

Produced by -
WILLIAM ESTY CO., INC.
For - CAMEL CIGARETTES
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, NO. CAROLINA

*As Broadcast
Timed copy*
JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #10

DATE: DECEMBER 9, 1949
(Taped Dec. 7, 1949)

(REVISED)

JIMMY DURANTE

with

DON AMECHE

AS
BROADCAST

Master

NBC (New York Origination)

TIME: 9:30 PM EST

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN

CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

NBC PRODUCER: JACK KUNEY

CAST:

JIMMY DURANTE

DON AMECHE

VERA VAGUE

SARA BERNER

HUGH CONOVER

BETTY GARDE

JOHN GIBSON

JACK ALBERTSON

WRITERS:

NORMAN PAUL

JACK BARNETT

JACK ELINSON

HAROLD GOLDMAN

(ORCH & QUARTET: C-A-M-E-L-S)

CONOVER: From New York Camel Cigarettes present the Jimmy Durante Show! Starring Jimmy Durante and Don Ameche with Vera Vague.

(ORCH: INKA DINKA DOO)

DURANTE: (SINGS) INKA DINKA DINK A DINK A DEE
A DINK A DOO A DINK A DEE
(APPLAUSE)
OH WHAT A TUNE FOR CROONING
INKA DINK A DEE A DINK A DOO
(HIGH NOTE)

AMECHE: Ah Jimmy. Jimmy, how did you ever develop a note like that? Did you study music abroad? Did you take private music lessons?

DURANTE: NO.

AMECHE: Then how did you get a note like that?

DURANTE: ONE DAY I BACKED INTO A HOT STOVE AND THERE IT WAS!

CONOVER: Yes, it's the Jimmy Durante Camel Show with Don Ameche, Vera Vague, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, Sara Berner, the Camel Quartette and yours truly, Hugh Conover, transcribed and brought to you by Camel Cigarettes. ✓

5-4

SINGERS: How mild,
How mild,
How mild can a cigarette be?
Make the Camel thirty-day test
And you'll see!

CONOVER: Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking
Camels -- that's what noted throat specialists reported
in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people who
smoked only Camels for thirty days!

2D ANNCR: The smokers in this test averaged one to two packs of
Camels a day. Each week, their throats were examined by
the specialists. These doctors reported: Not one single
case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels! That's
how mild Camels are!

CONOVER: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today. ✓ / 34

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

AMECHE: You know, hotel life for Jimmy and me in New York was getting pretty dull, so when my Mother-in-law invited me out to her home in Westchester for the week-end, I decided to take Jimmy along with me. We came in late at night and she didn't have a chance to meet him. The next morning, I was up first and it wasn't long before my mother-in-law was saying...

GARDE: Donald, it's very nice to see you but I don't quite approve of you coming here to New York with Jimmy Durante while your wife and children are in California.

AMECHE: ~~But Jimmy is at the Copacabana Club and we had to take our Camel show to New York.~~ But I had, to come to New York. We're doing our Camel radio show from here.

GARDE: I suppose it can't be helped. But somehow I can't help wishing that Lurene hadn't married an actor. She would have been better off with someone in the business world... someone like an er -- an accountant.

AMECHE: Well, we're doing alright. We have six children.

GARDE: You see...she does need an accountant!

AMECHE: Now don't start again with...

GARDE: Donald, you're shouting. I've never come between you and Lurene. Why, I even financed your honeymoon.

AMECHE: (RESIGNED) Yeah, here we go.

GARDE: It was a very nice honeymoon. Lurene still talks about it. Romantic Niagra Falls...the best hotel...a private suite for two. She said the only thing that was annoying was that constant knocking at the door.

AMECHE: Well, I just wanted to come in and see if you and Lurene were comfortable!

GARDE: Don't complain, Donald. You know you had a very nice room at the YMCA! ...But let's not argue anymore. Donald...I've got something to tell you.

AMECHE: Well, I've got something to tell you first, Mother. I took the liberty of inviting Jimmy Durante along for the weekend. He's upstairs taking a shower now.

GARDE: Oh in my house! That person!

AMECHE: Oh, you'll hardly notice Jimmy's around. He's a perfect gentleman, well mannered, courteous, quiet...the type of person you'll be proud to have as your guest.

DURANTE: (CALLS OFF MIKE) DON...HEY DON...I JUST FINISHED MY SHOWER AND I'M DRIPPING ALL OVER THE BATHROOM FLOOR. THROW IN A COUPLE OF TOWELS.

AMECHE: But there are already towels in there. Why don't you use them?

DURANTE: I DON'T WANNA GET 'EM WET, THOSE ARE THE ONE'S I'M PUTTING IN MY SUITCASE TO TAKE HOME!

GARDE: What?

AMECHE: Er...Jimmy's only kidding. He's probably dressed and he'll be down in a second.

GARDE: Well, he's certainly got a lot of nerve...those towels...

AMECHE: Look...you'll love Jimmy. Don't get excited. Here we'll go into the breakfast room together. Let me put my arm around you.

(DOOR OPENS)

DURANTE: DON, IF YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A PLAY FOR THE MAID, WHY DON'T YOU PICK OUT ONE THAT AIN'T SO OLD!

GARDE: Why, I never!

AMECHE: Jimmy, this is my mother-in-law, Mrs. Ferguson. You know her. Why you've seen the full length picture of her I have hanging in the play room of my house.

DURANTE: YES, DON, BUT I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HER WITHOUT THE DARTS STICKING OUT FROM HER BACK!

GARDE: Donald, you stay in the play room and throw darts at my picture?

AMECHE: Only on rainy days! ...Er...I mean...

GARDE: Oh, my blood pressure!

DURANTE: DON, ^{be nice to your mother in law you sold} ~~WATCH YOUR TONGUE. YOU YOURSELF SAID TO BE NICE TO~~ ^{me yourself} ~~HER.~~ YOU EXPECT HER TO LEAVE YOU ALL HER MONEY SOME DAY.

AMECHE: Mother...that thought never entered my mind.

GARDE: I wish I could believe that. But I must warn you it'll be a long, long time before I go.

DURANTE: DON KNOWS THAT BUT HE SAYS YOU'RE SO LOADED ~~WITH DUGH~~ HE DON'T MIND WAITING AROUND!

AMECHE: Er...er...maybe we better just have breakfast, huh?

GARDE: Very well. Right through this door here. It's in this room.

(DOOR OPENS)

DURANTE: WHY MRS. FERGUSON WHAT A CHARMING BREAKFAST SCHNOOK! SIT DOWN AND ALLOW ME TO SERVE.

GARDE: Good. There's something I have to talk to Don about. Don?

AMECHE: Yes, Mother?

DURANTE: MRS. FERGUSON MAY I POUR YOU SOME COFFEE?

GARDE: Thank you.

(POURING OF WATER)

DURANTE: THERE YOU ARE. SUGAR?

GARDE: Thank you.

DURANTE: THERE YOU ARE. CREAM?

GARDE: Thank you.

DURANTE: THERE YOU ARE. THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING I FORGOT. OH
YES. CUP?

AMECHE: Jimmy, look at this mess. What are we going to do?

GARDE: Yes, the whole table is a sea of coffee.

DURANTE: GET OUT THE DO-NUTS AND LET'S DUNK BEFORE THE TIDE GOES
OUT!

AMECHE: I'll get some more coffee.

GARDE: Never mind, Donald. Oh, I can't hold back the news any
longer. Don ... I'm going to be married!

AMECHE: Married? At your age?

DURANTE: LET'S FACE IT, BARKLEY HAS STARTED A TREND! ...BUT MRS.
FERGUSON, ONE DOES NOT JUST RUSH INTO HOLY DEADLOCK!

AMECHE: Jimmy, stop interfering. Mother, who is this man?

GARDE: Well, his name is Norman Whitcomb and I haven't known him
very long, but I understand he's a well to do stock broker.

AMECHE: Well I know you two will be very happy. May I extend my
felicitations.

DURANTE: JUST A MINUTE -- HOLD YOUR FORSILLY - TASHUNS. THIS MAN
COULD TURN OUT TO BE A SWINDLER! I ONCE KNEW A MAN WHO
MARRIED A WOMAN JUST FOR HER MONEY. HE PROMISED HER KISSES
FOR BREAKFAST, KISSES FOR LUNCH, KISSES FOR DINNER. BUT SHE
HAD TO DIVORCE HIM,

GARDE: But why?

DURANTE: SHE DISCOVERED HE WAS EATING OUT! (WORSE THAN THAT, HE WAS SIGNING HER NAME TO THE CHECKS.)

GARDE: Oh, I'm not going to listen to this ridiculous nonsense anymore. Don, Mr. Whitcomb is coming at six tonight to propose and I've got to get ready. He hasn't got much time. He's leaving for Europe at eight.

(DOOR SLAM)

AMECHE: Jimmy, there you go again! First you get me in bad with my mother-in-law, then you meddle in her personal life.

DURANTE: BUT DON --

AMECHE: I don't want to hear another word. Now let's have breakfast

DURANTE: OKAY DON AND I'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU. I HAVE MRS. MATARATZA IN THE KITCHEN.

AMECHE: Jimmy! Bringing in your own cook! My mother-in-law has a temperamental English cook.

DURANTE: YOU WORRY TOO MEECH MR. AMUCHEE. THOSE TWO'LL GET ALONG IN PERFECT HARMONY.

AMECHE: I hope so. The kitchen is filled with my mother-in-laws best breakfast china.

(BIG DISH CRASH - MANY DISHES BROKEN)

(DOOR OPENS)

BERNER: Breakfast is now being served in paper plates!

DURANTE: I'M GLAD SHE DIDN'T LOSE HER TEMPER!

AMECHE: Mrs. Mataratza what's all the commotion about?

BERNER: Oh, I'm a having trouble with that stuck up English cook. She wanted to serve English muffins and I'm said put a some garlic in it. ~~She wanted to serve Yorkshire pudding and I'm said put a some garlic in it.~~ She wanted to serve English marmalade and I'm said put a some garlic in it.

DURANTE: WELL, WHO WON?

BERNER: There may always be an England but from now on it's a gonna be holding its nose!

AMECHE: Oh, when my mother-in-law finds out about this! Jim, after this weekend, I'm going to have nothing to do with you.

DURANTE: WHY DON, HOW COULD YOU? I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND. I'D GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFF MY BACK. (AND IT'LL FIT YOU TOO BECAUSE IT'S YOUR SHIRT!)

BERNER: Yes. Mr. Ameche, you can't a leave Mr. Durante. Why his a schnozz and your a mustache must always be together.

AMECHE: Why?

BERNER: What good is the eagle without its nest! ... So some on now. Tell me you two is gonna make up huh?

AMECHE: Oh ... all right.

DURANTE: IT'S O.K. WITH ME.

BERNER: Thatsa better. Mr. Durante, do you promise to always stay close a to Mr. Ameche?

DURANTE: I DO.

BERNER: Mr. Ameche, do you promise to always stay close a to Mr. Durante?

AMECHE: I do.

BERNER: I now pronounce you spaghetti and meat balls!...Now enjoy
a your breakfast together, boys. Arividici.

DURANTE: AND A DIRTY RIVER TO YOU TOO!

AMECHE: O.K., Jim, no more arguing. Eat your breakfast quietly
and read the paper.

DURANTE: ALLRIGHT. (PAUSE) DON....LOOK AT THIS HEADLINE!

AMECHE: Here let me see. Man posing as stock broker makes racket
of marrying widows.

DURANTE: I WAS RIGHT DON - YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW IS IN JEPORDY.

AMECHE: Jim, this can't be the man! It's a different name.

DURANTE: HE MAY BE OPERATING UNDER AN ALE-IEN...I'M GONNA CHECK
UP ON THIS NORMAN WHITCOMB IMMEDIATELY.

AMECHE: (SARCASTIC) I suppose you're going right to the F.B.I.

DURANTE: THEY CAN'T HELP - ALL THE F.B.I. MEN ARE IN FLORIDA...
STANDING IN A CIRCLE AROUND PRESIDENT TRUMAN.

AMECHE: What for?

DURANTE: THIS YEAR BESS IS MAKING SURE NOBODY SEES HARRY IN THOSE
SHORTS! ... BUT I'LL BE BACK SOON WITH A COMPLETE REPORT.

~~WE MAY HAVE TO STOP YOUR MURDER IN YOURS PORTAGE~~
~~NUPSTILLS.~~

AMECHE: Jimmy...please...I... Oh, he's gone upstairs already.
What a character. He means well, but he always causes
trouble.

(DOOR BUZZER)

AMECHE: There's the door. I better answer it. What a day this
has been. What else could possibly happen.

(DOOR OPEN)

VAGUE: Yoo hoo, Mr. Ameche!

AMECHE: Vera Vague!

(APPLAUSE)

AMECHE: Miss Vague, what are you doing up here?

VAGUE: Jimmy invited me. And what a time I had getting here. I came up in a cab and I happened to get one of those typical fresh cab drivers. What a struggle it was.

AMECHE: Really, Miss Vague?

VAGUE: Yes, but I finally managed to get him in the back seat!It didn't do much good though. The meter was clicking but I wasn't.

AMECHE: Miss Vague, we weren't expecting you. I'm afraid you can't stay.

VAGUE: But I can be such help up here in the country. Last week, I was up at my Aunt's farm in Connecticut. They were getting the cattle ready for the County Fair, so I went out to the barn to brush and clean their prize cow.

AMECHE: Well, how did you make out?

VAGUE: I was doing fine until I tried to empty the dust bag underneath Oh toujours la cold hands!

~~AMECHE: But, Miss Vague, I'm sure you wouldn't enjoy yourself up here in the country.~~

~~VAGUE: Oh, but I will. I'm the outdoor type, you know. I just love to romp through the fields.~~

~~AMECHE: Really? I also love to romp through the fields.~~

~~VAGUE: (LAUGHS)~~

~~AMECHE: What are you laughing at?~~

VAGUE: ~~Améche, I'm a little old for a pair of shoes!~~...But Mr. Améche, Jimmy told me they're having a formal dance at the country club.

AMECHE: Well don't expect Jimmy or me to take you.

VAGUE: Well I've already found someone. He was standing in the field and I went up and asked him for a date. He was wearing a floppy straw hat and a shabby suit.

AMECHE: Miss Vague, that was a scarecrow.

VAGUE: It's the best I could do for Saturday night and shut up!

AMECHE: You should make a charming couple - Scarecrow and Old crow! Miss Vague, now I'm convinced you'd go out with anyone. Why if the shabbiest, most broken down, empty headed fool in the world asked you for a date, you'd accept.

VAGUE: Why, thank you, Mr. Améche, what time will you call for me?...Oh, I'm sorry I said that, Mr. Améche. It's not good manners to insult an older person.

AMECHE: An older person? Miss Vague, how old are you?

VAGUE: Well, at my next birthday party, I'll be putting thirty candles on a cake.

AMECHE: Oh, what a novel idea...two cakes! (LAUGHS)

VAGUE: Oh, bless your crowded little mouth! But I'd like to see Jimmy now. Where is he?

AMECHE: Oh he's upstairs on the phone trying to find out some more about the man my mother-in-law is going to marry.

VAGUE: Marry?

AMECHE: Yes, Miss Vague, if a man wanted to marry you, would you investigate his qualifications?

VAGUE: Listen, when you've been shopping as long as I have you don't look at the labels anymore - you just fill your wire basket and run.

AMECHE: Well, anyway I'm sure this man is perfectly all right.

VAGUE: Oh look, here comes Jimmy. Jimmy, I'm so glad you invited me up here. I....

DURANTE: SORRY VERA, THIS IS NO TIME FOR IDLE BANDAGE. DON, I'VE BEEN CHECKING ON NORMAN WHITCOMB. WHAT A MYSTERIOUS GUY!

AMECHE: You mean you couldn't find out anything about him?

DURANTE: NO...I CALLED UP THE STOCK MARKET, BUT THEY LEFT ME IN THE DARK. THEN I CALLED UP THE POLICE BUT THEY LEFT ME IN THE DARK. THEN I CALLED UP MABEL.

AMECHE: Mabel?

DURANTE: YES, IF I'M GONNA BE LEFT IN THE DARK I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE SOME FUN. (SHE'S THE ONLY ONE I KNOW WITH A LOOM-I-NUS CHECKER BOARD).

VAGUE: Jim, couldn't you find out anything about this man?

DURANTE: NO AND THAT'S WHY I'M MORE CONVINCED THAN EVER HE'S A PHONY BUT DON I'VE STARTED SOMETHING AND I'LL FINISH IT.

AMECHE: I sure hope so Jim.

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, I'M SUCCESSFUL WITH EVERYTHING I ATTEMPT.
FOR EXAMPLE... ✓

(MUSIC: -- HITS)

13 07

"PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST"

CHORUS:

WHEN I WAS BORN MY LOOKS WERE ONLY AVERAGE

A SITUATION I SAID I 'D ADJUST

TO BE DIFFERENT I SUPPOSE

I SAID I 'D MAKE MY NOSE

PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!!

I MASSAGED IT EVERY DAY TO MAKE IT MUSCULAR

EVERY MORNING EVERY NIGHT IT WAS A MUST

SOMETIMES I 'D WORK SO HARD I 'D TREMBLE

I VOWED IT WOULD RESEMBLE

PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!

(TALK) THE FELLOWS IN MY GANG WERE JUST A LITTLE BIT JEALOUS

THE NEIGHBORS USED MY NOSE FOR A CLOTHESLINE

BUT THINGS WERE GOING GREAT

'CAUSE AT THE AGE OF EIGHT

I 'D ALL READY ADDED TWO INCHES TO MY NOSE LINE

YOU GOTTA WORK, YOU GOTTA HAVE AMBITION

BE PATIENT ALL YOU NEED IS FAITH AND TRUST

I SING THIS OBLIGATTO

TO GIVE THE WORLD MY MOTTO

PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!

PATTER:

OH, I KNOW IT PRESENTS A LOT OF INCONVENIENCES - BUT I 'M NOT COMPLAINING

EVERYBODY SAYS ITS HARD FOR ME TO TAKE OFF A SLIP ON SWEATER - (CHORD)

THEY SAY ITS HARD FOR ME TO EAT CORN ON THE COB! (CHORD)

BUT IN THE SUMMER TIME THEY ENVY ME (CHORD)

YOU SEE, I 'M THE ONLY GUY WHO CAN SIT IN THE SUN AND STILL BE IN THE SHADE!

YOU KNOW, THIS SCHNOZZ OF MINE HAS BROUGHT ME IN CONTACT WITH SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE ---- WHY ONE DAY WHILE STROLLING THRU A FIELD OF ALFALFA ... I TRIPPED AND BURIED MY FACE RIGHT INTO THE GROUND! AND WHAT HAPPENED? JOHN L. LEWIS STUCK HIS HEAD OUT OF A GOPHER HOLE ... POINTED TO MY NOSE AND SAID. "ANYTHING THAT DIGS THAT DEEP HAS GOTTA BELONG TO THE UNION!"

SO AFTER YEARS AND YEARS I 'VE REACHED THE PINNACLE
I DON'T WANT TO TAKE A BOW BUT YET I MUST
YOU CAN DO THE SAME
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS AIM
AT PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST
YES SIR!
PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

15-20

15-20

DURANTE: TELL ME, DON, HOW ARE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF IN NEW YORK?

AMECHE: Time goes awfully fast when you're having a good time!
Now, let's see, we've been away from Hollywood almost
a month ...

CONOVER: Why, that's almost thirty days -- just about time enough
to make the Camel thirty-day mildness test!

AMECHE: Mr. Conover, I can see that you have the floor!

CONOVER: Yes, friends, smoke only Camels for thirty days -- as
many Camels as you like. You'll enjoy every rich,
flavorful puff of Camel's costly tobaccos. And you'll
see for yourself just how mild Camels are!

2ND ANNCR: Yes, you'll enjoy Camels --- just as many, many doctors
do. More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette,
according to a nationwide survey. One hundred thirteen
thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors were
asked what cigarette they smoked. The brand named most
was Camel!

CONOVER: And, friends, I'd like to remind you that Camels in the
special Christmas carton are always a welcome gift. So --
to the smokers on your list, give Camels for Christmas!

DURANTE: AND I'D LIKE TO ADD ...

I RIP OFF THE CELLOPHANE, OPEN THE PACK
TAKE A LITTLE PUFF AND JUST SIT BACK
GOING FROM JOKES TO THE GREATEST OF SMOKES
FOLKS! WON'T YOU TRY A CAMEL!

(APPLAUSE)

16 24

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE...)

AMECHE: Well, Jimmy was still convinced that Norman Whitcomb, the man my mother-in-law planned to marry, was just posing as a stock broker and in reality was a notorious swindler of widows. So he dragged me down to the Stock Exchange to find out something about him. I began to get a little worried when everyone we talked to refused to give us any information about Mr. Whitcomb.

DURANTE: DON, IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOTTA GO RIGHT TO THE TOP. WE'LL GO IN AND SEE MR. BENJAMIN V. DONALDSON. HE'S THE BIG WALL STREET TYPHOON.

AMECHE: Jim, we just can't walk in and see Benjamin V. Donaldson. He's too big a man! Why, he's worth a hundred million dollars.

DURANTE: THAT DON'T IMPRESS ME. WHAT'S A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS? HERE I'LL WRITE IT DOWN. ONE AND ZERO ZERO ZERO ZERO ZERO ZERO ZERO.

AMECHE: So what?

DURANTE: TAKE AWAY THAT ONE AND HE'S A BUM JUST LIKE THE REST OF US!

AMECHE: Well I still don't think he'll tell us anything about Whitcombs.

DURANTE: HE WILL IF WE ACT AS IMPORTANT AS HE IS. COME ON IN -

AMECHE: (RESIGNED) O.K.

(DOOR OPENS)

~~BERNER: (STRAIGHT) Yes?~~

~~DURANTE: MONSIEUR SECRETARY, WE'D LIKE TO SEE MR. DONALDSON AT~~

~~ONCE.~~

51458 1450

~~BERNER: Well, this is one of his busy days. Mr. Donaldson is
railroad merging at the Astor at three. Loan
Co-ordinating at the Security Exchange at four...and Trust
Refinancing in the Bank at five.~~

~~DURANTE: TELL HIM, WE CAN'T WAIT, WE'RE PAPER TOWELLING IN THE
WASH ROOM AT SIX! ...YOU SEE, WE TOO ARE FINANCIAL
BLIZZARDS.....~~

~~AMECHE: Er...yes...yes...we handle millions...millions.~~

~~BERNER: Oh, in that case, go right in.~~

AMECHE: ~~Thank you. Come on, Jim, let's go.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

ALBERTSON: How do you do, gentlemen. I am Benjamin V. Donaldson.

DURANTE: I AM JAMES DURANTE.

ALBERTSON: Well, how are you J.D. old sock.

DURANTE: VERY WELL AND YOU B.V.D. OLD SHORTS?

AMECHE: I'm Don Ameche . . . no laundry yet!

ALBERTSON: Well, you must be pretty big men in the stock market

~~since my secretary let you in, gentlemen.~~

DURANTE: YES, FROM TIME TO TIME I DRIBBLE IN THE MARKET. PERHAPS

YOU'VE HEARD OF MY LATEST VENTURE. I JUST MERGED J.

WORTHINGTON PUMP AND INTERNATIONAL NICKEL.

ALBERTSON: What are you going to manufacture?

DURNATE: PUMPERNICKEL!

ALBERTSON: Please let's get down to business. Maybe we can exchange some information on stocks.

AMECHE: Good idea.

ALBERTSON: I have a lot of contacts. You see, my seat is on the Chicago Exchange, but I spend all my time in New York.

DURANTE: IT MUST BE AN AWFUL STRAIN ON YOUR SUSPENDERS!

ALBERTSON: Yes, of course. But I'm wondering about a few stocks myself. Mr. Durante, have you heard anything about General Mills and Form Fit Lingerie?

DURANTE: HEAVENS NO, WHEN DID THE GENERAL START WEARING THE STUFF!

AMECHE: What a card. He's one of Wall Street's biggest Bulls!

ALBERTSON: There's something strange about all this!

AMECHE: (ASIDE) Jim, we better ask him about Whitcomb quick.
I think he's starting to get wise.

~~ALBERTSON: Mr. Durante, are you sure you're in the stock business?~~

~~Your face seems familiar.~~

~~AMECHE: Er ... of course he's in stocks. Mr. Durante's cornered
the market in wool.~~

~~ALBERTSON: I don't know. I feel I've seen that face somewhere.~~

~~AMECHE: He's cornered the market in wheat.~~

~~ALBERTSON: That nose.~~

~~AMECHE: He's cornered the market in that too!~~

~~DURANTE: YES, I'M PROUD TO SAY MY NOSE IS BEING SUED BY THE~~

~~ANTI-TRUST DIVISION FOR BEING A MONOPOLY!~~

ALBERTSON: Well, I'll know soon enough if you boys are really
in the market. Only we Wall Street men would know the
answer to this question. Mr. Ameche, do you think that
collateral security at six per cent retains its
intrinsic value in international cartelization.

AMECHE: Well, everything depends on fluctuations in the
inherent monetary structure compensating for the
fiduciary risk in the concentric widening of conjunctive
amortization.

ALBERTSON: Mr. Durante, what is your answer?

DURANTE: I AGREE WITH MR. AMECHE!

ALBERTSON: Agree on what?

DURANTE: ER ... THAT EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON BASIC COMMODITY VALUES AT THE POST WARTIME NORM ALLOWING FOR FLUCTUATIONS IN THE INHERENT MONETARY STRUCTURE OF THE NATIONAL ECONOMY AND COMPENSATING FOR THE FIDUCIARY RISK IN THE EVER PRESENT CONCENTRIC WIDENING OF CONJUNCTIVE CAPITALIZATION.

ALBERTSON: Mr. Durante, all you did was repeat what he said.

~~DURANTE: YEAH, BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT IT CAME OUT ALL NEW!~~

AMECHE: Look, I'll just get to the point. Mr. Donaldson, your contacts are such that you know everyone in the stock market. Is that right?

ALBERTSON: Naturally.

AMECHE: Have you ever heard of a Mr. Norman Whitcomb, who claims to be in the stock market?

ALBERTSON: No. And if I never heard of him, he must be a fraud.

DURANTE: THAT'S ALL WE WANNA KNOW. COME ON DON, LET'S GO.
GOODBYE, MR. DONALDSON.

ALBERTSON: Goodbye, Mr. Durante. Oh, before you go, I got a little tip for you. (LOW ASIDE) A.T. and Y. up ... a hundred dollars back on each share.

DURANTE: AND I'VE GOT A TIP FOR YOU ... SEVEN UP ... TWO CENTS BACK ON EACH BOTTLE.

AMECHE: Come on Jim. So long.

(DOOR SLAM) (DESK BUZZER)

BERNER: Yes, Mr. Donaldson?

ALBERTSON: Miss Jones, if anybody else comes in asking for Mr. Whitcomb, just say you don't know him. He's given everyone orders that he doesn't want anyone to know he's in town... and since he's the wealthiest stock broker in the Mid-West his wishes must be respected!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

51458 1454

(STREET NOISES)

AMECHE: Jimmy, you were right. Mr. Whitcomb is a phony and we've got to break up my Mother in Law's marriage.

DURANTE: YEAH DON, BUT *how are we gonna do it?* ~~WE CALLED HER UP AND TOLD HER ABOUT IT AND SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE US.~~

AMECHE: Jimmy, I've got a plan. You've got to propose to my Mother in Law and win her away from Mr. Whitcomb.

DURANTE: PROPOSE TO YOUR MUDDER IN LAW? BUT DON, I HAVEN'T EVEN BOUGHT A THING FOR MY TROUSSEAU.

AMECHE: Cut it out. It'll only be for a couple of hours. His plane to Europe leaves at eight. Come on, we'll go into this florist shop and get you something fancy in flowers to bring her.

(DOOR OPENS AND TINKLE)

DURANTE: DON, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE AROUND.

AMECHE: Oh there must be. (CALLS) Florist .. Florist .. where are you .. florist!

GIBSON: I'm right here behind this buttercup!

AMECHE: Look at him. That shows you what happens in New York when there's a water shortage!

DURANTE: WE'D LIKE A NICE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, BUT WE'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU. YOU MUST KNOW A LOT ABOUT FLOWERS, HUH?

GIBSON: Oh yes indeedy. I've been working around flowers for so long, I'm like one of them myself. I'm exactly like my snap dragons.

DURANTE: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

GIBSON: Not enough snap and everything's draggin'!

AMECHE: Well, what kind of flowers do you have here?

GIBSON: They're all early .. you should pardon the expression .. bloomers! .. But my favorite are the daisies. I think I'll pick the petals off one now. She loves me .. she loves me not .. she loves me .. oh, I can't go on.

AMECHE: Why?

GIBSON: I'm bushed!

DURANTE: YOU LOOK FAMILIAR. DIDN'T I ONCE SEE A BIRD FLYING BY WITH YOU IN ITS MOUTH!

GIBSON: Yes .. how about that? ... But here's your bouquet of flowers. By the way, what's the occasion?

AMECHE: My friend here has to sweep a female off her feet.

GIBSON: A female? Oh, I like those! I'm a regular devil with the ladies. (GIGGLES)

DURANTE: NO KIDDING.

GIBSON: Yes, I went to a party just last night and we all played spin the bottle.

AMECHE: How did you make out?

GIBSON: I got dizzy, I was inside the bottle! ... Well, so long and good luck, fellas!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

DURANTE: DON, YOUR MOTHER IN LAW AND MR. WHITCOMB ARE RIGHT THERE IN THE NEXT ROOM. DO YOU THINK I CAN STOP THEIR BETRUSSAL.

AMECHE: Jim, you're going to have help. Vera .. Mrs. Mataratza .. you know what to do.

VAGUE: Yes, Mr. Ameche.

BERNER: You betcha.

AMECHE: *He'll be flying to Europe in a ~~hour~~ while so I've got some ideas for some phone calls.*
~~I'll be working on the phones.~~ (FADING) Now get in there, Jim, I think he's just about ready to propose to her.

GARDE: (FADES IN) Oh, Mr. Whitcomb, this is so sudden. You're getting down on one knee.

MAN: (DIGNIFIED) Yes. Give me your handkerchief, dear, I don't want to get my trousers dirty. Thank you. My darling Martha. There's something I've been meaning to ask you since the first day we met. Will you ...

(DOOR OPENS)

DURANTE: MRS. FERGUSON, ~~I AM MAD ABOUT YOU!~~ *accept these flowers.* I WANT YOU TO BECOME MY SPROUSE!

GARDE: But .. but ...

DURANTE: I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW. HANGING NEXT TO EACH OTHER A TOWEL MARKED HERS AND A TOWEL MARKED HIS.

GARDE: Yes?

DURANTE: AND WHO KNOWS, IN A YEAR OR SO, LITTLE WASH CLOTHS!

MAN: What's the meaning of this. What's happening to you?

GARDE: I'm so overwhelmed. ~~I've never had two proposals before.~~

DURANTE: MRS. FERGUSON, ~~LET ME DRINK IN YOUR LOVELY PULCHRITUDINESS.~~ *for a glorious honeymoon trip* COME AWAY WITH ME, ~~I'VE ALREADY PLANNED OUR HONEYMOON.~~ WE'LL TAKE A CAR AND DURING THE DAY WE'LL DRIVE THROUGH ALL THE WONDERFUL SCENERY. GRAND CANYON, YELLOWSTONE PARK, BOULDER DAM.

GARDE: Yes .. and what about the nights?

DURANTE: WE'LL KEEP RIGHT ON DRIVING, I DON'T WANNA MISS A THING!

MAN: Martha, don't let this man sweep you off your feet. Don't forget the things I can give you. I can give you steadfast affection.

DURANTE: I CAN GIVE YOU THAT, TOO,

MAN: I can give you nights of sitting close to each other by the fire.

DURANTE: I CAN GIVE YOU THAT, TOO.

MAN: And I'll let you run your fingers through my hair.

DURANTE: I PASS!

GARDE: Oh, I've regained my sanity. Mr. Whitcomb, you may continue with the proposal.

MAN: Very well. Pass me the handkerchief. Martha, ~~there's~~ ~~something I've been meaning to ask you since the first day~~ ~~we met. Will you...~~

(PHONE RING)

DURANTE: DONSIE CAME THROUGH.

MAN: It's the phone, Martha....I'll get it.

(RECEIVER UP)

AMECHE: (FILTER) (FRENCH) Bonjour...zis is ze French Airlines. Your plane, she is leaving, he is. You must come to ze airport at once.

MAN: But it's not supposed to leave until eight.

AMECHE: Yes, but you forget ze time zones. In Patee, it is one day later, in Berlin, it is two days later. In Singapore, it is three days later.

MAN: Well, what is the time according to your airline?

AMECHE: Happy New Year!

MAN: Well, it doesn't interest me anyway. My ticket^s on the British Airlines. Goodbye!

(RECEIVER DOWN)

DURANTE: (DURANTE MUST RESUME THE ATTACK) MRS. FERGUSON.....MARRY ME AND WE'LL HAVE YEARS OF CANNIBAL BLISS! LET'S NOT WASTE TIME. WE CAN STILL RAISE A FAMILY.

GARDE: Oh, do you think women should have children after thirty five?

DURANTE: DEFINITELY NOT. THIRTY FIVE KIDS ARE ENOUGH FOR ANY WOMAN!

GARDE: Oh, I'm so confused. I can't pick between you. My heart says Mr. Durante but my head says Mr. Whitcomb.

DURANTE: ANY NEWS FROM YOUR LIVER?

GARDE: That puts me back to my senses again. Mr. Whitcomb, you may continue your proposal.

MAN: Very well. The handkerchief, please. Martha, ~~there's~~
~~something I've been meaning to ask you ever since the first~~
~~day we met. Will you...~~

(PHONE RING)

MAN: Oh, there's that phone again. I'll get it.

(RECEIVER UP)

AMECHE: (FILTER) (BRITISH) Jadoo. British Airlines calling.
Where have you been, old fruit. We're waiting for you.
You must have your injections you know.

MAN: But I already had all the shots. They gave me serum for
diphtheria, serum for malaria ~~and serum for tetanus~~. What
are you injecting now?

AMECHE: Tea.....we never go anywhere without it! I do hope
the bag doesn't make a bump!.....Cheerio.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

MAN: ~~That must have been some practical joker.~~ Martha ..
please .. I haven't much time. Will you or will you
not marry me.

GARDE: Well ...

DURANTE: STOP. ~~I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL YOU THIS BEFORE,~~
~~MRS. FERGUSON, BUT NOW I MUST.~~ THIS MAN IS A DOCTOR
JERK-IL AND MR. HYDE! HE HAS ANOTHER WIFE.

MAN: That's a lie. I've never been married. I tell you ..
I've never been married.

(DOOR OPENS)

BERNER: My darling husband! ... Look at me ... it's your wife,
Ingrid!

DURANTE: YES .. THE MOTHER OF YOUR TWENTY CHILDREN.

MAN: Martha, this is a plot against me. I'm not married.
And I have no children .. do you hear me .. I have no
children!

(DOOR OPENS)

VAGUE:Daddy!..Yoo hoo...Daddy!

GARDE: Why, Mr. Whitcomb, you never told me you had a son!

DURANTE: WE PUT EVERYBODY IN THE ACT!

MAN: Oh, this is more than I can stand. I'm leaving for Europe.
Goodbye.

(DOOR SLAM)

DURANTE: SUCCESS! MRS. FERGUSON, YOU'RE SAVED AND YOU HAVE ME TO
THANK. THAT MAN WAS A PHONY.

GARDE: Phoney? Why, I had him checked and he's the wealthiest stock broker in the Middle West. He has twenty million dollars. I could have been the richest woman in the country. You fool. You idiot. Mr. Durante, where are you going?

DURANTE: UPSTAIRS TO THE SHOWER ROOM TO PACK YOUR TOWELS, I THINK MY VISIT'S OVER!

(MUSIC: _ _ PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE) ✓

27³²

SINGERS: How mild,
How mild,
How mild can a cigarette be?
Smoke Camels and see!

CONOVER: Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking
Camels -- that's what noted throat specialists reported
in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people who smoked
only Camels for thirty days. That's how mild Camels are!

VINES: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today!

CONOVER: Each week, the makers of Camels send gift cigarettes to
servicemen's and veterans' hospitals. This week, the Camels
go to: Veterans' Hospitals, Martinsburg, West Virginia and
Ft. Harrison, Montana ... U. S. Army Letterman General
Hospital, San Francisco, California ... U. S. Naval Hospital,
Annapolis, Maryland. More than one hundred ninety-million
free Camels have now been sent to servicemen, servicewomen
and veterans. ✓

28 28

(MUSIC: _ _ WHO WILL BE)

(MUSIC: _ _ WHO WILL BE)

DURANTE: DON, IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE INVITATIONS FOR A WEEK-END DON'T FORGET TO INVITE ME. IT GETS A LITTLE LONELY IN MY HOTEL ROOM.

AMECHE: Well you wouldn't be so lonely if you went out and got married -- got yourself a wife.

DURANTE: WELL, I DON'T KNOW --

AMECHE: Jimmy, it's a beautiful thing. Just picture it. Your own home, and before long a little room painted blue with a little crib in the corner and nursery pictures on the wall --

DURANTE: THAT'S ALL RIGHT FOR ME BUT WHERE WILL MY WIFE SLEEP?

~~AMECHE: Good night Mr. Durante.~~

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT, DON, GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS. GOOD NIGHT, MRS. CALABASH WHEREVER YOU ARE. ✓

(APPLAUSE) ✓

2842

COMMERCIAL:

CONOVER: The Jimmy Durante Show was transcribed and directed by Phil Cohan, and brought to you by Camel Cigarettes. Listen in again next Friday night when Jimmy Durante, Don Ameche and Vera Vague will be back on the Jimmy Durante Camel Show from New York. ✓

28⁵⁴

(APPLAUSE)

HOWELL: Give your pipe-smoking friends the National Joy Smoke -- Prince Albert! The one-pound tin of Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco comes in a bright and cheery Christmas carton. Yes, get Prince Albert, America's largest-selling smoking tobacco! ✓

29⁰⁷

(MUSIC: _ _ SNEAK)

CONOVER: Camel Cigarettes also invites you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday evening over these same stations. On Thursday, December ^{fourth} ~~eighty~~ they will present *Family Honeymoon starring Claudette Colbert and Fred Mc Murray.*

29²²

Be sure to listen. ✓

(MUSIC: _ _ UP)

29³⁰

(APPLAUSE) ✓