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Tined Copy*

Produced by  
WILLIAM ESTY CO., INC.  
For: CAMEL CIGARETTES  
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW #36  
DATE: JUNE 9, 1950

(REVISED)

JIMMY DURANTE  
WITH  
DON AMECHE

**AS  
BROADCAST**  
*Mustang*

NBC (HOLLYWOOD ORIGINATION)

TIME: 6:30 PM PDST

SUPERVISOR: DON BERNARD

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN  
CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

CAST

JIMMY DURANTE  
DON AMECHE  
VERA VAGUE  
GEORGE BARCLAY  
SARA BERNER  
HOPE EMERSON  
FRANK NELSON

WRITERS

NORMAN PAUL  
JACK ELINSON  
JACK BARNETT  
MORRIS FREEDMAN  
BOB SCHILLER

ORCH. &  
QUARTET: C A M E L S

BARCLAY: 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: Ah, Jimmy, you're singing as great as ever. I hear they want you to sing at the Hollywood Bowl.

DURANTE: THAT'S RIGHT, DONSIE, THEY AUDITIONED ME LAST NIGHT, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I HAD A FROG IN MY THROAT.

AMECHE: What happened?

DURANTE: THEY TURNED ME DOWN, BUT THE FROG OPENS JULY THE EIGHTH!

BARCLAY: Yes, it's the Jimmy Durante Camol Show with Don Ameche, Vera Vague, Sara Borner, Candy Candido, Roy Bargy and his orchestra, and yours truly, George Barclay, brought to you by Camol Cigarettes. ✓

572

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW  
6-9-59

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OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

BARCLAY:       In a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people who  
                  smoked only Camels for thirty days, noted throat  
                  specialists reported not one single case of throat  
                  irritation due to smoking Camels!

CHANDLER:      Test Camels yourself, in your "T-Zone" -- T for taste, T  
                  for throat -- and see why more people smoke Camels than  
                  any other cigarette! ✓

28

MUSIC:      BRIDGE:

AMECHE:      Well, you never know about Jimmy Durante. Things seemed to be rolling along in the normal way, when all of a sudden, I got a call from Jim's housekeeper, Mrs. Mataratza. "Come right over", she said, "Mr. Durante is acting very strange." In fifteen minutes, I was over at the house getting the details.

BERNER:      I tell you, toothy, Mr. Durante never acted this way before. All of a sudden, he wants me to be extra polite when I answer the phone.

AMECHE:      No kidding.

BERNER:      Yes, I gotta say, "This is James Durante's residence, who's a calling please?"

AMECHE:      Well, you've got to admit it's an improvement over the way you used to answer the phone.

BERNER:      What was wrong with saying, "Shoot a your mouth off fast, don't talk a lot - I'm gotta some spaghetti boiling in the pot!"

AMECHE:      Well, I don't think that's enough to get alarmed about.

BERNER:      But he's a getting so fancy. He wants fresh towels for the morning, fresh towels for the afternoon and fresh towels for the evening.

AMECHE:      Well, what did you use before?

BERNER:      One roller towel that said, "After seven days, please roll the other way!"

AMECHE: Well, anyway, I don't know what could change Jimmy after all these years. Say, you don't think it's a girl, do you?

BERNER: It could be. Just an hour ago, he told me he was thinking of shortening his nose. He even went to get an estimate of what it would cost.

AMECHE: Good heavens, you mean Durante went to a plastic surgeon?

BURNER: No, he went to the engineer who blasted route sixty-six through the Rockies!

AMECHE: Shortening Durante's nose, huh? You know, a project like that could solve unemployment for the next ten years.

BERNER: Well, all I know is that he ain't himself lately. Maybe you better go in and talk to him, Mr. Ameche. He's in the den right now.

AMECHE: O.K., I'll see if I can find out what this is all about. See you later, Mrs. Mataratza.

BERNER: O.K.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS.....DOOR OPEN

AMECHE: Say, he must be in love! Just look at him staring dreamily out the window. (UP) Oh, Jim, I was .....

DURANTE: JUST A MOMENT, DON, I'M IN A POETIC TRANSOM. LISTEN TO THIS. HOW DO I LOVE THEE, LET ME COUNT THE WAYS, I LOVE THEE TO THE HEIGHT AND BREATH AND DEPTH MY SOUL CAN REACH, WHEN FEELING OUT OF SIGHT TO THE ENDS OF BEING AND IDEAL GRACE.

AMECHE: I know where you got that quotation from ... Elizabeth Browning, Volume two, Sonnets from the Portugese.

DURANTE: NO, WEIGHING MACHINE, SAM'S DRUG STORE, PICO AND LA CIENAGA!

AMECHE: Gosh, Jim, I never thought I'd hear you recite poetry.

DURANTE: DONSIE, THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU. WHEN DID YOU FIRST REALIZE YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH YOUR SPROUSE?

AMECHE: Well .. er .. it's hard to say. When we met, we were both in kind of a fog. We were still in a fog when we got engaged and married and now all I know is that we have six children.

DURANTE: THAT'S THE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA .. A LOT OF FOG AND INCREASED POPULATION!

AMECHE: Yeah, that's the way it goes .. one day, the fog lifts and you're surrounded! But Jim, what's this all about? Are you trying to tell me you're in love?

DURANTE: YES, DON, I'VE FINALLY FOUND AN ARMOOR THAT I'D LIKE TO TOO - JOOR WITH!

AMECHE: Oh, Jim, you've told me that about a lot of girls.

DURANTE: BUT THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT - SHE'S THE INTELLECTUAL TYPE.. SHE LECTURES ME ON POLITICS - THEN WE KISS. SHE LECTURES ME ON MODERN ART - THEN WE KISS. SHE LECTURES ME ON GREEK LITERATURE - THEN WE KISS.

AMECHE: But Jim, they sound like such dull topics.

DURANTE: MAYBE SO, BUT I SURE LIKE THE REFRESHMENTS SHE SERVES BETWEEN THOSE LECTURES!

AMECHE: Well, I still can't picture you going out with anything better than a lady wrestler. What's this girls name?

DURANTE: CYNITHIA VANDERGRIFF, THE THIRD!

AMECHE: Cynithia Vandergriff? But Jim, she's the debutante of the year. What would she want with you? That girl can marry a Duke and become a Duchess. Marry a Count and become a Countess. Or a Prince and become a Princess.

DURANTE: SO WHAT - IF SHE MARRIES THE SCHNOZZ, SHE'LL BECOME A SCHONZZ-ESS! (AND WHO KNOWS..IN A YEAR OR SO - LITTLE NOSES!)

AMECHE: I still can't get over it. Cynthia Vandergriff! Where did you ever meet her?

DURANTE: AT THE OPERA .. WHERE ELSE! THERE I WAS LISTENING TO THE STRAINS OF CAVALEERA RUSTY CANS, WHEN I SPOTS THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE ADJOINING BOX. I SENDS HER A CARD, AND IN A FEW MINUTES, SHE SENDS ME BACK HER CARD. THEN I GIVES HER ANOTHER CARD AND SHE GIVES ME ANOTHER CARD. I GIVE HER BACK ANOTHER CARD AND SHE GIVES ME BACK ANOTHER CARD.

AMECHE: What a romantic way to meet. Sending cards back and forth with love notes.

DURANTE: LOVE NOTES, NUTTIN, THE OPERA WAS SO BORING WE WERE PLAYING CANASTA!...BUT BY THE TIME WE HIT FIVE THOUSAND POINTS, WE WERE IN LOVE AND I'M GONNA MAKE HER MY BETRUSSED.

AMECHE: Gosh, Jim, you're really serious about this, aren't you?  
Well .. all the luck in world. (SNIFFS) (GETS DRAMATIC)  
I suppose once you're married, you'll forget all about  
little me. (SNIFFS)

DURANTE: DONSIE PLEASE.

AMECHE: I would appreciate it if you came around to visit me  
whenever you have a chance. Now I don't want to intrude  
in your affairs ... but you know how it is. (SNIFFS)  
I'll be lonely all by myself .. but I guess it's best for  
you. (CRIES)

DURANTE: ATTENTION, GIRLS, DID YOU HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS  
WHEN YOU BROKE THE NEWS TO MOTHER!

AMECHE: Well, it looks like Cynthia is gonna be one of the family,  
so I guess we all ought to meet her, huh Jim?

DURANTE: I'VE ALREADY ARRANGED FOR THAT. I'VE INVITED CYNTHIA  
AND HER MOTHER TO MEET YOU, VERA VAGUE AND ALL THE GANG  
AT THE CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT.

AMECHE: Say, isn't Cynthia's Mother the famous society horsewoman?

DURANTE: YES, I JUST SPCKE TO HER OVER THE PHONE FOR THE FIRST  
TIME .. AND TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION, I TOLD HER THAT I TOO  
OWNED A STABLE OF BLOODED SCALLIONS!

AMECHE: Oh no.

DURANTE: I ALSO TOLD HER I OWNED A SUMMER HOME AT NEWPORT AND  
SEVERAL YACHTS.



AMECHE: And I suppose you also told her you were extremely handsome, six feet two, with bulging muscles.

DURANTE: NATURALLY - AFTER TELLING HER ALL THOSE LIES, I HADDA SAY SOMETHING THAT WAS THE TRUTH!...BUT DON, YOU MEET ME OVER AT THE RESTAURANT. RIGHT NOW, I 'LL GO AND PICK UP CYNTHIA'S MOTHER - OR AS WE SAY IN SOCIETY CIRCLES HER PATER!

AMECHE: O.K., Jim.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: SOFT MUSIC BACKGROUND., RESTAURANT ATMOSPHERE.

AMECHE: Well, here's the Continental Restaurant. I wonder if any of the gang are here yet. There's a woman with her back toward me. Maybe she's seen them. Err --- Pardon me, Miss, I'd like to ask you a question.

VAGUE: I don't care what it is - the answer is yes!

AMECHE: Why it's Vera Vague!

(APPLAUSE)

VAGUE: Oh, hello, Mr. Ameche. Isn't it nice here? Don't you just love these foreign restaurants?

AMECHE: Yes, this is quite a place.

VAGUE: You know, I always like to pick out items on the menu with foreign sounding names. It's always such a surprise. Like when I ordered tonight .. I pointed to the word "Shish Kabob" and then to the word, "Cabrin Haritan El Monie.

AMECHE: And were you surprised?

VAGUE: I certainly was .. ten minutes later, they brought out the manager on a flaming sword! (Oh toujours la boiled buttons!)

AMECHE: Oh, Miss Vague, stop with those crazy stories. Now what do you want to order?

VAGUE: Well, this menu has so many fancy things, I don't know what to pick.

AMECHE: Well, take a tip from the celebrities around you. For instance, look over there .. Charles Boyer has just ordered Lobster under glass.

VAGUE: Charles Boyer has? O.K., then I've made up my mind.

AMECHE: All right, what do you want?

VAGUE: Smother me with mayonnaise, put a cover over my head and bring me to Charlie!

AMECHE: I should have expected something like that from you.

VAGUE: But before we order any food, how about dancing with me first? We'll do the Momba.

AMECHE: The Momba?

VAGUE: Yes, it's the newest and most daring dance out. It's a cross between the Rhumba and the Samba.

AMECHE: How does it go?

VAGUE: Well, you know how in the rhumba you wind your hip clockwise. . .and in the Samba you wind your hip counter clockwise?

AMECHE: Yes?

VAGUE: Well, the Momba is when the alarm goes off! (~~It's the only dance where your arms are disconnected from your body~~)

AMECHE: Look, if it's all the same to you, I'd just like to sit here quietly.

VAGUE: Well, that's O.K. with me. This is a nice secluded table and you and I are all alone. Isn't it romantic, Mr. Areachee.

AMECHE: That's Ameche.

VAGUE: I know, but as soon as I meetchee, I wanna reachee!

AMECHE: Miss Vague, why don't you slow down. Act your age.

VAGUE: Act my age? Mr. Ameche, I'll have you know I'm still *very attractive*. at a recent County Fair down south I was known as *sparkling and bubbling*. I'm Champagne for Gassen!

*Miss Cotton*

AMECHE: *Yes, but you're the only one I know who served it to* Enjoy yourself while you can - your *beige* is beginning *Julius personally (laughs) to fall apart.* (Laughs)

VAGUE: Oh, I just love those teeth of his. Everytime he opens his mouth, it looks like a bag of popcorn overflowing!

AMECHE: Now see here, if you think you can. . .wait a minute, I see Jimmy coming.

VAGUE: Yes and he's alone. Jim, what's wrong.

DURANTE: MISS VAGUE, I HAVE A TALE OF WOE TO RELATE. LET ME START FROM THE BEGINNING. I'M IN THE HOUSE ALONE WITH CYNTHIA AND WE'RE SITTING ON THE COUCH KISSING AND KISSING AND KISSING.

AMECHE: Kissing and kissing?

DURANTE: YES, THIS TIME NO LECTURES - JUST REFRESHMENTS!....BUT SUDDENLY IN THE MIDST OF OUR OSCULATION (YOU SEE, HER BUTLER, OSCAR WAS IN THE MIDDLE) . . . THE PHONE RINGS AND IT'S HER MOTHER CALLING FROM THE HORSE SHOW. HER PRIZE HORSE HAS BROKEN HIS LEG AND SINCE I LIED ABOUT ALL THE HORSES I HAD, SHE WANTS ME TO LEND HER ONE OF MINE FOR THE FINALS TONIGHT.

AMECHE: Now let me get this straight. You were sitting on the couch with Cynthia kissing and kissing, with her butler Oscar in between, when her mother called from the horse show and said that her prize horse had broken his leg and since you lied to her about all the horses you had, she wants you to lend her one of yours for the finals tonight.

DURANTE: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT - I'M IN A SPOT AND HE'S DOING A REPEAT BROADCAST FOR THE WEST COAST!....DONSIE, WHERE AM I GONNA GET A HORSE.

VAGUE: Wait a minute .. you have nothing to worry about. I have a society friend who raises horses and I'm sure if I asked him, he'd lend you one!

DURANTE: MISS VAGUE, YOU CAME THROUGH. AND TO SHOW MY APPRECIATION, I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING FOR YOU THAT COMES ONLY ONCE IN A WOMAN'S LIFETIME.

VAGUE: Jim, you mean . . .

(REVISED)

-10-

DURANTE: YES, I'M GONNA PLAY YOU A DURANTE SOLO ON THE PIANO.  
THERE'S A PIANO RIGHT HERE ON THE BANDSTAND.

VAGUE: Oh, That's wonderful, Jim.

AMECHE: Are you gonna start right now?

DURANTE: NO, FIRST I MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS. ✓

12 05

MUSIC: "PIDDLE DEE DEE"

"PEEDLE DEE DEE"

DURANTE: DON, LOOK AROUND THE HOUSE -- IS ANY PIANO PLAYER HERE?  
IF THERE'S ONE AROUND -- HE'S GOTTA GO -- HE JUST CAN'T  
STAY!

AMECHE: WE'VE HAD EVERYBODY CHECKED AND SEARCHED AND JAMES,  
THE ROAD IS CLEAR!  
ALL PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN -- IT'S NOW SAFE FOR YOU  
TO PLAY!

DURANTE: O.K. MR. AMECHE THEN I'M READY TO BEGIN.

PIANO: RUN

AMECHE: What's that?

DURANTE: MY AR-PEGGIO.

PIANO: RUN

AMECHE: What's that?

DURANTE: MY FORTISSAMO.

PIANO: ONE KEY POUNDING AWAY CONTINUOUSLY

AMECHE: Wait a minute -- wait a minute! What's that?

DURANTE: A CATASTRASTROKE -- MY NOSE JUST GOT CAUGHT BETWEEN THE  
KEYS!

ORCHESTRA: TUNING UP

AMECHE: (A LA CONCERT ANNOUNCER) LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MR. DURANTE  
IS SEATED AT THE HUGE PIANO - THERE WILL BE A BRIEF  
ORCHESTRAL PRELUDE BEFORE MR. DURANTE BEGINS!

ORCHESTRA: HUGE INTRODUCTION

CHORUS:

DURANTE: PEEDLEDEE DEE -- PEEDLEDEE DUM  
PEEDLE DEE DEE -- PEEDLE DEE DUM!

AMECHE: THERE'S A GENIUS IN HIS TOUCH!

(MORE)

DURANTE: PEEDLE DEE DEE -- PEEDLE DEE DUM

PEEDLE DEE DEE -- PEEDLE DEE DUM

AMECHE: OH, WHAT A MAN -- HE'S TOO MUCH!

DURANTE: NAME ANY RAPSODY -- I'LL PLAY IT IN ANY KEY

OR GIVE ME A SYMPHONY AND I'LL IMPROVE ITS MELODY

AMECHE: IT THERE'S A DOUBT WITHIN YOU - IT WILL DISAPPEAR

CASTLES CRUMBLE - EMPIRES TUMBLE - EVERYTIME YOU HEAR!

DURANTE: PEEDLE DEE DEE PEEDLE DEE DUM

PEEDLE DEE DEE -- PEEDLE DEE DUM!

THERE'S TALENT IN THE CUTICLE OF MY THUMB!

AMECHE: TO CAPTURE SUCH RAPTURE - COULD THIS MAN BE TRUE.

DURANTE: MY SECRET IS BESIDES MY THUMB I USE MY PINKY TOO!

AMECHE: OH, YOU'LL KNOW HE IS AROUND --

WHEN YOU HEAR THE SOUND!

DURANTE: PEEDLE DEE DEE PEEDLE DEE DUM --

PEEDLE DEE DEE!

DURANTE: FOLKS, I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG, BUT I WAS A REAL INFANT  
PRODIGY. WHY, WHEN I WAS TEN YEARS OLD, I PLAYED WITH  
PHIL SPITALNY'S ALL GIRL BAND.

AMECHE: Ten years old and playing with Phil Spitalny's All girl  
band? That's wonderful.

DURANTE: NOT SO WONDERFUL...JUST WHEN I GOT OLD ENOUGH TO ENJOY IT  
PETRILLO SWITCHED ME TO VAUGHN MONROE!....BUT YOU KNOW, A  
PIANO PLAYER'S LIFE IS VERY ROMANTIC. I STARTED OUT BY  
PLAYING IN THE PIT AT THE BIJOU FOLLIES. ONE NIGHT, ONE  
OF THE DANCERS THREW ME HER GLOVE, THE NEXT NIGHT, THE  
OTHER GLOVE...THEN HER STOCKING, THEN HER GARTERS. THIS  
WENT ON FOR DAYS UNTIL FINALLY THE BIG MOMENT CAME.

AMECHE: You mean you married her?

DURANTE: NO, I OPENED UP A LADIES LINGERIE SHOP! (~~FROM THE STARTED HIS~~  
~~WAY, I STARTED MEN'S~~)

(FINAL) -11B-

DURANTE: OH, YOU'LL KNOW THAT I'M AROUND

AMECHE: WHEN YOU HEAR THIS SOUND

DURANTE: PEEDLEDEE DEE

AMECHE: PEEDLEDEE DUM

DURANTE: PEEDLEDEE DEE

BOTH: PEEDLE DEE DEE -- PEEDLE DEE DUM -- PEEDLE DEE DEE!

(APPLAUSE)



BARCLAY: More people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

CHANDLER: More people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

BARCLAY: You know, smokers are testing cigarettes more critically than ever. But there's one test that can tell you what you want to know. It's not just one puff or one sniff of a cigarette. Only day-in, day-out smoking can tell you how enjoyable a cigarette is -- and how it suits you!

CHANDLER: Friends, make the Camel 30-day test. Your "T-Zone" -- T for Taste and T for Throat -- will tell you how mild, how flavorsome, how thoroughly enjoyable Camels are!

BARCLAY: Yes, and you'll find out for yourself why more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

CHANDLER: In a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for thirty days, noted throat specialists reported not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!

BARCLAY: Make your own Camel thirty-day test -- the sensible test of a cigarette -- and see why more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!

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, Jim boasted about having a string of horsos and before he knew it, he had to get a prize horse for Cynthia Vandorgriff's Mother to ride at the horse show. Fortunately for him, Vere Vague knew a man who could lend him one. While Miss Vague was taking care of that, I took Jim down to the fanciost sports shop to fit him with a riding outfit to complete the deception.

DURANTE:       DONSIE, I AIN'T GONNA RIDE IN THIS SHOW...WHY DO I HAVE TO GET BOOTS AND JOD HOPPERS.

AMECHE:        Well, all the horse owners wear them. Now, come on in.

SOUND:        DOOR OPEN AND TINKLE

AMECHE:        I guess this department handles the riding habits.

DURANTE: I'LL ASK THIS FELLOW RIGHT HERE, DON. ER...PARDON ME, SIR, DO YOU HAVE ANY HABITS?

NELSON: Yes, I eat crackers in bed, talk to myself and my ears wiggle when I see Lana Turner!

DURANTE: WISEGUY! I GOT A GOOD MIND TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND LET HIS CARNATION DIE FROM LACK OF OXYGEN!

AMECHE: Look, my friend here wants a riding outfit. Now get busy and fit him for one.

NELSON: You're rushing me, lettuce lip! I'll take care of Mount Baldy in my own. Now first, what's your weight.

DURANTE: IN MY STREET CLOTHES, I WEIGH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS!

NELSON: How much do you weigh stripped?

DURANTE: TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

NELSON: You weigh more stripped than you do with your clothes on? How come?

DURANTE: VERY SIMPLE, I GET CHILLY WITHOUT CLOTHES AND I HAVE VERY HEAVY GOOSE PIMPLES!

AMECHE: Listen, you don't have to ask him his weight. You've got a tape measure...measure him. Come on!

NELSON: You're pushing me, piano mouth! Now, sir, take off your shoes and we'll measure you for boots.

DURANTE: O.K., THERE. BUT DON, PLEASE DON'T STARE. I HAPPEN TO HAVE SIX TOES ON EACH FOOT.

AMECHE: Six toes? They don't look that way.

DURANTE: I'LL COUNT 'EM FOR YOU. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, SIX.

AMECHE: But, Jim, after four comes five. You have the normal amount of toes.

DURANTE: HOLY SMOKES AND ALL THESE YEARS I'VE BEEN SWIMMING AT THE BEACH WITH MY GALOSHES ON! (AS A CHILD, I WOULD'N'T EVEN LET MY MOTHER PLAY THIS LITTLE PIGGY GOES TO MARKET!)

NELSON: Well, now let me try on one of the boots. Aren't they lovely?

AMECHE: Never mind the description, just put it on.

NELSON: You're fighting me, telephone boy. Now, sir, just put on your foot and I'll slip it on. (GRUNTS)

DURANTE: THEY SEEM A LITTLE TIGHT.

NELSON: I'll get 'em on...don't worry. (GRUNTS)

AMECHE: Here, give me those boots and I'll show you how. There.. I slipped it right on. See how easy it was.

NELSON: Ooooooooooh how I hate that man!...I wish you'd stay out of this!

AMECHE: Now see here, when it comes to sports clothes, I think I know as much as you do. Why, at the Ascot races, I wore the appropriate pearl grey top hat, morning coat, striped trousers and weskit.

NELSON: So what? At the King's Cup Regatta, I wore a blue sailor jacket, with gold braid, navy scarf and white sharkskin trousers over roped sandals.

AMECHE: Nothing. At the Wimbelton tennis matches, I wore a white cabled sweater with red piping, fawn colored shorts, a silk scarf and blue suede tennis shoes.

NELSON: Peasant. At the International Open Golf tournament, I wore a suede vest over a white searsucker polo shirt, crushed linen slacks and elk skin black and white mocassins.

DURANTE: WOULD ANYONE CARE TO SEE THE SACK I WORE AT THE POTATO RACE IN GLANDALE.. BUT THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS. I'LL JUST TAKE THAT OUTFIT THERE .. IT'LL BE O.K.

NELSON: Everyone rushes me. Allright, here you are, and now as a complimentary gift, would you care for this buggy whip.

DURANTE: BUGGY WHIP? HOW UNSANITARY - I WANT ONE THAT'S BEEN SPRAYED! (LAUGHS) I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM, A MILLION OF 'EM.

NELSON: Now he's telling jokes. (GET HYSTERICAL) Oh, this just hasn't been my day. You've made my life miserable .. rushing me .. hounding me .. torturing me .. I'm fed up, do you hear, fed .. and there is just one thing I wanna say to you.

AMECHE: What?

NELSON: (VERY MILD) Thank you ... call again!

AMECHE: Come on, Jim, we've gotta call up Miss Vague now and find out if she got that horse.

MUSIC: BRIDGE...

AMECHE: (FILTER) Miss Vague, we're all set to go to the Horse Show. Did you get that horse from the society friend of yours?

VAGUE: Well, he's out of town, Mr. Ameche, but don't worry. I have another friend who owns horses. I'm sure I'll have one at the Horse Show for you tonight. Goodbye.

SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN - PHONE DIALING

VAGUE: They're fortunate I know so many people who own horses. Hello? Joe's Dairy? Lemme talk to Joe.

CANDY: (HIGH) This is Joe. (GIGGLES)

VAGUE: Joe, this is Vera Vague. You've got to do me a favor. You know those old milk horses you retired when you got the trucks? Well, you've got to send one over to the armory for tonight.

CANDY: (HIGH) Well, they're all very old, but I think I can have them drag one over.

VAGUE: Oh, thanks, Joe. For doing that, I'm going to come right over and give you a great big kiss. How do you feel about that?

CANDY: (LOW) I'm feeling mighty low!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: CROWD NOISES IN BACKGROUND

MAN: (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) There will be a brief intermission before we begin the judging of the horsemanship contest.

AMECHE: Jim, we're in trouble. I just saw the horse Miss Vague brought over and it's nothing but a broken down swayback milk horse.

DURANTE: HOLY SMOKES, IT'S CATASTASTROKE. AND HERE COMES MY CYNTHIA NOW...WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

AMECHE: We'll just have to bluff it through. I'll try to help you as much as I can.

DORIS: Why, hello, James...I'm so glad you're here.

DURANTE: WELL, I'M GLAD TO BE HERE, CYNTHIA. IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN YOU. EVERY MINUTE I'M AWAY FROM YOU SEEMS LIKE A MATERNITY!

DORIS: James, I do hope you've brought Mother a fine horse.

AMECHE: (BRITISH) Don't worry, madam, the Master has picked the best. Oh pardon me for speaking, but I am Ameech, the butler.

DURANTE: ER..YES, AMEECH IS AN OLD FAMILY CONTAINER. BESIDES HIM, I ALSO HAVE AN UPSTAIRS BUTLER, A DOWNSTAIRS BUTLER AND A MEZZANINE BUTLER.

DORIS: A Mezzanine butler?

DURANTE: YES, HE'S THE ONE WHO GIVES YOU THAT EXTRA SHOVE WHILE SLIDING DOWN THE BANNISTER!

DORIS: Well, if Mother wins with your horse today, she might be so happy, she'll give us permission to get married.

DURANTE: YES, WE'LL KNOW NOTHING BUT CANNIBAL BLISS.

DORIS: You know, I've been thinking about children. How many do you think we ought to have James?

DURANTE: OH, NINE OR TEN.

DORIS: Nine or ten?

DURANTE: YES, AND IF WE LIKE THEM, WE'LL HAVE SOME MORE THE SECOND YEAR!

DORIS: Oh, that's impossible!

AMECHE: Don't worry...the Master has influence in Washington!.But begging your pardon, Madam, I see they're bringing out the Master's magnificent horse right now.

DORIS: Oh, where is it? I can't wait to see that wonderful steed come charging out into the ring!

DURANTE: HERE IT COMES!

SOUND: SLOW DRAWN OUT HOOF BEATS OF HORSE

DORIS: Why, look at that thing...It's nothing but a broken-down old nag. How could it replace Mother's horse? Here was Count Arthur out of Royal Lady by Sir Galahad.

DURANTE: SO WHAT? THIS ONE IS SWEET CREAM BY BUTTERMILK OUT OF COTTAGE CHEESE!

DORIS: But look how swayback it is!

AMECHE: It's not so terribly swayback, M'Lady. It would still be in active service if it weren't for one thing.

DORIS: What's that?

AMECHE: It's stomach kept erasing the white line down the middle of the road! (LAUGHS LIKE MAD) Oh, Master, I pulled off a rouser...a snorter...a ripper!

DURANTE: (GIVE THE HIRED HELP A LINE AND THEY MAKE A CAREER OUT OF IT!)

DORIS: Oh, how can Mother ride a horse like that?

DURANTE: THIS IS A GREAT ANIMAL, CYNTHIA. ITS FATHER WAS A MARE AND ITS MOTHER WAS A STALLION.



DORIS: You've got that all wrong. A mare is always a female and a stallion is always a male.

DURANTE: LET'S NOT ARGUE..AS LONG AS THE HORSES KNOW, THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS!

AMECHE: Oh, this time the Master came through with a rouser!

DORIS: I'm going to notify the committee to cancel Mother's entry. Why, that horse couldn't even hold Mother.

DURANTE: BUT I'M SURE IT CAN. IF YOUR MUDDER LOOKS ANYTHING LIKE YOU, SHE MUST BE A DAINFY, DELICATE WOMAN!

DORIS: Well, here comes Mother now.

HOPE: (ROUGH WESTERN SLANG) Well, I've got my boots and spurs on ..where's that critter I'm gonna ride!

AMECHE: (ASIDE) We're sunk, Jim..she must weigh three hundred pounds!

DURANTE: THAT POOR HORSE..WHAT DID HE EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS!

DORIS: Mother, this is Mr. Durante.

HOPE: It is? Well, jack him up and I'll shake hands with him!

DORIS: And this is Mr. Durante's butler.

AMECHE: Ja'doo, Madam.

HOPE: You can always tell the hired hands..they never look intelligent!.But Mr. Durante, my daughter has been telling me you have a whole stable of horses.

DURANTE: YES...YES..MY BACKYARD IS SIMPLY OVERFLOWING WITH THE BEASTS.

HOPE: Oh really? How many head!?

DURANTE: OH, THE USUAL NUMBER...ONE EACH!

AMECHE: He did it again..another whopper!

HOPE: Well, I'm ready to enter the contest. Where's the horse you promised me, Mr. Durante!? I can't see very well over that pile of old bones in front of me.

DURANTE: MADAM, THAT'S THE HORSE!

HOPE: Me ride that thing? Why, look at it .. what's it doing on its knees?

DURANTE: IT'S BEGGING FOR MERCY! (*Poor thing*)

MAN: (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) Last call for contestants to enter the judging circle for the horsemanship contest.

HOPE: I've gotta get out there, but the horse collapsed. What'll I do?

DURANTE: WELL, JUST GO OUT THERE AND RUN AROUND THE RING BY YOURSELF.

HOPE: But I won't have a horse.

DURANTE: WHO HAS TO KNOW!

HOPE: Oh, this is ridiculous. Come on, Cynthia, we're going home.

DORIS: But Mother ..

HOPE: (YELLS) Come on.

DURANTE: WELL, DON, WE'VE BEEN BEATEN. I MIGHT AS WELL GET ON THIS OLD GREY MARE AND TAKE HIM BACK TO THE STABLE.

AMECHE: O.K., I'll walk along side.

SOUND: HOOF BEATS

MUSIC: FANFARE

(FINAL)

- 21 -

MAN: (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) The judge has just handed me the slip announcing the winner. And here it is .. it's the gentleman with the big nose riding that old grey mare across the ring.

AMECHE: Jim, you won .. how come.

DURANTE: I DON'T KNOW, DON.

SOUND: BOOS

MAN: (OVER LOUDSPEAKER) Ladies and gentlemen, don't start booing yet. Here's the judge to explain his decision. Tell me, sir, you have judged thousands of horse shows .. how could you possibly select that broken down horse over all those beautiful prize steeds.

CANDY: (HIGH) Very simple .. I'm Joe the Milkman .. (LOW) .. and that's my horse who's kneeling mighty low!

DURANTE: YOU NEVER KNOW HOW THINGS ARE GONNA TURN OUT.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

(APPLAUSE) ✓

27 <sup>44</sup>

CHANDLER: What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

BARCLAY: That question was asked of one hundred-thirteen thousand, five hundred and ninety-seven doctors throughout the country.

CHANDLER: What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?

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

CHANDLER: Friends, Father's Day is June Eighteenth. Give Dad a carton of Camels, specially wrapped, for Father's Day; there's a space on the carton to write in your greeting.

BARCLAY: In deep appreciation to the men who served our country, the Camel people send gift cigarettes each week to the patients in various veterans' and servicemen's hospitals. This week's Camels go to: Veterans' Hospitals, Minneapolis, Minnesota and Grand Junction, Colorado...U.S. Air Force Hospital, Hamilton Air Force Base, California...<sup>and</sup> U.S. Naval Hospital, Memphis, Tennessee. ✓

28<sup>31</sup>

MUSIC: "WHO'LL BE WITH YOU"

AMECHE: ~~Jim, I can't get over all the publicity you've been getting the last couple of months. I've seen your picture in Life, Esquire, True Story Magazine, The Herald Express.~~

DURANTE: ~~YES, DONSIE, THEY EVEN WANTED TO PUT MY PICTURE IN READERS DIGEST, BUT I WOULDN'T LET 'EM.~~

AMECHE: ~~Why not?~~

DURANTE: ~~IF THEY EVER CONDENSE THIS SCHNOZZ, I'M OUTTA BUSINESS.~~

AMECHE: ~~I see what you mean and goodnight, Mr. Durante.~~

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

2842

BARCLAY: 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 54

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

29 12

MUSIC: SNEAK

BARCLAY: Camel Cigarettes also invite you to listen to "The Screen Guild Theatre" every Thursday, <sup>Next Thursday</sup> June 15th...they will present "The Mating of Millie", starring Robert Cummings and Barbara Hale.. Be sure to listen. ✓

29 25

MUSIC: UP

(APPLAUSE)