

AMATEUR HOUR

A Humorous Reading

by
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ISBN 1-60045-118-7

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Just as Hollywood cries for new faces, so does Radioland cry for new voices. Answering the challenge, KLDX has sent the notable Major Duffy in search of them. Tonight under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary, the major is offering in the local opera house a real chance to the unearthed talent of the little city of Lavina:

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, we reach another millstone—er-milestone—in KLDX’s search for new talent. The winnah of this contest tonight will be given a free trip to KLDX studios—think of it—before KLDX officials. Who knows but from Lavina may come another of the one and only, original Bing Cantor or Eddie Crosbies? The judges publish their decisions in the Lavina Gazette which comes out tomorrow. Now, the first number is Mr. Milton Merton in one of his original and unique cowboy ballads with which he accompanies himself on the banjo. Mr. Merton. (Major leads applause)

MR. MERTON: (Sings in the nasal, one-tune cowboy style with gestures fitting song and with occasional elaborate twangings on the banjo)

“Come all and gather ’round me for a tale beyond belief
About Kales, a trusted cowboy, who was a sneaking thief.

“The camp missed items daily, as balls and bats and nails;
And so they searched each cowboy until they came to Kales.

“Oh, the balls were in his eyes and feet; the base was on his brain
The bats were in his belfry; would that give you a pain?

“The kidnapped pupils, likewise, were in the villain’s eyes;
Two stolen calves were on his legs; oh, piteous were their cries.

“Alas! The gold was in his mouth; the drums were in his ears.
The caps were on the villain’s knees; his comrades shouted jeers.

“The nails were on his fingers; the corn was on his toes;
The pilfered crown was on his head; the bridge was on his nose.

“Now every year since he’d been born, he’d held up many joints,
For a crook was in his elbow which had its knowing points.

“Oh! The trial was short and speedy which sealed the doom of Kales,
For the cowboys sent his crooked parts to fifty county jails.”

(With flourishing climax on banjo, he bows his way off stage.)

In the back row, Jennie Wadkins, one of the town’s mental featherweights, is chewing gum and broadcasting rather loudly from behind her hand to her embarrassed neighbors:

“Well, with all due respect to that boy, it’s a shame someone didn’t send him to fifty or sixty jails before he wished that off on us.”

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