

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

*As Broadcast
Taped Copy*
JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #13

DATE: DECEMBER 30, 1949
(Taped Dec. 19th, 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

BETTY GARDE

NANCY DOUGLASS

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

OH WHAT A TUNE FOR CROONING - (HIGH NOTE)

(AH MAYOR O'DWYER THAT'S MY WEDDING PRESENT TO YOU!)

AMECHE: Ah, Jim, the gay tone of your voice tells me you've got the New Year's spirit already.

DURANTE: INDUBITABLY DON. I'M AMUCK WITH THE SPIRIT OF FESTIVITY.

AMECHE: What are you gonna do for New Year's?

DURANTE: Well, I'll tell you -- ✓

(MUSIC: STRUTAWAY)

(APPLAUSE) ✓

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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. ✓

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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
Camels are!

~~2ND DANCER~~: Test Camels yourself. Smoke Camels for thirty days
and see how mild a cigarette can be!

~~CONOVER~~: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels
today! ✓

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(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE _ _)

AMECHE: Well, this year the holiday season in New York found Jimmy and I very busy. We were getting ready to head back to California and yet we had to find time to exchange some Christmas gifts before we left. So there were Jim and I in our hotel suite ... he was in the next room packing and I was wrapping for exchange some horrible cufflinks that my Mother-in-law had given me. Just then the door bell rang and of all people, who was it ... my Mother-in-law.

GARDE: Why, Donald, you have out the cuff links I gave you. What are you doing with them?

AMECHE: Oh ... er ... I was just going to show them to Jimmy ... By the way, did you like that jeweled brooch I sent you? Very unusual stone ... I don't know whether it's pronounced "turkoise" or "turkwoise".

GARDE: I took it to my jeweler this morning. He pronounced it "glass"! But, I hope you're not thinking of exchanging any of the gifts you received from me or my side of the family!

AMECHE: Exchange them? I wouldn't dream of it! I just love that cigarette lighter Cousin George gave me. It's one of those new kind.

GARDE: A new cigarette lighter?

AMECHE: Yes. You spin the little wheel three or four times and a little arrow pops up that points to the nearest guy with a match!

GARDE: Tell me, Donald, what did you receive from Mr. Durante?
Something cheap and tawdry, no doubt.

AMECHE: There you go with Jimmy again. You shouldn't talk that
way about him. Why, Jimmy likes you almost as much as
...er ... I do.

DURANTE: (OFF MIKE) DON, I HOPE I HAVE ROOM IN MY VALISE FOR THIS
PICTURE OF YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW. I WANNA TAKE IT BACK TO
THE COAST WITH ME.

AMECHE: You see, Mother, he likes you.

DURANTE: IT KEPT THE PIGEONS AWAY FROM THE WINDOW SILL HERE. IT
OUGHT TO WORK IN CALIFORNIA TOO!

GARDE: (INFURIATED) Donald, you use my picture to scare away
the birds?

AMECHE: Only the big ones! ... er I mean ... Jim ... Jim
there's someone here, you know ---

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE ... THAT PERFUME ... I KNOW IT FROM
SOMEPLACE. LEMME SNIFF ONCE MORE .. NO IT CAN'T BE...
BUT WHO ELSE USES THAT PERFUME.

GARDE: Well, that's better.

DURANTE: IT'S GORGEOUS GEORGE I'LL COME RIGHT OUT AND MEET HIM.

AMECHE: O.K., now that you're in ... look. It's my Mother-in-Law, Mrs. Ferguson.

GARDE: Yes and what have you to say now, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THE NEXT ROOM WERE THOSE OF THE PIGEONS AND NOT NECESSARILY MINE!

AMECHE: Mother, he was kidding. He knew it was you all the time. Now go ahead Jim, and tell her how charming you think she is.

DURANTE: MADAM, NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANYBODY SO CHARMING, SO ENTRANCING, SO POISED, SO BEAUTIFUL ...

AMECHE: (AFTER PAUSE) Well, what are you waiting for?

DURANTE: LIGHTNING TO STRIKE ME!

AMECHE: Er ... always joking. But, Mother he's really a very cultured gentlemen.

DURANTE: THANK YOU VERY MEECH, MR. AMUCHE. MRS. FERGUSON, I'M HONORED BY YOUR DISTINCTIFIED PRESCENCE. MAY I OFFER YOU SOME CHAMPAGNE?

GARDE: No, thank you ... champagne tickles my nose.

DURANTE: IT USED TO TICKLE MINE TOO BUT NOW I DRINK IT THROUGH MY MOUTH!

well stick to the nose - with that thing you can out drink anyone.
GARDE: Well, Don, I really must go now. Remember ... you're not going to exchange any of those gifts ... especially the cuff links I gave you.

AMECHE: Er ... of course not. If I don't see you before I leave, may I wish you a very happy New Year.

GARDE: A very happy New Year to you too. I enjoyed having you here in New York with me.

AMECHE: And I enjoyed being with you.

GARDE: You must come back and visit me again.

AMECHE: Well, Mother, I want you to come out to California and stay with us for a few months.

DURANTE: EVERYBODY DUCK ... HERE COMES THAT LIGHTNING AGAIN!

GARDE: Well, Don ... Mr. Durante ... I'll say goodbye. Well, not really goodbye ... as we say in Paris ... au revoir.

DURANTE: AND AS WE SAY IN NEW YORK, A LOW RESEVOIR TO YOU TOO!

AMECHE: Goodbye, Mother.

(DOOR SLAM)

AMECHE: Jim, I gotta exchange these cuff links no matter what she says. How could she give me such unmitigated monstrosities?

DURANTE: YES DON, THEY ARE MEDICATED MONSTROSITIES. THAT'S THE TROUBLE - PEOPLE DON'T PICK THEIR XMAS GIFTS WITH ENOUGH CARE. SOMEONE SENT ME A PAIR OF SOCKS BUT I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO WEAR THEM.

AMECHE: How come?

DURANTE: I ALREADY HAVE A PAIR! ... AND LOOK AT THIS RIDICULOUS GIFT - A BOY SCOUT KNIFE. IT COULD MAKE ME LOSE MY MEMBERSHIP IN THE GIRL SCOUTS!

AMECHE: Well maybe your housekeeper Mrs. Mataratza could use it for her oldest boy.

DURANTE: LET'S ASK HER. SHE'S HELPING ME PACK MY TRUNK IN THE OTHER ROOM.

(DOOR OPEN)

DURANTE: MRS. MATARATZA ...

BERNER: Just a minoots, Mr. Durante, I'm a not through with packing your trunk. I'm gotta put in these six new handkerchiefs I bought for you for the trip.

AMECHE: Wait a minute, Mrs. Mataratza ... these aren't handkerchiefs ... they're bed sheets.

BERNER: Listen, when you gotta a nose like Mr. Durante, they're handkerchiefs!

DURANTE: I'M THE VICTIM OF A BUMPER CROP!

AMECHE: Mrs. Mataratza, you have a lot of kids. Do you have one old enough to use a boy scout knife?

BERNER: Well, let's see ... my boy Guiseppe could be old enough. He was a born in the Metroploitan Hospital in 1864 ... he's about ...

AMECHE: Your son was born in 1864? That's impossible!

BERNER: Why? That's the room next to 1865! ... But I don't think I should give that knife to Guiseppe.

DURANTE: HOW ABOUT ONE OF YOUR OTHER OFF-SPROUTS. AFTER ALL, YOU'VE GOT FIFTEEN OF THEM.

BERNER: Yes, I think that's the latest score! Lemme see ... first my husband and me had a triplets ... then came Guiseppe. Then we had a triplets again ... then came Antonio. Then we had a triplets again ... then Pasquale.

AMECHE: Strange how that worked out.

BERNER: What's a so strange. After every three, we gotta one on the house! ... But thanks for the knife, Mr. Ameech. I know one of the bambinoes can use it.

AMECHE: Now come on, Jim, let's go down to the store and exchange those cuff links.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE DON, AS LONG AS I'M HERE I WANNA PACK THIS 1950 CALENDAR I JUST RECEIVED.

AMECHE: (WOLF WHISTLE) Wow! Look at that picture of January!
A gorgeous girl wearing a skimpy ski-suit!

DURANTE: LOOK AT FEBRUARY...SHE TOOK OFF HER GLOVES AND HER CAP!

AMECHE: Jimmy, look at March! She took off her muffler and her jacket!

DURANTE: COME ON, LET'S GET TO APRIL...**WHY** THEM DOUBLE CROSSING ASSASSINS! THREE KIDS FISHING IN A ROW BOAT!

AMECHE: We should've quit while we were ahead. But, let's get started to the store.

DURANTE: I'LL JOIN YOU IN A NONCE DON, AS SOON AS I PUT ON MY HAT AND MY TRENCH COAT (WHICH I FOUND IN A VACANT TRENCH)

AMECHE: Okay, hurry up.

(DOOR BUZZER)

AMECHE: Oh, there's the door. You go ahead, Jim, I'll take care of it.

(DOOR BUZZER)

AMECHE: (CALLS) Look -- we're busy. Whatever ^{it is} you've ~~got~~, slip it under the door.

(STRAINING RATCHET FOLLOWED BY POP)

VAGUE: It was a tight squeeze, but I made it!

AMECHE: Why Vera Vague!

(APPLAUSE)

AMECHE: Miss Vague, you look upset..what's wrong?

VAGUE: Oh I always have such trouble when I come here to Jimmy's hotel. I walked into the elevator and who should walk in behind me but the Turkish delegate from the United Nations wearing his native costume. I was so humiliated!

AMECHE: What do you mean?

VAGUE: The elevator boy turned to me and said, "I'll take you up Mister, but tell your wife she can't come in with those bloomers"! (Oh toujours la elastic snap!)

AMECHE: Well never mind that, Miss Vague, ~~we haven't seen you since last week -- tell me how are you enjoying the holiday season?~~

VAGUE: Oh frankly it's been such a mixed up Christmas. ~~Santa Claus came down everybody's chimney, but he couldn't go out the way he came in.~~

AMECHE: Why not?

VAGUE: This year John L. Lewis isn't letting anything go up the chimney.

AMECHE: Well look, Miss Vague, ~~if this is just a friendly visit we may have to cut it a little short -- Jimmy and I have a lot to do.~~

VAGUE: Oh but I had a reason for coming here -- I wanted to ask you to take me to the New Year's Eve dance.

AMECHE: Welllllll...

VAGUE: Oh we'll have so much fun! We can sit out on the balcony alone together Mr. Ateetchee.

AMECHE: That's Ameche.

VAGUE: I know, but as soon as I meetchie, there are things I'd like to teetchie!

AMECHE: That does it! The New Year's party is out!

VAGUE: Oh, I guess this just hasn't been my year. So many disappointments! First Barkley getting married -- then Mayor O'Dwyer...One by one they're leaving me!

AMECHE: Well I think marriage will be good for Mayor O'Dwyer. After a hard day at City Hall he needs someone like Sloan Simpson to rub his head and make him forget the aches and pains of the day.

VAGUE: Why does he need Sloan Simpson? He can get the same results from Sloan's Liniment...But Mr. Ameche, won't you reconsider about taking me to the New Year's Eve party?

AMECHE: Definitely no!

VAGUE: Oh he's weakening! ..This New Year's is very special! Just think, the twentieth century will be celebrating its fiftieth birthday.

AMECHE: Too bad it didn't happen a few years ago, you could have celebrated it together!

VAGUE: Oh, bless your undernourished little moustache..but I guess you wouldn't do for the party anyway. After all, I want a man who's sophisticated.. a man who's lived.

AMECHE: Well, I've lived.

VAGUE: I mean recently. This man has to be just right..I'm coming as Delilah. I need someone to be my Samson. A man with bulging muscles, broad shoulders and long flowing hair....

DURANTE: (FADING ON) THANKS FOR THE INVITATION MISS VAGUE BUT I ALREADY GOT A DATE.

VAGUE: Why Jimmy, you've got your coat on -- where are you going?

DURANTE: DON AND I HAVE THINGS TO DO. SORRY WE CAN'T STAND
AROUND AND BANDY LEGS.

AMECHE: Yeah, we've got to get downtown and exchange some things.

VAGUE: Well, I forgot to get a gift for my boyfriend so I'll go
down to the store with you. I'll be glad to pay my share
of the cab fare.

AMECHE: No, Miss Vague, I'll pay the cab fare.

DURANTE: NO I'LL PAY THE CAB FARE.

AMECHE: No, I'll pay the cab fare.

DURANTE: NO I'LL PAY THE CAB FARE.

AMECHE: Okay, you pay.

DURANTE: CAN WE HEAT UP THE OVEN AGAIN, I THINK I KNOW WHEN TO
TAKE THE BREAD OUT NOW.

VAGUE: Well shall we go?

AMECHE: Yeah, I want to get rid of these cuff-links.

DURANTE: OKAY. (CALLS) OH MRS. MATARATZA. WE'RE GOING NOW.
IF ANYBODY CALLS TELL EM WE CAN BE REACHED AT BRYANT
6-4982. GOT THAT NUMBER? CIRCLE 3-7561!

BERNER: (CALLS) Okay.

(DOOR SLAM)

BERNER: I guess I'll clean up the room a little...

(PHONE RING)

BERNER: Oh that's the telephone...

(RECEIVER UP)

BERNER: Hello, Mrs. Mataratza on this a end, what's on a your end. Mrs. Ameche's Mother-in-law? What's that? You gave Mr. Ameche the wrong pair of cuff-links? The ones he got are you late husbands and they're worth five thousand dollars. I'll a tell him. Goodbye.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

Maybe I can stop them. I'll yell from the window.

(WINDOW OPEN)

BERNER: (CALLS) Mr. Durante! Oh it's no use. His nose just went around the corner. That means he's a mile away.

(MUSIC: PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE) —

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"THE JIMMY DURANTE SHOW" #52
Friday, December 30, 1949

CAMEL CIGARETTES

CONOVER: Say, Don, there's a young lady here I think you'd like to
(LIVE) have a chat with -- Miss Marguerite Piazza.

AMECHE: Hello, Miss Piazza.
(Tape)

PIAZZA: Hello, Don!

AMECHE: Miss Piazza, I want you to meet the radio audience.

PIAZZA: Hello, Radio Audience!

(START COMMERCIAL TIMING HERE)

AMECHE: Now, I think you've got something to tell the radio
audience.

PIAZZA: That's right, Don! I want to tell them about the Camel
thirty-day test.

AMECHE: Well, you go right ahead.

PIAZZA: Well, I smoked only Camels for the thirty-day period --
about a pack a day. Each week during the test, I went
to a throat specialist and he examined my throat very
carefully.

AMECHE: And what did he report?

PIAZZA: He said there wasn't a trace of throat irritation from
smoking Camels!

AMECHE: You're a singer, aren't you?

PIAZZA: Yes, I sing opera, musical comedy, and I'm on the radio.
And it's good to know that the cigarette I smoke doesn't
irritate my throat.

AMECHE: And I'm sure the people who hear you sing are glad to know
that, too. Thanks a lot, Marguerite Piazza!

(MORE)

"THE JIMMY DURANTE SHOW" #52
Friday, December 30, 1949

CONOVER: Friends, hundreds of people from coast to coast made
(LIVE) the identical test. They smoked only Camels for thirty
days, averaging one to two packs a day. Noted throat
specialists, making weekly examinations of their throats,
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) ✓

14 '8

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

AMECHE: Well, my Mother-in-law gave me a pretty sad looking pair a of cufflinks for Christmas, so Jimmy and I went down to the department store to exchange them. The place was crowded and before long I was exhausted, but as usual, Jimmy was a bundle of energy.

(DEPARTMENT STORE NOISES)

DURANTE: DON, GET A LOAD OF THE BEDLAM IN THIS STORE....IT MUST BE THE SALES THEY'RE HAVING.

AMECHE: You're right. Look at that counter....luggage fifteen per cent off...and that counter....umbrellas twenty five per cent off.

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE - WE GOTTA STAY AWAY FROM THAT NEXT COUNTER.

AMECHE: Why?

DURANTE: LOOK AT IT - "LADIES EVENING GOWNS, 50 PERCENT OFF"!

AMECHE: Well, maybe this sales-girl can tell us where to exchange these cuff-links.....

DURANTE: O.K! ER....I BEG YOUR PARDON MISS.

GIRL: (NASAL....BORED) The freight elevator is in the rear.

DURANTE: WHO WANTS THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR?

GIRL: Oh! that's your nose! I thought you were delivering a piano-bench.

DURANTE: ~~(THIS GIRL IS REHEARSING FOR UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE)~~ LISTEN MISS, I WANT SOME SERVICE! I HAPPEN TO BE JIMMY DURANTE!

GIRL: (SARCASTIC) The bargain basement is one flight down!

AMECHE: I can see why you're not working there...You're no bargain!

DURANTE: THAT'S TELLING HER, DON. IMAGINE HER TRYING TO PIT HER WITS AGAINST YOU! SHE AIN'T GOT A WIT TO PIT!

AMECHE: Miss, we're in a hurry. Where is the refund and exchange department?

GIRL: *Over there - you'll have to see Mr. Gruff.*
Upstairs. ~~But the elevator is out of order. you'll have~~
to-walk.

AMECHE: Oh, no.....!

DURANTE: COURAGE, DON....LET'S KEEP A STIFF UPPER BERTH! LOOK....
THAT SIGN SAYS, "EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT...ONE FLIGHT UP".

AMECHE: All right....let's go.....

(FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS....FIVE SECONDS)

AMECHE: Here we are.

DURANTE: THERE'S ANOTHER SIGN - WHAT DOES IT SAY?

AMECHE: Exchange Department, One Flight up.

DURANTE: THE GUY THAT WRITES THOSE SIGNS MUST BE A COPY CAT. HERE
WE GO!

(FOOTSTEPS AS BEFORE)

AMECHE: (TIRED) That does it!
Jimmy, there's another sign.

DURANTE: YEAH! EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT, ONE FLIGHT UP!" THIS MUST BE
THE PLACE WHERE TRUMAN TAKES HIS LONG MORNING WALKS!.....
BUT THERE'S NO TURNING BACK DON, WE'RE TRAPPED.

AMECHE: Let's climb on

(FOOTSTEPS AS BEFORE)

AMECHE: (EXHAUSTED) Okay - this is it!--- Jimmy, look!

DURANTE: EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT, ONE FLIGHT UP!

(ANOTHER FLIGHT UP AND WE CAN SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PILOT
OF THE CONSTERNATION.)

AMECHE: (EXHAUSTED) Let's keep going.

(FOOTSTEPS AS BEFORE)

AMECHE: There! Another sign! I can't bear to look! Another sign! What does this one say?

DURANTE: CALM YOURSELF, DON. THIS ONE SAYS"CONGRATULATIONS, YOU MADE IT!"

AMECHE: And it's signed, "American Association of Chiropractors."
I guess this girl will take care of us.

DURANTE: LOOK MISS, I'M JIMMY DURANTE.

DOUGLASS: You are? I always pictured you as a much younger man.

DURANTE: I WAS, WHEN I FIRST STARTED UP THOSE STAIRS. NOW TELL ME, WHO TAKES CARE OF THE EXCHANGES IN THIS STORE?

DOUGLAS: That man over there.....Mr. Gruff.

AMECHE: Oh oh, we're in for trouble, Jim. He looks like the nasty type. But I'll beat him at his own game. (UP)
Sir, I want to exchange these cuff links...and no arguments. I know you push people around, yell at them, bully them, send them running home in tears and drive them to hysteria. How do you get away with it?

GIBSON: Oh, I'm just ruthless.

DURANTE: SOME MEN HAVE TO FIGHT TO LIVE.. THIS GUY LOST THE FIGHT!

AMECHE: Say, Mr. Gruff, you don't look very healthy. I just hope you have a nice insurance policy.

GIBSON: Oh yes indeedy. As a matter of fact my insurance company just sent out their 1950 calendars and I don't think they expect me to last very long.

DURANTE: WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SO?

GIBSON: They just sent me January.

AMECHE: ~~You look familiar. Didn't my cat once hide you under the porch?~~

GIBSON: ~~Yes...how about that?~~

DURANTE: WHAT A CHARACTER! AND TO THINK I COULD'VE SPENT A PLEASANT AFTERNOON AT THE DENTISTS! BUT MONSOOR ANEMIC, WHAT YOU NEED IS MORE IRON TO BUILD UP YOUR RED CORPSUCKLES.

GIBSON: Corpsuckles...oh you're a gay one (GIGGLES). But you might have something there. The other day I had some x-ray pictures taken of the inside of me.

AMECHE: What did the pictures show?

GIBSON: A sign that said "Vacancy."

AMECHE: I can see the roof is vacant too...But look, we haven't got all afternoon.

DURANTE: YES. WILL YOU PLEASE MAKE OUT THE EXCHANGE FOR THESE CUFF-LINKS?

GIBSON: Very well. But first I'll have to fill my fountain pen. There.

(BIG SUCTION)

AMECHE: Mr. Gruff, where are you?

GIBSON: Inside the rubber tube...it sucks me in every time.

DURANTE: WITH ME IT'S THE REVERSE - EVERY TIME I INHALE I LOSE A COUPLE OF FOUNTAIN PENS.

AMECHE: C'mon, make out the slip...the slip!

GIBSON: Oooh, what you said. I'll just write down the information here. Sales number, 79. Item, cuff links. Oh I can't go on.

AMECHE: Why not?

GIBSON: I'm bushed. But this'll be good enough. So long, fellows.

DURANTE: COME ON, DON, WE GOT RID OF THE CUFF LINKS. LET'S GO HOME.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPEN)

DURANTE: AH DON, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK IN OUR HOTEL SUIT.

AMECHE: Oh hello, Mrs. Mataratza.

BERNER: (ITALIAN) Oh Mr. Ameche I'm gotta news for. Your Mother in law sent you the wrong cufflinks. The ones you got are worth five thousand dollars!!

AMECHE: Oh no! And I exchanged them. Jim, what are we gonna do?

DURANTE: LET'S GET BACK TO THAT STORE QUICK. MAYBE THEY'VE STILL GOT 'EM.

AMECHE: Do you really think so?

DURANTE: QUEEN SABE? IN SPANISH THAT MEANS SOMETHING IN SPANISH. COME ON BACK TO THE STORE.

(MUSIC: _ _ HURRY BRIDGE)

GREEN: I'm sorry, sir, the cuff links you describe were sold early this afternoon to a man who lives at 846 Terrace drive. His name is Mr. Fitzwhistle.

AMECHE: Fitzwhistle. How do you spell that?

GREEN: F-I-T-Z (WHISTLES)

DURANTE: COME ON DON!

(MUSIC: _ _ HURRY BRIDGE)

MAN: (IRISH BROGUE) Yes I bought those cuff-links, but I gave them to my niece Polly O'Reilly, for her husband. She lives at 1274 Ocean Drive.

AMECHE: Jim, we'll never catch up with those cuff links!

DURANTE: DON'T GET DISCOURAGED, DON. AS THE PHILOSOPHER ONCE SAID: "LIFE IS LIKE YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S APRON."

AMECHE: What does that mean?

DURANTE: HOW DO I KNOW. I'M NO PHILOSOPHER. C'MON DON.

(MUSIC: -- HURRY BRIDGE)

(DOOR BUZZER)

DURANTE: DON, THIS IS POLLY O'REILLY'S HOUSE. MAYBE SHE'LL BE NICER TO US IF WE SPEAK WITH AN IRISH BROOCH.

(DOOR OPEN)

AMECHE: (IRISH BROGUE) Ah, it's a foine day it is, begorrah. We're just two broth of a lad over from the old sod and we'd be after looking for a pair of cuff-links we would, begorrah.

BERNER: (JEWISH DIALECT) Oh, have you got the wrong house.

DURANTE: WE MADE A MISTAKE DON. SHE'S SCOTCH! LET'S GO.

(MUSIC: -- HURRY BRIDGE)

(DOOR BUZZER)

AMECHE: Well, we've seen six people. The last one said she gave the cuff-links to her sister.

DURANTE: MAYBE THIS'LL BE THE ONE. HOTEL ROOM EIGHT G.

(DOOR OPENS)

VAGUE: Why, Mr. Ameche!

AMECHE: Vera Vague! I didn't know you lived here!

DURANTE: MISS VAGUE, LET'S GET TO THE CRUX OF OUR DILEMMA! DO YOU HAVE A PAIR OF CUFF-LINKS THAT YOUR SISTER GOT FROM HER HUSBAND THAT HE GOT FROM A LADY HE SELLS GROCERIES TO WHO GOT THEM FROM HER UNCLE THAT GOT THEM FROM HIS COUSIN THAT SHE GOT FROM BUMBLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE? ANSWER YES OR NO!

VAGUE: Would you repeat the question?

DURANTE: SORRY, YOUR TIME IS UP! NEXT CONTESTANT!

VAGUE: Boys, I gave those cuff-links to my boy friend. But if you want them so badly, I'll get them back. You wait at your hotel room, and I'll bring them to you.

AMECHE: Thanks a million, Miss Vague. *I hope you won't have any trouble with your boyfriend.*

VAGUE: *Well he is a little stubborn. You know* Of course, ~~I'll have to handle this boy friend delicately.~~ He's so husky and handsome. ~~But~~ I just can't seem to get him to marry me. So far it's just been one of those cleaning fluid romances.

AMECHE: Cleaning fluid...?

VAGUE: Yes, he works like magic and leaves no ring!

DURANTE: OKAY, MISS VAGUE, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU.

(MUSIC: __ BRIDGE)

AMECHE: (NERVOUS) Where's Vera and her boy friend with those cuff-links. I'm getting nervous, just waiting here in our hotel room.

DURANTE: I HOPE SHE GETS HERE BEFORE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW DOES.

(LOUD POUNDING ON DOOR)

GARDE: (ANGRY) Donald, oh Donald! Let me in!

DURANTE: HOLY SMOKES, HERE COMES OLD IRONSIDES AND SHE'S GOT HER BATTLE FLAGS FLYING.

AMECHE: She'll skin me alive. Tell her I'm not here, Jim. I'll hide in the bathroom.

DURANTE: OKAY I'LL STALL HER.

GARDE: Let me in, do you hear, let me in!

(LOUD KNOCKING. THEN DOOR OPEN)

DURANTE: WHY MRS. FERGUSEN...WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE.

GARDE: Out of my way, Hose nose. Where's Donald?

DURANTE: ER...ER....AN EMERGENCY CAME UP AND HE HAD TO GRAB A PLANE TO HOLLAND.

GARDE: What emergency could bring him to Holland?

DURANTE: THERE'S A LEAK IN THE DIKE AND HE'S GOT THE ONLY FINGER THAT FITS.

GARDE: Well, his coat's here so he can't be far away. I'll wait for him. Meanwhile I'll freshen up a bit. Where's your bathroom?

DURANTE: ER...MADAME WE DON'T HAVE ONE.

GARDE: You don't have one? How come?

DURANTE: I WANTED TO DO MY PART IN THE WATER SHORTAGE, I GAVE IT AWAY!

GARDE: Well I think -- wait a minute, there's Donald, he's trying to sneak out the fire escape. DONALD! Where are my cuff-links?

AMECHE: (ACTING DAZED) Donald? Cuff-links? I beg your pardon, madame. I can't remember anything. I don't even know my own name.

GARDE: Mr. Durante what's happened to Donald?

DURANTE: CAN'T YOU SEE? THE POOR MAN HAS LOST HIS MEMORY. HE'S SUFFERING FROM A BRAIN CONCLUSION. WHY THIS MORNING HE THOUGHT HE WAS A CHICKEN.

GARDE: That's impossible. He couldn't think he was a chicken.

DURANTE: LOOK IN THE REFRIGERATOR, THOSE EGGS ARE FRESHER THAN
YOU THINK.

AMECHE: I know I'm not a chicken.

GARDE: Thank goodness, he's better!

AMECHE: I'm a cow.....Mooooooooo!

GARDE: Oh good heavens, now he's a cow. Mr. Durante why is he
staring at me in that strange way?

DURANTE: HE'S ELSIE AND HE THINKS YOU'RE ELMER.

GARDE: Oh. Mr. Durante, can't you do something?

AMECHE: I am a cow. I am a cow.

DURANTE: I'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO PSYCHIATRY. (ASIDE) DON, VERA OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE. PRETEND YOU'RE COMING AROUND. (ALOUD) NOW KEEP CALM AND DON'T STRAIN YOUR VOICE. I'LL REPEAT YOUR ANSWERS TO MRS. FERGUSEN. NOW THINK HARD SON, WHO ARE YOU?

AMECHE: I'm Donald Ameche.

DURANTE: (REPEATS) I'M DONALD AMECHE.

GARDE: It's starting to work.

AMECHE: I live in California, and I'm married.

DURANTE: I LIVE IN CALIFORNIA, AND I'M MARRIED.

AMECHE: I suffer these amnesic deraingements due to a traumatic shock of the bicellular membraneous tissues linking the capillaries in the sub cutaneous regions of the sympathetic motary system creating physiological debilitation.

GARDE: Well, Mr. Durante?

DURANTE: I AM A COW, I AM A COW.

GARDE: Well get to what I want to find out. Ask him where the cuff-links are.

DURANTE: WELL, MRS. FERGUSEN, ER...

(DOOR OPEN)

VAGUE: Hold everything. I brought my boy friend here with the cuff-links.

DURANTE: IT'S VERA. ^{Just} SHE-CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME.

VAGUE: Gregory, give them the cuff-links. Hand them over, Gregory.

GIBSON: You hand them over, I'm still bushed.

AMECHE: So that's her boy friend. But Mother, here are the cuff-links. Everything's all right now.

GARDE: Oh, I'm so relieved. They belonged to my dear departed husband and he said they're worth five thousand dollars.

VAGUE: Five thousand dollars? Why I just had them appraised by a jeweler and he told me they're only worth two dollars and ninety eight cents.

DURANTE: WHY MRS. FERGUSEN, YOU LOOK SICK.

AMECHE: Yes Mother, say something.

GARDE: I am a cow, I am a cow.

DURANTE: OPEN THE BARN DOOR, SHE'S JOINED THE HERD.

(MUSIC: _ _ PLAYOFF)

(APPLAUSE)

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

CONOVER: Yes, I smoke Camels and see how mild, how flavorful, how
thoroughly enjoyable a cigarette can be!

VINES: 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!

CONOVER: Each week, hospitalized veterans and servicemen receive
free Camels direct from the makers of Camel cigarettes.
This week, the gift Camels go to: Veterans' Hospitals,
Outwood, Kentucky and Livermore, California... U.S.
Army Percy Jones General Hospital, Battle Creek,
Michigan... U.S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, New York.
More than one hundred and ninety-million Camels have
now gone out to service men, servicewomen and veterans.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ WHO WILL BE)

(MUSIC: _ _ WHO WILL BE)

AMECHE: Ah Jim, aren't you excited? The New Year is almost here and soon Father Time will be pointing to nineteen fifty.

DURANTE: I WISH HE'D POINT BACK TO FORTY-NINE - I'M JUST LEARNING HOW TO WRITE THAT!

AMECHE: Well Kidding aside Jim, what do you think the New Year has in store for us.

I want: Well there's no need to be perturbed. ✓ 24³⁰
(MUSIC: _ _ HITS)

"THINGS WILL BE NIFTY IN '50"

DURANTE: PEOPLE ALWAYS WORRY

AMECHE: EVERYBODY'S IN A FLURRY

DUR & AM: WONDERING WHAT THE NEW YEARS GONNA BRING

DURANTE: EVERYONE IS WAITING

VAGUE: EVERYONE'S ANTICIPATING

DURANTE: BUT I'VE GOT NO DOUBTS AND THAT IS WHY I SING!

I'M GONNA START THE NEW YEAR WITH MY HEAD HELD HIGH

WITH MY NOSE IN THE SKY

AND THAT'S A SIGN

BELIEVE ME, THINGS ARE GONNA BE NIFTY IN FIFTY

I'M GONNA START THE NEW YEAR WITH MY NOSE IN THE CLOUDS

WHILE I SHOUT TO THE CROWDS,

DON'T YOU PINE

BELIEVE ME, THINGS ARE GONNA BE NIFTY IN FIFTY.

AMECHE: FROM JANUARY TILL JUNE

HIS NOSE WILL COMMUNE WITH THE MOON

DURANTE: AND NOT ONCE THRU THE YEAR WILL I SOB

CAUSE IF IT GETS TOO HEAVY I'LL JUST PUT MORE MEN ON THE

JOB.

AMECHE: HE'S GONNA START THE NEW YEAR WITH HIS NOSE IN THE AIR

DURANTE: AND I'LL KEEP IT UP THERE.

WATCH IT SHINE

BELIEVE ME, THINGS ARE GONNA BE NIFTY IN FIFTY!

AMECHE: AND AS WE RING THE NEW YEAR IN AND WE RING OUT THE OLD
WE'D LIKE TO THANK THE PEOPLE ON WHOM OUR JOKES WERE TOLD
DURANTE: BARKELEY'S MARRIAGE -- TRUMAN'S SHORTS
VAGUE: THE ARMY AND NAVY AND DAILY REPORTS
DURANTE: THE CHANNEL SWIMMERS HAD US IN CLOVER
AMECHE: AND JOHN L. LEWIS AGAIN HELD OVER
DURANTE: THE DODGER'S AND YANKEE'S---BOGART'S PANDA
VAGUE: THE PRICE OF COFFEE--CARMEN MIRANDA!
AMECHE: HE SANG AGAIN--GOOD OLD JOLIE
VAGUE: AND, OF COURSE, THE ISLE OF OLD STROMBOLI
DURANTE: DON'T FORGET THE MULE TRAIN
AMECHE: AND GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY
VAGUE: WE THANK YOU- THANK YOU - THANK YOU
DURANTE: NOW ITS TIME FOR GOOD-BYE!
AMECHE: WE'RE GONNA START THE NEW YEAR WITH OUR NOSE IN THE AIR
DURANTE: AND WE'LL KEEP IT UP THERE
WATCH IT SHINE
VAGUE: WATCH IT SHINE
DURANTE: BELIEVE ME THINGS ARE GONNA BE
AMECHE: THINGS HAVE GOTTA BE --
VAGUE: THINGS JUST HAVE TO BE
DURANTE: THINGS HAD BETTER BE
ALL: THINGS ARE GONNA BE NIFTY IN FIFTY!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

27 35

AMECHE: Goodnight and Happy New Year, Jim. And on behalf of the makers of Camels, may I say a very Happy New Year to all our listeners.

DURANTE: THOSE ARE MY SENTIMENTS TOO, DON. AND I'D LIKE TO ADD BEST WISHES TO ALL AND HAPPY NEW YEAR, MRS. CALABASH, WHEREVER YOU ARE. WHO KNOWS - MAYBE NINETEEN FIFTY WILL BE OUR YEAR. ✓

2802

(MUSIC: _ _ UP)

(APPLAUSE)

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~~. *Holly wood 28¹³*

ANNCR: Say, you men who have received new pipes for Christmas, here's a suggestion! Pack your pipe with Prince Albert -- choice tobacco, crimp cut for smooth, even burning -- specially treated to insure against tongue bite. You'll see why P.A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco! ✓ *28²⁷*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SNEAK)

ANNCR: Football Fans, be sure to tune in the Cotton Bowl Game this coming Monday, January second, brought to you over most of these N.B.C. stations by the makers of Camels. ✓ *28³⁵*

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...~~

~~Be sure to listen.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP)

(APPLAUSE) -