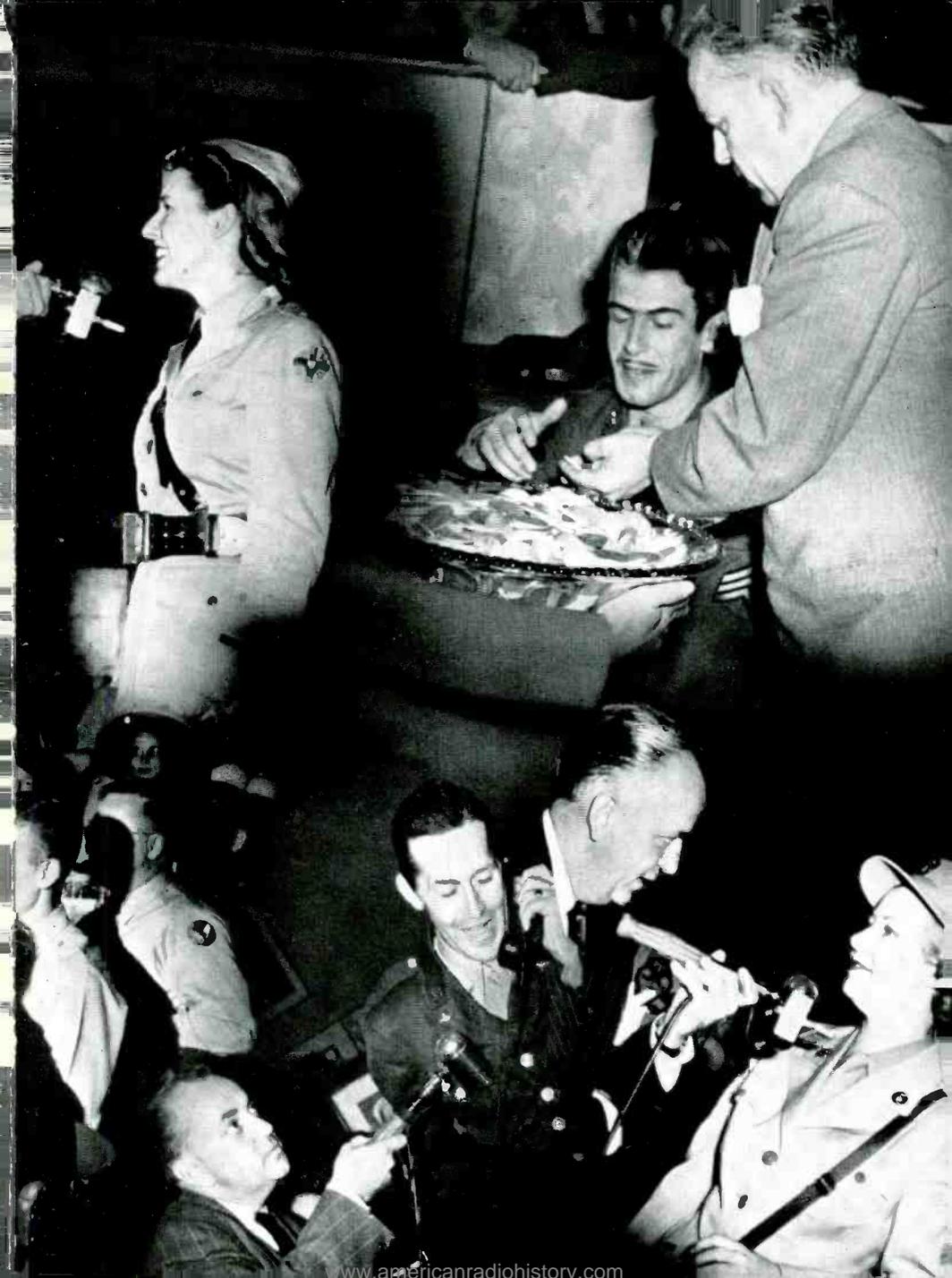
TOM: Why?

BOBBY: Because he never let any woman pin him down since he was a baby.





BREAKFAST AT SARDI'S
SERVICEMEN'S TABLE



Thanks . . .

All kidding aside, it's a great thrill and satisfaction to broadcast our little program each morning. So, speaking for all the Breakfast at Sardi's gang, I want to express our thanks to all those who cooperate with us to make that daily thrill possible—the folks at Kellogg's, the fellows and girls of the Blue Network, the guests who come down at the crack of dawn (PACIFIC TIME) to take part in our get-togethers. But most of all I want to thank all the swell people across this grand country of ours who LISTEN. And in particular I want to thank YOU, the person who sent for this booklet.

Tom Brennan



*. . . and thanks to You and to you, Tom—
from all the folks at Kellogg's.*



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