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Volume Two

# HOOT-OWL CLASSICS



By **HARRY GRANNATT**  
*The Grand Stringbean*

8015

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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HOOT OWLS OPENING SONG

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When we gather for the meeting  
And they put us on the air  
We will send a friendly greeting  
To the people everywhere.  
So accept our invitation  
Hear each merry jest we bring  
Turn your dials and get the station  
And listen while we sing:

Hello, Everybody,  
Here we are again;  
Growing wiser, Hoot Owls,  
Friday, half-past ten.  
Everybody's happy  
No use feeling blue  
So Hoot, Hoot, Hoot Owls, Hoot!  
From K G W.





I.

THE CHEESE OPERA

This evening, ladies and gentlemen, the Hoot Owls of K G W are presenting a one-man comic opera, in which I shall appear in the role of composer, librettist, leading lady, hero, villain, orchestra conductor, stage hand, electrician, engineer, janitor, producer, and stockholder.

The action of the opera is laid in Tillamook, at the time of the big annual Cheese Festival. Picture, if you can, the scene as the curtain rises—the great fields of cheese ripening in the sun, and on the left the gigantic factory of Liederkranz & Company, manufacturers of the famous Liederkranz Cheese, not a cough in a carload. It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and the cheese maidens come forth from the factory for afternoon tea, singing one of their quaint native songs which forms the opening chorus of the opera:

"We are the cheese maidens, so happy and gay,  
We dance and we sing and we frolic;  
And the cheese that we spread on our slices of bread  
Would give a brass monkey the colic.

"Now, there's only one thing that we can't understand  
Pertaining to our occupation,  
And that's why the Swiss cheeses have all the holes  
When it's Limburger needs ventilation."

And now we have the opera under way: The heroine, Listerine, (soprano) meets the hero, Freddie, (tenor) who is a struggling young American bootlegger, as she comes forth from the cheese factory for afternoon tea. She recognizes that he is different from the cheese people that she has known, and immediately sings to him her love-song:

"Your nose is like a forest fire  
It is so red outside  
I haven't saw one like it  
Since my dear old father died.  
A great big man with indoor tan  
Like sunset's afterglow,  
Your nose is like a forest fire  
That's why I love you so."

Now enters the villain. You can tell by the music (plunk-plunk-plunk-plunk—that's the leading man's salary, four plunks) when the villain enters. The villain is a prohibition agent (bass) and he is base in more ways than one. He is a low, sneaking, contemptible cad of a prohibition agent, hated and feared by the entire countryside except his dear old mother, who doesn't know that he is a prohibition agent, but thinks he is a pickpocket. The villain's song:

"Fe, fa, fi fo fum!  
I'm on the trail of the demon rum.  
Be it whiskey, beer or ale;  
I get my percentage out of every sale."

The villain, with the help of three Turkish spies; Mustapha Kamel, Mustapha Melachrino and Mustapha Lucky Strike, casts the hero into prison. From inside the prison he sings to Listerine his love-song, which forms the basic motif of the opera; for sale at all music stores at thirty-five cents per copy, or may be purchased from the ushers which will shortly circulate among you:

"My heart is the garbage can of love—  
Left standing on the fire-escape above,  
After others deceive you  
I'll be waiting to receive you  
My heart is the garbage can of love!"



With the help of Coca-Cola, a native girl, also in love with Freddie, he is finally released from prison and joins his regiment to march away to war. Nobody knows what the war is all about, but then we must have a war in every comic opera, because it gives us a chance to work off military uniforms on the chorus girls; and then, besides, the hero can cross the stage in the last scene with his dear old mother on one arm and an American flag on the other, which gets a lot of applause, makes the critics feel that it would be unpatriotic to pan the show, and the house is sold for the whole three days' run. Simple, isn't it? But to get back to the soldier's chorus at the end: The cheese maidens (having changed into the military uniforms) march in singing:

"Here come the soldiers so brave and so true—  
Our heroes that we can't forget.  
They're right on the spot and they sometimes get shot;  
Much to their mothers' regret.

Our flag's on the breeze with its emblem of cheese  
We thrill to the bugle's tune;  
So, march, march, forward march;  
March, April, May and June."



## I.

## NOAH

There was an old man and his name was Noah,  
He lived in B. C. 2004.  
In those days the world was full of sin,  
The people had churches but they wouldn't go in,  
They were chasing around, and drinking gin;  
O, My!

Now Noah was a different sort of a gink,  
He didn't gamble and he didn't drink;  
For women he didn't care a rap.  
He had long white whiskers on his map,  
And most people figured that he was a sap;  
O, My!

And then one day it began to rain,  
What made it start I can't explain,  
But the people got an awful fright  
'Cause it rained all day and it rained all night,  
'Till there wasn't a bit of dry land in sight;  
O, My!

Now Mister Noah was a wise old bird,  
That a flood was due, he'd often heard.  
He didn't have much time to decide,  
So he built an ark that was long and wide,  
And it had a roof, and was dry inside;  
O, My!

Now to this ark he proceeded to bring  
Two of every living thing:  
The lions and bears and chimpanzees,  
And the birds and the fish and the bumblebees,  
And cooties and bedbugs and skunks and fleas;  
O, My!

Now Noah must have known his dope,  
 For though he had no microscope  
 He picked the germs right out of the air  
 And lined up the microbes, pair by pair;  
 The Lord knows how, and He doesn't care;  
 O, My!

The rain came down and the wind blew a gale,  
 Then Noah concluded it was time to sail,  
 So he called in his wives and his sons and daughters,  
 And put all the animals down in their quarters,  
 And they sailed away singing "Muddy Waters";  
 O, My!

Of the truth of this story there is no doubt,  
 But it's only of late that the truth's got out.  
 When on Ararat the ark did arrive  
 Noah got all the animals out alive,  
 But pyorrhea got four out of five;  
 O, My!



## II.

## DANIEL

Now there was an old man and his name was Daniel,  
 And he had a face like a cocker spaniel—  
 That is, judging from the pictures I've seen  
 He had no hair on the top of his bean,  
 He was a funny looking goof, if you know what I mean;  
 O, My!

He worked in one of those ampitheatres  
 Where they had lions and gladiators,  
 And after they'd put on a big affair  
 He'd sweep up the blood and the bones and the hair  
 And make himself generally useful there;  
 O, My!

Now one day his watch was an hour fast  
 And he left at nine instead of half-past.  
 When he got there the show was under way  
 But he didn't notice the time of day,  
 Just walked right in in the usual way;  
 O, My!

He climbed up into the main arena  
 With his broom and his mop and his vacuum cleaner;  
 When the audience cheered he saw what he'd done,  
 But he was much too scared to run  
 And he said, "Well, I'll be a son of a gun";  
 O, My!

He turned to go but they'd closed the door  
 And then he heard a ferocious roar.  
 The final act was about to begin  
 And a bunch of lions came walking in,  
 And the foremost lion had a hungry grin;  
 O, My!