

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

*As Broadcast
(ad lib) ✓
Timed copy*

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #14

DATE: JANUARY 6, 1950

(REVISED)

JIMMY DURANTE

with

DON AMECHE

**AS
BROADCAST**
Master

NBC (Hollywood Origination)

TIME: 6:30 PM PST

SUPERVISOR: DON BERNARD

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN

CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

CAST

JIMMY DURANTE
DON AMECHE
VERA VAGUE
LURENE TUTTLE
FLORENCE HALOP
FRANK NELSON
HOWARD PETRIE
ROY GLEN

WRITERS

NORMAN PAUL
JACK BARNETT
JACK ELINSON
HAROLD GOLDMAN

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
JANUARY 6, 1950

(FINAL)

-A-

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

CONOVER: From Hollywood, 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 -
(APPLAUSE)

INKA DINKA DEE A DINKA DOO

AMECHE: Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy! I can't blame you for being in such gay spirits tonight, ^{after that} ~~They have a big~~ article on you in this month's ~~copy of~~ Cosmopolitan Magazine. ^{feather - -} ~~in~~ they call you ingratiating, effervescent, ^{a man} whose art is consummate and infectious.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT.... IF THEY CAN'T SAY ANYTHING NICE, THE LEAST THEY CAN DO IS KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT! ✓

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(REVISED) -1A-

PETRIE: Yes, it's the Jimmy Durante Camel Show with Don Ameche,
Vera Vague, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, and yours
truly, Howard Petrie brought to you by Camel Cigarettes. 5-4

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
JANUARY 6, 1950

(REVISED) -1-

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

PETRIE: 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!

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

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JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
1/6/50

(REVISED) -2-

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well, after broadcasting our Camel Radio show for six weeks in New York, Jimmy and I were heading home to California. I hadn't seen my wife and family for six weeks, and believe me, as the train got closer and closer to home, I got more and more excited. I wanted to look my best, so I called the porter into the compartment that Jimmy and I were sharing...(FADING) and had him help me...

SOUND: ESTABLISH TRAIN NOISE AND OUT

MAN: Well Mistuh Ameche, a few more strokes with this cloth and I'll have it all shined. Maybe I better go over it a couple of more times with this thick polish. There. Ah, look at that gloss. Man, it really glistens.

AMECHE: Yes...that takes care of my moustache, now will you shine my shoes please?

MAN: I'll take care of them right away. But we're almost into Los Angeles...shall I wake up Mr. Durante?

AMECHE: No, I'll do it. Jim...hey Jim. Wake up. Ah, his eyes are opening. Jim, guess where we are. Look outside. Oranges ...lemons...plums.

Hey the train must be late.
DURANTE: ~~HOLY SMOKES THE TRAIN'S LATE...~~ WE'RE JUST PASSING THE SLOT MACHINES IN LAS VEGAS!

AMECHE: Jimmy, we're in California. Get up.

DURANTE: OKAY. WHAT A RESTLESS NIGHT I HAD. THOSE UPPER BERTHS ARE SO SMALL I COULDN'T MOVE AROUND TO FASTEN UP THE ZIPPER ON THE BACK OF MY SNUGGIES.

AMECHE: Well, what's so terrible about that?

DURANTE: JUST BECAUSE I'M ON A TRAIN DOESN'T MEAN I GOTTA SLEEP WITH A LOOSE CABOOSE!

AMECHE: Well come on, we don't have much time. You better get your bags packed.

DURANTE: DON, I ALREADY PACKED LAST NIGHT.

AMECHE: All right then c'mon, wash up. Here...I'll throw you a towel. Wait a minute -- all the Pullman towels are gone. What happened to them?

DURANTE: I TOLD YOU...I ALREADY PACKED LAST NIGHT!

AMECHE: Ah Jimmy, you sure make the most of a train trip! But just think, I'll be seeing my wife ^{and 6 kids again all these} again after [^] ~~so~~ long weeks! [^]

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAN: Here's your shoes all polished Mr. Ameche. And ~~now~~ ^{gentlemen?} are yours ~~Mr. Durante~~. Anything else I can do for you-~~all~~?

jw

DURANTE: YES MONSIUR PORTER. ~~WE'RE ALMOST IN LOS ANGELES NOW.~~ YOU KNOW MY YELLOW OPEN-TOED SANDALS, MY GREEN CORDUROY SLACKS (WITH THE PURPLE CHECKS) AND MY ORANGE AND BLUE SUEDE JACKET WITH THE CHINCHILLA POCKETS?

MAN: Yes?

DURANTE GET RID OF THEM. NOW THAT WE'RE IN CALIFORNIA I'M GOING BACK TO SPORTS CLOTHES AGAIN!

AMECHE: Yeah, he's tired of dressing conservatively! But Porter, you can move our bags out front now.

MAN: All right, I'll take Mr. Durante's bags first. (GRUNTS)
I'm sorry, Mr. Durante, I can hardly lift your bag. I didn't know our pullman towels were that heavy!...

DURANTE:TOWELS NUTTUN'....THAT'S THE ONE WITH THE WASH STAND IN IT!

AMECHE: Ah, stop your joking, Jim. Hey, look...we're here at the Los Angeles station. (MORE EXCITED) And there's my wife, waiting for me. Do I look okay, Jim? Oh, I haven't got a handkerchief. Jim, lend me one of yours, quick.

DURANTE: HERE...TAKE THIS ONE OUT OF MY JACKET POCKET.

AMECHE: Thanks...Oh come on, let's get off the train. Oh, what a welcome I'll get from my wife.

DURANTE: DON, I'LL BET I'LL ALSO GET A NICE WELCOME FROM YOUR SPROUSE.

AMECHE: I'm sure you will. (CALLS) Hello darling.

TUTTLE: Oh, Donald dear, you're here at last!

DURANTE: HELLO MRS. AMECHE.

TUTTLE: (DISGUSTED) Oh, you're back too.

DURANTE: OF COURSE, DIDN'T YOU SEE ME COMING INTO THE STATION? I HAD MY NOSE OUT OF THE WINDOW.

TUTTLE: Oh, so that's what it was. I thought they were bringing in the Super Chief sideways.

AMECHE: Don't make fun of Jimmy's nose. It's the only big thing left in the world that Einstien hasn't been able to figure out yet.

DURANTE: THANK YOU VERY MEECH MR. AMUCHEE.

AMECHE: Oh come on now darling, let me kiss you.

SOUND: KISS EFFECT

AMECHE: There.

TUTTLE: (SWOONING) Oh....I'd almost forgotten how that mustache can tickle! But look dear, some of my lipstick smeared. You better wipe it off.

AMECHE: All right, I'll use my handkerchief.

TUTTLE: (HORRIFIED) Donald....look! There's somebody else's lipstick on that handkerchief.

AMECHE: It's Jimmy's!

DURANTE: DON'T BE RIDICULOUS....I NEVER WEAR THE STUFF!

TUTTLE: You keep out of this. Don, confess! You've been kissing some other woman.

AMECHE: Believe me, honey, I've never kissed a woman. I've only kissed you....I mean --

TUTTLE: (SLOW AND MENACING) Donnnnnnllllldddd!

DURANTE: FROST WARNING! SMUDGE POTS WILL BE NEEDED IN THE AMECHE HOUSE TONIGHT!

TUTTLE: Mr. Durante maybe you can tell me - when Don was in New York, did he do any philandering?

DURANTE: PLEASE MRS. AMECHE, IF DON WANTS TO GIVE TO CHARITY THAT'S HIS OWN BUSINESS. *(stuff) (Please - that look you gave me)*

AMECHE: Darling, this is silly. That handkerchief belongs to Jimmy.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT - THAT LIPSTICK IS FROM HUNDREDS OF GIRLS WHO WERE KISSING ME ON THE TRAIN.

TUTTLE: Hundreds of girls kissing you? I can't believe that.

DURANTE: WHY NOT - WITH CARY GRANT AND CLARK GABLE GONE DURANTE HAS TO CARRY THE BURDEN ALONE!

AMECHE: Darling, the whole trouble is that we've been apart too long. Tell you what...I won't even unpack my bags. Let's you and I go away on a little trip together..sort of a second honeymoon.

TUTTLE: Why, Don, that sounds wonderful. We can go to Palm Springs. ~~I've always wanted to stop at the Sun Palms.~~

AMECHE: ~~Sun Palms? Maybe it was a little shabby.~~ That's pretty elegant...I don't know if I can afford it just now.

TUTTLE; (DISAPPOINTED) Oh Don!

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, I KNOW A HOTEL IN PALM SPRINGS THAT WOULDN'T COST YOU NUTTIN', THEY OWE ME A FREE WEEK END THERE.

TUTTLE: But we want a romantic place...can we be alone there?

DURANTE: CERTAINLY! WHY IN THE MORNINGS YOU CAN SWIM ALONE TOGETHER IN THE POOL, THEN A GAME OF TENNIS, THEN BREAKFAST FOR TWO ON THE TERRACE, THEN ANOTHER GAME OF TENNIS. THEN LUNCH ON THE PRIVATE BALCONY OF YOUR OWN ROOM, THEN ANOTHER GAME OF TENNIS.

TUTTLE: (ROMANTIC) Yes,...and what about the nights?

DURANTE: GREAT NEWS...THEY'VE GOT FLOOD LIGHTS, YOU CAN PLAY TENNIS ALL NIGHT TOO!

AMECHE: Jim, maybe we'd better....

DURANTE: AH, YOU'LL LOVE THIS JOINT. GO HOME AND GET READY. I PROMISE BOTH OF YOU A ROMANTIC WEEK END OF UNINTERRUPTED CANNIBAL BLISS.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

TUTTLE: (CALLS OFF MIKE) Oh Don, I've almost finished my packing.

AMECHE: Fine.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

AMECHE: Oh, that must be Jimmy at the door now with our reservations. I'll get it.

SOUND: BUZZER

AMECHE: Ah, that Jim is always in a rush. I think I'll tease him a little. (CALLS) Sorry, you've got the wrong house. This is Gregory Peck's residence.

VAGUE: And he says I've got the wrong house!

AMECHE: Why, it's Vera Vague!

(APPLAUSE)

AMECHE: Miss Vague, where have you been? How come we didn't see you on the train?

VAGUE: Well, I decided to fly in and I'm so glad I did. When we landed here at the airport, the big handsome pilot followed me out of the plane, followed me all the way into town...he just wouldn't leave me!

AMECHE: Is that so?

VAGUE: Yes...when I fasten my safety belt, I know who to fasten it to!

AMECHE: Well that's very interesting, but I've got a lot to do now Miss Vague. My wife and I are getting ready to go on a little trip to Palm Springs.

VAGUE: Well, that's what ~~I came to your house to see you about.~~ ^{why I'm here}
I was wondering if I could join you...I need the sunshine, you know.

AMECHE: Well you don't have to go to Palm Springs for that. You can get a tan right here in town. ~~Wrap a towel around yourself, remove your clothes, rub on some lotion and sit under a sun lamp.~~

VAGUE: I tried that but it won't work.

AMECHE: How come?

VAGUE: The man in the drug store keeps throwing me out!...But Mr. Ameche, please let me go to Palm Springs with you.
~~We can share expenses.~~

AMECHE: Well you might not like our hotel. Why don't you try one of those dude ranches down there.

VAGUE: Don't mention dude ranches to me. When I put on riding breeches, I'm awfully knock-kneed and it causes a lot of embarrassment to me.

AMECHE: What do you mean?

VAGUE: Everytime I walk past the bunkhouse the cowboys say, "I hear the dice rattling.....let's get into the game!"

AMECHE: Well my wife and I really can't take you to ~~Palm Springs~~. You see, we're planning this as a sort of a second honeymoon.

VAGUE: Oh, honeymoons! They're the fulfillment of every woman's dreams. Marriage is a goal that one should strive for continuously. It is the most beautiful and precious thing in life and no woman should wait too long to achieve it.

AMECHE: Why that's beautiful, Miss Vague, where did you hear it?

VAGUE: It's President Truman's State of the Union speech to Margaret,.....Oh, toujours la concert tour!

AMECHE: Well don't try to change the subject...my wife and I are still not taking you to Palm Springs with us.

VAGUE: Oh maybe it's just as well. I'm not going with you and your wife. It wouldn't be much fun hanging around two people who have reached middle age.

AMECHE: Middle age?

VAGUE: Yes, I'd have more fun going with a couple closer my own age...a couple of thirty.

AMECHE: Well it would take a couple of thirties to get close to your age! (LAUGHS)

VAGUE: Oh what a lovely smile, Mr. Ameche. Are those your teeth or are you re-tiling your kitchen floor.

AMECHE: Now listen, this is no time to.....

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

AMECHE: Oh that must be Jimmy now.....I'll get it.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

AMECHE: Hello Jim, I....why you look all out of breath. Did you have trouble getting here?

DURANTE: TROUBLE? THAT'S ONE THING I'M AMUCK WITH!!...I WAS IN A HURRY TO GET A CAB SO I JUMPS INTO THE FIRST CAR I SEE WITH BRIGHT COLORS AND LIGHTS AND I YELLS TO THE DRIVER "STEP ON IT.....I AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME."

AMECHE: Gosh, where did you end up?

DURANTE: IN THE SAINT JOHNS MATERNITY WARD -- IT WAS AN AMBULANCE!
(THERE WASN'T MUCH THEY COULD DO FOR ME SO THEY JUST MADE
ME AN HONORARY MEMBER)

AMECHE: Well, don't stand in the doorway...come on in.

VAGUE: Hiya Jimmy.!

DURANTE: WHY MISS VAGUE, WHAT A DENIABLE PLEASURE!

AMECHE: Never mind that. Did you get that free week end in
Palm Springs for us?

DURANTE: YES, BUT THERE'S JUST ONE FLY IN THE OINTMENT. THE FREE
WEEK END IS FOR DURANTE AND FAMILY SO I'LL HAVE TO GO
ALONG AND INTRODUCE YOU AS MY FAMILY.

AMECHE: This is ridiculous. I won't do it! I'm not going to
pretend to be a Durante.

DURANTE: O.K. THEN THE ROOMS WILL COST YOU THIRTY DOLLARS A DAY.
(PAUSE) WELL DONSIE?

AMECHE: (A LA DURANTE) I'm going upstairs to break the news to
my sprouse.

DURANTE: HE'S JOINED THE FAMILY TREE!

VAGUE: Jimmy, couldn't you make me one of your family so I can
get a free week-end too?

DURANTE: CERTAINLY. EVERYBODY GETS INTO THIS ACT.

~~AMECHE: No Jim, not her too!~~

~~DURANTE: Oh, you? WE CAN BE THE FUN DOWN HERE.~~

AMECHE: Jim, maybe you and Vera wouldn't like it.

DURANTE: DON'T BE SILLY. GIVE ME THE DESERT ANYTIME. THE CACTUS,
THE COWBOYS...I'M AT HOME ANYWHERE WEST OF THE PECANS.
LEMME TELL YOU ABOUT IT.

MUSIC: "RIDIN' THE RANGE ON MY PINTO"

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VERSE

DURANTE: NOW I'M A GUY WHO'S BORN AND BRED IN BROOKLYN
AND BELIEVE ME FOLKS, I'M FAITHFUL THRU AND THRU
BUT IF I HAD A SECOND CHOICE TO CALL MY HOME!
ANY PLACE THAT'S WESTERN WOULD DO

YES THE WEST IS WHERE I BELONG
WHY I'D WALK INTO THE NEAREST PUB, PULL OUT MY
SIX SHOOTER AND ORDER A COCA-COLA WITH A BUFFALO'S
EYE-BALL FLOATIN IN IT ---
YOU SEE, WHEN I SAY "HERE'S LOOKIN AT YOU" I WANT
SOMETHIN LOOKIN BACK AT ME!

SO IF MY EYES SEEM SORT OF SAD AND DREAMY
IT'S CAUSE I'M ONLY HAPPY WHEN YOU SEE ME.

CHORUS

DURANTE: RIDIN' THE RANGE ON MY PINTO
 A LASSO AND SPURS ON MY FEET
 RIDING THE RANGE ON MY PINTO
 WHEN THE SUN GOES UP AND THE MOON GOES DOWN
 I WANNA BE IN A WESTERN TOWN
 RIDING THE RANGE LIKE A RANGER
 PROTECTIN' THE CATTLE OF MY PA'S
 I WANNA RIDE INTO TOWN AND SAY "STRANGER"
 I'VE A DOUBLE BARELLED SHOT GUN CALLED A SCHNOZZ

SOUND: TWO SHOTS:

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED
WELL SHIVER MY TIMBERS AND REACH FOR THE SKY
I'M QUICK ON THE DRAW I'VE HAD PRACTICE
I'M ALWAYS ON MY TOES...I NEVER SIT DOWN
CAUSE EVERY PLACE I WANNA SIT.....THEY'RE GROWIN' CACTUS!

RIDIN' THE RANGE ON MY PINTO
On the planes
~~OUT WEST~~ I COULD GO FAR
BUT I HOPE MY MOTOR DON'T BREAK DOWN
CAUSE PINTO IS THE NAME OF MY CAR!

PATTER

DURANTE: YES, THEY CALL ME SHORT IN THE SADDLE DURANTE!
WHY THE FIRST THING I DID WAS GET ON A BUCKING BRONCO..
AND ONE THING I HAVE TO ADMIT...HE HAD BETTER MANNERS
THAN ANY HORSE I EVER MET...
FIRST HE THREW HIS HEAD IN THE AIR...
THEN HE THREW HIS FRONT LEGS IN THE AIR...
THEN HE THREW HIS HIND LEGS IN THE AIR...
THEN HE TURNED TO ME POLITELY AND SAID, "YOU'RE NEXT"

LAST CHORUS

RIDIN' THE RANGE ON MY PINTO
on the plains
~~OUT WEST I SHOULD GO FAR~~
BUT I HOPE MY MOTOR WON'T BREAK DOWN
CAUSE PINTO IS THE NAME OF MY CAR!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

14/12

JIMMY DURANTE
JANUARY 6, 1950

PETRIE: Now, let's listen to an interview, on tape,
between Don and Mr. Harry Southwell.

AMECHE: Hello, Mr. Southwell! I'm told you're a lawyer?
(TAPE)

SOUTHWELL: That's right, Don!

AMECHE: Would you mind if I did a little cross-examining?

SOUTHWELL: Go right ahead!

AMECHE: You made the Camel thirty-day mildness test
under a throat specialist's supervision?

SOUTHWELL: Yes, Don.

AMECHE: Will you tell the audience what the test was like?

SOUTHWELL: Well, first of all, it was very pleasant! I
smoked my usual two packs of Camels a day for
thirty days. At the end of each week, the
specialist examined my throat.

AMECHE: And what did he find?

SOUTHWELL: He said there was no irritation in my throat
whatsoever from smoking Camels!

AMECHE: And what was your reaction to that?

(MORE)

SOUTHWELL: I was very pleased. I've always liked the way Camels taste - and now I know they're very mild, too!

AMECHE: So they are, Mr. Southwell...and thanks a lot!

PETRIE: Friends, Mr. Southwell is one of hundreds of people from coast 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!

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

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) .

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well, my wife and I wanted to get away to Palm Springs for a few days alone together, but as usual, Jimmy insisted on making all the arrangements. He had a free weekend coming to him at a hotel down there for Durante and family, so we all had to pretend we were Durantes. So, there were the gang of us in the lobby of the hotel in Palm Springs.

VAGUE: Say, this seems like a very fashionable place.

TUTTLE: Yes, and what a nice swimming pool they have.

DURANTE: I SURE HOPE THE POOL HAS HEATED WATER IN IT.

AMECHE: Why?

DURANTE: I BROUGHT ALONG MY TEA BAG AND I DON'T WANT IT TO GO TO WASTE! (LAUGHS) (I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM, A MILLION OF 'EM!)

AMECHE: You girls sit over here till we call for you. C'mon, Jim, let's take care of the reservations. I wonder if that's the clerk behind the desk?

DURANTE: OKAY. PARDON ME, SIR....DO I REGISTER WITH YOU?

NELSON: Well, your blue eyes are charming, but your ears do nothing to me!

DURANTE: ONE MORE CRACK LIKE THAT, AND I'LL DE-PETAL HIS CARNATION!

AMECHE: Look, Mr. Durante has a free weekend coming. Please take care of him.

NELSON: You keep out of this, brush-mush. I'll look in the files.

Oh yes, Mr. Durante and family. Is this your family?

DURANTE: CERTAINLY. THIS GENTLEMAN STANDING NEXT TO ME IS MY FATHER.

AMECHE: Huh.

NELSON: Father? But if you're his son, how come you look so much older than he does?

DURANTE: WHEN I WAS BORN I WAS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD.

NELSON: You were fourteen when you were born?

DURANTE: YES, WE WERE VERY POOR AND THEY WANTED SOMEONE WHO COULD GO TO WORK RIGHT AWAY!

AMECHE: Ah, that's my son who said that.

NELSON: Wait a minute..you're not fooling me. You couldn't be his father. You have all the hair and he has practically none.

AMECHE: Well, that's the way I believe in bringing up a boy... don't spoil him by giving him things.

NELSON: But just three hairs!!

DURANTE: POP SAYS I CAN HAVE THE REST OF IT WHEN I'M TWENTY ONE.

~~AMECHE: That's right Junior.~~

~~NELSON: I've heard of backward children, but this one's gone too far!~~

~~DURANTE: PLEASE...DADDY AND I ARE TIRED. WE'D LIKE OUR ROOMS NOW.~~

NELSON: All right..I'll register you. If you two can stand being related to each other, why should I mind!

AMECHE: Wait a minute...there are more. Women of the Durante tribe...front and center.

TUTTLE: Is everything arranged?

DURANTE: IT CERTAINLY IS....MOTHER!

TUTTLE: Mother?

VAGUE: (LAUGHS) Oh, that's very clever! (LAUGHS)

NELSON: If that's your mother, who's the one who's laughing?

DURANTE: CLERK, MEET GRANDMA!

VAGUE: What??

NELSON: Hold it..~~now I know you're putting something over~~
That can't be your grandmother.

VAGUE: Well, thank you.

NELSON: It's your grandfather!

VAGUE: Oh, what a lovely head. And how convenient...it has a hole in it for bowling!

AMECHE: Look, do we get those reservations, or don't we?

NELSON: All right, Mr. Durante, you get room 202. Mummy and Daddy get 205....and you, Granny, 209!

SOUND: DESK BELL RINGS

NELSON: (CALLS) Oh, bellboy....come and get One Man's Family!

DURANTE: ASSASSIN!

TUTTLE: Well Vere and I wanna go up to our rooms and freshen up a bit.

AMECHE: All right, girls. Come along with me Jim. Let's go into this hotel barber shop. I wanna get a manicure.

DURANTE: OKAY.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

AMECHE: Say that manicurist over there looks familiar....could it possibly be....(CALLS) Oh, Maniourist....Maniourist.

HALOP: Hold on to your hangnails, honey.... it's Hotbreath Halahan!

DURANTE: GET THE SMELLING SALTS - ONE OF MY CUTICLES JUST ROLLED OVER AND PASSED OUT....BUT FRAULEIN HOTBREATH, HOW COME YOU'RE MANICURING IN PALM SPRINGS?

HALOP: Well, I like the sun. Every morning, I lie out on the patio and take a sun bath.... but I can't seem to get a tan.

AMECHE: How come?

HALOP: The sun takes one look at me and says, "I'm getting behind a cloud.... this thing burns back!"

AMECHE: Well look, Hotbreath, I'd like you to give me a manicure.. can you do a good job?

HALOP: Of course....tall, tan and Toothy. Yesterday, Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn came in for a manicure, but I decided to do Flynn's nails first.

DURANTE: HOW COME YOU PICKED ERROL FLYNN OVER TYRONE POWER?

HALOP: Why settle for the Prince of Foxes when you can get the King of the Wolves.

DURANTE: FORGET THE FOXES AND WOLVES HOTBREATH, YOU KNOW, I'M AVAILABLE.

HALOP: Don't be silly.... what would I do with an Anteater!

AMECHE: She's just jealous because your face has more curves than her whole body!....

DURANTE: BUT SENORITA HOTBREATH, I THOUGHT YOU WERE CRAZY ABOUT ME. DIDN'T YOU SEND ME A SHAVING KIT FOR CHRISTMAS, INSCRIBED "FROM HOTBREATH TO LOVER LIPS"?

(FINAL)

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HALOP: I sent out six thousand of those..one to each of my boy friends.

AMECHE: Holy smokes, I'd like to see your address book.

HALOP: O.K., I'll wheel it out for you. Tonight, I have a date to go to the movies with fifty of my boy friends.

DURANTE: WAIT! A MINUTE, HOW CAN YOU HANDLE FIFTY BOY FRIENDS IN THE MOVIES?

HALOP: Large bag of popcorn!...Well, I've finished the manicure. So long, fellas...or as we say in Rio...Bonus Notchez.

DURANTE: SO LONG HOTBREATH OR AS WE SAY IN LIMA...BEANS! COME ON, DON, YOUR WIFE IS WAITING.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

DURANTE: WELL VERA, WE JUST LEFT DON AND HIS WIFE ALONE IN THEIR HONEY MOON SOOT.

VAGUE: Yes. They looked so romantic together.

DURANTE: WELL HERE'S MY ROOM....TIME TO SHAVE AND GO TO BED...
AW REVOO, VERA.

VAGUE: Goodnight, Jim.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.....FOOTSTEPS

VAGUE: (SIGH) Ah someday I'll be on my honeymoon. My husband
will drive me away in his car - ouch - he'll find some
romantic spot - ouch - he'll put his arms around me - ouch.
Oh Vera, stop pinching yourself, you know it isn't true!
Oh well!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: (YELLS) VERA! VERA! HOLD EVERYTHING...IT'S AN
EMERGENCY. DON'S MATRIMONY IS IN ~~JEOPARDY~~ *jealousy.*

VAGUE: Jim, what are you talking about?

DURANTE: I PACKED MY SHAVING KIT IN DON'S VALISE.

VAGUE: You mean the one Hotbreath has been giving out to all her
boy friends with the inscription, "From Hotbreath to
Lover Lips"?

DURANTE: THAT'S THE ONE. IF MRS. AMECHE EVER SEES IT, IT'LL BREAK
UP THEIR HOLY DEADLOCK. VERA, LET'S SWING INTO ACTION....
WE GOTTA KEEP DON FROM UNPACKING HIS VALISE.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well dear, I think I'll unpack my valise and shave...then
we can have that champagne I ordered.

TUTTLE: Oh Don, it was a lot of trouble getting this room but it was worth it. We're alone together at last.

AMECHE: Yes, isn't it wonderful.

TUTTLE: (WHISPERING TENDERLY) Take me in your arms, Donsie.

AMECHE: (ALSO WHISPERING TENDERLY) Yes my sweet.

TUTTLE: Darling.

AMECHE: Sweetheart.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: CHECKERS ANYONE?

TUTTLE: Checkers?

AMECHE: But you didn't even bring your checker board with you.

DURANTE: THEN HOW ABOUT ASKING ME TO PLAY MA JOHN?

TUTTLE: You didn't bring a Ma John set with you!

DURANTE: THEN ASK ME TO PLAY DOMINOS!

AMECHE: You didn't bring dominoes with you.

DURANTE: WELL AT LEAST ASK ME TO SIT DOWN, I BROUGHT THAT ALONG!
SAY I GOT IT - HOW ABOUT A NICE EIGHT HOUR GAME OF
CANASTA?

TUTTLE: Canasta? Look...we don't even know the rules.

DURANTE: RULES? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT - I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE A
RULE BOOK ON ME. I'LL READ THEM TO YOU..ER..CANASTA IS A
GAME ANY CHILD CAN PLAY. TWO DECKS OF CARDS ARE USED WITH
FOUR ADDED JOKERS, RED THREES COUNT A HUNDRED, DEUCES
FREEZE THE DECK. FIFTY POINTS ARE NECESSARY FOR FIRST
MELD, BUT IF SCORE IS FIFTEEN HUNDRED, NINETY POINTS
ARE NECESSARY OF WHICH TWO CARDS MUST BE MATED, EXCEPT IF
SCORE IS MINUS WHEN PACK MAY BE LIFTED WITH A
COMBINATION OF ONE WILD CARD, ONE MATCHING CARD, AND PLAY
BEGUN UNTIL OPPONENT IS VULNERABLE.

AMECHE: Well?

DURANTE: CHECKERS ANYONE? (I CREATED A CANASTA - STROKE)

AMECHE: Jim I think you better leave now.

DURANTE: But I --

AMECHE: Jim we'll see you in the morning. Goodnight.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

TUTTLE: What's he up to anyway?

AMECHE: Ah, he's a nice guy...probably a little lonely...but let's not worry about it. Come here dear...~~Ah, it's nice to have my...and you~~

TUTTLE: Yes, ~~it's really~~. Oh precious!

AMECHE: Sweetest!

TUTTLE: Dearest!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: EVERYBODY OUTSIDE...IT'S TIME FOR FOOTBALL PRACTISE!

TUTTLE: Football practise?

AMECHE: Why do you want us to have football practise?

DURANTE: THIS IS THE PACIFIC COAST..IF WE ~~EVER~~ EXPECT TO WIN A ROSE BOWL GAME WE ALL GOTTA PITCH IN AND HELP!

AMECHE: This is too much...football! What next!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NELSON: Hello everyone...Granny sent me...she said you wanted to go horseback riding right away.

AMECHE: (LOSING TEMPER) Look everyone...I don't want to go horseback riding, I don't want to play football, I don't want to go swimming, I don't want to play tennis, I just want to sit here in my room.

NELSON: Ooooh, aren't you the flabby one!

DURANTE: MONSIEUR CLERK, AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, SIT DOWN...WE'LL WATCH THE TELEVISION.

AMECHE: But there's no television in Palm Springs. It'll be years before they can get the cable here.

DURANTE: WE'LL WAIT!

TUTTLE: Oh my goodness, what else can happen now?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

VAGUE: I just found some Vaughn Monroe records, folks...let's dance!

TUTTLE: Don, all these people. Oh, why can't this be like our first honeymoon.

AMECHE: Yeah, the only one in our room then was your mother! Look everyone, I'm at the end of my rope. Please leave... out...out!

DURANTE: WAIT A MINUTE, WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT DRINKING A TOAST WITH YOUR CHAMPAGNE.

NELSON: Oh goodie.

VAGUE: Yes...to the ~~American~~ *husband and wife*

AMECHE: Well thank you, I...

DURANTE: TO THEIR OLDEST SON.

AMECHE: Thank you, I...

VAGUE: To their second oldest child.

AMECHE: That's very nice, but...

DURANTE: TO THEIR THIRD AND FOURTH OLDEST CHILDREN.

AMECHE: You're awfully kind, but...

VAGUE: To their fifth and sixth oldest children.

TUTTLE: Oh I've had enough!

NELSON: You're telling me!

AMECHE: Folks, I appreciate all your toasts, but really I...

VAGUE: We're not finished yet. To the United Nations, long may it last.

DURANTE: TO MY PULLMAN TOWELS, LONG MAY THEY WAVE,

VAGUE: To our...

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: (EXHAUSTED) Jim, it's seven in the morning.

DURANTE: TO HAIRS SIXTY SEVEN AND SIXTY EIGHT OF YOUR MUSTACHE.

NELSON: To sixty nine and seventy.

VAGUE: To the ...

AMECHE: Please, you can stop now. My wife has fallen asleep. Now will you kindly tell me why you kept me up all night?

DURANTE: DON, IT WAS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. BY ACCIDENT, I PUT MY SHAVING KIT IN YOUR BAG.

VAGUE: Yes, if your wife ever saw that inscription on it from Hotbreath, you would have been done for, Mr. Ameche.

NELSON: Mr. Ameche! I thought you weren't a Durante. You're a fraud ..you and your wife...out...out!

AMECHE: But it's our second honeymoon...where can I go?

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, DON. I GOT A LITTLE HOUSE ON MY LAWN THAT YOU AND YOUR WIFE CAN STAY AT FOR TWO GLORIOUS DAYS.

AMECHE: (SARCASTIC) And will we have to pretend to be your father and mother?

DURANTE: NO, MY DOG ROVER'S FATHER AND MOTHER...IT'S HIS HOUSE!

AMECHE: Oh no!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE) ✓

26 ³⁹

THIRD COMMERCIAL

SINGERS: HOW MILD,
HOW MILD,
HOW MILD CAN A CIGARETTE BE?
SMOKE CAMELS AND SEE!

PETRIE: 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!

BARKLEY: Friends, buy your Camels the handy, thrifty way -- by the carton!

PETRIE: You know, the Camel people send gift cigarettes every week to hospitalized members of the Armed Services. The makers of Camels have sent over ^{new - -} one hundred ninety million cigarettes to servicemen, ^(7 puff) servicewomen and veterans. This week's Camels go to: Veterans' Hospitals, Castle Point, New York and Tuskegee, Alabama...U. S. Army Valley Forge General Hospital, Phoenixville, Pennsylvania...U.S. Naval Hospital, Memphis, Tennessee. 2732

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE

*Announcer
mis-read, but
corrected himself.*

(FINAL)

-27-

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, DON.

DON: Oh, goodnight, Jim.

DURANTE: BY THE WAY, BEFORE WE CLOSE UP SHOP, I WANNA SAY A WORD OF
WELCOME TO ED WYNN, WHO'S JOINED OUR CAMEL FAMILY ON
TELEVISION....GOODNIGHT FOLKS..AND GOODNIGHT MRS. CALABASH
WHEREVER YOU ARE.

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE) /

2800

PRINCE ALBERT

PETRIE: The Jimmy Durante Show was produced 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 Hollywood. ✓

28'2

ANNCR: Pipe Smokers, pack your pipes with Prince Albert! P.A.'s choice tobacco has a fine, rich taste. It's crimp out for smooth, cool smoking and easy packing in your pipe. P.A. is especially treated to insure against tongue bite. Get Prince Albert, the National Joy Smoke. It's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco! ✓

28'3'

MUSIC: SNEAK

PETRIE: You know, Friends, we all like to talk about the "good old days." But have you noticed that in America the things we want, keep getting better and better? For example, since Nineteen Ten, we've increased our annual income greatly, and we've added to our leisure time by an average of eighteen hours a week. Let's keep having "good new days" by making our American system stronger and stronger! ✓

51458 1599

2920

PETRIE: Camel Cigarettes also invites you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday evening over these same stations. On Thursday, January twelfth, they will present.. "The Ox Bow Incident", starring William Eythe, Edward Arnold, Charles Ruggles and Henry Morgan. Be sure to listen. ✓

28'5"

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE) ✓

2925