

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

*As Broadcast
Times copy ✓*
JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #~~28~~ 19

DATE: FEBRUARY 10th, 1950

(REVISED)

AS
BROADCAST

Master

JIMMY DURANTE

with

DON AMECHE

NBC (Hollywood Origination)

TIME: 6:30 P.M. PST

SUPERVISOR: DON BERNARD

DIRECTOR:
CONDUCTOR:

PHIL COHAN
ROY BARGY

CAST

JIMMY DURANTE
DON AMECHE
VERA VAGUE
HOWARD PETRIE
FLORENCE HALOP
LURENE TUTTLE

WRITERS

NORMAN PAUL
JACK BARNETT
JACK ELINSON
HAROLD GOLDMAN
DAVE SWIFT

(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 CROONING -

(APPLAUSE)

INKA DINKA DEE A DINKA DOO

AMECHE: Jimmy, Jimmy, you sound so happy tonight. Tell me, is it because it's so near Valentine's day.

DURANTE: THAT'S IT, DONSIE. I ALREADY RECEIVED A VALENTINE WITH FOUR LITTLE CUPIDS ON THE OUTSIDE AND THE ENTIRE ENVELOPE SCENTED WITH PERFUME.

AMECHE: How romantic...who was it from?

DURANTE: THE GAS COMPANY, THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET YOU TO OPEN THEIR BILLS!

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

^

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JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
2/3/50

-B-

FIRST COMMERCIAL

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

1ST ANN: 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 ANN: Make a note. Remember your throat. Try Camels today! ✓

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JIMMY DURANTE
2-10-50

(FINAL)

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MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: You know, Jimmy is my best friend and a wonderful guy, but unfortunately in my wife's eyes he falls short on certain points. Her latest complaint is that Jimmy has no social position, but I keep saying that that's not important. It doesn't do any good though, because the conversation keeps right on going around in circles.

TUTTLE: Please, Donald. I know Mr. Durante works with you on the Camel Radio Show and he's probably a nice person, but I'm sorry he doesn't know how to act in our social set.

AMECHE: But darling, you don't seem to realize Jimmy didn't have the advantages other people had. He had to leave school when he was eighteen. How would you like to have your education cut off in the third grade!

TUTTLE: But he just doesn't fit in. Even the children are wondering how he came to the house in the first place.

AMECHE: I know, and I don't think it was right of you to tell them I was carrying a pound of hamburger and he followed me home!

TUTTLE: But Don, we should try to think more of our own social standing. After all, we just became members of the Mayflower Club. You know what that means.

AMECHE: Yeah, what a club. A bunch of old retired bankers... nobody there is under seventy. I was there the other day and what a sight. Twenty of those old birds just sitting by the window and then a pretty girl walked by. It was the silliest thing I've ever seen.

TUTTLE: You mean they whistled?

AMECHE: They don't have strength for that..they just push their wheel chairs back and forth and let 'em squeak a little!

TUTTLE: Well, they all come from the very best families and you should try to associate with them a little more, not Durante and...oh good heavens...look...that's him coming up the front walk now. ~~Maybe I still have time to turn the welcome mat down.~~

AMECHE: Please darling, be kinder to Jim. He tries ^{so} hard to get you to like him. I'll let him in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: ~~GOOD AFTERNOON, DON, HE, AND MRS. AMECHE.~~ MY WHAT A LOVELY SCENE OF TRANQUIL DOMESTICITY. AH, DON, HOW I ENVY YOU WHEN I SEE YOU WITH YOUR WIFE BY YOUR SIDE.

TUTTLE: (PLEASED) Well!

DURANTE: YES, MRS. AMECHE, DON'S A FORTUNATE MAN, HE'S COME TO THE END OF HIS RAINBOW AND HE'S FOUND HIS POT!

AMECHE: With that nose in his way, how does he still always manage to get his foot in his mouth?!

TUTTLE: Don, why don't you tell your Mr. Durante to just
L-E-A-V-E.

DURANTE: YOU CAN'T FOOL ME MRS. AMECHE, I KNOW WHAT THAT IS.

TUTTLE: What?

DURANTE: SPELLING!

AMECHE: Don't get mad, ^{dear} ~~here~~. Look...he's got some gifts for us.

DURANTE: YES MADAME SPROUSE, MAY I OFFER YOU THIS BOUQUET OF
FLOWERS?

TUTTLE: I don't want your flowers.

DURANTE: I ALSO BROUGHT DON HIS FAVORITE MAGAZINE.

TUTTLE: He doesn't want your magazine.

DURANTE: I ALSO BROUGHT A PICTURE PUZZLE FOR YOUR KIDDIES.

TUTTLE: They don't want your picture puzzle. What are you
taking out now?

DURANTE: A WORM FOR YOUR CANARY, I ~~WANTED~~ SHE'S SITTING ON AN EGG
AND I DARE YOU TO REFUSE FOOD FOR AN EXPECTANT MOTHER!
(I ALSO BROUGHT HER A FLY IN CASE SHE WAKES UP AT THREE
IN THE MORNING WITH A MAD DESIRE FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT)

AMECHE: Darling, try to understand. He brought that stuff over
just to be nice to you.

TUTTLE: *That proves what I said before*
~~Well, I realize that, Don, but he just doesn't fit in.~~
Don, you'd be better off if you'd associate with the
members of the Mayflower Club.

DURANTE: BUT MRS. AMECHE, I TOO AM A CLUB MEMBER-- FOR TEN YEARS I WAS A MEMBER OF THE BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB....BUT I FINALLY DECIDED TO QUIT.

AMECHE: Why did you quit?

DURANTE: I FOUND OUT IT WAS JUST A SCHEME TO SELL BOOKS. ~~HOW FOR READING MATTER I HAVE THE SAME SCHEME OF~~
~~SALES.~~

TUTTLE: That does it! I'm going upstairs. Donald, for the past few years, I've always asked myself what you can possibly see in a person who's ill mannered, noisy, loudmouth and unpleasant!

DURANTE: DON'T WORRY, MRS. AMECHE, IN SPITE OF ALL THAT, DON LOVES YOU ANYWAY!

TUTTLE: Oh! Oh!

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

DURANTE: SORRY DONSIE, I'M JUST A BARNACLE ON YOUR SEA OF MATRIMONY. I'VE TRIED EVERY WAY BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO GET IN GOOD WITH YOUR SPROUSE.

AMECHE: Well, my wife really isn't that way. It's just that all our other friends belong to clubs like the Mayflower. Why I....wait a minute, I got it. If you were a member of the Mayflower Club, it would make all the difference in the world to her.

DURANTE: NUTTIN DOIN! I-WANNA BE FRIENDS WITH HER, ~~AND~~ I AIN'T GETTING MIXED UP WITH THEM BLUE BLOODS! ~~THESE~~
~~IMBROILES!~~

AMECHE: ~~Impolite? What do you mean?~~

DURANTE: WELL I WAS INVITED TO A SOCIETY DINNER ONCE AND WHEN I GOT THERE, I PULLS UP A CHAIR SITS DOWN TO EAT AND EVERYBODY WALKS BY MY TABLE AND STARTS GRABBING FOOD.

AMECHE: Your table! Why, Jim, you don't understand. They were supposed to help themselves. ~~That was a buffet.~~

DURANTE: BUFFAY! NO WONDER ONE LADY GOT SORE WHEN I SAID, "MADAM, JUST BECAUSE THEY SERVED ME A LARGE PORTION DON'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO COME AROUND AND EAT OFF MY PLATE!" (THE TURKEY WASN'T BAD, BUT THOSE FOUR THOUSAND CLIVES ALMOST MADE ME SICK)

AMECHE: ~~(He's so happy in his own little world)~~ But Jim, I'm gonna get you into that club. Here, I've got an extra membership application in my drawer. Come on, let's fill it out.

DURANTE: O.K., BUT I'M ONLY DOING THIS FOR YOUR WIFE.

AMECHE: All right ... all right...now here it is. Application for joining the Hedgewood Mayflower Club. Come on, fill it out.

DURANTE: O.K. LET'S SEE NOW. NAME, JAMES DURANTE. OCCUPATION, ACTOR...SEX....AMERICAN!...NATIONALITY...MALE!

AMECHE: Oh, this is ridiculous...sex, American. Jim, didn't you ever fill out an application before? How about your drivers license? What did you put down on that?

DURANTE: DRIVERS LICENSE, HUH? I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF MY WALLET AND SEE.

AMECHE: O.K. Now what does it say on ~~your driver's license?~~

DURANTE: NAME, JAMES DURANTE. OCCUPATION, ACTOR. SEX...MUST WEAR GLASSES!

AMECHE: They just stamped that over it! Here...I better help you fill it out. Now list other organizations you belonged to.

DURANTE: MUST I TELL, DON?

AMECHE: Yeah...come on now...other organizations.

DURANTE: JUNIOR G MEN, FLASH GORDON'S LITTLE ROCKETS, JUNGLE JIM'S UNDERGROWTH CLUB, AND CAPTAIN MARVEL'S SECRET RING ORGANIZATION.

AMECHE: Reason for joining?

DURANTE: BOXTOPS! (I KEEP CUTTING OFF BOX TOPS AND SENDING THEM IN BUT, IT'S BECOMING A PROBLEM, I'M STUCK WITH THREE ROOMS FULL OF BOX BOTTOMS!)

AMECHE: Stop joking, Jim and let's ^{get} keep going. ~~Now question;~~ were you ever refused memberships in any organization?

DURANTE: THE GIRL SCOUTS.

AMECHE: Reason for refusal.

DURANTE: JEALOUSY!

~~AMECHE: Now what's next. Oh yes..have you ever suffered the following sicknesses. Yellow Fever.~~

~~DURANTE: YES.~~

~~AMECHE: Jaundice.~~

~~DURANTE: YES.~~

~~AMECHE: Malaria?~~

51458 1731

DURANTE: ~~YES.~~

AMECHE: ~~Now wait a minute, did you really have all of these?~~

DURANTE: ~~NO, BUT I WOULDN'T WANNA BE TURNED DOWN ON SECURITY!~~

AMECHE: Well, I've got the application filled out O.K., now let's go right down to the club for a personal interview. Wait a minute, they're pretty conservative people, so better change into more conservative clothes.

DURANTE: O.K., I'LL PUT ON MY BROWN TIE, MY BROWN JACKET, MY BROWN TROUSERS AND MY BROWN SHOES.

AMECHE: What about your socks?

DURANTE: IF YOU THINK IT'LL HELP TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION, I'LL WEAR THEM!

AMECHE: Oh, come on, get going.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

AMECHE: Well, this is the Mayflower Club, Jim. ~~Real rich old guys in here, huh?~~

DURANTE: ~~YEAH, WHAT A CLASSY JOINT... THIS IS WHERE OLD MONEY COMES TO DIE!~~

AMECHE: ~~Oh, Jim,~~ there's the office where you see about the membership. ~~Jim,~~ you go in alone...I'll wait for you here.

DURANTE: O.K., DON, BUT I SURE HOPE THEY DON'T TURN ME DOWN. AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW I WAS BORN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS.

AMECHE: You mean you were so poor?

DURANTE: NO, ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL; WE HADDA WAIT FOR A FREIGHT TRAIN TO GO BY!

AMECHE: Well, good luck, Jim. (TO HIMSELF) Gosh, I'm nervous. I think I'll go out in the street for a breath of air.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...SLIGHT STREET NOISES.

AMECHE: (SNIFFS) Ah, the air smells good...it really...

SOUND: CAR PULLING UP.

AMECHE: Say, look at the taxi pulling up with that girl sitting in the front seat next to the cabbie. What girl would do a thing like that?

VAGUE: Thanks for going through the park, driver...those curves were fun!

AMECHE: Why, Vera Vague!

(APPLAUSE)

AMECHE: Miss Vague what are you doing here?

VAGUE: Well, I heard that Jimmy was trying to get into the Mayflower Club, and I thought maybe I could help.

AMECHE: Well, it's in the hands of the committee right now. And besides, what do you know about clubs?

VAGUE: Why, I'm a prominent clubwoman. One of the organizations I belong to is the Perfect Figure Club.

AMECHE: The Perfect Figure Club?

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VAGUE: Yes, we all strive for perfect figures and we have three groups. There's the "Taking it off" group, the "Putting it on" group....Then there's my group.

AMECHE: What's your called?

VAGUE: Moving it from where it is to where it'll do some good!
....Oh toujours la forty-two hip!

AMECHE: That doesn't sound like much -- what other clubs do you belong to?

VAGUE: Another one is the Bird Watchers Society, but I'm thinking of leaving that. ~~There's another one.~~ The other day, all us girls came home cold and dripping wet. They had just dragged us all out of a lake.

AMECHE: Goodness, what happened?

VAGUE: Frankie Laine is our leader, and we had to go where the wild goose goes! But of all the organizations I belong to, the one I enjoy most is the YMCA!

AMECHE: Miss Vague, what are you doing in the YMCA? You're not a man.

VAGUE: I know, but until they found out, what friendly handball games!!...But let's not just stand out here on the street Mr. Ameche. I have to go home and make some lemonade for one of my clubs. Would you like to come along and squeeze with me!?

AMECHE: Miss Vague, cut that stuff out. You're not a young filly anymore.

VAGUE: Well, as long as you're using horsy terms I'll have you know I'm just cantering toward my thirtieth birthday.

AMECHE: Don't look now, but you're facing the wrong end. (LAUGHS)

VAGUE: Oh, what a combination...that moustache and those teeth. It looks like a black cat walking across a piano keyboard.

AMECHE: Look, Miss Vague, I'm in no mood to argue. I'm just here to...

VAGUE: Wait a minute, Mr. Ameche, isn't that Jimmy coming out of the club?

AMECHE: Yeah. Jim, tell us quick ... how did you make out.

DURANTE: AMEECH, I'VE BEEN SCUTTLED! THEY TURNED ME DOWN.

AMECHE: But why, Jim?

DURANTE: THEY ASKED ME TO TRACE MY FAMILY BACK SO I TRACED IT BACK SIX GENERATIONS, SEVEN GENERATIONS, EIGHT GENERATIONS, 'TILL I TRACES MY FAMILY CLEAR BACK TO CLEOPATRA, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN EGYPT.

AMECHE: But Jim, Cleopatra isn't your ancestor.

DURANTE: I KNOW, BUT IF I'M GOING THAT FAR BACK I WANNA MAKE THE TRIP WORTHWHILE....WELL, DONSIE, I CAN'T GET INTO THAT CLUB. I GUESS MY STATUS WITH YOU WIFE WILL HAVE TO REMAIN QUO.

VAGUE: Don't give up, Jim. You can go to the library and look up the records of your family. Maybe it'll turn out that your ancestors were as good as any in the Mayflower Club.

AMECHE: Vera, I'm afraid that's pretty hopeless.

DURANTE: JUST A MINUTE, DON. ~~DON'T UNDERESTIMATE THE DURANTE~~
CLAN. LEMME TELL YOU WHY. ✓

(INTO SONG, "DURANTE, THE FIFTH)

11 30

JAMES THE FIFTH

VERSE

NOBODY SNUBS DURANTE UNLESS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND
JUST WHAT HIGH CLASS STUFF IS ALL ABOUT
MY HERITAGE IS NOT WELL KNOWN SOCIETY
SHOULD PAY ATTENTION WHILE I LET THE NEWS GET OUT!

SOME PEOPLE BOAST ABOUT HOW OLD THEIR FAMILY IS...WELL, I WANNA TELL
YOU SOMETHING...

MY FAMILY IS SO OLD...IT'S BEEN CONDEMNED.

YOU'VE HEARD OF HENRY THE EIGHTH AND GOOD OLD LOOIE KATORZ
I'LL INFORM YOU OF MY TITLE...AND PLEASE, FOLKS, NO APPLAUSE!

CHORUS

I'M JAMES THE FIFTH...DESCENDANT FROM A LONG LINE OF DURANTES
HOW DO YOU DO

I'M JAMES THE FIFTH...THE IDOL OF MY UNCLES AND MY AUNTIES
AND HOW ARE YOU

THERE WERE LOTS OF JAMES IN HISTORY..JUST LOOK BACK THRU YOUR COURSES
THERE'S JESSE JAMES, HOME JAMES...AND JAMES DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!

I'M JAMES THE FIFTH..WHEN I WALK IN I'LL GET A ROYAL GREETING
OH WHAT A MEETING!

THEY SHOULD APPRECIATE MY POSITION AND MY BRAIN..NOT THAT I'M VAIN...
AT ANY FUNCTION I'M A HIT

ALWAYS EATING OLIVES AND SWALLOWING THE PIT!

YES I'M JAMES THE FIFTH

SO LET'S HAVE NO LAUGHTER

I WAS NAMED AFTER

A FIFTH OF CHAMPAGNE!

(MORE)

(FINAL)

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DURANTE;
(CONT'D)

YOU KNOW MY TITLE GIVES ME A SOCIAL POSITION I'M FORCED
TO UP HOLD. NOBODY OUT-SNUBS DURANTE - IF SOMEBODY LOOKS
DOWN HIS NOSE AT ME I LOOK DOWN MY NOSE AT HIM--NOTRE
DAME PLAYING SAN BERDOO HIGH!
AND SO AS NOT TO APPEAR TOO UPPITY I'M NOT AVERSE TO
MINGLING WITH SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE. LIKE YESTERDAY
I HAD TEA WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN. THE DAY BEFORE THAT I
HAD TEA WITH THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AND THE DAY BEFORE THAT,
TEA WITH SECRETARY ACHESON.
I'M SO POPULAR I NEED TWO TEA BAGS - WHILE USING ONE, THE
OTHER'S ALWAYS HANGING OUT ON THE LINE TO DRY.

2ND CHORUS

YES, I'M JAMES THE FIFTH
SO LET'S HAVE NO LAUGHTER
CAUSE I WAS NAMED AFTER
A FIFTH OF CHAMPAGNE!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

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ANNCR #1: Don, here's Miss Elaine Bassett. I believe you have
(LIVE)

something of interest to talk about?

AMECHE: Hello, Miss Bassett!
(FROM TAPE)

BASSETT: Hello, Don!

AMECHE: Would you tell us what you do, Miss Bassett?

BASSETT: I'm a television stylist.

AMECHE: Oh, I wish this interview were on television!

Miss Bassett's a very attractive gal!

BASSETT: Why, thank you, Don!

AMECHE: Now, Miss Bassett, I'd like you to tell us about the
Camel thirty-day test.

BASSETT: Well, I smoked Camels exclusively for thirty days -- my
usual pack and a half a day. At the end of each week, I
went to a throat specialist for an examination.

AMECHE: And what did the doctor find?

BASSETT: Well, he said there wasn't any sign of throat irritation
from smoking Camels!

AMECHE: Does that agree with what you felt about Camels yourself?

(MORE)

BASSETT: Perfectly! I always thought Camels were mild -- and now
I know!

AMECHE: Can I offer you a Camel right now?

BASSETT: Sure! Camels are a wonderful cigarette!

AMECHE: Yes, they certainly are! And thanks for the interview,
Miss Elaine Bassett!

ANNCR #1: In a coast-to-coast test, hundreds of people smoked only
(LIVE) Camels for thirty days, averaging one to two packs a day.
Noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations,
reported not one single case of throat irritation due to
smoking Camels!

ANNCR #2: 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)

15-55-

MUSIC: BRIDGE:

AMECHE: Well, it looked like the only way to make Jimmy socially acceptable to my wife was to get him a membership in the Mayflower Club. ~~But it wasn't going to be easy.~~ The committee had already turned down Jim on the grounds that his ancestors didn't go back far enough. But we didn't give up...Jim and I went down to the library to look up his family tree...

DURANTE: AH, DON, I ALWAYS LOVE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. IT'S MY FAVORITE PLACE TO BROOZE.

AMECHE: (CHUCKLES) You can't fool me, Jim. I'll bet you haven't read a book in years.

DURANTE: THAT IS A SLUR, SIR. I JUST FINISHED A VERY INTERESTING BOOK ON AIRPLANES.

AMECHE: Oh you did...then tell me...what's the difference between a P-25 and B-17?

DURANTE: THE SUBJECT WAS AIRPLANES, HOW DID WE EVER GET ON VITAMINS!

AMECHE: Come, Mr. Fadiman, let's go in. There's the head librarian over there.

DURANTE: OH YEAH, I'LL TALK TO HER. ER...GOOD AFTERNOON, MADAM BOOKWORM, I WISH TO.....

WOMAN: (SOFTLY) Shhh. People are trying to concentrate. Don't talk too loudly, don't cough or sneeze, don't slam down any books, and open doors quietly.

DURANTE: IN THAT CASE I BETTER NOT EVEN MOVE.

WOMAN: Why not?

DURANTE: I PUT TOO MUCH STARCH IN MY SHORTS AND THEY RUSTLE WHEN I WALK! (I WISH I'D KNOWN. I WOULD'DA WORN MY SOUND PROOF SNUGGIES)

~~AMECHE: Madam, my friend, Mr. Durante and I came here to do a little research.~~

~~WOMAN: Well, we're equipped for all types of research, Mr. Durante. We have an excellent drama department. Tell me, do you ever dabble in the theatre?~~

~~DURANTE: ONLY IF THE GIRL I'M WITH IS PRETTY, OTHERWISE I WATCH THE PICTURE! (LAUGHS) I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM, A...~~

WOMAN: Shhh...Shh...Can't he speak lower?

AMECHE: Take a look at that schnozz. How can anyone speak low with such an amplifier! But Miss, we're interested in the geneology department. Can you direct us to it?

WOMAN: I'll be glad to. You go straight through western fiction, turn left at Paleontology and fossilized mammals, vertabrae and invertabrae, continue through archeology and ancient Egyptian excavations, straight through bibliography, turn right at contemporary philosophy and mathematical hypotheses leading you to anthropological geneology.

DURANTE: ER...NOW LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT. WE GO STRAIGHT THROUGH WESTERN FICTION, TURN LEFT AT PALEONTOLOGY AND FOSSILIZED MAMMALS VERTABRAE AND INVERTABRAE, CONTINUE THROUGH ARCHEOLOGY AND ANCIENT EGYPTIAN EXCAVATIONS THROUGH BIBLIOGROPHY, TURN RIGHT AT CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY AND MATHAMATICAL HYPOTHESES LEADING US TO ANTHROPOLOGICAL GENEEOLOGY,..AND CAMEL CIGARETTES!

WOMAN: Camel cigarettes?

DURANTE: YES, IF I PRONOUNCE THAT RIGHT, MY SPONSOR FORGIVES ME FOR ALL THE REST!

AMECHE: Come on, Jim, we'll find it.

DURANTE: O.K.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

AMECHE: Gosh, I hope your family tree goes back far enough to get into the Mayflower Club.

DURANTE: ~~YES, DON. THE NAME OF THE COMPANY WITH YOUR NAME HANGS IN THE BALANCE. BUT DON'T WORRY, I'M SURE MY~~
ANCESTORS ARE ALL DISTINCTIFIED.

AMECHE: Well here's the geneology room...now let's see...Volume D.....

SOUND: RUSTLING OF PAGES

AMECHE: Davis..Dugan...Hold on, this is it..Durante! The records of the Durants family begin in 1612 with Ebenezer Durants, Ebenezer has a big nose, tiny beady eyes, and just a little fuzz on the top of his head.

DURANTE: WHAT A STRANGE LOOKING MAN. THANK GOODNESS OUR APPEARANCE HAS IMPROVED A LOT SINCE THEN!..BUT CONTINUE AMEECH!

AMECHE: Ebenezer was the town dog catcher. In France, he met and fell in love with Abigail, head chicken stuffer in the King's Palace.

DURANTE: THE ROYAL STRAIN IS SHOWING THROUGH!...READ ON, DONSIE.

AMECHE: Abigail spurned his advances and fled to Rome, and Ebenezer tried to catch up with her. Abigail fled on to Venice and again Ebenezer tried to catch up. Here we lose track of the Durante family and when next we find them, they're married and have twenty children.

DURANTE: SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE EBB-EN-EEZER CAUGHT UP!

AMECHE: Well the rest of your ancestors better start improving.

Let's check - Aristotle Durante, dog catcher. ~~Montana Durante~~, dog catcher, Pachtagaloo O'Rourke Durante, dog catcher, Jimmy, we're sunk...nothing but dog catchers.

DURANTE: ~~WAIT A MINUTE, ...GIMME THAT BOOK. HERE, WE'RE SAVED!~~

~~LOOK WHAT IT SAYS...THE FIRST DURANTE TO COME TO AMERICA~~

~~WAS EZRA DURANTE. HISTORY STILL TELLS US OF THE DAY~~

~~GEORGE WASHINGTON KNOCKED ON EZRA'S DOOR AND SAID, "SIGN~~

~~THIS DOCUMENT AND RETURN IT...REMEMBER...1776."~~

AMECNE: 1776? What an honor. He wanted your family to sign

the Declaration of Independence and give it back.

DURANTE: NO, GIVE BACK HIS COCKER SPANIEL WITH THE LICENSE NUMBER

1776 - WE WERE STILL IN THE DOG CATCHING BUSINESS!

AMECHE: Well, if we have to rely on your ancestors, you'll

never get into the club, Jim.

- DURANTE: DON, MAYBE YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT ABOUT ME. I JUST DON'T BELONG WITH THE HOI PALOO.
- AMECHE: I'm not giving up, Jim. If we could only get to the big shot of the Club, Mr. Pierpont Simmons. ~~If he approved of you, he could overrule the entire membership committee.~~
There must be a ...
- DURANTE: HEY DON, LOOK WHO JUST CAME WALKING IN.
- AMECHE: Why yes...she's the last person I'd expect to see in a library...it can't be.
- HALOP: You can start reeding between the lines now, boys, It's Hotbreath Halshan.
- DURANTE: SOMEBODY PULL UP MY SOCKS, SHE JUST MELTED THE BUCKLES ON MY GARTERS! BUT HOTBREATH, I NEVER THOUGHT MY FAVORITE MANICURIST WAS THE KIND WHO CAME TO A LIBRARY.
- HALOP: I come here all the time, but I cause trouble. Every book looses its cover.
- AMECHE: Hold on a minute...how could that happen?
- HALOP: The jacket takes one look at me, turns to the book and says "You and I are through...I've found something with a better binding!" ...But you look troubled ~~yourself~~...tall, ten...and when is that mustache of yours coming into season?
- DURANTE: WELL, DON'S WORRIED BECAUSE I CAN'T GET INTO THE MAYFLOWER CLUB.
- HALOP: That's tough...bubble-beak. Maybe you'd like to join the club my boy friends organized. The initiation is a kiss from me.

AMECHE: How many members are in the club.

HALOP: None. Nobody has ever survived the initiation!

DURANTE: I DON'T CARE, WHERE DO I GO TO PAY MY DUES!....

HALOP: You're cute. Jungle Jim. Do you mind if I run my fingers through your curly hair?

DURANTE: BUT HOTBREATH, LOOK AT DON'S CURLY LOCKS. WOULDN'T YOU RATHER RUN YOUR FINGERS THROUGH THAT?

HALOP: I prefer yours. You can make much better time on an open road.

AMECHE: Yeah, it's been years since I've seen a speed-way like that. But Hotbreath, we don't have time to stand here and talk.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT, WE GOTTA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MEET THE BIG SHOT OF THE MAYFLOWER CLUB...PIERPONT SIMMONS.

HALOP: Pierpont Simmons? Why he comes into our barber shop every day at three for a shave.

AMECHE: That's it, Jim! It's so simple. All we've got to do is put on an act in that barber shop in front of Pierpont Simmons and make him think you're important. Hotbreath, do you think you can get your boss to cooperate with us.

HALOP: Sure, the boss is crazy about me. ~~Yesterday he sat there for six hours and wouldn't let me stop manicuring his nails. And I think it was too much.~~

DURANTE: ~~WHAT DO YOU MEAN?~~

HALOP: ~~It was the first time I ever filed down to anyone's wrist watch....~~ So long boys, I'll fix it with the boss.

AMECHE: So long. Oh, Jim, I think this is going to work. Mr. Simmons doesn't know me, so I'll pose as the barber. We can get Miss Vague to be your social secretary and you walk in as the most aristocratic playboy in all California. Can you do it?

DURANTE: OF COURSE IN THE LIBRARY YOU READ MY FAMILY'S MOTTO
"SIC SEMPER FIDELIS PLURIBUS UNUM IN HOC SIGNA VINSHUS ES?"

AMECHE: What did that mean?

DURANTE: THEY NEVER FOUND OUT. THEY WERE TOO BUSY CATCHING DOGS!

AMECHE: Let's get going. It's almost three o'clock...we've gotta rush.

MUSIC: BRIDGE:

SOUND: TINKLE AND DOOR OPEN

MAN: How do you do, I'm Pierpont Simmons and I'm here for my shave. Wait a minute....you're not my regular barber.

AMECHE: (ITALIAN) My name is Ameche...I'm a Tony's substitute. Tony is a tired of giving haircuts. For twenty years, he's a cut a da hair...all day long...he's a cut da hair. So now he's a goin on a vacash.

MAN: Where did he go to?

AMECHE: Mount a Baldy! (LAUGHS) I love a da barber business.
(SINGS) Give me those dear heads and gentle whiskers!

MAN: Well, if you're taking Tony's place, you might as well give me my shave.

AMECHE: Just a minoots, Mr. Cinammon. There's a someone else I gotta do first. He's more important.

MAN: Who could be more important than Pierpont Simmons.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

DURANTE: GOOD AFTERNOON, I AM AMERICA'S RICHEST PLUTOSCRAT! ~~AND~~
~~SINCE I AM A MILLIONAIRE, I WOULD LIKE A SPECIAL TRUMAN~~
~~TAX HAIRCUT.~~

AMECHE: ~~A Truman tax haircut?~~

DURANTE: YES, TAKE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN OFF THE TOP! (AS YOU CAN SEE,
THEY'VE WITHHELD QUITE A BIT ALREADY!)

MAN: Mr. Durante, you're the kind of man I like. May I present myself. I am Pierpont Simmons, Back Bay, Boston.

DURANTE: I AM JAMES DURANTE, FRONT PORCH, PISMO BEACH! (THE STICKY CLAM SET)

MAN: What type of business are you, Mr. Durante?

AMECHE: Er...Mr. Durante, he's a very big oil magnet.

DURANTE: ER...YES..IN FACT, I'M ONE OF THE BIGGEST MAGGETS IN THE BUSINESS! RIGHT NOW, I HAPPEN TO HAVE MORE OIL THAN I CAN HANDLE.

MAN: Really? A gusher in Texas?

DURANTE: NO, LEAKY SARDINE CAN IN MY REFRIGERATOR!...BUT TONY, YOU CAN GIVE ME MY ^{to normal} SHAVE NOW...I WOULDN'T WANT TO KEEP MY FRIEND HERE, DEAR PINPOINT CINAMMON WAITING. SO, TONY, SHARPEN YOUR RAZOR.

AMECHE: A razor? But Mr. Durante, you're a da richest man in America. I can't a shave you with just an ordinary razor!

DURANTE: THEN WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SHAVE ME WITH?

AMECHE: The front tooth of a mink!

MAN: ~~This man must be fantastically wealthy. All they ever use on me is the hind-leg!~~

DURANTE: BUT TONY, WHILE I'M BEING SHAVED, I MUST CHECK ON MY WEEKLY ACTIVITIES. PLEASE CALL IN MY SOCIAL SECRETARY... SHE'S OUTSIDE WALKING MY DOOSENBURG!

AMECHE: Very well, sir. (CALLS) Oh social secretary...come in... Mr. Durante wants you.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

VAGUE: Here I am...at your service! (*Giggles*)

DURANTE: ~~MISS VAGUE, DO YOU HAVE MY APPOINTMENTS SET UP FOR THE REST OF THE DAY?~~

VAGUE: Of course, Mr. Durante. At seven you have a date with a sailor, and then you meet a handsome basketball player in the park and at eleven....

DURANTE: MISS VAGUE, THOSE ARE YOUR APPOINTMENTS, YOU MIXED 'EM UP WITH MINE.

VAGUE: No wonder the barber thought I was crazy when I sat down on the chair and asked for a close shave!

MAN: Mr. Durante, I must say you have a strange secretary.

DURANTE: YES, BUT WE COULDN'T THINK OF FIRING HER. SHE'S AN OLD FAMILY CONTAINER. SHE'S TAKEN CARE OF ME SINCE I WAS A LITTLE TOT. YOU SEE, I WAS SO ARISTOCRATIC, I NEVER HAD A MOTHER.

MAN: But that's ridiculous. How were you born?

DURNATE: I WAS SHOT OUT OF A CANNON AT MILITARY SCHOOL!

AMECHE: Thatsa right. To this day, he sends his Mothers Day cards to the Dupont Munitions Factory.

MAN: (GETTING SUSPICIOUS) There's something very odd about all this.

DURANTE: BUT MISS VAGUE, ABOUT THE WEEKEND PARTY AT MY COUNTRY ESTATE...HOW MANY GUESTS ARE WE HAVING?

VAGUE: Twenty six.

DURANTE: OH DASH IT ALL, WE ONLY HAVE TWENTY FIVE BATHS...LADY MENDL WILL HAVE TO DOUBLE UP AGAIN!

MAN: Oh, this is more than any man can believe. Mr. Durante, I don't know what the purpose of this performance is, but you fail to impress me.

AMECHE: (STRAIGHT) Just a minute, Mr. Pierpont, don't be angry. Mr. Durante is a nice guy and we just did all this hoping you'd get him into the Mayflower Club...even though he hasn't got the right ancestors.

DURANTE: DON, DON'T BE BEGGING FOR DURANTE. ~~WE MAY NOT BE~~
~~ARISTOCRATS BUT WE'RE PROUD.~~ I'M NOT ASHAMED OF THE FACT
THAT MY ANCESTORY WAS ENGLAND'S FIRST DOG CATCHER!
EBB-EN-EEZER DURANTE.

MAN: Ebenezer Durante? Good heavens, then ~~we're~~ directly
related!

AMECHE: What do you mean?

MAN: My ancestor was Abigale, the Palace chicken ^{stuffer} ~~plucker!~~

DURANTE: COUSIN PIERPONT!

MAN: Cousin Durante!

AMECHE: Oh, wait'll my wife hears about this...come on home, Jim!

MUSIC: PLAYOFF.

(APPLAUSE)

27³⁸

THE JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #58
Friday, February 10, 1950

1 ANNCR: What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

2 ANNCR: That was the question asked of one hundred thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors -- doctors in every branch of medicine!

1 ANNCR: What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

2 ANNCR: The brand named most was Camel! Yes, according to this nationwide survey, more doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette.

1 ANNCR: Try Camels today!

AMRCHE: Friends, Tuesday is Valentine's Day! Give a carton of Camels with the special Valentine wrapper!

ANNCR: Each week, the makers of Camels send gift cigarettes to hospitalized servicemen and veterans! This week, the Camels go to: Veterans' Hospitals, Phoenix, Arizona and Downey, Illinois...U.S. Station Hospital, Fort Thomas, Kentucky...U.S. Naval Hospital, Pensacola, Florida. More than one hundred ninety million free Camels have now been sent to servicemen, servicewomen and veterans.

28²⁴

AMECHE: ~~Well, Jim, my wife is really sold on you now. She wants you to join her at the meeting of the Mayflower Club tomorrow at three p.m.~~

DURANTE: ~~SORRY, DON, BUT I HAVE TO BE AT THE MEETING OF MY TELEVISION CLUB THEN. THE SECRETARY AND I ALWAYS MEET IN FRONT OF MY TELEVISION SET AT THREE P.M. AND WHAT INTERESTING MINUTES.~~

AMECHE: ~~But Jim, the programs don't go on till seven.~~

DURANTE: ~~I KNOW, HOW DO YOU THINK WE GET SUCH INTERESTING MINUTES!~~

AMECHE: ~~Oh, what's the use.~~ Goodnight, Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: GOODNIGHT, MR. AMECHE...GOODNIGHT FOLKS, GOODNIGHT MRS. CALABASH WHEREVER YOU ARE.

2839

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
FEBRUARY 10, 1950

HITCH-HIKE

PETRIE: The Jimmy Durante Show was ^{transcribed} 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. ✓

2850

(APPLAUSE)

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

2905

MUSIC:

PETRIE: Camel Cigarettes also invite you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday evening, over these same stations. Be sure to listen. ✓

On Thursday Feb. 16th they will present Double Jubilee starring Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor ✓

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE) ✓

2925
2925