

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

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #16
DATE: JANUARY 20, 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
SARA BERNER
HOWARD PETRIE
FLORENCE HALOP
JERRY HOUSNER
MARGY LISZT
KEN CHRISTY

WRITERS:

NORMAN FAUL
JACK BARNETT
JACK ELINSON
HAROLD GOLDMAN

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

PETRIE: 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 GROONING -

(APPLAUSE)

INKA DINKA DEE A DINKA DOO

AMECHE: Ah Jimmy, Jimmy, I can't blame you for being in such a good mood. Your new picture, "The Great Rupert" is coming out soon and ~~all my friends tell me~~ ^{I hear} it's great.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT, DON, ~~AND IT'S QUITE A PICTURE. YOU KNOW,~~
^{In this picture}
I'M CO-STARRED WITH A SQUIRREL AND WHAT AN INTELLIGENT SQUIRREL IT IS! HE EATS PEANUTS.

AMECHE: What's so intelligent about a squirrel eating peanuts?

DURANTE: THIS ONE CARRIES AROUND PENNIES AND GETS 'EM OUT OF THE MACHINE.

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

5-6

COMMERCIAL #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!

BARKLEY: Try Camels yourself. Smoke only Camels for thirty days
and see how mild a cigarette can be!

PETRIE: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today! ✓ / 32

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: You know, with Jimmy and myself partners on our Camel radio show, we like to get together frequently and talk things over. Jimmy had worked out a very fair arrangement. He has dinner at my house six nights of the week and Friday morning he has me over for breakfast, This being Friday, I was at Jimmy's house bright and early....

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

AMECHE: (HUMS A BIT, THEN) Gee, I'm hungry. I hope Mrs. Mataratza is having waffles for breakfast.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

AMECHE: Good morning, Mrs. Mataratza. My, you're looking lovely this fine day. Ah, Jimmy's fortunate to have a housekeeper like you...your cooking would tantalize a king's palate, and yet with all your duties, you still manage to be most gracious and charming and your appearance is always refreshingly wholesome.

BERNER: It's a no use, Toothy, you still get only one waffle!

AMECHE: One waffle? Mrs. Mataratza, how come you're always so sparing with your food?

BERNER: Well, I gotta that habit since I married my husband, Pasquali. When we hadda our first baby, he wanted to save so we hadda cut corners. Then we had our second baby and we hadda out corners. Now we gotta fifteen kids.

AMECHE: Fifteen kids, eh?

BERNER: Yeah, we started out by cutting corners and ended up hogging the whole road!

AMECHE: Somebody should've put up a few stop signs. But where's Jim this morning?

BERNER: Oh, he's out on the back porch arguing with the milkman again. Open the door and you can hear him.

AMECHE: Okay.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR OPEN

HAUSNER: But Mr. Durante, we only raised the price of milk one penny.

DURANTE: I STILL SAY YOUR PRICE IS EXHUBERANT. I DON'T GET IT. THE COW EATS GRASS, THE GRASS IS FREE, BUT WHEN THE COW CONVERTS THE GRASS INTO MILK, ALL OF A SUDDEN IT'S NINETEEN CENTS.

HAUSNER: All right. Now shall I bring you a quart of milk for tomorrow?

DURANTE: NO, JUST BRING ME A HANDFUL OF GRASS, I'LL TAKE A STAB AT TURNING OUT THE STUFF MYSELF!

HAUSNER: But Mr. Durante....

DURANTE: ALL I KNOW IS BEFORE THEY MILK THE COW IT COSTS NUTTIN, BUT WHEN IT GETS TO ME IT'S NINETEEN CENTS.

HAUSNER: Well?

DURANTE: IF YOU ASK ME IN BETWEEN SOMEBODY IS PULLING A FEW FAST ONE'S!

HAUSNER: Mr. Durante...please...I've got a route to cover. Give me your order.

DURANTE: VERY WELL, MONSIEUR HOMAH-GINIZE, I WANT A PINT OF MILK FOR ~~TOMORROW~~ ^{Wednesday} NIGHT, A PINT FOR ~~SUNDAY~~ ^{Thursday} NIGHT, A PINT FOR ~~MONDAY~~ ^{Saturday} NIGHT AND FIVE QUARTS FOR ~~TUESDAY~~ ^{Saturday} NIGHT.

HAUSNER: How come five quarts of milk for ~~Tuesday~~ ^{Saturday} night?

DURANTE: THAT'S THE NIGHT MY PUSSY CAT HAS HER FRIENDS OVER TO WATCH TELEVISION! *(They love that Ed Loggum)*

HAUSNER: O.K. (ASIDE - DISGUSTED) Oh, I'd quit this job right now but my horse refuses to stand in line at the unemployment office!

DURANTE: WISEGUY! OH, HELLO, DONSIE. WHEN DID YOU ARRIVE AT MY RESADOO?

AMECHE: I just got here a few minutes ago. But what seems to be the trouble?

DURANTE: EVERYBODY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF DURANTE. FIRST THE MILKMAN, THEN BEFORE THAT THE GAS COMPANY. I JUST FOUND OUT THE GAS THEY'VE BEEN SENDING ME IS SPERLED.

AMECHE: What makes you think the gas is spoiled?

DURANTE: DID YOU EVER SMELL THE STUFF! (AND WHAT'S 'WORSE, EVERYTIME YOU LIGHT A MATCH NEAR IT, IT CATCHES ON FIRE!)

AMECHE: (CHUCKLES) Jim, that proves it. You need someone close to you to take care of things. Why don't you get married?

DURANTE: BUT I DON'T WANNA GET MARRIED.

AMECHE: But you shouldn't be alone so much. Get married.

DURANTE: NO. MY CAREER COMES FIRST.

AMECHE: But I can't be around to watch you all the time. Get married.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, HE SOUNDS LIKE HARRY TRUMAN AND I SOUND LIKE MARGARET!

AMECHE: Well, maybe I was on that subject, because of the exciting news, I just got. Jim, National Family Magazine just informed me that I'm in the running for their annual award for the "Best Family Man of The Year."

DURANTE: HOW WONDERFUL FOR YOU AND YOUR SPROUSE.

AMECHE: You know, they check on everything, even the friends you have. I gave your name, but to make it look good, I'm afraid I lied a little. I said you were a family man too. You don't mind do you?

DURANTE: WHY SHOULD I - AFTER ALL THERE WERE MANY TIMES I COULD HAVE BEEN BETROTTED. YOU KNOW I WENT AROUND WITH ONE GIRL, BUT HER FATHER HATED ME. THEN I WENT AROUND WITH ANOTHER GIRL, BUT HER FATHER HATED ME. BUT FINALLY, I FOUND ONE GIRL WHOSE FATHER AND I HIT IT OFF GREAT.

AMECHE: Why, that's wonderful

DURANTE: WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL...THE GIRL HATED ME!

AMECHE: Well, anyway I sure hope that....

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BERNER: Excuse me, gentlemen, but there's a lady outside from the National Family Magazine. ~~And she wants to see you about winning some kind of award.~~

AMECHE: ~~Award?~~ Show her in. Gosh, Jim, ^{I must've won} ~~it came through~~ ^{the award} faster than I thought. I made it..they picked me!

DURANTE: I'M PROUD OF YOU MY BOY! OH, HERE COMES THE LADY.

LISZT: Good morning, I have wonderful news. The judges have reached a decision and you have been chosen as our family man of the year.

AMECHE: Oh, this is great!

LISZT: Yes....congratulations, Mr. Durante!

AMECHE: What!!

DURANTE: ME A FAMILY MAN? BUT THIS IS A MISTAKE...I'M STILL A
SPINSTER!

LISZT: But Mr. Ameche, you said Mr. Durante had a family. Did
you lie to me?

AMECHE: Lie? Er..Er...of course not. Mr. Durante is just excited
about winning the award. He's married and has a baby,
don't you, Jim?

DURANTE: ER...ER...INDUBETABLY, YES!

LISZT: Oh, is it a boy or a girl?

DURANTE: ER...ER...I DON'T KNOW.

LISZT: You don't know whether your child is a boy or a girl!!

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? THIS IS CALIFORNIA, WHEN THEY
GROW UP THEY ALL WEAR SLACKS ANYWAY!

AMECHE: Ah, that's what his family loves about him - he's great
sense of humor.

LISZT: Of course. Mr. Durante, I'm convinced we made the right
choice for the Family Man of the Year. Your face.
typifies America itself. Your hair is like the sparse
forests of Vermont... Your noble brow is like the slopes
of Pennsylvania...Your eyes are the blue of the Great
Lakes.

DURANTE: DON'T GO DOWN ANY FURTHER...YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT OVER
PIKE'S PEAK!

AMECHE: Yeah, even in the summer, there's ice on the tip of that!

LISZT: Well, Mr. Durante, I must be running along.
Congratulations on the award. I leave you with the motto
of the Fathers of America..."Work diligently for your
family."

DURANTE: AND I LEAVE YOU WITH THE MOTTO OF THE MOTHERS OF AMERICA..
"CANASTA EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT!"

LISZT: Oh by the way, Mr. Durante, I forgot the most important
thing. Our committee chairman is coming over here
tomorrow to personally meet your wife and baby. Good day!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: WIFE AND BABY! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! AMECHE! I'M NOT
GOING THROUGH WITH THIS!

AMECHE: But Jim, you can't back out now. This has gone too far!
If that magazine ever finds out I was lying, I'm through!

DURANTE: BUT DON, WHAT CAN WE DO?

AMECHE: You've got to have a family. Jim, you've got to have a
baby by tomorrow.

SOUND: DIALING

AMECHE: Jim, what are you doing?

DURANTE: CALLING UP THE MATERNITY WARD. I WANNA SEE IF THEY'LL
TAKE ME WITHOUT A RESERVATION.

AMECHE: Oh, you can borrow a baby somewhere. Now we'll need a
wife for you...I've got it-- Vera Vague! I'll go right
over to her house and fix things up with her.

DURANTE: HE'S TALKED ME INTO IT AGAIN - BUT WHAT CAN I DO, I'M
JUST THE FOOL OF A SUPERIOR BRAIN!

SOUND: BRIDGE

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS UNDER

AMECHE: Well, there's Vera's house...I'll just cross the street...

SOUND: APPROACHING CAR...HORN HONKING

AMECHE: Holy smoke, look at this crazy driver coming down the wrong side of the street in that rickety old car.....

SOUND: CLANKING TO STOP...BRAKE SCREECH

AMECHE: They oughta condemn old wrecks like that.

VAGUE: Oh, I look better when I have my make-up on!

AMECHE: Why, its Vera Vague!

(APPLAUSE)

AMECHE: Miss Vague, I didn't know you had a car.

VAGUE: Oh, I only got it yesterday and I'm just learning to drive. Isn't it exciting. You know, I just drove by your house, Mr. Ameche. By the way, do you have a short stumpy gardener mowing your lawn?

AMECHE: Why no.

VAGUE: Good...then it's just the fire plug I knocked over!

AMECHE: Gee, I hope you didn't injure my dog!.....But, Miss Vague, I've got something important to talk to you about. How would you like to be a wife?

SOUND: CAR TAKING OFF, THEN COMING TO QUICK BRAKE SCREECH

VAGUE: It was a long way to the marriage bureau, but here we are! Oh toujours la license made out, "To Whom It May Concern"!

AMECHE: Miss Vague, you didn't let me finish - don't you wanna hear the rest of it?

VAGUE: Listen, when you've been sitting on the bench as long as I have, you don't wait for instructions, you just get into the game and play.

AMECHE: Now calm down, Miss Vague. This is just to help Jimmy out of a spot for one day. You're really not gonna get married.

VAGUE: Not gonna get married. I feel just like that Boston armored car corporation. A minute ago I had a million dollars and now it's gone!....But maybe it's just as well it isn't a real marriage. I'm so young, I'd need my parents permission anyway.

AMECHE: You need your parents' permission?

VAGUE: Certainly. I'll have you know I once could have gotten married in Texas, but I wasn't twenty-one yet.

AMECHE: Well Texas has changed its laws a lot since it joined the union! (LAUGHS)

VAGUE: What a combination..that mustache and those teeth. It looks like a seal trapped on an ice floe.

AMECHE: Never mind that...But Miss Vague, do this for Jimmy. After all, you work together on the Camel show.

VAGUE: That's right...he is a dear. Oh, isn't that him coming toward us now?

AMECHE: Oh yeah...Hey Jim, did you find a baby?

DURANTE: ~~DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT GEESEBROUITS~~ ^{Baby!} FROM NOW ON, BABIES AND I ARE IN A STATE OF BOYCOTT.

VAGUE: Why, what's the trouble?

DURANTE: LOOKING FOR A LITTLE TOT I STICKS MY HEAD INTO THE NEAREST BABY CARRIAGE AND WHAT HAPPENS, THE MOTHER COMES ALONG AND TAKES ONE LOOK AT MY FUZZY HEAD AND PINK CHEEKS.

AMECHE: Well?

DURANTE: BEFORE I COULD STOP HER, SHE THREW A BLANKET OVER ME, STUCK A BOTTLE IN MY MOUTH AND GAVE ME MY TEN O'CLOCK FEEDING! ^{to make things worse she gave me} ~~(NOT ONLY THAT...IT WAS PABLUM AND I'M A COD LIVER OIL BOY.)~~

AMECHE: Oh fine. Now where are we going to get a baby?

VAGUE: Say, I know where there are a lot of babies....at the Highland Day Nursery.

AMECHE: Yeah, they might let you take care of a kid for a day, provided you show 'em you could make a good father!

DURANTE: THAT PART'S EASY. I CAN PASS ALONG ALL THE THINGS THAT I LEARNED FROM MY OLD MAN -- OR, AS WE CALLED HIM IN THOSE DAYS -- "DEAR MATER".

AMECHE: We'll form a circle around your knee while you tell us about him.

DURANTE: OKAY! ✓

MUSIC: ("MY OLD MAN"):

12 05-

VERSE

MY OLD MAN

WE THINK BACK TO OUR CHILD DAYS
AND HAVE TO SHOWER LOTS OF PRAISE
UPON THE ONLY MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE
WE THINK ABOUT OUR DEAR OLD DAD
AND GEE, IT MAKES US AWFULLY GLAD
THAT MOTHER PICKED THAT MAN TO BE HER SPOUSE
WHAT A COURTSHIP -- HE TOOK HER ON A MOONLIGHT RIDE (CHORD)
AND PARKED ALONGSIDE THE ROAD! (CHORD)
THEN HE TOLD HER HE WAS OUT OF GAS! (CHORD)
AND MOTHER SLAPPED HIS FACE--YOU SEE THE AUTOMOBILE
WASN'T INVENTED AT THAT TIME!
WHEN I THINK ABOUT FATHER--IT THRILLS ME THRU AND THRU
WHY, IN OUR HOUSE HE DID ALL THE THINGS THAT NO ONE ELSE
WOULD DO!

CHORUS:

WHO LIT THE STOVE AT FIVE A.M., WHEN IT WAS FREEZING COLD?
MY OLD MAN!
WHO WORE ONE SUIT FOR TWENTY YEARS AND NEVER SAID ITS OLD?
MY OLD MAN!
HE ALWAYS HAD THINGS FIGURED OUT--FOR THAT HE HAD A FLAIR
WHY FOR SIXTEEN YEARS HE TOOK ME ON THE TROLLEY CAR
HALF-FARE! ONE DAY THE CONDUCTOR SAID, "WAIT A MINUTE,
HALF FARE? THIS YOUNGSTER ISN'T 12 -- HE LOOKS MORE LIKE
16!"
MY FATHER SAID, "CAN I HELP IT IF THE BOY WORRIES!"

WHO TOLD ME I SHOULD SAVE MY DOUGH BUT NEVER SAVED A CENT
EXCEPT JUST ENOUGH TO PAY THE RENT....

HE'D SLEEP ALL SATURDAY NIGHT AND THEN GET UP AS DAY WAS
DAWNING HE'D GO TO CHURCH--COME HOME AND GO TO SLEEP TILL
MONDAY MORNING!

AND SO YOU SEE I'LL ALWAYS BE THE NUMBER ONE FAN
OF MY OLD MAN!

PATTER:

YES, MY FATHER REALLY STUCK BY ME ALL THRU CHILD-HOOD...
ONE TIME IN SCHOOL THE TEACHER ASKED ME WHO SIGNED THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE? -----I SAID, "I DON'T KNOW
TEACHER, I DIDN'T" JUST FOR THAT SHE MADE ME BRING MY
FATHER TO SCHOOL. HE WALKED IN AND SAID, "TEACHER, MY
BOY JIMMY IS A GOOD BOY AND HE'S AN HONEST BOY...AND IF
HE SAYS HE DIDN'T DO IT. HE DIDN'T DO IT!" EVERY TIME
I GOT IN TROUBLE MY FATHER HAD TO GO TO SEE THE TEACHER.
WHAT A MAN--WHY FATHER WENT TO SCHOOL MORE WHEN I WENT TO
SCHOOL THEN WHEN HE WENT TO SCHOOL!

AND WHAT EXCITEMANT THE DAY I WAS BORN...WHEN FATHER
LOOKED INTO THE CRIB THE NURSE SAID, "IT'S A MALE!"
FATHER LOOKED AT HER AND SAID, "I KNOW IT'S A MALE--BUT
A MALE WHAT?"

AND SO YOU SEE I'LL ALWAYS BE THE NUMBER ONE FAN OF
MY OLD MAN!

YES SIR...

MY OLD MAN!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

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COMMERCIAL

PETRIE: And now, here's an interview, on tape, between Don and Mr. William Ott.

AMECHE: Hello, Mr. Ott.

OTT: Hello, Don!

AMECHE: Mr. Ott, you made the Camel thirty-day test under the supervision of a well-known throat specialist and I'd like you to tell us something about it.

OTT: Well, I smoked Camels, and only Camels, for thirty days!

AMECHE: I see. About how many a day?

OTT: Oh, about a pack a day.

AMECHE: And then each week you went to see a throat specialist?

OTT: That's right! He examined my throat carefully and said that there wasn't any irritation in my throat from smoking Camels. Not a trace!

AMECHE: Well, that sounds as though Camels are very mild indeed!

OTT: Mildest cigarette I ever smoked! And the best-tasting, too! I smoke Camels regularly now!

(MORE)

DURANTE SHOW
1/20/50

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COMMERCIAL (CONT'D.)

AMECHE: Well, that's fine! And thanks a lot for the interview.

PETRIE:
(LIVE) Friends, hundreds of people from coast-to-coast made the same test as Mr. Ott. 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!

BARKLEY: 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)

16 12

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(2ND ACT)

MUSIC: BRIDGE:

AMECHE: Well, for once, it was I who got Jimmy into trouble. I told a little lie about Jimmy having a family..and before I knew it, he was given an award as "Family Man of the Year". And, with the head of the Award Committee coming over, Jimmy had to produce a family. So, there we were at the Day Nursery, trying to get a baby.

DURANTE: YOU KNOW, DONSIE, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A MODERN NURSERY BEFORE. LOOK, ALL THE BABIES ARE BEHIND GLASS.

AMECHE: Well, that's the way all these places are equipped these days. Thermostatic heat control, scientific diet, special care by trained personnel.

DURANTE: THIS IS RIDICULOUS! THE MOTHERS OF TODAY ARE TOO SOFT. IN THE OLD DAYS, THEY WERE A LOT MORE RUGGED. YOU KNOW, I MYSELF WAS BORN ON A CROSS-COUNTRY BUS.

AMECHE: What was so rugged about that?

DURANTE: MY MOTHER WAS THE DRIVER! (MY BIRTHPLACE IS "WHISKERS ARE TOUGH" ON THE BURMA SHAVE SIGN.)

AMECHE: Come on, stop those silly stories. Oh, there's the Head Nurse behind that marble desk. Let's go up.

DURANTE: ERR.....GOOD AFTERNOON, MADAM.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP:

BERNER: Dr. Howard, get ready for another baby....the stork just walked into the lobby!!

DURANTE: I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE SEZ ABOUT THIS SCHNOZZ.....
WHEN IT RAINS IT KEEPS MY FEET DRY.

AMECHE: Look Miss, Mr. Durante here was wondering if he could
take care of one of your little boys just for a day.

BERNER: Well I.....

DURANTE: I'LL BE LIKE A FATHER TO THE BOY. I'LL FEED HIM, WASH
HIM, CLEAN HIM AND IN THE EVENING WE'LL SIT DOWN TOGETHER
AND HAVE A MAN TO MAN TALK ABOUT THE BIRDS AND THE BEES.

BERNER: Oh, that's nice.

DURANTE: YEAH, I'VE BEEN DYING TO FIND OUT ABOUT 'EM FOR YEARS
AND MAYBE HE'S THE ONE WHO'LL TELL ME!

AMECHE: Mr. Durante's led a very sheltered life. Until he was
twenty-one he thought that people went to drive-in movies
to see the pictures!...But I assure you he'll take good
care of any baby you give him.

BERNER: Well, I've got to see if he knows how. I'll try him on
one of our babies right here. Meet Jeffry Stamon, age six
months.

HAUSNER: (BABY GURGLE)

DURANTE: WHY, I'M SHOCKED! ONLY SIX MONTHS OLD AND HE'S ALREADY
WEARING A FRENCH BATHING SUIT!

HAUSNER: (BABY GIGGLE)

AMECHE: Look, Jim, he's smiling. What a lovely set of tooth! But
dont' worry, youngster, when you grow up, you'll have as
many teeth as I have.

HAUSNER: (CRIES FURIOUSLY)

DURANTE: HE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO CARRY THE LOAD!

BERNER: Well, now I'm going to see what you can do. Go ahead,
Mr. Durante, diaper little Jeffry.

DURANTE: DIAPER HIM? DON, YOU BETTER HELP ME.

AMECHE: O.K., let's go.

DURANTE: BABY OIL.

AMECHE: Baby oil.

DURANTE: RIGHT FOLD.

AMECHE: Right fold.

DURANTE: CENTER FOLD.

AMECHE: Center fold.

DURANTE: LEFT FOLD.

AMECHE: Left fold.

DURANTE: BLINDFOLD.

AMECHE: Blindfold?

DURANTE: YEAH, THE DIAPER JUST FELL OFF!

BERNER: Oh, that does it! I'm afraid I can't let you have a baby.
Gentlemen, you'll have to leave.

HAUSNER: (BABY CRY)

BERNER: Now Jeffry stop that. I'm taking you back to your room.

HAUSNER: (KEEPS CRYING)

BERNER: And I'll have the nurse tuck you in and kiss you goodnight.

HAUSNER: (GURGLES...THEN ENDS UP WITH WOLF WHISTLE)

DURANTE: I WISH I HAD GOTTEN HIM, NOW I KNOW HE COULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT THE BIRDS AND THE BEES.

AMECHE: Well come on Jim, We can't seem to find a kid anywhere-- Wait a minute -- why didn't we think of it before -- Mrs. Mataratza! She'll loan us one - she's got fifteen of 'em.

DURANTE: EUROPA, THAT'S IT! WE'VE BEEN DEALING RETAIL LONG ENOUGH -- LET'S GO RIGHT TO THE WHOLE-SALER!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well we're all set now, Jim. Mrs. Mataratza promised to send over her little six year old boy Antonio, to act as your son and Vera will be over any minute to act as your wife.

DURANTE: YEAH, I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS NOW TO SPOIL MY ACT AS THE TYPICAL AMERICAN FAMILY MAN.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

DURANTE: IT COULDN'T BE VERA YET. I WONDER WHO IT IS.

AMECHE: Well, let's go to the door and find out. Come on!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

HALOP: Hold on to your hang nails boys, it's your ~~Substantly~~
manicurist, Hotbreath Halahan!

DURANTE: GET THE EXTINGUISHER - SHE JUST LIT UP THE PACK OF CAMELS
IN MY POCKET. BUT HOTBREATH, YOU'LL HAVE TO CANCEL MY
MANICURE. WE'RE EXPECTING A BIG SHOT FROM NATIONAL ^{MAGAZINE} FAMILY
MAGAZINE.

HALOP: Well, he and I ought to get along fine. As a side line
I sell magazine subscriptions for Life and Look.

AMECHE: How've you been making out?

HALOP: Swell. With the gowns I wear, if you have any life, you
can't help taking a look!

DURANTE: WELL HOTBREATH, YOU DON'T FIT INTO OUR PLANS, YOU BETTER
LEAVE.

AMECHE: And just for your information, you don't have have much
effect on me anyway.

HALOP: Oh yeah?....Come here, tall, tan...and you see that
mustache of yours.

AMECHE: Yes?

HALOP: One kiss from me...brush fire!

DURANTE: SHE CAN DO IT TOO. SHE ONCE KISSED ME ON TOP OF THE HEAD
AND LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED THERE!

AMECHE: (ASIDE) Jimmy, we gotta get rid of her. She'll ruin our
family act.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

VAGUE: Oh hello Don...hello Jim...sorry I'm late, but I was...
oh, my goodness...who's this creature!

HALOP: Well, don't just stand there, boys..put Whistler's
Mother back in her frame!

VAGUE: Oh, bless your heart, what a lovely fur coat. What back
fence was it sitting on before you got it!

DURANTE: LOOK LADIES, THIS IS NO TIME FOR REPARTRAY. THE MAN FROM
THE COMMITTEE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE.

HALOP: O.K. banana beak. I'll hide in the library. I can spend
the next few hours calling up my boy friends from there.

AMECHE: Gosh, how many boy friends do you have?

HALOP: Honey, for numbers, information dials me!

DURANTE: EXCUSE US HOTBREATH, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. SO LONG.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

HALOP: Nice boys.

SOUND: PHONE RING

HALOP: That's the phone...I'll answer it.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

BERNER: (FILTER) Hello, this is Mrs. Mataratza on this end.
What's a on you end?

HALOP: This is Hotbreath.

BERNER: Oh Hotbreath, I'm a suppose to send my six year old kid
Antonio over to Mr. Durante, but he's a not feeling so
good. You think he's gonna mind if I'm send over one of
my other kids instead?

HALOP: Why no.

BERNER: Oh, that's a good. I'm a send over my oldest boy,
Guiseppe. He's a just a little older. He's a just twenty
six years old!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

VAGUE: Well, the man from National Family magazine ought to be
here any minute now.

DURANTE: YEAH, I HOPE MRS. MATARATZA'S SIX YEAR OLD KID GETS HERE
SCON.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

AMECHE: Oh that must be the chairman now. Vera, you answer the door. Come on, Jim you and I have to come in at the right moment. Remember this has to be the typical American family.

DURANTE: O.K.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN

CHRISTY: How do you do... I am Mr. Loftus, head of the award committee for National Family magazine.

VAGUE: Oh, come right in and make yourself at home. I was just waiting for my husband to come home from work.

CHRISTY: Oh, how wonderfully domestic.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

VAGUE: Oh, here comes my husband now.

DURANTE: GOOD EVENING TYPICAL AMERICAN WIFE... I AM YOUR TYPICAL AMERICAN HUSBAND AND I JUST CAME HOME FROM MY TYPICAL AMERICAN JOB.

VAGUE: But you look so disheveled. How come your clothes are messed up?

DURANTE: I WAS HIT BY A TYPICAL AMERICAN DRIVER IN A TYPICAL AMERICAN SAFETY ZONE!... BUT DARLING I JUST NOTICED OUR TYPICAL AMERICAN HOME HAS A TYPICAL AMERICAN GUEST.

VAGUE: Oh, excuse me precious. I want you to meet Mr. Loftus.

CHRISTY: How do you do.

DURANTE: OH, HOW DO YOU DO, MR. LETTUCE!

CHRISTY: That's Loftus.

DURANTE: PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN US IN A TYPICAL AMERICAN DINNER. (SNIFFS IN) DARLING, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT BOILING ON THE STOVE.

VAGUE: Our laundry.

DURANTE: I KNEW IT SMELLED TOO GOOD TO BE FOOD! BUT WAIT TILL YOU SEE OUR SIX YEAR OLD TYPICAL AMERICAN BOY, MR. LOAFER.

CHRISTY: That's Loftus.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

VAGUE: Oh, that must be Professor Ameche, the piano teacher for our boy. I'll let him in.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

AMECHE: (DUTCH) Aufweidersehen, everyone. Where iss your shtypical American boy... I am his shtypical American piano teacher.

DURANTE: (ASIDE) I THINK HE GOT HIS PART MIXED. (ALoud) ER... COME IN, SENIOR. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TEACH OUR BOY ' TODAY?

AMECHE: Well, first, I was thinking of Tchaikowsky's prelude in C sharp minor...then I was thinking of Shubert's unfinished symphony...then I was thinking of Vogners Das Rheingold.

CHRISTY: Well, what did you finally settle on?

AMECHE: "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts!"

CHRISTY: Well, I hope your boy gets here soon. I'm most anxious to meet him.

DURANTE: AH WAIT'LL YOU SEE HIM, MR. LOW-CUSS!

CHRISTY: That's Lettuce .. I mean Loftus!

DURANTE: I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THAT LITTLE TYKE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING. WHY WHEN THAT LITTLE FELLOW GOT A LOAD OF THE

CHRISTMAS TREE AND ALL THEM TOYS, I WISH YOU COULDA SEEN

HIS ~~EYES~~ ^{(Pluff) Eyes} LIGHT UP. -- Eyes. *I did that on purpose. I just wanted to see if you were on your toes.*
(Repeats)

CHRISTY: Really?

DURANTE: YEAH, HE HAD HIS TOE JAMMED IN THE LIGHT SOCKET!

VAGUE: Yes, he's precious.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER

AMECHE: Oh, dot must be the shtypical shix year old boy of the shtypical American family shtanding outshide now. Obboh, some of these teeth will just have to go!

DURANTE: I'LL OPEN THE DOOR AND LET OUR LITTLE CURLY HEADED LAD IN.
(CALLS) COME IN, LITTLE FELLOW.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PETRIE: (EXHUBERANT ATHLETIC TYPE) Hi'ya Dad, old sock!

DURANTE: (SHOCKED) SONNY, GET DOWN OFF THEM STILTS!

PETRIE: Ah, Dad!

CHRISTY: But this is fantastic. He's six foot five and weighs 285 pounds. How can a six year old boy be so big?

DURANTE: SLIGHT MISTAKE IN HIS FORMULA!

CHRISTY: Mistake in his formula?

VAGUE: Yes, our doctor was a vet-er-a-nariun and he gave us the one for elephants!

(FINAL)

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DURANTE: YES...TO THIS DAY, HE ISN'T HAPPY UNLESS HE HAS SAH-BOO ON HIS BACK!

CHRISTY: THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING.

AMECHE: (ASIDE) Jim, you better get rid of this kid.

DURANTE: (ASIDE) O.K. JUNIOR, YOU BETTER GO THE LIBRARY

PETRIE: Oh, okay Dad.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: AH, WHAT A SWEET BOY.

CHRISTY: Boy, indeed. Mr. Durante, I see now this whole thing has been nothing but a farce.. That wasn't your son...and I don't believe this is your wife. What's more...you're disqualified for the Award. Good day, sir!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.

DURANTE: WELL DON THIS WAS YOUR IDEA. ONCE MORE I'VE BEEN SCUTTLED BY YOUR SUPERIOR BRAIN.

AMECHE: Well I'm sorry Jim, but at least nothing more can happen.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

HALOP: Attention, folks I'm engaged to be married.

DURANTE: MARRIED? HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT...WHO'S THE BLUSHING GROOM.

PETRIE: Hi 'ya Dad!

DURANTE: AT LAST...THE FAMILY MAN OF THE YEAR.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE) ✓

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COMMERCIAL

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

PETRIE: Yes, smoke Camels and see how mild, how flavorful, a
cigarette can be!

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

PETRIE: Each week, hospitalized veterans and servicemen are sent
gift cigarettes by the makers of Camels! This week, the
Camels go to: Veterans' Hospitals, Boise, Idaho, and
Topeka, Kansas...U.S. A.A.F. Station Hospital, Westover
Field, Massachusetts...U.S. Naval Hospital, Quantico,
Virginia.

More than one hundred and ninety-million Camels have now
been sent to servicemen, servicewomen and veterans. 28²⁻⁹

MUSIC: "WHO WILL BE"

MUSIC: "WHO WILL BE WITH YOU"

AMECHE: Well, Jim, now that you've posed as a married man,
do you think you'd be interested in the real thing?

DURANTE: WELL, DONSIE, IT IS QUITE AN EXPERIENCE, HAVING A WOMAN'S
SILK STOCKINGS HANGIN' FROM THE SHOWER CURTAIN..GIRDLES
HANGING ALL OVER THE KITCHEN TO DRY...

AMECHE: Then you're gonna go out and get married?

DURANTE: NO, I'M GONNA SIT IN THE LAUNDROMAT FOR A FEW DAYS..IT'S
A LOT CHEAPER.

AMECHE: (LAUGHS) Goodnight, Jim.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, DON, GOODNIGHT, FOLKS, GOODNIGHT, MRS. CALABASH,
WHEREVER YOU ARE.

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE) ✓

28⁴²

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. ✓

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(APPLAUSE)

CHANDLER: Men, when you pack your pipes with Prince Albert, you get choice tobacco, crimp cut for smooth, even burning and specially treated to insure against tongue bite. P.A. is America's largest-selling smoking tobacco, the National Joy Smoke! ✓

29⁰⁶

MUSIC: SNEAK

PETRIE: Camel Cigarettes also invites you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday evening, over these same stations. On Thursday, January 26th, they will present "I Love You Again", starring William Powell, Ruth Hussey and Charles Kemper. Be sure to listen. ✓

29²⁰

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE) ✓

29²⁵