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Songs by Sinatra

ANNOUNCER: Has anybody got a match?

MATCH STRIKES

ANNOUNCER: Thanks! Now, I can light an Old Gold and listen to Frank Sinatra.

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
Night and day, you are the one
Only you 'neath the moon or under the sun

MARVIN MILLER: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Old Gold cigarettes, the Treasure of Them All, presents "Songs by Sinatra."

FRANK SINATRA: Yes, sir. From Portland, M-E to Portland, O-R-E, from Key West to the Golden Gate and from downstate California to upstate New York, a very happy new year to you. And ditto to the occupation gang in Europe and Japan. It's our first Old Gold show of nineteen forty-six. Nineteen forty-six, the year we resolved to do nothing but sing dreamy ballads, so Axel, m'chum, [Frank's conductor-arranger Axel Stordahl] dream me up a sleepy, fuzzy little madrigal to start off the new year, won't chuz?

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
Chickery chick, cha-la, cha-la
[audience of bobby-soxers screams its approval at this uptempo number]
Check-a-la rome in a bananika
Bollika, wollika, can't you see
Chickery chick is me?

Chickery chick, cha-la, cha-la
Check-a-la rome in a bananika
Bollika, wollika, can't you see
Chickery chick is me?

Every time you're sick and tired of just the same old thing
Sayin' just the same old words all day
Be just like the chicken who found somethin' new to sing
Open up your mouth and start to say

Oh, chickery chick, cha-la, cha-la
Check-a-la rome in a bananika
Bollika, wollika, can't you see
Chickery chick is me?

Every time you're sick and tired of just the same old thing
Sayin' just the same old words all day
Be just like the chicken who found something new to sing
Open up your mouth and say

Hey, chickery chick, cha-la, cha-la
Check-a-la rome in a bananika
Bollika, wollika, can't you see
Chickery chick is me?

FRANK SINATRA: They really got away that time, didn't they? Man, oh, man!
That really loops your tongue right around your eyeteeth. Well, sir, it's the day after New Year's Day and boy-oh-boy, do I feel good. Axel, lad, how do

you feel, kid? I bet you're right in the pink-ola.

SNORING

FRANK SINATRA: Oh, excuse, please. Tough weekend, huh, Axel? Well, I'll try the Pied Pipers [Frank's vocal group: Clark Yokum, Hal Hopper, Chuck Lowrey, June Hutton]. Hey, Pipers, isn't it wonderful? It's the new year! It's time to be up and doin'. You know, new opportunity, new everything. The time for enthusiasm, (takes a deep breath) initiative, energy. Right, Pipers?

MALE PIPER: Please, Mr. Sinatra, are you kidding?

FRANK SINATRA: Hmm. Well, I'll try the orchestra. Hey, fellas! The day after New Year's Day, hey? Ain't it exhilarating? Doesn't it make you want to get out in the fresh air and run up and down?

AUDIENCE: Ah, shut up!

FRANK SINATRA: Well, sir, as any fool can plainly see -- as I can see -- our little family's on the center beam tonight flinging themselves with light hearts and heavy heads -- smash, bang! -- into the new year. Seriously, friends, our combined resolution for nineteen forty-six is to try and measure up to your friendship as listeners, to do our best by the best tunes of today and yesterday. So, Axel, lad, bestir yourself from the coma -- and I don't mean Perry Coma. [?] Ouch!

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
Dearest darling, I'm writing you today
I'm writing you to say how much I love you, love you

How I miss you since you went away
Each night in every dream I'm dreaming of you

Every minute brings you nearer
Soon I'll hold you close to me
Sweetheart, when we get together
Oh, what a day that will be

Dearest darling, I'm closing with a kiss
Please remember this, I'll always love you

FRANK SINATRA: Thank you, Shmaxel. And now, if our pianist, McIntyre by name, will wheel out the eighty-eight, we'll do a ten second grand opera. Ladies and gentlemen, the overture.

FRANK SINATRA (sings, accompanied by piano):
What makes the sun set?
What makes the moon ri-i-i-ise?
What makes your big head so hard?

FRANK SINATRA: Yes, Caldonia, I'm talkin' to you. You ask me what makes your big head so hard, well, Caldonia, I'm a-tellin' ya. It's on account o' ya don't follow this here advice...

THE PIED PIPERS (sing):
When clouds start to gather and they get you in a lather
Breakin' down your normal stability
It is neither wise nor proper for a gent to blow his topper
Why be irritated? Light an O.G.!

MARVIN MILLER: Yes, light an Old Gold. For comfort, for pleasure.

FRANK SINATRA (off mike): You bet!

MARVIN MILLER: The comfort of extra protection against cigarette dryness. The pleasure of luxurious extra flavor. You see, Old Golds give you the benefit of a remarkable moisture protecting agent we call "apple honey" -- made from juice of fresh apples. It helps prevent cigarette dryness. And for extra fragrance, aroma, and flavor, Old Gold adds a touch of [lat-a-kee-ya] tobacco to give you a tastier, friendlier smoke. Yes, light an Old Gold and enjoy the sheer comfort, the unique pleasure, of a truly great cigarette.

THE PIED PIPERS (sing):
Oh, since I got me a
Cigarette with [lat-a-kee-ya]
Nothing seems to jar my serenity
For a future bright and sunny
Try a smoke with "apple honey"
Why be irritated? Light an O.G.!

FRANK SINATRA: Wrap! [?] thanks you, Pied Pipers, and tell me about your New Year's resolutions won't you? What will you four characters forego in nineteen fort-six?

[The Pied Pipers sing to the tune of "Skip to My Lou":]

1st MALE PIPER (sings): No more buttermilk and ginger snaps.

2nd MALE PIPER (sings): I'm swearin' off those afternoon naps.

3rd MALE PIPER (sings): Ain't gonna sit on no ladies' laps.

FEMALE PIPER (June Hutton) (sings): My how you boys will suffer.

FRANK SINATRA: So right. You know, we can't do a thing with these Pipers.
They're just no good. No good for nothin' but singin'. But, oh, so good for that! Sing, Pipers!

THE PIED PIPERS (sing):
There's a doctor livin' in your town
There's a lawyer and an Indian, too
Neither doctor, lawyer or Injun chief
Could love you any more than I do

There's a barrel of fish in the ocean
And a lot of little birds in the blue
"Neither fish nor fowl" says the wise old owl
Could love you any more than I do

No! No! No! It couldn't be true
That anyone else could love you like I do
I'm gonna warn all the "dead-eyed dicks"
That you're the chick with the slickest tricks
And every tick of my ticker ticks for you, follow through

Tell the doc to stick to his practice
Tell the lawyer to settle his case
Send the Injun chief and his tommy-hawk
Back to little Rain-In-the-Face

'cause you
Know! Know! Know! it couldn't be true
That anyone else could love you like I do

Confidentially, I will say
I sent a note to the O.P.A.
You've got to find us a place to stay
So you take your cue

Tell the doc to stick to his psychos
Tell the lawyer I'm liable to sue
Send the Injun chief, his tommy-hawk
Back to to his pow-wow hoo

'cause you
Know! Know! Know! it couldn't be true, true, true
Anyone else could love you like I do
Do do do do do do
Like I do
Do do do do do do
LIKE I D0000000!!!

FRANK SINATRA: Swell, Pipers, swell! Say, Hal Hopper, excuse me but you've got some fir tree needles on your coat. Uh, I'll brush them off.

HAL HOPPER: Thanks.

FRANK SINATRA: Guess you took down the Christmas tree New Year's Eve,
huh,
Hal?

HAL HOPPER: Took it down? On New Year's Eve I climbed it!

FRANK SINATRA: Mr. Hopper! Please, Mr. Hopper.

HAL HOPPER: Listen, don't understand me, Frank. I mean, don't
misunderstand
me, Frank. The cat was up there and we couldn't get it down. Right,
Clark?

CLARK YOKUM: Right. We finally had to call the fire department, right,
Chuck?

CHUCK LOWERY: Yeah, as I recall.

FRANK SINATRA: As you recall. Well, so, did the firemen finally get the
cat
down?

CLARK YOKUM: Yeah, they gave pussy some catnip.

FRANK SINATRA: And then what happened?

CLARK YOKUM: Then the fireman had a nip.

FRANK SINATRA: Nip, nip, a [beeg-a] zip! But you're all feelin' fine
now
aren'tcha?

CHUCK LOWERY: Oh, yes. As I recall.

FRANK SINATRA: Good. Then take these papers, please. There's music
written
upon them. As I recall. You see, I sort of thought we might all whack
out a
tune together.

FRANK SINATRA AND THE PIED PIPERS (sing):
Kiss me once and kiss me twice, kiss me once again
It's been a long, long time

Haven't felt like this, my dear, since can't remember when
It's been a long, long time

You'll never know how many dreams I dreamed about you
Or just how empty they all seemed without you

So kiss me once and kiss me twice, kiss me once again
It's been a long, long time

(instrumental break)

You'll never know how many dreams I dreamed about you

Or just how empty they all seemed without you

So kiss me once and kiss me twice, kiss me once again
It's been a long, long time

FRANK SINATRA: Not too long ago, a talented and sweet young thing
dropped in
here with a basket full of rhythm. I'm of course referring to Miss
"Look
Who's Here Again" Peggy Lee.

PEGGY LEE: Hi, Frank!

WOLF WHISTLE

FRANK SINATRA: Axel, please! This girl is fenced in. She's isolated,
Jack.
Cut off from the male population. In other words, wedded to a man of
the
opposite sex. Hey, Peggy Lee, how were the jolly holidays by you?

PEGGY LEE: Jolly as holly, Frank. How about you?

FRANK SINATRA: Oh, I got around a little.

PEGGY LEE: What'd you get little-- ohhh. What'd you get little Frankie
Junior
for Christmas?

FRANK SINATRA: Oy! Don't remind me! I got him an electric train.

PEGGY LEE: Does he get a kick out of it?

FRANK SINATRA: A kick out of it? she asks. Every time it rounds the
bend, he
kicks it off the track. Next Christmas, I may give that boy clothes-
pins. But
we're off the track right about here, too, Peg. You know, I mean, we
all know
that you have a swell new record out, a big seller. How 'bout droppin'
it in
right about here?

PEGGY LEE: I'd love to.

FRANK SINATRA: Patrons, Peggy Lee's new hit, "Waitin' for the Train to
Come
In" -- and we won't kick it off the track either. And, by the way, if
you
hear a guitar [pronounced git-tar], that's Dave Barbour, related to
Peggy by
matrimony. Have at it, Peg.

PEGGY LEE (sings):
Waitin' for the train to come in
Waitin' for my man to come home

I've counted every minute of each live-long day
Been so melancholy since he went away

I've shed a million teardrops or more
Waitin' for the one I adore

I'm waitin' in the depot by the railroad track
Lookin' for the choo-choo train that brings him back
I'm waitin' for my life to begin
Waitin' for the train to come in

(instrumental break)

I'm waitin' in the depot by the railroad track
Lookin' for the choo-choo train that brings him back
I'm waitin' for my life to begin
Waitin' for the train to come in

Waiting... just waiting...
I'm waitin' for the train to come in.

FRANK SINATRA: Peggy Lee, that was indeed a musical bonanza. A swell
tune,
rocking with rhythm and, honey, you sure made it rock. And, hey, Peg,
don't
stray here. We'll do a boy and girl act right after we try and sentence
Marvin Miller. (minstrel show accent) Miller, take the stand. Is you
isn't or
isn't you is?

MARVIN MILLER: Isn't I isn't or isn't I isn't what, boss?

FRANK SINATRA: Guilty!

MARVIN MILLER: I isn't!

FRANK SINATRA: Come clean, Miller. On the night of December twenty-
sixth,
nineteen four five, you were heard to use a certain word in our
commercial.

MARVIN MILLER: Name me that word, boss. Name it to me now.

FRANK SINATRA: Humectant! That's what you said. Humectant!

MARVIN MILLER: In that case, I is guilty. Yes, I is. I did say that in
Old
Gold you get a special humectant -- apple honey.

FRANK SINATRA: Yes, and almost immediately, everybody wanted to know
"What's
a humectant?" Well, get off the hook, son. Explain yourself.

MARVIN MILLER: Well, uh, a humectant is an aid in retaining natural
tobacco
moisture. Most cigarettes have humectants but Old Gold's humectant is
something special. It's made from the juice of fresh apples and it

helps
prevent cigarette dryness. This is just another example of how Old Gold
does
more in every last detail to give you more smoking pleasure. For
instance, in
Old Gold, you get not only a delicious blend of the world's choicest
tobaccos, you get more. You get [lat-a-kee-ya] tobacco to enrich the
blend of
peak flavor and bouquet. Even the paper on Old Gold is another detail
which
adds to your smoking luxury -- for it's made from virgin-pure flax,
converted
into snow-white, smooth, even-burning cigarette paper. Yes, it's a
fact! Old
Gold does more in every last detail to give you more. That's why so
many
smokers are switching every day to this truly great cigarette, Old
Gold. Try
a pack.

FRANK SINATRA: What do you mean a pack? I got me a carton, man. Well,
Peggy
Lee, remember what I said? How 'bout that boy and girl act?

PEGGY LEE: Swell. I'll be the girl.

FRANK SINATRA: And I'll be the boy. What a switch! Axel, you may be our
chaperone. We're goin' places, son.

PEGGY LEE (sings):
If the nightingales could sing like you
They'd sing much sweeter than they do
'Cause you brought a new kind of love to me

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
If the sandman brought me dreams of you
I'd want to sleep my whole life through
'Cause you brought a new kind o' love to me

PEGGY LEE (sings):
I know that I'm the slave, you're the king
But still you can understand
That underneath it all, I'm a maid
And you are only a man

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
I would work and I'd slave the whole day through
If I could hurry home to you
'Cause you brought a new kind o' love to me

I know that I'm the slave, you are the queen
Still you can understand
That underneath it all, you are a maid
And I am only a man

PEGGY LEE (sings):
I would work and I'd slave the whole day through

If I could hurry home to you

PEGGY LEE AND FRANK SINATRA (sing):
'Cause you brought a new kind of love
New kind of love to me

FRANK SINATRA (spoken, over music): You know, each new year is like the
pot
at the end of the rainbow. Kind of, uh, an annual will-o'-the-wisp that
we
start chasing when the old year begins to get a bit dull. Kind o' like
a wet
dog shakin' off water, we're glad to shake off the last of the old
year. And
like a kid looking at each part of a new erector set, we look at each
day of
the new year and wonder, what can I make out o' this? So, tonight, I'd
like
to sing you a tune that wraps up so much of the feeling and the hope
and the
promise of the new year.

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
Somewhere, over the rainbow, way up high
There's a land that I heard of, once in a lullaby

Somewhere, over the rainbow, skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true

Some day I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me

Somewhere, over the rainbow, bluebirds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why, then, oh, why can't I?

THE PIED PIPERS (sing):
When all the world is a hopeless jumble
And the raindrops tumble all around
Heaven opens a magic lane
When all the clouds darken up the skyway
There's a rainbow highway to be found
Leading from your windowpane

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
To a place behind the sun
Just a step behind the rain
Oh!

Somewhere, over the rainbow, birds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why, then, oh, why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly

Beyond the rainbow
Why, oh, why can't I?

FRANK SINATRA: Well, sir, we're not exactly off the air yet, by any means,
but I note that the sand in the hourglass has dribbled down to the point
where we say that it's time to...

FRANK SINATRA (sings):
Put your dreams away for another day
And I will take their place in your heart

Wishing on a star never got you far
And so it's time to make a new start

FRANK SINATRA (spoken, over music): Neighbors, like the morning radio programs, we've got a little recipe. A little recipe for nineteen forty-six.
Take the new year and stir it in a big cup of Happiness, then throw in some
Tolerance -- by the way, get the big box of Tolerance, it comes in the red,
white and blue package -- season with Memories of the guys who gave us victory, and serve. Hey, now there's the word: serve. Serve America like
those fellas did. Good night, everybody.

MARVIN MILLER: Next Wednesday, and every Wednesday, is the night for
"Songs
by Sinatra" presented by Old Gold. The Frank Sinatra Show is written by Glen
Wheaton and produced and directed for Old Gold by [Mann Hollaner?].
This is
Marvin Miller speaking. This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Originally broadcast: 2 January 1946