

*As Broadcast  
Taped copy*

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

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #11

DATE: DECEMBER 16, 1949  
(Taped Dec. 14, 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

JOHN GIBSON

JACK ALBERTSON

LARRY HAINES

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

AMECHE: Ah, Jim, that Inka Dinka Doo is really a wonderful number.

DURANTE: YES, DON, I MADE A RECORD OF IT AND THEY'RE SELLING A THOUSAND COPIES A WEEK.

AMECHE: A thousand records a week? Jim, you could retire. Why don't you stop working?

DURANTE: HOW CAN I? I GOTTA MAKE MONEY SO I CAN KEEP BUYING ALL THOSE RECORDS!

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.

55

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! That's how mild Camel's are!

VINES: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today! / 22

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE . . . . .)

AMECHE: Well, I hope everyone isn't having as much trouble with their Christmas shopping as I, due mainly to some help from a certain James Durante. We finally got enough time off from our Camel radio show to get in an afternoon of shopping, so we arranged to go downtown together. Jimmy, of course, was late meeting me at the bus stop ... so there I was waiting on the corner when ---

(SLIGHT STREET NOISES UNDER)

BERNER: (BROOKLYN) I'll ask him Sadie. Say Mister, begging your pardon, Mister, but your face is familiar.

AMECHE: (TRYING TO BE MODEST BUT ENJOYING IT) Well, it's hard for me to walk around the streets of New York without being recognized.

BERNER: You're in the movies and on the radio. That curly hair, that nice built, those handsome regular features..... I'd know you anywhere.

AMECHE: Well, thank you.

BERNER: Can I have your autograph Mr Durante!

AMECHE: Holy smokes, I'm beginning to look like him! ... Listen lady I just work on the Camel Radio Show with him. I'm not Durante. I'm Ameche! Don Ameche.

BERNER: Oh are you the feller that's supposed to have all those white flashing teeth?

AMECHE: That's right.

BERNER: I don't believe it ... Blind me.

AMECHE: Oh don't be silly.

BERNER: Aw come on Sadie, he's probably an imposter.

AMECHE: That's what happens when you work with Durante. With that schnozz of his, nobody can see you!...Where is he anyhow?

DURANTE: SORRY I'M LATE DON. ~~I'VE BEEN FIGHTING MY WAY THROUGH THE CHRISTMAS CROWDS. EVERYBODY'S GETTING READY FOR THE HOLE TIDE.~~

~~AMECHE: But Jim, you're almost a half hour late.~~

DURANTE: I'M A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES! I WAS WALKING PAST A DEPARTMENT STORE AND A WILD MOB OF FEMALES PUSHED ME INSIDE. BEFORE I KNEW IT I'M SHOVED AGAINST A COUNTER THAT HAD A SALE ON WOMEN'S SLACKS.

AMECHE: Gosh, what happened?

DURANTE: IF YOU SEE A FAT LADY WALKING AROUND IN A PAIR OF TIGHT PANTS, THEY'RE MINE!

AMECHE: Well, I hope a bus comes along soon. I promised to meet Vera Vague at the department store. She's helping me with my shopping list. By the way, have you got yours ready?

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY. I'M SENDING UNCLE LOUIE A COMB. UNCLE HARRY A COMB. UNCLE EDDIE A COMB. AND UNCLE JOE A COMB!

AMECHE: Jimmy, you're going to go out and buy them all those combs?

DURANTE: NO, I'M GIVING THEM MINE, I'VE BEEN LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE LONG ENOUGH! (WHEN YOU GOT THREE HAIRS LEFT, YOU DON'T COMB THEM DOWN. YOU LET 'EM SPEND THEIR LAST DAYS ROAMING AROUND WHEREVER THEY WANT!)

AMECHE: Well I don't even know where to begin with my shopping. Last year, my wife took care of it but now she's in California and....

DURANTE: OH, I'M GLAD YOU REMINDED ME. HERE'S A LETTER YOU JUST GOT FROM YOUR SPROUSE. I PICKED IT UP AT THE HOTEL.

AMECHE: Thanks, Jim, I might as well read it now. There's no bus in sight. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Ah, ~~listen to this.~~ <sup>lets see</sup> "Dear Don: The cutest thing happened today. I asked our youngest child what he wanted for Xmas and he said the only present he'd like us to bring him is a little baby sister."

DURANTE: DON YOU BETTER HURRY, THERE IS ONLY SEVEN MORE SHOPPING-DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS! ... BUT READ ON DONSIE. IT WARMS THE COCKTAILS OF MY HEART.

AMECHE: Alright. (READS) "Darling there's something I forgot to write you in my last letter - make sure you buy something for my cousin Henrietta." Cousin Henrietta! I don't know what to get her.

DURANTE: WELL A SWEATER IS ALWAYS AP-RA-POO.

AMECHE: But I've never even seen this cousin. How would I know what size to get.

DURANTE: THAT'S NO PROBLEM. WOMEN'S SWEATERS ONLY COME IN TWO SIZES.

AMECHE: Two sizes? What are they?

DURANTE: TOO SMALL AND WHO CARES!

AMECHE: Well, I'll figure out something.

DURANTE: YOU CAN DO IT ON THE BUS. HERE COMES ONE NOW.

AMECHE: It's about time. We've been waiting long enough.

DURANTE: I'LL SIGNAL THE BUS TO STOP. (CALLS) HEY DRIVER!

(BUS GOING BY VERY FAST WITHOUT STOPPING)

DURANTE: THAT'S THEIR DECOY BUS, THEY PASS BY EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE JUST TO KEEP UP YOUR HOPES.

~~AMECHE: Oh, here comes another bus and it's only half filled.~~

~~I'll signal him. (CALLS) Hey driver!~~

~~(BUS GOING BY VERY FAST WITHOUT STOPPING)~~

~~DURANTE: DON'T GIVE UP. HERE COMES ANOTHER BUS AND I HAVE A PLAN. I'LL STAND IN FRONT OF HIM AND HE'LL HAVE TO STOP! HERE I GO.~~

~~(CAR SCREECHING TO STOP. THEN STARTING AGAIN AND GOING AWAY)~~

~~DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, HE BACKED AWAY AND WENT DOWN ANOTHER BLOCK!~~

AMECHE: Jim, for heaven sakes, it's getting late let's take a cab.

(CAR PULLING TO STOP)

AMECHE: Why, look, a bus stopped for us.

DURANTE: LET'S NOT REPORT IT, THEY'LL FIRE HIM FOR THAT!

AMECHE: Come on, we'll get in.

MAN: Fares please. Have your fares ready please. Please have your fares ready. Have your fares ready please. Fares please. Please have your fares ready. Have your fares ready please.

DURANTE: DRIVER, DO WE PAY GETTING IN OR GETTING OUT!

MAN: Get a load of that schnozz. The water shortage in New York is worse than I thought. Even the swordfish are walking!

AMECHE: Don't make fun of that nose, Buddy. If they ever put wheels on it, you guys will all be out of business!...But come, Jim, let's get in and not make anymore trouble.

DURANTE: O.K.

MAN: Now fares please.

AMECHE: I'll pay the fare, Jim. I've got it ready.

DURANTE: NO, DON, I'LL PAY.

AMECHE: But I've already got the two dimes out.

DURANTE: PLEASE, DON, I WANNA PAY.

AMECHE: But I've got the exact amount ready.

DURANTE: PLEASE, I INSIST ON PAYING.

AMECHE: O.K., you pay.

DURANTE: THAT'S BETTER. DRIVER, DO YOU HAVE CHANGE OF TWENTY DOLLARS!

MAN: Twenty dollars in change? (CRAFTILY) O.K., let's have *the* twenty.

DURANTE: THERE IT IS. NOW THE CHANGE PLEASE.

MAN: Here you are.

(DROPPING NIAGARA OF COINS ON FLOOR AND ROLLING AROUND)

DURANTE: DRIVER, I'D LIKE TO PUT THE CHANGE IN MY WALLET. DO YOU HAVE A SHOVEL!



AMECHE: Jim, pick up the change quietly. We're creating a scene.  
Now sit down over there and don't bother the driver  
anymore.

MAN: That's right. I've got a lot of time to make up. Here  
I go.

(CAR STARTING AND AWAY)

DURANTE: DRIVER .. DRIVER .. STOP THE BUS .. STOP THE BUS!

(BUS SCREECHING TO STOP)

MAN: (EXCITED) Why did you make me stop? Is there a cop  
following me .. did I hit someone .. is there a bridge  
out ahead?

DURANTE: NO, I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU I'M SORRY AND THE SIGN SAYS  
I CAN'T TALK TO YOU WHILE THE BUS IS IN MOTION!

MAN: That did it! Out .. out ...

AMECHE: But driver, we ...

MAN: Out! Out!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE. . . . .)

(DEPARTMENT STORE NOISES UNDER)

AMECHE: Thanks to you, Jim, we're two hours late getting to this department store.

DURANTE: WELL LET'S START SHOPPING IN A HURRY. COME ON, DON, WE'LL TAKE THE MOVING STAIRCASE UP. I LOVE TO RIDE THOSE IN-ADAPTERS.

AMECHE: I wish I could figure out what to get that cousin Henrietta. Let's see...say maybe I'll get her a shiny new black chemise.

DURANTE: THAT'S VERY NICE, DON, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE CAN DRIVE ONE!

AMECHE: I can see you're going to be helpful.

DURANTE: EUROPA, I'VE GOT IT. IF YOU DON'T KNOW THIS DAME, THERE'S ONLY ONE SAFE THING TO DO. GIVE HER A GIFT CERTIFICATE.

AMECHE: Say, that's it ... gift certificates! And it'll solve the problem of what to get my six kids too. Why didn't I ever think of making out gift certificates before.

DURANTE: HOW COULD YOU -- WITH SIX KIDS, YOU WERE TOO BUSY MAKING OUT BIRTH CERTIFICATES! ... BUT DONSIE, I'LL GET THAT GIFT CERTIFICATE AND MAIL IT OUT FOR YOU. WHAT AMOUNT SHALL I FILL IN?

AMECHE: Er...ten dollars would be just about right. They can put it on my charge account. <sup>Her name is</sup> ~~Here's~~ <sup>and here's her</sup> Henrietta ~~by name~~ and address. Meanwhile I can meet Miss Vague and take care of my other shopping.

DURANTE: O.K., DON, I'LL SEE YOU LATER. AH, I FEEL JUST LIKE SANTA CLAUS. UP DUNDER, UP BLITZEN, UP PRANCER, UP ARTHUR MURRAY.

AMECHE: Arthur Murray?

DURANTE: YEAH...THAT'S DANCER! (LAUGHS...FADING) I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM. A MILLION OF 'EM!

AMECHE: Well, for once, Jimmy had a good idea. Now I wonder where Miss Vague is. She said she'd meet me somewhere around here.

VAGUE: Yoo hoo, Mr. Ameche.

AMECHE: Vera Vague.

(APPLAUSE)

AMECHE: I'm sorry I'm late, Miss Vague, but I was delayed.

VAGUE: Well, I wish you would have been here earlier. I was just terribly insulted. I was standing over there where they're selling those Xmas trees, and I happened to pull up my skirt a little to adjust my stockings.

AMECHE: Well, what was the trouble.

VAGUE: Some man came along, pointed at my leg and said, "I can't afford a good tree...I'll take that scrawny one with the knots in it!"

~~AMECHE: Well, simmer down, Miss Vague. simmer down.~~

~~VAGUE: Well, I can't help it. This store is getting on my nerves. Women pushing and shoving...fighting to get things..what's the matter with women shoppers these days. We should be considerate of one another.~~

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AMECHE: ~~Why Miss Vague, your knuckles are scraped. How come?~~

VAGUE: ~~One pair of nylons...ten women. I had to plug five, kick four, bite one, but I'm wearing them!...Oh toujours la right hook!~~

AMECHE: Well, never mind. Let's walk along and see what we can find. Er...do you have any idea what I can get my wife?

VAGUE: Well, the latest thing is lingerie with cute little things embroidered on them. For instance, one girl friend of mine received a lace slip embroidered "From Snookums to Cuddles". Another friend of mine got a pair of pajamas embroidered "From Flame Boy to Sweetie Pie". And I received one too.

AMECHE: Really - what?

VAGUE: A sweatshirt that said "From the YMCA to the best second baseman we ever had!"

AMECHE: I don't think that gift was right for you--I always thought you played first base! But Miss Vague, I couldn't buy my wife any of that personal stuff -- lingerie - slips.

VAGUE: Mr. Ameche, you're just not romantic anymore. That's what happens to you men when you reach middle age!

AMECHE: What?

VAGUE: Don't try to avoid it. You are facing middle age.

AMECHE: Well, at least I'm facing it...you've had your back to it for years! (LAUGHS)

VAGUE: Oh, what a lovely smile. All he needs for Christmas is two less front teeth!...But just for that crack, Mr. Ameche, I'm going to scratch you off my Christmas list. Let's see now, that just leaves me with Gregory Peck, Clark Gable and Van Johnson.

AMECHE: You get presents for them?

VAGUE: Well, it's the least I can do. All year long, they've been calling me up almost every night for dates.

AMECHE: Well, what are you going to get them this year?

VAGUE: Same thing as last year...a counterfeit phone book with my number listed under Lana Turner's name!

AMECHE: I might have known.

VAGUE: Say, here comes Jimmy. Look at him! Jim, what's the matter, you look so battered and disheveled.

DURANTE: WHY SHOULDN'T I BE DISHOVELED -- THEY JUST THREW ME OUT OF THE PERFUME DEPARTMENT -- AND I WAS ONLY DOING WHAT EVERYBODY ELSE DID. THEY LET YOU SMELL THE PERFUMES BEFORE YOU BUY 'EM.

AMECHE: What happened?

DURANTE: I INHALED ONCE AND THEY WERE OUT OF MERCHANDISE! IT'S A GOOD THING I DIDN'T USE BOTH NOSTRILS OR THEY'D BE MINUS A FLOOR WALKER!

AMECHE: You and your problems, but tell me Jim...did you send off that ten dollar gift certificate for my cousin Henrietta?

DURANTE: CERTAINLY. I FILLED IT OUT AND MAILED IT RIGHT OFF... AND HERE'S THE DUPLICATE COPY.

AMECHE: Let's see it. You know this is the best idea you ever had. My worries about that cousin are all over and it only cost me ten dollars and er..duh..duh..oh no..no Jim...you didn't...you didn't...you didn't...

DURANTE: DON, WHAT DID I DIDN'T?

AMECHE: You forgot to put in the decimal point. Look at it..  
the certificate is made out for a thousand dollars.

DURANTE: HOLY SMOKES, I'VE COMMITTED A FLO'S PA.

VAGUE: My goodness, Mr. Ameche, you're in trouble. What are you  
going to do.

AMECHE: Well, I certainly can't ask for it back. Cousin  
Henrietta is the big shot of the family and it'd cause a  
riot.

DURANTE: DON I GOT YOU INTO THIS AND I'LL GET YOU OUT. I'LL THINK OF  
SOMETHING.

VAGUE: Can you, Jimmy?

DURANTE: OF COURSE. DURANTE HAS NEVER FAILED AT ANYTHING.

VAGUE: Never?

DURANTE: WELL...JUST ONCE. LEMME TELL YOU ABOUT IT.  
(JIMMY'S SONG...."THE SKYWRITER")

// 25

"SKYWRITER"

VERSE:

I'M NOT A GUY WHO CLAIMS TO DO A MILLION THINGS  
I KNOW MY LIMIT -- NO ONE'S KIDDING ME!  
BUT WAY UP IN AN AIR-PLANE WRITING HIGH IN THE SKY.  
IS SOMEPLACE I KNOW I CAN NEVER BE.

CHORUS:

I'D MAKE A WONDERFUL -- SKYWRITER  
IF I ONLY KNEW HOW TO SPELL  
FIVE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE EARTH - HIGHER THAN A BIRD  
CAN I GO THRU THE DICTIONARY LOOKING UP A WORD?  
SOME GUYS IN THE SKIES CAN WRITE A WHOLE SENTENCE  
THEY EVEN DRAW PICTURES AS WELL  
BUT WHEN I SEE THEM WRITING WORDS I FEEL VERY SAD.  
IT'S HARD ENOUGH FOR ME WITH JUST A PENCIL AND PAD!  
I'D MAKE A WONDERFUL -- SKYWRITER!  
IF I ONLY KNEW HOW TO SPELL!

PATTER:

DURANTE: YOU KNOW A FRIEND OF MINE USED TO BE A SKYWRITER --  
ONE DAY HE WAS FLYING AT AN ALTITUDE OF 10,000 FEET AND  
A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED - HE MIS-SPELLED A WORD AND  
STEPPED OUT TO ERASE IT! YES, THIS SKYWRITING IS A VERY  
TRICKY BUSINESS!

(MORE)

PATTER: (CONT'D)

DURANTE: ON MY FIRST LESSON MY INSTRUCTOR TOOK ME UP IN A  
3 MOTOR PLANE. SUDDENLY ONE MOTOR WENT DEAD.

(CHORD)

I RAN UP TO THE INSTRUCTOR BUT HE TOLD ME NOT TO  
WORRY. SUDDENLY THE SECOND MOTOR WENT DEAD.

(CHORD)

I RAN UP TO THE INSTRUCTOR BUT HE STILL TOLD ME NOT  
TO WORRY. THEN SUDDENLY THE LAST MOTOR WENT DEAD.

(CHORD)

THE INSTRUCTOR RAN BACK TO ME AND SAID --- "MR. DURANTE  
--- NOW YOU MAY START TO WORRY!"

(MUSIC)

YES, I'D MAKE A WONDERFUL SKYWRITER -- IF I ONLY KNEW  
HOW TO SPELL!

YES SIR, IF I ONLY KNEW HOW TO SPELL.

(APPLAUSE)

13 '9



"THE JIMMY DURANTE SHOW"  
Friday, December 16, 1949 -- #50

CAMEL CIGARETTES

1st ANNCR: Say, Don, I mentioned a pretty young lady before the  
broadcast. Well, here she is now -- Mrs. Lillian Cole.

AMECHE: Hello, Mrs. Cole!  
(TAPE)

COLE: Hello, Don!

AMECHE: I'm told you made a certain test?

COLE: Yes, I did! I made the Camel thirty-day mildness test  
under the supervision of a throat specialist.

AMECHE: I trust you passed?

COLE: One hundred per cent!

AMECHE: Just what do you mean by "one hundred per cent"?

COLE: Well, I smoked only Camels for thirty days -- about a pack  
a day. Each week, my throat was examined by the specialist.  
And he found no throat irritation from smoking Camels --  
none at all!

AMECHE: Well, how do you feel about that?

COLE: Well, I'm convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarettes  
I've ever smoked! And -- incidently -- I love Camel's  
wonderful flavor!

AMECHE: Well, so do I! And thank you a lot, Mrs. Lillian Cole.

1st ANNCR: Friends, Mrs. Cole is one of hundreds of people from coast  
(LIVE) to coast who made this test. These men and women smoked  
only Camels for thirty days -- averaging one to two packs  
a day. Each week, their throats were examined by noted  
throat specialists, who reported: Not one single case of  
throat irritation due to smoking Camels!

2nd ANNCR: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today!

DURANTE: AND I'D LIKE TO ADD... (JINGLE) ✓

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(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE) \_

AMECHE: Well, trouble again. I let Jimmy fill out a ten dollar gift certificate to my wife's cousin Henrietta, and he accidentally made it out for a thousand dollars. I was going out of my mind, when Jimmy came up with what seemed like a pretty good idea. Get jobs as salesmen in that department store and when Henrietta tried to cash that certificate, we could keep her from doing it.

DURANTE: WELL DON OUR APPLICATIONS FOR SALESMEN ARE IN. NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS BE INTERVIEWED BY THE PERSONNEL DIRECTOR. I SURE HOPE WE PASS MUSTARD.

AMECHE: Jim, I know this may be the only way, but I still feel a little silly. Me, applying for a job.

DURANTE: DONSIE, THAT'S THE WRONG ATTITUDE. NEVER BE ASHAMED OF WORK. REMEMBER THESE WORDS, "A FULL WEEK'S WORK IS MAN'S GREATEST PRIVILEGE AND ALL A MAN CAN ASK FROM LIFE IS JUST TO WORK AND KEEP RIGHT ON WORKING."

AMECHE: Why that's beautiful Jim, where did you read it?

DUREANTE: IT'S THE MOTTO HANGING OVER THE DESK IN JOHN L. LEWIS'S OFFICE.

AMECHE: Hold on, Jim, I think it's our turn next.

ALBERTSON: (CALLS) Numbers fifty seven and fifty eight, Mr. Durante and Mr. Ameche....please step inside.

AMECHE: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSE)

ALBERTSON: Mr. Ameche, you look like the type to work for our store. Nicely pressed suit, clean white shirt, conservative tie, hair well groomed, finger nails immaculate. Mr. Durante...

DURANTE: YES....

ALBERTSON: Did you get the number of the truck that ran over you?

DURANTE: (HE DOESN'T APPRECIATE THE CASUAL TWEED TYPE.)

ALBERTSON: Gentlemen, all prospective employers must take an aptitude test. Mr. Durante, first I'll try you on word association. Say the first thing that comes to your mind. White.

DURANTE: BLACK.

ALBERTSON: Wet.

DURANTE: DRY.

ALBERTSON: Girl.

DURANTE: MABEL CIRCLE FOUR SIX THOUSAND.

ALBERTSON: That is not the right association.

DURANTE: YOU ASSOCIATE WITH WHO YOU WANT I'LL ASSOCIATE WITH WHO I WANT.

ALBERTSON: Now for you, Mr. Ameche, we have a slightly more difficult intelligence test. <sup>a: Show you</sup> Here you must associate the need of one thing for another. Flowers.

AMECHE: Sunshine.

ALBERTSON: Fish.

AMECHE: Water.

ALBERTSON: Cows.

AMECHE: Grass.

ALBERTSON: Truman.

AMECHE: Son-in-law.

ALBERTSON: Very good. Now, for some other questions. Mr. Ameche, your experience.

AMECHE: Saks Fifth Avenue, upholstery department.

ALBERTSON: Mr. Durante, your experience?

DURANTE: MABEL CIRCLE FOUR SIX THOUSAND.

ALBERTSON: What's the idea of that?

DURANTE: IF YOU WANT UPHOLSTERY LOOK AT MABEL.

~~ALBERTSON: Maybe I better forget about these guys and just hire Mabel.~~

AMECHE: Mr. Durante is really a very experienced salesman.

ALBERTSON: Yes yes, of course. Gentlemen, our sales procedure is really very simple. Suppose a woman comes in to buy something from you. You fill out the sales slip putting down the customer's name, address, account number, stock inventory number, cost of each item, discount deducted, sales tax, city tax and department... Now Mr. Durante, suppose this woman comes in two days later to exchange that purchase. What would you do?

DURANTE: TELL HER TO WAIT, I'M STILL MAKING OUT THE ORIGINAL SALES SLIP.

AMECHE: Maybe you better go back to the word association.

ALBERTSON: Yes yes, of course. Mr. Durante, I'm going to try you on geographical capitals. <sup>o: oh - oh</sup> Washington?

DURANTE: UNITED STATES.

ALBERTSON: Rome.

DURANTE: ITALY.

ALBERTSON: London.

DURANTE: ENGLAND.

ALBERTSON: Sydney.

DURANTE: MABEL CIRCLE FOUR SIX <sup>thousand</sup> ~~SEVEN HUNDRED~~.

ALBERTSON: Mr. Durante, I'm afraid your in trouble.

DURANTE: YOU'RE TELLING ME, SYDNEY IS MABEL'S HUSBAND.

AMECHE: There's nothing you can do. He fights his way out of traps like a wounded tiger. *Old Mustard over here*

ALBERTSON: ~~But I did think I had him there for a while. However,~~

*well* this is our rush season and we can't be too choosy.

You boys are hired.

DURANTE: THANK YOU, WE'LL GO RIGHT TO WORK.

ALBERTSON: Not so fast. First you must take our department store salesman's oath. Raise your right hand and repeat after me. I solemnly swear.

DURANTE &  
AMECHE: I SOLEMNLY SWEAR.

ALBERTSON: That I will wrap all packages in such a manner that they will fall apart the minute the customer gets in the subway.

DURANTE &  
AMECHE: THAT I WILL WRAP ALL PACKAGES IN SUCH A MANNER THAT THEY WILL FALL APART THE MINUTE THE CUSTOMER GETS IN THE SUBWAY.

ALBERTSON: That I will let the customer talk for at least five minutes before I tell him he's in the wrong department.

DURANTE &  
AMECHE: THAT I WILL LET THE CUSTOMER TALK FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES BEFORE I TELL HIM HE'S IN THE WRONG DEPARTMENT.

ALBERTSON: That I will deliver all Christmas packages not sooner than one week after New Years.

DURANTE &  
AMECHE: THAT I WILL DELIVER ALL CHRISTMAS PACKAGES NOT SOONER THAN ONE WEEK AFTER NEW YEARS.

ALBERTSON: If I do not keep these vows may my carnation wilt.

DURANTE &  
AMECHE: IF I DO NOT KEEP THESE VOWS MAY MY CARNATION WILT.

ALBERTSON: I now pronounce you Macy's and Gimbels. Gentlemen, go to work.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

DURANTE: DON, I'M GLAD THEY PUT US IN THE SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT WE'RE RIGHT NEAR THE ENTRANCE.

AMECHE: Yeah, I've got a picture of my cousin Henrietta and I can spot her the minute she comes in.

DURANTE: WELL IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S ACT LIKE SALESMEN. ~~REMEMBER~~  
~~... WE'RE UNDER OATH.~~

AMECHE: You know, I'm happy they put us in a ~~real~~ ~~be-man's~~ department ~~like~~ ~~sporting~~ ~~goods~~. Say, here comes a customer now. Look at that spring in his walk and those broad shoulders. He probably wants a heavy punching bag, a rowing machine, thousand pound bar bells, yes sir, what can we do for you?

GIBSON: I'd like some muscles.

DURANTE: GET A LOAD OF HIM, I'VE SEEN MORE LIFE IN A BOWL OF JELLO!

~~AMECHE: So you want to grow muscles, eh?~~

GIBSON: ~~Oh yes indeed. You know those pictures of men that say~~  
~~before and after?~~

DURANTE: ~~YES?~~

GIBSON: ~~Under mine, it says, "Never!"~~

AMECHE: Tell me...it's hard to judge with your clothes on...  
how much do you weigh stripped?

GIBSON: Oooooh, what you said! (GIGGLES) Well, I stepped up on  
a weighing machine the other day and put a penny in.

DURANTE: WELL WHAT DID IT SAY?

GIBSON: I never found out....the little card came out too fast  
and pushed me off the scale!

AMECHE: You know, you look familiar. Didn't my cat once have  
you in its litter?

GIBSON: Yes...how about that?

DURANTE: LISTEN, MONSIEUR ANEMIC, ~~YOU DON'T HAVE TO START THIS WAY~~  
~~ALL YOUR LIFE.~~ IF YOU BOUGHT SOME OF OUR EQUIPMENT,  
YOU COULD BECOME A HE-MAN AND GROW HAIR ON YOUR CHEST.

GIBSON: Oh is that where you keep yours?

DURANTE: COMING FROM YOU, THAT'S A MOCKERY!

GIBSON: But I've got a program all planned on how to build  
myself up. I'm going to lift barbells, hike over  
mountains, swim through rivers, chop down trees...can  
I sit down?

AMECHE: Why?

GIBSON: I'm bushed...But thanks for the advise fellas. I'll get  
right to work on it. Tooodle.

DURANTE: YOU DIDN'T FINISH THAT.

GIBSON: I haven't got the strength to "oo!"

DURANTE: HE BETTER BE CAREFUL ON THE WAY HOME. IT'S WINDY AND I  
HOPE HE DOESN'T GET CAUGHT IN ANYONE'S EYE!

AMECHE: Oh, he'll be all right. Wait a minute, Jim -- look, there's cousin Henrietta coming through the entrance right now.

DURANTE: YEAH AND SHE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE FUR DEPARTMENT.

AMECHE: I knew it! She's going to shoot the thousand all at once. Jim, we've got to make her hate this store so much, she won't use that certificate.

DURANTE: O.K. LET'S SWING INTO ACTION. LOOK .. (FADE) SHE'S STARTING TO TALK TO THE SALESMAN.

BERNER: (FADING IN) (LITTLE HIGH CLASS AND NASTY) Oh, clerk, I received a thousand dollar gift certificate to spend in this establishment here. ~~My husband is meeting me here with it but I'd like to pick out what I want before he gets here.~~ What have you got in fur coats?

CONOVER: Well, Madam, we have some very lovely...

DURANTE: STAND ASIDE, SON. I AM THE HEAD OF THE FUR DEPARTMENT AND I'M WAITING ON THIS WOMAN PERSONALLY.

BERNER: Well, this is the type of service I'm accustomed to. Now what would you suggest?

DURANTE: MADAM, MAY I RECOMMEND OUR SIR-PLUS ARMY AIR FORCE JACKETS!

BERNER: Now what would I do with an Army Air Force Jacket?

DURANTE: IT'LL KEEP YOU ~~VERY~~ WARM WHILE FLYING ALONG ON YOUR BROOM STICK!



BERNER: ~~Listen, I'm looking for something that's soft and furry  
that will stay around my neck all the time.~~

DURANTE: ~~I SUGGEST OUR FUR DEPARTMENT, THEY HAVE SOME VERY BEAUTIFUL  
CONCERN SPANISH!~~

BERNER: I don't believe you know anything about furs.

DURANTE: MADAM YOU ARE TALKING TO THE SHLEPP-A-RELLY OF THE  
CHIN-CHILLA SET! WHY I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO BRING A  
GENUINE WHITE MINK FUR JACKET TO AMERICA.

BERNER: What was the result?

DURANTE: MABEL CIRCLE FOUR SIX THOUSAND!

BERNER: I don't care what you say. I'm going to buy this black  
fur coat right here.

DURANTE: IT MAY NOT BE RIGHT FOR YOU. I'LL HAVE TO CALL IN OUR  
FUR EXPERT FROM RUSSIA....EE-VON AMEECH-A-VICH. (CALLS)  
EE-VON, A CUSTOMER.

BERNER: Well, he can judge how I look in it. I'll slip it right  
on.....There.

DURANTE: WELL, EE-VON, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

AMECHE: (RUSSIAN) Vot ever it is, kill it! Da!

BERNER: Tell me, why don't you have any decent fur coats.

AMECHE: Da. There are scarcities of furs in my native country.  
Da. We fur trappers cannot catch any furs. Da.

BERNER: How come?

AMECHE: In Russia, everyone has to keep their traps shut!

DURANTE: EE-VON, THIS WOMAN DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE THE TYPE TO  
WEAR FURS. RIGHT?

AMECHE: Da. What you think?

DURANTE: DA.

AMECHE: Da.

DURANTE: DA, DA.

AMECHE: Da Da.

DURANTE: WELL LET'S NOT JUST STAND HERE, LET'S HAVE OUR  
PABLUM!

<sup>a. Da</sup>  
<sup>Da</sup>  
BERNER: Oh, never mind, I don't need a fur coat anyway. I'll  
get myself a diamond ring in the jewelry department.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ QUICK BRIDGE)

BERNER: Clerk, I have a thousand dollar gift certificate and I'd like something in jewels.

CONOVER: Very well, Madam. We have some beautiful ...

DURANTE: STAND ASIDE, I'M WAITING ON THIS WOMAN PERSONALLY.

BERNER: I thought I got rid of you -- weren't you in the fur department?

DURANTE: I HAD TO LEAVE. THEY BROUGHT IN A COAT MADE OUT OF ANT EATER SKINS.

BERNER: What's that got to do with you?

DURANTE: IF ANT EATER SKINS BECOME POPULAR, MY LIFE IS IN DANGER!

BERNER: Well, as long as you're here, you might as well wait on me. I'd like to buy that string of pearls over there.

DURANTE: MADAM, I COULDN'T SELL YOU THOSE PEARLS -- THEY COME FROM UNDER-SIZED ERSTERS. IF YOU WANT REAL BIG PEARLS, GO TO THE JEWELRY STORE ACROSS THE STREET.

BERNER: Across the street?

DURANTE: YEAH THEY HAVE THEIR OWN ERSTER FARM AND THE ERSTERS PRODUCE PEARLS AS BIG AS WATERMELONS.

BERNER: Don't be ridiculous. How could they make little oysters produce pearls as big as watermelons.

DURANTE: THEY USE WHIPS!

BERNER: Wait a minute. I see a beautiful diamond ring right there and don't try to talk me out of it...I'll take it.

DURANTE: OKAY, BUT FIRST WE GOTTA HAVE IT APPRAISED BY OUR DIAMOND EXPERT FROM HOLLAND...HERR WIL-HELM AMEECH. (CALLS) OH HERR...HERR...HERR...I LOVE THE SOUND OF THAT WORD!

AMECHE: (DUTCH) Ya, you called me dorten down unter ubere alles dorten ya?

BERNER: Oh, he's back in the act too.

DURANTE: HERR AMEECH, I'D LIKE YOU TO INSPECT THIS STONE IN OUR STOCK.

AMEECH: I'll be very happy to inspext this shtone in our shtock.  
Ooooooh, I must get rid of some of these teeth! First,  
I will screw this magnifying glass to eye. Now I will  
look through it. Oh, it's beautiful ... it's shtunning...  
it's exciting.

BERNER: The diamond?

AMECHE: No, I have one of those little pictures in the glass!

~~DURANTE: HERR AMEECH, WOULDN'T THIS WOMAN GET BETTER DIAMONDS ACROSS  
THE STREET?~~

AMECHE: Ya. What do you think?

DURANTE: YA

AMECHE: Ya.

DURANTE: YA.

AMECHE: Ya.

AMECHE &

~~DURANTE: (TOGETHER -- SING) CHIRIBEE CHIRIBEE CHIRIBEE YA YA YA!~~

BERNER: This has gone too far. I'm going right to the store  
manager to cash my certificate. He'll give me that ring.

DURANTE: Don, we're licked!

AMECHE: Yeah. Okay, Madam, you can have the ring -- where's the  
certificate?

BERNER: My husband has it -- Oh, here he comes now. Bertram - Oh  
Bertram.

GIBSON: Yes, flower of my life.

BERNER: I've picked out what I want -- you can give me the  
certificate.

GIBSON: I gave it away as a Christmas present.

BERNER: (INFURIATED) You gave my gift Certificate away?! Whom did  
you give it to? Whom did you give it to?

GIBSON: Mabel Circle four six thousand.

DURANTE: ~~IT'S BEEN AROUND!~~ *I've been sabotaged!*

AMECHE: Oh no! Mabel's got it! Now we'll have to keep her  
from cashing in that certificate!

DURANTE: SOUNDS LIKE A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

*26<sup>th</sup>*

COMMERCIAL: (CAMEL CIGARETTES)

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

CONOVER: Among the millions who enjoy Camels are many, many doctors.  
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!

VINES: Friends, this Christmas -- give Camels! The Camel carton  
is all dressed up for Christmas, with a space reserved for  
your own greeting. Camels are always welcome!

CONOVER: Every week, the Camel people send gift cigarettes to  
hospitalized members of the Armed Services. The makers of  
Camels have sent over one hundred ninety million cigarettes  
to servicemen, servicewomen and veterans. This week's  
Camels go to: Veteran's Hospitals, Oteen, North Carolina  
and Hines, Illinois...U.S.A.A.F. Station Hospital,  
Williams Field, Arizona...U.S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea,  
Massachusetts.

(MUSIC: -- WHO WILL BE)

2752

WHO WILL BE

-30-

(MUSIC: \_ \_ WHO WILL BE)

AMECHE: Well, Vera, I want to thank you for helping me with my Christmas shopping.

DURANTE: MY GRATUITIES TOO, MISS VAGUE AND IT'S MIGHTY NICE THAT YOU'RE GONNA TAKE MY SIX YEAR OLD NIECE DOWN TO SEE SANTA CLAUS.

VAGUE: Oh yes, and I'm gonna have so much fun sitting on Santa's lap.

AMECHE: Wait a minute, his niece is supposed to sit on Santa's lap.

VAGUE: Let her get her own lap. She's just worried about Christmas - this has to last me all year.

AMECHE: Oh, what's the use - Goodnight Jim.

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

(APPLAUSE)

28 28

(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. ✓

28<sup>40</sup>

HOWELL: Here's a tip for the pipe smokers on your Christmas list -- a one-pound tin of the National Joy Smoke: Prince Albert! This fine, rich tobacco comes in a special gift box, all ready to give. ✓

28<sup>51</sup>

(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 twenty-second, they will

*present "Little Women" starring June Allyson and Peter Lawford - and an all star cast*

29<sup>15</sup>

Be sure to listen. ✓

(MUSIC: - UP)

29<sup>25</sup>

(APPLAUSE) ✓