

*as broadcast
Tuned Copy*

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WILLIAM ESTY CO., INC.
FOR: CAMEL CIGARETTES.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, NO. C.

(REVISED)

BROADCAST: # 20.

Friday, February 18th, 1949.

Master

JIMMY DURANTE

WITH

ALAN YOUNG

N.B.C. (Hollywood Origination)

TIME: 5:30 PM P.S.T.

SUPERVISOR
DON BERNARD

DIRECTOR: PHIL COHAN

CONDUCTOR: ROY BARGY

CAST:

JIMMY DURANTE
ALAN YOUNG
FLORENCE HALOP
CANDY CANDIDO
ELVIA ALLMAN
SHIRLEY MITCHELL
HANS CONRIED
SARA BERNER

WRITERS:

STANLEY DAVIS
ELON PACKARD
NORMAL PAUL
JACK BARNETT
JACK ELINSON
HAROLD GOLDMAN

VERNE SMITH
GEORGE BARKLEY
ED CHANDLER

JIMMY DURANTE 2/18/49

(REVISED) -A-

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

SMITH: From Hollywood, Camel Cigarettes present the Jimmy
Durante Show!

ORCH: INKA DINKA DOO:

DURANTE: (SINGS) INKA DINK A DINK A DINK A DEE
A DINK A DOO A DINK A DEE
OH WHAT A TUNE FOR CROONING
INK DINK A DEE A DINK A DOO

(APPLAUSE)

SMITH: Yes, the Jimmy Durante Show, with Alan Young, Roy Bargy,
and his orchestra, the Crew Chiefs Quartette, Candy
Candido, and yours truly Verne Smith, brought to you by
Camel Cigarettes.

MUSIC: OUT:

1st ANNCR: How mild can a cigarette be?

2nd ANNCR: Smoke Camels -- and see!

1st ANNCR: Yes, prove for yourself how mild CAMELS are!

2nd ANNCR: In a recent 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!

SMITH: And now here to start things off with his pal the
talented young comedian, Alan Young, is the Wizard of
Shnoz himself, the one and only Jimmy Durante in Person!
(APPLAUSE)

51458 0545

DURANTE: YOU GOTTA START OFF EACH DAY WITH A SONG ---
EVEN WHEN THINGS GO WRONG --
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER YOU'LL EVEN LOOK BETTER...(HITS
HIGH NOTE)

YOUNG: Oh what a wonderful voice.

DURANTE: (HITS ANOTHER NOTE)

YOUNG: Oh it's ~~marvelous~~ *fascinating*.

DURANTE: (HITS ANOTHER NOTE) *YOUNG: Oh, it thrills me.*

DURANTE: " " "
YOUNG: Oh Jimmy stop, I can't stand it, I can't stand it.

DURANTE: SORRY I SHOW NO MERCY!

YOUNG: Gosh Jim, where did you learn to hit a high note like that?

DURANTE: ~~THIS MORNING~~ IN THE SHOWER I BACKED UP INTO A HOT
WATER PIPE...BUT THAT IS NEITHER ~~NEITHER~~ *hither-thither nor amuck.*
YESTERDAY I GOT A PHONE CALL FROM THE PRESIDENT'S
ECONOMIC COUNCIL AND---

YOUNG: I know! They were disturbed ~~about~~ *by* the ~~falling~~ *fluctuating* prices
in the stock market so they sent you down to Wall
Street and you yelled "Sail On Oh Ship of state we
will avert this crisis" and single-handed you brought
calm where there was once chaos.

DURANTE: PLEASE, MR. YOUNG, IF YOU WANT A LINE JUST ASK FOR IT.
DON'T GRAB IT OUT OF MY MOUTH.....BUT YOUNGIE IT IS
TRUE THAT I WENT TO WALL STREET ON THIS GOVERNMENT
MISSION *and I'll never forget what happened*
~~WHAT A SCENE~~ WHEN I WALKED INTO THE STOCK
EXCHANGE. THE TICKER TAPES STOPPED, A HUSH CAME OVER
THE ROOM AND ALL THE STOCK BROKERS TURNED TO GAZE AT
ME, I WAS I HUMILIATED!

YOUNG: Humiliated? Why?

DURANTE: WINTHROP ROCKERFELLER TOOK ONE LOOK AT MY NOSE AND YELLED, "GIMME A HUNDRED SHARES OF THAT...IF IT GROWS ANOTHER INCH, WE'LL CORNER THE MARKET"^(a)(I MADE A NOTE OF THIS IN MY PORTFOLIO AND FILED IT AWAY UNDER INSULTS)

YOUNG: Well, Jimmy, after surveying the stock market did you come up with any concrete suggestions in your report?

DURANTE: YES, ALAN ^{and} AFTER A LOT OF SECRET CONFERENCES WITH THE TOP FINANCIAL TYPHOONS, (WHOSE NAMES ESCAPE ME AT THE MOMENT), I STAGGERED THEM WITH A STUPENDIOUS IDEA---- I PLAN TO MERGE SCANDINAVIAN CODFISH WITH TIMKIN BALL BEARING.

YOUNG: You're going to merge Scandinavian Codfish with Timkin Ball Bearings? What are you going to manufacture?

DURANTE: CODFISH BALLS!^(a)(IT MAY NOT STABILIZE PRICES BUT LET'S GIVE IT A FIGHTING CHANCE!)

YOUNG: ^{Well} ^{Jimmy} What was your final report on falling prices in the stock market ^{situation?}

DURANTE: WELL, IN MY FINAL ANALYSES I FOUND ^{that} PEOPLE ARE BUYING A. T. AND T.....N. Y. C.....W. A. L.....AND G. M. C. BUT NOT ME, I'M PUTTING EVERYTHING I GOT INTO C. A. T.

YOUNG: C. A. T.? *That just spells cat.*

DURANTE: I KNOW...IF I'M GONNA SINK ALL MY MONEY INTO A BUNCH OF LETTERS I WANT 'EM TO SPELL SOMETHING.....YOU KNOW SOMETHING, THE STOCK MARKET PUZZLES ME AS MUCH AS WHAT THE SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS ARE GONNA DO ON MARCH THE THIRD.

YOUNG: That puzzles me too.

YOUNG: ~~My way~~ ^{Jimmy} that takes care of the security market but what did you find out about the big ~~drop~~ ^{change} in farm prices?

DURANTE: WELL, I FOUND THE ANSWER TO THAT ~~WHILE GOING THROUGH~~ ^{on my way} ~~back thru~~ TEXAS. AND WHAT DID I FIND? THE FARMER PLANTS A SEED, THE SEED GROWS INTO CORN, THE CATTLE EATS THE CORN, AND GROWS BIG ENOUGH TO SUPPLY MILK, MEAT AND CLOTHING FOR THE COUNTRY ~~AND~~ ^{but} IT AIN'T SAFE.

YOUNG: Why?

DURANTE: IF A GOPHER GETS THAT ONE LITTLE SEED, THE WHOLE NATION GOES TO POT!

YOUNG: ^{yeh-it's a circle all right.} Well, did that conclude your report on the nation's economic status?

DURANTE: NO, BEING A MAN WHO BELIEVES IN LETTING THE PEOPLE SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES I ~~BOUGHT~~ ^{BOUGHT} A RANCH WOMAN ALL THE WAY UP FROM TEXAS TO TELL YOU HER TROUBLES. HERE SHE COMES NOW.

YOUNG: ^{From Texas? Lemme talk to that gal.} ~~Well, I'll talk to her in her native Texas drawl.~~

(GOES INTO TEXAS TALK) Hello there pardner, gal. I'll be gol danged if you ain't a real Texas Filly. ^{I wanna die with my boots on.} Remember Billy the Kid and old Fort Sam. Ride the range-----Get along little doggy---they went thatta way---
~~I wanna die with my boots on.~~

BERNER: Hey whatsa matter -- are you crazy or something?

DURANTE: ^{mighty} ~~ODD~~ FINDING A BRITISH ACCENT IN TEXAS. JUST KIDDING, BUT EXCUSE ME ALAN. YOU REMEMBER ~~ME~~ ^{our} OLD FRIEND INGRID MATARATZA.

YOUNG: Oh yes. Gee, Mrs. Mataratza, have you lived in Texas long?

BERNER: Well, quite a while. My husband and me we go to Texas and cross the Great Divide...and now we got fifteen kids... and I'm a wonder.

DURANTE: WONDER WHAT?

BERNER: How come as soon as we cross the divide, we start a to multiply?

DURANTE: *A puzzling puzzle.*

YOUNG: Well is your husband happy out there on your ranch in Texas?

BERNER: You said it. Everything is so pleasant. Besides the fifteen kids we have my mother-in-law, his mother-in-law, six of my relatives, eight of his relatives..and all day long my husband goes around singing.

DURANTE: WHAT DOES HE SING?

BERNER: "I'm a Lone Cowhand"!

DURANTE: ~~But~~ ~~well~~ TELL ME, FRAULIEN MATARATZA, WHAT DO YOU GROW ON YOUR RANCH?

BERNER: Oh, we gotta big crop of garlic...all around us is garlic...sixteen acres of nothing but garlic.

YOUNG: No kidding?

BERNER: Yeah...the eyes of Texas are upon us, but the nose is turned the other way! *(a)*.

YOUNG: *Don't be self-conscious Jimmy.* *Mrs. Mataratza*
Well, in view of the fluctuation in farm prices, do you keep much live stock?

BERNER: *I'll tell you*
Well, when you got to feed fifteen kids, you need a lot of animals. I keep the chickens in the chicken coop, the rabbits in the rabbit hutch, the pigs in the pig pen... then I have one cage with a *great big* ~~trip~~ clock and guards all around it.

(REVISED)

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YOUNG: Well, what do you keep in there?

BERNER: The stork,...if it's up to me, she's ^a ~~never~~ ^{gonna} fly again!

DURANTE: WELL, MRS. MATARATZA...(OH HOW I LOVE THAT NAME)...I'M
SURE YOU'RE A CREDIT TO YOUR FAIR STATE OF TEXAS.

BERNER: Oh you like a Texas, eh?

DURANTE: DO I? LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT.

MUSIC: RIDIN' THE RANGE ON MY PINTO: ✓

6 30

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VERSE

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

YES BELIEVE IT OR NOT FOLKS, SLOWLY BUT SURELY I'M LEARNING
TO BE A TEXAN...I'M UP EVERY MORNING AT SIX....PUT ON MY
RIDING PANTS, (CHORD) MY RIDING BOOTS, (CHORD) MY RIDING SHIRT,
(CHORD) MY RIDING SPURS (CHORD) AND MY RIDING HAT (CHORD)...
AND THEN I GO OUTSIDE AND TAKE
A NICE LONG WALK

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

(REVISED)

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CHORUS

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

SOUND: TWO SHOTS:

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

RIDIN' THE RANGE ON MY PINTO
IN TEXAS I COULD GO FAR
BUT I HOPE MY MOTOR DON'T BREAK DOWN
CAUSE PINTO IS THE NAME OF MY CAR!

PATTER

WHY I'M GETTIN' TO BE KNOWN AS THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST
HOMBRE
NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE.
THE OTHER DAY I MEANDERS INTO THE LOCAL PUB, HITCHES UP
MY TWO SIX GUNS, (MAKIN' THIRTEEN ALTOGETHER!)
WALKS UP TO THE BAR AND THE GUY NEXT TO ME ORDERS A
STRAIGHT BOURBON WITH A RYE CHASER AND SAYS
"HERE'S LOOKIN AT YOU", SO I ORDERS SASPARILLA WITH A
BUFFALOS EYE BALL FLOATIN' IN IT-WHEN I SAY "HERE'S LOOKIN'
AT YOU" I WANT SOMETHING LOOKING BACK AT ME!

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

LAST CHORUS

RIDIN THE RANGE ON MY PINTO
IN TEXAS I SHOULD GO FAR
BUT I HOPE MY MOTOR DON'T BREAK DOWN
CAUSE PINTO IS THE NAME OF MY CAR!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

9'0

(FINAL)

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JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
2/18/49

9 10

COMMERCIAL

BARKLEY: *over applause* Be sure to listen to a very special announcement at the close of tonight's show about the Screen Guild Program March third, when they present one of the greatest casts of motion picture stars ever assembled on radio!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

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

1ST ANN: Yes, smoke Camels and see just how mild a cigarette can be!

2ND ANN: In a recent coast-to-coast test, hundreds of people smoked only Camels for thirty days, averaging one to two packs a day. Each week, noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers. They made two thousand, four hundred and seventy examinations and reported not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!

1ST ANN: Friends, try Camels. If, at any time, you're not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you've ever smoked, return the package with the unused cigarettes to the makers of Camels and you'll receive its full purchase price, plus postage!

QUART: C-A-M-E-L-S. ✓

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SECOND SPOT

YOUNG: Say Jimmy. You know tomorrow's the big race at Santa Anita and I think I know how we can get a tip on ~~the~~ a winning horse.

DURANTE: WELL YOUNGIE, MAKING MONEY ON THE RACES IS A VERY HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION. MY FRIEND UMBRIAGO ONCE RODE A HORSE IN A RACE AND BEFORE ~~HE~~ ^{YOUNG: Benzadrine} STARTED HE FED THE HORSE BENZADRINE, PUT NOVACAIN IN HIS OATS, STUCK AN ELECTRIC BATTERY BEHIND HIS SADDLE AND LIT A CAN OF STERNO UNDER HIS MANE BUT HE LOST.

YOUNG: How come?

DURANTE: THE OTHER JOCKEYS WERE CROOKED...BUT NOT THAT I'M INTERESTED YOUNGIE, HOW YOU GONNA GET THAT TIP?

YOUNG: Well you see, the other day I met a beautiful southern girl at the race track and I drove her home. On the way I parked on a lonely road and told her we were out of gas but she slapped my face.

DURANTE: WHY?

YOUNG: We were on my bicycle at the time. But on the way home she told me her aunt owns a big string of race horses and she knows who's gonna win the big race tomorrow.

DURANTE: WELL YOUNGIE, CAN'T YOU GET THE INFORMATION FROM HER AUNT. WE COULD CLEAN UP A FORTUNE ON THAT RACE.

YOUNG: Well, Jimmy, I don't know. The only bet I ever made was on an old nag at Saratoga. Besides her aunt is such a terrific horse woman she won't talk to anybody unless they own horses too.

DURANTE: YOUNGIE THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO. YOU GO OVER TO THEIR HOUSE AND I'LL DROP BY LATER AND TELL THEM I'M ~~the~~ a TRAINER FOR YOUR RACING STABLE.

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YOUNG: ^{oh} ~~oh~~ Jimmy. That way we're a cinch to get the tip.

DURANTE: RIGHT YOUNGIE. LET'S SALLY FORTH.

CANDY: (GIGGLES)

DURANTE: GET BACK IN LINE SALLY--I SAID YOU WERE FORTH.

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

YOUNG: Well here's my little southern belles house. I'll just
park my bicycle and go in.

SOUND: (KNOCK ON DOOR--DOOR OPEN)

SHIRLEY: (SOUTHERN) Well shut mah mouth if it isn't little ole
Alan come to visit little ole me in my little ole house.
Why don't little ole you give little ole me a little ole
kiss and a little ole hug.

YOUNG: We'd better hurry, I'm getting a little ole!.....But gosh
Magnolia. You look wonderful in that dress. Why it's,
beautiful.

SHIRLEY: Sho nuff?

YOUNG: Show's plenty....But gee Miss Magnolia, ever since I rode
you home from the race track I just had to see you again.
You've got something I want and need badly.

SHIRLEY: Well what is it?

YOUNG: My wire basket--when you got off it came off with you.

SHIRLEY: I thought I'd been sitting a little waffley....But I'm
not too sure about you. From the way you talk I think
you're a Yaaaannnnnnkkkkkeee..

YOUNG: Why Missy Ma'am I ain't no Yaaaaaannnnnnnnkkkkkkkeeee....
~~Why~~ I'm from the deep south.

SHIRLEY: The deep south?

YOUNG: Why shore, ~~may~~ I'm from so far south that Ohloe has to call me.

SHIRLEY: Well if you're a real southerner sit down here. How would you like to have some chitlins?

YOUNG: Please, we're not even married yet....Ohhh, chitlins. That's a Southern dish, *ain't it?*

SHIRLEY: *ye* Oh you're so cute ~~ah~~ Let's pretend we're two little love birds.

YOUNG: COO

SHIRLEY: And now you're going to put your wings around my wings.

YOUNG: COO

SHIRLEY: And now you're gonna put your beak close to mine.

YOUNG: COO

SHIRLEY: And now do you know what you're going to do?

YOUNG: ~~Yeah, but~~ if you expect me to lay an egg, you're crazy... But Magnolia, I didn't come here for romance. I came to see if I could get a tip from your aunt on the big race tomorrow.

SHIRLEY: *I don't know. I'll tell you what.*
Well, ~~if that's all you want~~ I'll call her in. Now be gentlemen because Auntie is a very dainty aristocratic horseman. I'll call her in and leave you two alone...
(SOFTLY) Oh auntie.

ELVIA: (HOLLERS) Did somebody whinny for me?

YOUNG: Didn't I once bet on you at Saratoga?...I mean, didn't we both ~~own~~ ^{own} race horses at Saratoga? You see I'm a horse owner too. (LAUGHS)

ELVIA: Well powerful glad to meet you, *you know* I love to talk breeding with a real horseman. My best horse is Persian Warriar by Roman Fighter out of the Gladiator. What's yours?

YOUNG: Err....Franco American by Tomato Sauce out of the can.

ELVIA: Wait a minute, are you sure you're a real horseman?

YOUNG: Why ~~of course~~ ^{of course}. As a matter of fact here comes my trainer up the steps. James ^{"Feedbag"} Durante.

ELVIA: Well ah'd be right proud to meet him. But I better tidy up a little. Look, my shoelace is untied.

YOUNG: Oh, well I'll ^{be glad to} bend down and tie it for you. There.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DURANTE: YOUNGIE, NO USE SHOE-ING THAT OLD MARE, SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S READY FOR THE GLUE FACTORY.

YOUNG: Jimmy, this is Mrs. Fetlock Withers, the famous horsewoman. The one who's going to give us the tip.

DURANTE: WELL, I'M HAPPY TO MEET YOU, MADAM. AT THE TRACK I'M KNOWN AS LONG SHOT DURANTE. I JUST BET ON A HORSE THAT WENT OFF AT TEN TO ONE.

ELVIA: Did he win?

DURANTE: NO, THE OTHER HORSES WENT OFF AT HALF PAST TWELVE.
(LAUGHS)

ELVIA: (LAUGHS) Oh I love to horse around with this man.
(LAUGHS ENDING IN VIOLENT BREATH)

DURANTE ^{Attention} ATTENTION, FLORIDA WOMEN, THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN SUCKING THE STOCKINGS OFF YOUR LEGS.

YOUNG: Well look, Mrs. Withers, if you like, my trainer will be happy to give you a tip on tomorrow's race.

ELVIA: Why I don't need his tips. I get all my information right from the horses mouth.

DURANTE: WHAT AN UNSANITARY PLACE TO KEEP IT. I'M AGHAST WITH CHAGRIN.

ELVIA: Look, I don't care about betting. I'm only interested in breeding horses. Do you have any mares in foal?

DURANTE: SORRY, I FOLDED UP THE LAST ONE THIS MORNING.

ELVIA: That does it. Why you ain't a horse trainer. Just for that I won't give you the big winner for tomorrow.

YOUNG: Jimmy, you've ruined everything. Now we won't get that information.

DURANTE: WE'RE NOT LICKED YET YOUNGIE. I'M GONNA USE MY ANIMAL MAGNETISM...(THAT LINE'D ADVANCE TELEVISION TWO YEARS..NOW NOW WE DON'T GET..NOW WE DON'T GET THAT..) MADAM I'M GOING TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU DURANTE STYLE.

ELVIA: Oh, Jimmy, what are you going to do?

DURANTE: LISTEN CLOSELY WHILE I WALK AROUND THE ROOM AND LET MY CORDUROY JODHOPPERS RUSTLE OUT A LOVE SONG.

ELVIA: Oh Jimmy.

DURANTE: NOW LEAN CLOSELY WHILE I KISS YOU WITH MY UPPER LIP AND MY LOWER LIP FANS OUT THE FLAME.

ELVIA: Oh Jimmy, stop.

DURANTE: NOW LET ME NESTLE MY HEAD IN THE SOFT CURVE OF YOUR SHOULDER WHILE MY NOSE SHOOTS POOL WITH YOUR ADAMS APPLE.

ELVIA: Oh Jimmy, stop, I can't stand it, I can't stand it.

DURANTE: SORRY I SHOW NO MERCY.

ELVIA: Oh, Mr. Durante, you're irresistible. I'll give you the tip on the big race tomorrow. How much do you have to bet?

YOUNG: Well, we pooled our money and between us we've got five hundred dollars.

(FINAL)

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ELVIA: Well I don't want the odds to change so I'll bet it for you at the track. Give me the five hundred and here's an envelope with the horses name so you'll know who to root for. Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM:

YOUNG: Well Jimmy, open the envelope. What does it say.

SOUND: ENVELOPE RIPPING:

DURANTE: YOUNGIE, THIS IS A CATASTRASTROPE. READ THIS.

YOUNG: Let's see. Dear Chumps:

We're two Brooklyn girls and we made you think

We came from the land of magnolias and honey

We knew you would fall for our fake "you all"

Now we're heading south with your money.

DURANTE: THAT PROVES IT YOUNGIE, YOU CAN'T BEAT THE ~~HORSES~~ *Races*.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF: ✓

(APPLAUSE) ✓

18⁰⁰
18⁰⁸

JIMMY DURANTE
2/18/49

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1808-

COMMERCIAL

1stANNCR: I suppose, Jimmy, as a fellow singer, you've heard Gladys Swarthout?

DURANTE: GLADYS SWARTHOUT? WHAT A VERSE! WHAT ARPEGGEGIOS!

1stANNCR: Well, Jimmy, Miss Swarthout has been a Camel smoker for years. Here's what Miss Swarthout told us about Camels:

WOMAN: Camels always taste so good...and they're the mildest cigarette I ever smoked.

1stANNCR: Yes, Camel's choice tobaccos are properly aged and expertly blended for flavor and mildness!

2ndANNCR: Yes, Camels are mild! In a recent test, hundreds of people smoked only Camels for thirty days. Each week, noted throat specialists examined the throats of these smokers and they reported not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!

1stANNCR: Friends, test Camels in your "T-Zone". If, at any time you're not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you've ever smoked, return the package with the unused cigarettes to the makers of Camels and you'll receive its full purchase price, plus postage!

DURANTE: AND I'D LIKE TO ADD.....

(SINGS) 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)

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THIRD SPOT

~~DURANTE: WHAT ARE YOU READING THERE, ALAN?~~

YOUNG: *Hey Jimmy - I'm reading a very* interesting article in the National Science Magazine.

It says that as a result of modern scientific developments, the average man can save hours every day.

DURANTE: A PLAUSIBLE IDEA. WHY LOOK AT THE TIME YOU CAN SAVE WITH YOUR BREAKFAST ALONE. IT ONLY TAKES TEN SECONDS TO GET YOUR EGGS OUT OF THE DOUBLE BOILER ... FIVE SECONDS TO GET YOUR TOAST OUT OF THE TOASTER..AND THREE SECONDS TO GET YOUR COFFEE OUT OF YOUR MAGIC PERCULATOR...BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG.

YOUNG: What's that?

DURANTE: IT TAKES TWO HOURS TO GET YOUR WIFE OUT OF BED TO MAKE THE STUFF....BUT ALAN, I CAN'T DENY THAT THESE MODERN GADGETS SAVE PEOPLE A LOT OF TIME.

YOUNG: Jim, that's an idea! Let's take a tour of the country and ask the people..."What do you do in your spare time"?

DURANTE: A CAPITAL IDEA, ALAN.

MUSIC: 48 STATES

DURANTE: LET'S GO.

MUSIC: ANY STATE

DURANTE: ANY STATE IN THE FORTY-EIGHT IS GREAT

GROUP: THE FORTY-EIGHT IS GREAT
AND ANY STATE IS A REASON WE SHOULD CELEBRATE

LILLIAN: WE OUGHT TO CELEBRATE
TONIGHT AS OUR TASK
THIS COUNTRY WE'LL ASK
WITH TIME ON YOUR HANDS WHAT DO YOU DO?

DURANTE: DO YOU STAND IN THE LOBBY
OR HAVE YOU GOT A HOBBY?

YOUNG: GET READY FOR YOUR INTERVIEW.

DURANTE: WE'VE A MAGIC CARPET TO TAKE THIS TRIP

GROUP: WE PULL THE STRING AND AWAY WE RIP!

SOUND: MAGIC CARPET

YOUNG: ARE WE LANDING SO SOON, JIM?

DURANTE: YES, RIGHT ON THAT LONG ROAD BELOW!

GROUP: WINDING THRU OKLAHOMA-ROUTE SIXTY-SIX GOES BY
A PICTURESQUE HIGHWAY...A BEAUTIFUL BYWAY...
ROUTE SIXTY-SIX!

SOUND: CAR MOTOR AND STOP

DURANTE: YOUNGIE, WE JUST STARTED OUR RIDE ON HIGHWAY
SIXTY-SIX ... WHY DID YOU STOP?

YOUNG: *Stopped* For that hitchhiker sitting by the side of the road.
He's so ragged and thin he probably doesn't have the
strength to lift his thumb.

DURANTE: OKAY .. LET'S GET OUT AND HELP HIM.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

YOUNG: C'mon, fella, we're going to take you to the nearest
diner and get you a full course meal. Here .. ~~we~~ *we*ll
assist you to your feet.

CONRIED: Take your filthy middle class hands off me!

DURANTE: *wait a minute! wait a minute!*
DON'T GET EXCITED MY FRIEND. HERE LET ME HELP YOU WITH
THAT BUNDLE OF RAGS YOU'RE CARRYING ON THAT STICK.

CONRIED: Thank you my good man. And for your trouble take these
three bottle caps.

DURANTE: WHAT'S THE IDEA?

CONRIED: I may be a bum, but I tip!

YOUNG: Bottle caps. Don't you have any money at all?

CONRIED: No, I haven't seen any ^{money} in such a long time.

DURANTE: WELL IF THAT'S ALL THAT'S BOTHERING YOU...HERE...WOULD YOU LIKE TO LOOK AT THIS PENNY?

CONRIED: Abraham! It's so good to see your face again!

YOUNG: Well here. Would you like to take a look at this dollar bill.

CONRIED: George! Why you're even prettier than Abe.

DURANTE: (ASK A GUY A QUESTION AND HE OPENS UP A PICTURE GALLERY!) BUT, TELL ME, MR. ER .. MR. ER ...

CONRIED: You have the honor of addressing the eminent Shakespearean actor, Maurice S. Maurice, Esquire.

YOUNG: You call yourself Esquire?

CONRIED: Who has a better right? The back seat of my pants is page twenty-three!

YOUNG: Well, I think page twenty-three is wearing a little thin.

CONRIED: What makes you say that?

YOUNG: I can see page twenty-four!

DURANTE: WELL LOOK ^{movie} ~~money~~ S. ^{me} ~~movie~~. WE'D LIKE TO ASK YOU OUR QUESTION. WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME?

(REVISED) -22-

CONREID: (FLIES OFF) Time, time, you are another of those poor mortals enslaved by time. Snivelling and scraping to save a few meager hours. Slave to the clock. While I---*Ignore*
~~I sit on Olympian heights above all time, ignoring the~~
the fact that there is such a thing as time! Now I shall never look at time again!

YOUNG: How come?

CONREID: YESTERDAY I HAD TO HOCK MY WATCH.

DURANTE: LET'S GO MR. YOUNG.

YOUNG: We're off Mr. D.

(a)

MUSIC: STATES SONG

DURANTE: ANY STATE IN THE FORTY-EIGHT IS GREAT

YOUNG: CAPTAIN DURANTE, WHERE IS THAT WIND COMING FROM?

DURANTE: IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN--IT HAILS FROM THE TOWN THAT'S NOTED
FOR STRONG BREEZES!

GROUP: IT'S CHICAGO--THE WINDY CITY
CHICAGO

YOUNG: WHAT A PLACE

DURANTE: IT'S A TOWN THAT'S TOUGH--IT'S A TOWN THAT'S GENTLE

GROUP: A TOWN THAT'S ROUGH--

LILLIAN: AND ^{oh} ~~REALLY~~ SENTIMENTAL!

GROUP: CHICAGO!

YOUNG: Well here we are, Jim, in good old Chicago. What a city.
Such tall buildings.

DURANTE: YEAH AND LOOK UP THERE. IT'S A WINDOW WASHER FORTY
FLOORS IN THE AIR DANGLING BY A ROPE.

YOUNG: Yeah, I'll yell up to him. Hey you up there dangling by
that rope. Aren't you afraid of falling.

CANDY: (HIGH) Well I used to worry that I'd take a fall
+ to a psychiatrist I did go

DURANTE: why? But I didn't like his advice at all
(LOW) He told me to let myself go. (a)

DURANTE: ^{you know something} HE SHOULDN'T WORRY. EVEN PRICES ARE COMING DOWN. HEY,
WAIT A MINUTE, ALAN, YOU'RE CROSSING THE STREET AGAINST
THE LIGHT AND HERE COMES A MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER.

YOUNG: So what? I'm not committing a crime...they can't do
anything to me.

SOUND: HORSE'S HOOFS BEATS

HALOP: Pull over to the curb, boys..it's mounted police-woman,
Hotbreath Halahan.

YOUNG: Take me away...I'm guilty!

HALOP: Don't you know any better? You could have been hit by a
car. Where are you guys from anyhow?

DURANTE: LOS ANGELES.

HALOP: Oh...you've been hit before!

DURANTE: OFFICER HOTBREATH, ISN'T THIS A LITTLE UNUSUAL. I MEAN A WOMAN IN CHARGE OF THIS CROWDED INTERSECTION.

HALOP: Not at all ... Tarzan. You see, they assigned me here because I'm very efficient. I even have my own three way signal system.

YOUNG: Three way signal system?

HALOP: Yes. When I wink my left eye, that's the signal to go. When I wink my right eye, that's the signal to stop. And when I blow a kiss...

YOUNG: Yes?

HALOP: Throw away your rule book, Buster.. it's every man for himself. (a)

DURANTE: *you know something Hotbreath -*
WELL, ALL THIS IS VERY INTERESTING, BUT RIGHT NOW WE'D LIKE TO ASK YOU THE ..

HALOP: Before you get started, I'm selling tickets for the policeman's ball. How about you.....Flute Snoot? Do you want some?

DURANTE: AH, I CAN'T DANCE.

HALOP: It's only a dollar a ticket.

DURANTE: BUT I CAN'T DANCE.

HALOP: Everyone who buys a ticket gets to dance with me.

DURANTE: SHAKE HANDS WITH ARTHUR MURRAY!.....BUT ENOUGH OF THESE FRIVIVOLITIES. MADAM, *we'd like to ask you an important*
~~PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE DURANTE~~
QUESTION ~~OF THE WEEK~~..TO WIT..WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME?

HALOP: I'm a knitter. I can knit a sweater for myself in five minutes.

YOUNG: That's silly. How can you knit yourself a sweater in five minutes.

HALOP: I just buy a few balls of yarn and when the wool sees it's gonna be around me it hollers, "Drop the knitting needles sister -- we'll take it from here ourselves". (a)

DURANTE: TAKE ME HOME, MR. YOUNG.

YOUNG: We're off, Mr. Durante.

MUSIC: STATE SONG

GROUP: WE HAVE TRAVELLED NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST.

YOUNG: NOW WE'VE ASKED OUR QUESTION, AND IT'S TIME TO REST!

GROUP: IT'S GREAT

LILLIAN: WONDERFUL

YOUNG: MARVELOUS

DURANTE: STUPENDIOUS

ALL: ANY STATE IN THE FORTY EIGHT IS GREAT!

(APPLAUSE) ✓

27 ²⁰

JIMMY DURANTE SHOW
2/18/49

ANNCR: Each week, Camels send free smokes to servicemen's hospitals from coast-to-coast. This week, the Camels go to: U. S. Army Tripler General Hospital, Honolulu, Hawaii...U. S. Naval Hospital, Quantico, Virginia... Veterans' Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana.

The Camel people have sent more than one hundred and eighty-seven million cigarettes to servicemen, servicewomen and veterans. ✓

27 40

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE

MUSIC: WHO WILL BE

DURANTE: NOW WHO WILL BE WITH YOU
WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY
WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY FROM ME.
IEMME HEAR THAT HIGH NOTE MAESTRO

YOUNG: A delightful note Mr. Durante.

DURANTE: A DELECTABLE NOTE, MR. YOUNG!

~~YOUNG: Good night Mr. Durante.~~

DURANTE: GOOD NIGHT FOLKS, GOOD NIGHT MRS. CALABASH WHEREVER YOU
ARE.

MUSIC: PLAY OFF
(APPLAUSE)

27⁵⁰

SMITH: The Jimmy Durante Show was produced and directed by Phil Cohan...Listen in again next Friday night for the Jimmy Durante Show, with Alan Young, brought to you by Camel cigarettes. ✓

28⁰⁵

(APPLAUSE)

ANNCR: Pipe smokers, Prince Albert is the National Joy Smoke. P.A.'s choice tobacco is crimp-cut for cool smoking and even burning and it's specially treated to insure against tongue bite. The Prince Albert pocket tin has a new humidor top that seals out air and seals in freshness and flavor. Get Prince Albert, America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. (a) ✓

28²⁵

MUSIC:
BARCLAY:

~~FANFARE~~
And now the very special announcement we promised earlier.

~~MUSIC: FANFARE~~

SMITH: One week from next Thursday evening, March 3rd, the Screen Guild Players will present one of the greatest casts ever assembled on radio. Six of Hollywood's top stars in Red Book's tenth annual award for the "Best Picture of the Year." The name of this truly wonderful picture, and the names of the six stars will be announced during the Screen Guild program on this station next Thursday evening, when they will present three academy award nominees....Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, and Charles Bickford in "One Way Passage". Be sure to listen! (a) (Eddie Cantor) ✓

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29⁰⁵
29²⁵

~~THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.~~

DURANTE: SINGS

AMECHIE: Ah, Jimmy, what a week this has been....that trip....your
big opening at the Copa last night...and now we're finishing our first
radio show from New York.

DURANTE: YES DON....WE'VE BEEN AMUCK WITH ACTIVITY!

AMECHIE: Brother, am I tired. I think I'll go into our dressing room and lie
down.

DURANTE: DON, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T. THERES.....

AMECHIE: Nonsense, I'll go right in.....

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.....GOW MOOO

AMECHIE: Jimmy, you didn't.

DURANTE: YES, DON, I COULDN'T BEAR TO SAY GOODBYE! GOOD NIGHT, DON - GOOD NIGHT,
FOLKS. GOOD NIGHT, MRS. CALABASH, WHEREVER YOU ARE.

MUSIC: PLAYOFF

APPLAUSE ✓

28¹³