

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

JACK OAKIE COLLEGE - PROGRAM NO. 21

TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1937 - 9:50-10:50 P. M.

GOODWIN: Get a lift with a CAMEL!

CROWD: (CHEER) A-Za-Zu-Zasi! A-Za-Zu-Zasi!
A-Za-Zu-Zas and a Razza-ma-tazi!

GIRLS: We're the kids from Oakie College....

BOYS: Don't give two hoots for knowledge...

ALL: (SING) Here's the only thing we know.

TILTON: Ho, ho, Baby ... Ho, ho, ho!

ALL: (SHOUT) Sing it! (BAND: BREAK)
Sing it! (BAND: BREAK)
Sing it! (BAND: BREAK)

(SING) Three cheers for Oakie College!
Rah! Rah! Ray!

(CHEERS....APPLAUSE....ETC.)

(ORCHESTRA: "OAKIE FIGHT SONG")

(FF SIX BARS, THEN FADE)

GOODWIN: Jack Oakie College! Presented each Tuesday night by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, makers of CAMEL Cigarettes. An hour of painless education, under President Jack Oakie, Professor Benny Goodman and his swing band, and Doctor Georgie Stoll and his orchestra.

51454 9620

GOODWIN: Tonight, the Oakie Campus welcomes the celebrated comedian of stage, screen and radio, Sid Silvers. You'll also meet Judy Garland, Al Shaw and Sam Lee and the Oakie College Glee Club, directed by Myer Alexander.

("FIGHT SONG" UP TO FINISH)
(CHEERS)

GOODWIN: We welcome you now to the Oakie Campus with a salute from Benny Goodman and his famous Swingmasters.

(CUE ONE "A" TO NEW YORK)
("JAM SESSION" GOODMAN ORCHESTRA)
(APPLAUSE)

GOODMAN: Okay, boys.

(CUE ONE "B" TO HOLLYWOOD)

GOODWIN: Now -- here we are in the office of President Jack Oakie, where we find the great man with his secretary.

OAKIE: Great man, that's me. Sugar pie, Miss Nickel, what's my schedule for today?

NICKEL: At twelve thirty, you're having the board of trustees for lunch.

OAKIE: Board of trustees....On toast, I hope. Doggone it, that means morning coat, stiff shirt, wing collar, and striped pants, doesn't it?

NICKEL: Yes sir. Then at four o'clock you have a formal reception for the American Association of Zipper Manufacturers.

OAKIE: Zipper manufacturers? Why do I have to see them?

NICKEL: RADIO They want your help in eliminating buttons from the Oakie Campus.

WILLIAM ESTY I think it has something to do with Social Security.
AND COMPANY

OAKIE: Social Security....huh, that's right. Is the Zipper reception formal too?

NICKEL: Yes sir. Same clothes as you wear to lunch, only with zippers.

OAKIE: Umuh. But with a wing collar on all afternoon I'll certainly have a sore neck tomorrow, won't I?

NICKEL: You don't know the half of it. At seven thirty you have to go to a formal faculty dinner.

OAKIE: White tie and tails?

NICKEL: Yes sir.

OAKIE: What a day. You know, I won't get a chance to change my clothes before I go to Ephus Hall, and I'll be in that doggone collar all evening.

NICKEL: Yes sir. Now -- what about your speeches, huh?

OAKIE: Speeches, huh?

NICKEL: You wanted to make a speech to the Trustees. Don't you remember, you started dictating it yesterday?

OAKIE: Oh yeah. Sure. I had it practically finished too. Say, play back that dictaphone record for me will you honey.

NICKEL: Yes sir. (SNAP, BUZZ)

RECORD OF
OAKIE'S VOICE: Now lemme see. (YAWN) Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees of the Oakie College! In the absence of our dear friend Jeremiah Washcroft -- lemme see. Jeremiah Washcroft -- is he a crook.

OAKIE: That ain't in the speech, is it?

NICKEL: RADIO
No sir.

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

OAKIE RECORD:

I say, in the absence of Brother Washcroft, we will dispense with the reading of the minutes of last week's meeting. (YAWN) Never anything in 'em anyhow.

OAKIE:

Just a minute....Leave that out, too.

NICKEL:

It's out!

OAKIE RECORD:

Let me see. Gentlemen, I am happy to report that your college is in excellent shape. Your college -- and mine. -- Excellent shape.

(YAWN) I wonder what time it is. (CALLS) Miss Nickel, what time is it?

NICKEL RECORD:

(CALLING) I don't know. Isn't your watch running, huh?

OAKIE RECORD:

(CALLING) Yeah, but it's way over there in my coat pocket,

NICKEL RECORD:

(CALLING) Too bad.

OAKIE:

This is some speech.

NICKEL:

You said it.

OAKIE:

Quiet. Quiet.

OAKIE:RECORD:

I say, College is in excellent shape, but I regret to announce the loss of Professor Rumpnagle, the head of our Mathematics Department. He resigned last week to accept a government position. He's now a time-keeper with the W.P.A. Let me see. Must be gettin' pretty late. (YAWN) Let me see. Let me see. (PAUSE FOR THREE SECONDS. THEN WE HEAR A GENTLE SNORE BUILDING GRADUALLY)

NICKEL:

(OVER RECORD) That's where I turned it off. (BUZZ)

OAKIE:

Well turn it off again. I got the makings of a great speech there, but there's too many interruptions. I'll clean it up before lunch, it'll be easy. (KNOCK ON DOOR) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

JUDY: Hello President Oakie! Good morning Miss Nickel!

NICKEL: Good morning!

OAKIE: Hi, Judy! Miss Nickel, you type out that speech as far as it goes, will you honey?

NICKEL: Yes sir. (DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

OAKIE: Now, Judy, what can I do for you?

JUDY: President Oakie, how old do you have to be to go to Oakie College?

OAKIE: How old? Why we ain't got any particular age limit. If the kids know enough to pass the exams, you know that. Of course if they don't know enough -- we generally let 'em in anyway.

JUDY: Oh, that's fine! Gosh, that's marvellous that's wonderful!

OAKIE: Why Judy, what's this all about? You're already in the college!

JUDY: I know. I was just asking on account of a .. friend of mine.

OAKIE: Well, if she can pass the exams we'll be glad to have her. Tell me, how old is she?

JUDY: Well, this person is fifteen.

OAKIE: Is she all through high school?

JUDY: This person doesn't go to high school. This person's father is a naval officer and they've lived all over the world.

OAKIE: Uhuh. I get it...(PAUSE) Judy, what's the boy's name?

JUDY: Joe. -- Oh -- I didn't tell you it was a boy!

OAKIE: That's right. I wonder how I come to get mixed up!

JUDY: Yes. But he really is a boy,,President Oakie, and he's wonderful!

Oh, he's such long eye-lashes, but he's not a sissy at all, although his manners are just divine!

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

OAKIE: Manners....table or stable?....rhymes with Gable....Where did you meet this guy?

JUDY: In the park.

OAKIE: In the park? Well, honey, what do you know about him?

JUDY: Oh -- nothing much -- only....

(*SUDDENLY* JUDY AND ORCHESTRA)

(BELL NOTE)

JUDY: Suddenly it happened to me
Suddenly a thrill went through me
Suddenly that something drew me into his arms.
Suddenly the strangest feeling
Suddenly the room went reeling
Suddenly the floor and ceiling fell for his charms.
I don't remember the time of day
Or if we spoke of the weather
The hurdy-gurdies began to play
Swei herzen got together.
Suddenly with no pretending
Suddenly our hands were blending
Suddenly --

(SEGUE: (ORIGINAL INTERPOLATION*))

It was just another very uneventful, ordinary morning
In Hollywood...
It was just another grayish, punch-the-clock and work-a-dayish morning
In Hollywood....
Spring and love were miles away

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

JULY:

Skies above were blurred
Spring and love were miles away
When this charming accident occurred,
Suddenly --
It started raining,
And there I was in my new organdy dress.,
And no umbrella!
And then I saw him
And he had an umbrella
And before I could say "Jack Robinson" he was right there
Holding his umbrella over me.
Of course,
Mrs. Emily Post would've never approved of such a thing
But...
What could I do?
And he was awful nice
A real gentleman
Just stood there and didn't say a word.
And I didn't say a word, either.
I know that girls shouldn't speak to strangers.
But he had saved me from a very wet predicament.
Well...
Finally I did say something...
Just to be polite.
I said, very haughtily
"Nice weather we've having, isn't it?"
And he laughed
And I laughed too.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

JUDY:

It was such a silly thing to say.
And then we started walking in the rain
And Pretty soon we came to a place where there was a merry go round.
(INTOL "TWO HEARTS IN THREE QUARTER TIME")
And he said, "Let's ride?"
And I said "Don't mind if I do."
Well....
What could I say?
And he really did look grand on his horse.
I was just wondering if he might be a Prince Charming
In disguise.
When suddenly.....
He leaned down and kissed me,
And I was that surprised.
And he asked me if I would be his girl....
And I started to say "No" right off.. .
But all of a sudden,
I realized that it might be very nice being somebody's girl.
After all...
I'm no baby.
Except to my mama.
So, what do you think I told him...
I said "Maybe."
Isn't it just tooooo thrilling?
Then suddenly...
There was no time to linger
What do you think he did?

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51454 9627

JUDY:

He slipped a cigar band on my finger

And suddenly...

Before we even realised it

The happy ending happened to come true!

(ORCHESTRA: UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

OAKIE:

Well, Judy, the way you tell it, he certainly sounds like a nice boy.

JUDY:

He is! I'll be so happy if you'll let him go to school here! Goodbye

Mr. Oakie.

OAKIE:

Goodbye honey.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

GOODWIN:

President Oakie....

OAKIE:

Doctor Goodwin! Good morning! Have a CAMEL!

GOODWIN:

Thank you, sir. If you can spare one. You know, Prez. When someone light up a CAMEL -- just get close enough to catch the rich, inviting fragrance of CAMEL's tobaccos. You'll find yourself realizing that CAMELS have an aroma all their own. Yes, folks, the rich and costly tobaccos in CAMEL Cigarettes show up in more ways than one. Behind every package of CAMEL Cigarettes stands a forthright fact. It's this: CAMELS are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -- Turkish and Domestic -- than any other popular brand. CAMELS stand for matchless flavor and mildness and inviting fragrance. It is worth while noting that steady smokers from all walks of life -- bridge engineers and riveters -- explorers and business men -- the business girl and the society matron -- as well as America's great athletic stars -- find that CAMELS open the door to the full pleasure of smoking.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

OAKIE: That's what I find, myself, Doctor.

NICKEL: Oh, President Oakie, there's a man here to see you.

OAKIE: A man to see me....Oh -- hello.

SILVERS: President Oakie, here's my card.

OAKIE: Let's see..."Sid Silvers -- er -- Silvers, world's greatest Professor of Composition, Counterpoint, Harmony, Sensational teacher of Saxophone, Violin, Terrific Composer of Classical Music, Virtuoso of the Harp, Organ Pumper, Piano Tuner...and Genius."

SILVERS: That's me.

OAKIE: Tell me, Doctor Silvers, why did you put the word "genius" in such small letters?

SILVERS: Well, you see, I don't want you to think I'm swell-headed.

OAKIE: But you're good, eh?

SILVERS: Good? Say, if I believed half the things I said about myself, I'd really be conceited.

OAKIE: What you need is a little self-confidence.

SILVERS: I'll get it, don't worry.

OAKIE: Well, let's get to the point, Professor. What's the object of your visit here?

SILVERS: Well, President Oakie, I have decided to confer a great honor on this ancient institution of learning.....

OAKIE: Well, that sounds mighty nice, what is...

SILVERS: You see, I've selected these great halls of education as the future home of the Silvers Method of Teaching the Zither.

RADIO
OAKVILLE ESTY
AND COMPANY

The Thither?

SILVERS: Yeth, the Thither!

OAKIE: What ITH A THITHER?

SILVERS: What ith a Thither? A THITHER ITH A.....lemme thee a ITHA...you see, now you got me doing it. Maybe I'll teach the trombone, huh?

OAKIE: Do you like the cello?

SILVERS: Yeah -- fruit jello.

OAKIE: How about some cornet on cob?

SILVERS: I tell you, I'll settle for some staved flute.

OAKIE: Maybe you could go for a little dill piccolo.

SILVERS: This ain't finding me the job, I'm looking for. Listen, I'm not only a high class musician, President Oakie, but I know all about stamp music.

OAKIE: Stamp music? You mean stomp music, don't you?

SILVERS: I mean stamp music, -- I took a course by mail.

OAKIE: Well, that should make you a post master of the art.

SILVERS: That's cute.

OAKIE: I'll wait for it. What instrument do you play?

SILVERS: Well, you see, my family was going to make another Jascha Heifits out of me -- you know a great violinist like, see....but I didn't have the chis for it. Yeah....but you have.

OAKIE: Professor, this don't seem to be getting us nowhere. Suppose we get back to the high class music. Tell me, what have you....wait a minute....the lights'ed...what experience have you had?

SILVERS: Take your time, President...Ask me anything, kid.

SILVERS:
RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

OAKIE: All right, Professor. First, what's a symphony?

SILVERS: Symphony is what you get when somebody runs over your dog. You can't fool me.

OAKIE: Secondly, what's a piccolo?

SILVERS: A piccolo is an ill woodwind that nobody blows good.

OAKIE: Correct. Now, can you name any other wind instruments?

SILVERS: Yeah, the Bassinet.

OAKIE: Wait a minute, Professor. If you think a bassinet is a musical instrument, you're all wet.

SILVERS: Very cute, President. When my baby brother plays in his bassinet he ain't all wet.

OAKIE: Topped me. Are you sure?

SILVERS: Maybe you're right, President.

OAKIE: Well, Professor, I guess I'm satisfied with your work, and you're hired. Now I suppose we pay you your usual salary?

SILVERS: Oh no -- not me. Are you asking me to work for nothing again?

OAKIE: Now, come on, Professor how much do you expect?

SILVERS: I expect five hundred dollars a month...but if four hundred is too much, I'll settle for two hundred.

OAKIE: Tell you what we'll do...we'll give you sixty dollars a month and your room and board.

SILVERS: Nothing doing....Nothing doing, I can get that much in the Navy and travel besides.

OAKIE: Say, that sounds all right. How about both of us joining the Navy?

SILVERS: Now look, President Oakie....How about both of us making a deal on this music teacher job?

OAKIE: RADIO
SILVERS: WILLIAM ESTEY
AND COMPANY

OAKIE:

Well, Professor, I'll tell you, I'll raise my bid to seventy-five dollars.

SILVERS:

I'll make it eighty dollars.

OAKIE:

Fifty-five .

SILVERS:

Ninety-five.

OAKIE:

A hundred.

SILVERS:

It's a bargain but you can't afford it.

OAKIE:

What do you mean I can't afford it? Why I spend money like water.

SILVERS:

In that case, could you lend me ten gallons till Saturday night?

OAKIE:

All right, now let's quit talkin' about money and talk about music.

Doctor Silvers, you may be the world's greatest authority in bassinets, but we got a man here that runs the world's greatest swing band. You wanna hear him?

SILVERS:

Well, you never know where you're gonna learn something...

Maybe even in Oakie College.

OAKIE:

Thank you, Professor. Now just step in here and listen to Benny Goodman's band.

SILVERS:

Okay.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT) (WE HEAR KIDS' CHATTER)

OAKIE:

Quit, stoats! Doctor Goodman, let the kids cool off a minute.

I want you to play something for my friend, Professor Silvers. You know... A first class illustration of the Goodman style.

(CUE TFO "A" TO NEW YORK)

GOODMAN RADIO

Okay, Pres. Doctor Silvers, I think you'll find "Big John Special" interesting.

WILLIAM ESTY

("BIG JOHN SPECIAL")

AND COMPANY

GOODMAN ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

GOODMAN: You see what I mean, Professor. We played that very andante.
(QUE TWO "B" TO HOLLYWOOD)

SILVERS: You don't mean Amos andante, do you?

OAKIE: Doctor Silvers, I'm afraid that you don't understand music. Let's
get out of here and let Doctor Goodman play for the children.
(KIDS REACT)

SILVERS: Okay.
(SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

OAKIE: Now listen pal, you better get out of here, and study for your lecture
tonight.

SILVERS: Yeah. I'll see you there President Oakie. So long.

OAKIE: So long.
(SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

(CALLING) Say -- Miss Nickell

NICKEL: (OFF) Yes, Mr. Oakie!

OAKIE: Has the mail come yet?

NICKEL: Yes sir! I'll bring it right in.

OAKIE: By the way, have you noticed how the requests for my autograph have
been pouring in since we started broadcasting from Ephus Hall?

NICKEL: Oh, yes! They've been pouring in at the rate of one a day.

OAKIE: Yeah. How many letters today?

NICKEL: Six...but five of them are seed catalogs.

OAKIE: I don't want to get mixed up with them seeds. All right -- let's see
the other one.

Here you are!

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

OAKIE:

Well! I guess Robert Taylor isn't the only guy that gets fan letters from admiring women....I may not be so good lookin' but I wear well. (KNOCK ON DOOR) Someone's knocking at the door. See who that is, honey.

NICKEL:

Yes sir. (DOOR OPEN, SHUT) Oh -- it's that Mrs. Muffleberry!

OAKIE:

Mrs. Muffleberry?

NICKEL:

Yes, don't you remember, huh?

OAKIE:

No, I don't remember, huh.

NICKEL:

She's the chairman of that Committee for Improving the Present Undergraduate.

OAKIE:

Oh yes! Yes that's the C.I.P.U.

NICKEL:

I think she's got one with her now.

OAKIE:

A C.I.P.U.?

NICKEL:

No -- an undergraduate.

OAKIE:

Well, let her in.

NICKEL:

Yes, sir. (DOOR OPEN) (OFF) Come in, please. (DOOR SHUT)

BRAYTON:

President Oakie....

OAKIE:

All right, officer -- I'll go quietly.

BRAYTON:

Sir! This young man, President Oakie, is Barrymore Firch.

OAKIE:

That's very lovely. Thank you Barrymore. Yes, ma'am.

BRAYTON:

President Oakie. I presume, as head of this college, you are in favor of the virtuous life of the students?

OAKIE:

Yeah, I guess so -- but I ain't a fanatic.

BRAYTON:

Good. Barrymore, you tell President Oakie our little plan.

CONFIDENTIAL
WILLIAM ESTY

Very well. I am the founder and secretary of the student chapter of the C.I.P.U.

AND COMPANY

OAKIE: Yes, you have an air about you.

CONREID: Thank you, President. Mr. Oakie, we have elected you honorary chairman of our weekly discussion group.

OAKIE: Thank YOU!

CONREID: Quite. Each Saturday evening we plan to meet for an inspirational talk, and very possibly there will be a reading from some instructive book.

OAKIE: Instructive book -- that's me.

BRAYTON: Yes -- and to top it off, the boys will serve hot cocoa and wafers.

OAKIE: Wafers! That's me.

CONREID: Well, I'm glad you're so enthusiastic, Mr. Oakie. The meetings will be held each Saturday, and of course....

OAKIE: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Each Saturday! Saturday...that's not me. Saturday's my only day off NOW!

BRAYTON: Mr. Oakie, I've taken this up with the Board of Trustees, and they urge you strongly to attend the meetings. Is that clear?

OAKIE: Yes, Mrs. Truffleberry.

CONREID: Muffle, Muffle!

OAKIE: You muffle her, you brought her in here!

BRAYTON: Sir!

CONREID: By the way, President Oakie, at all our meetings tails are obligatory.

OAKIE: Obligatory....I don't know wh t that means -- but I gotta hunch. On Saturday nights, too, I gotta wear a stiff collar. (KEEPS) I can't stand it! I can't stand it!

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
BRAYTON:
AND COMPANY

CONREID:

(KEEPS)

(BOTTO) He seems to be rather upset. Perhaps we'd better go now.

(BOTTO AND FADING) Yes, Mrs. Muffleberry, I think you're right.

OAKIE:

Doggone it, why don't they leave me alone?

NICKEL:

Aw, Mr. Oakie, why don't you cheer yourself up with your fan mail?

OAKIE:

The fan mail. Oh yeah! Yeah! Where IS that letter? ~~Here.~~ Here. . .

Say -- this ain't from no dame, -- It's from my home town. Gee -- that handwriting looks familiar!

(SOUND: OPEN LETTER)

Well, what d'ya know about this? It's from my old side-kick Butch Nelson! Gosh, him and me was kids together.....I used to make mud pies and stuff 'em in his ears...Yes sir. Those were the pioneer DAYS,...Some pun, eh kid? Pioneer days. Butch and me used to steal watermelons together....I wonder what he's got to say....let's see. "Dear Slicker" (he always called me Slicker -- S-U-C-K-E-R.....he spelled it wrong. I get it, he spelled it wrong. "Dear Slicker: How did you ever get to be a college President? If my memory is any good...when you went to school here, you were in the fourth grade for five years and you'd have been there yet if they hadn't drafted you into the army.....All kidding aside, though.....(You see, he was just kidding)...."All kidding aside, Jerk, er, Jack. Seriously though, Jack, why don't you pack up everything and come down here for a fishing trip? You'd enjoy it and we'd all like to see you again. Some of the fish here are getting so careless that even you could catch them. The vacation would do you a lot of good, and besides, the fish haven't had a laugh in years.....Let us know if you are coming... with love and kisses, Your old pal, Butch." (PAUSE) Isn't that sweet Gee -- I'd like to go fishing out there again. I remember one time when I was a kid a rich guy came there to fish in our creek and boy!

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

OAKIE:

He had a twenty dollar rod, and about forty different kinds of flies,
 and a net, and a basket, and wading boots and everything like that...
 All I had was an old pole with a string and a bent pin, and a worm.
 Well, he caught ten bass and I didn't get a bite all day. Such is life.
 But there's a real guy -- that Butch. Gosh, a letter like that really
 makes a fella homesick. I'd sure like to take him up on that invitation.
 I'd like to go back there again and go barefooted like I used to when
 I was a kid....All them tail coats and stiff collars ain't for me,
 "You can take the boy out of the country....but you can't take the
 country out of the boy"....I guess the guy that made that crack knew
 what he was takin' about, too.

(BELL NOTE)

("I'M JUST A COUNTRY BOY AT HEART")

OAKIE:

Oh, the lights of the city
 May look very pretty
 To those who are starting to roam.
 But take all your neon
 I'd much rather be on
 A train that was headed for home.

(SEGUE: "I'M JUST A COUNTRY BOY AT HEART")

I've seen the moon rise over Broadway
 I've felt enchantment from the start
 Yet I keep thinkin' of a harvest moon
 I guess I'm just a country boy at heart.
 The mighty skyline of Manhattan
 Ah, to some people may be a work of art.
 But I can't forget that school-house on the hill, Ah yes.
 I guess I'm just a country boy at heart.

RADIO
 WILLIAM ESTY
 AND COMPANY

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SAKIE:

Now, I've been out dancing, when I say dencing -- I mean dancin'....
in the latest night clubs

Folks, those night clubs are things --

But they don't mean a thing to me...

I'd rather swing my partner to a fiddle and a bow. Yes sir,

In the moonlight underneath a good old apple tree....

I've seen the boats along the Hudson

Sail in the harbor and depart

I'd rather travel down a dusty road

I guess I'm just a country boy at heart.

(CONTINUE SAME MUSICAL BACKGROUND TO FOLLOWING RECITATIVE)

I'm proud that I hail from

That little town I get mail from

'though you'll never find it on the maps

There's nothing much to it

The trains rush right through it

It's not so important, perhaps.

But the folks there have merit

They're twenty-two karat

And though my home town may be small

Well, there's no unemployment and much more real enjoyment

Than you'll find in Carnegie Hall.

Why, the people say "We folks"

They're just "you and me" folks

And no one's the slightest bit fussy....

Why that young August Sawyer

Is now the town lawyer

But everyone still calls him "Gussie."

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

51454 9638

OAKIE:

Why there's fields full of poppies
And fishin' for croppies
With only a line and a pole
And if they're not bitin'
Why, you'll find delight in
A dip in the old swimmin' hole.
Why, the farming machinery
Blends in with the scenery
It's swell and although there's no sea-view...
Well, the sun sets at seven
And boy! If that ain't Heaven
The Lord must be holdin' a preview.

(ORCHESTRA: OUT)

OAKIE:

Miss Nickell!

NICKEL:

Yes sir.

OAKIE:

Call up my house and tell my valet to lay out my morning suit and
my evening clothes and my stiff shirts.

NICKEL:

Lay them out where?

OAKIE:

Out in the alley.

NICKEL:

Alley-opp!

OAKIE:

Right! Then go down to the depot and reserve me an upper to Muskogee
Oklahoma on tonight's express. I'm goin' fishin' tomorrow, if I have
to close up this collegel

NICKEL:

Yes sir! What about tonight's broadcast in Ephus Hall?

RADIO

OAKIE
WILLIAM ESTY

Don't worry....I'll be there!

AND COMPANY

(ORCHESTRA: IN)

OAKIE:

I've been out dancing, folks when I say dancing, I mean dancing, in
the latest night clubs, both here and abroad,
But that don't mean a thing to me
I'd rather swing my partner to a fiddle, yes sir, a fiddle and a bow
In the moonlight underneath a good old apple tree
The night skyline of Manhattan...(CHORUS IN FOR BACKGROUND)
To some may be a work of art
I'd rather travel down a dusty lane
I guess I'm just a country boy at heart....

OAKIE AND CHORUS:

I'm just a lonely country boy at heart!

(ORCHESTRA: UP FULL AND TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

GOODWIN:

Well, the big Professional Golfers' Association Tournament is coming
up soon. Winning the P.G.A. Tournament practically makes a man the
year's Number One Golfer. It's the toughest, most nerve-racking
tournament of all. And this year I'm backing Ralph Guldahl. He'll
be in there fighting every minute. Just let me read what the Miami
Tribune had to say about Ralph's last spectacular victory. Here's
the story in big, black type: QUOTE: Iron nerves and a steady putter
enabled Ralph Guldahl, good-looking, likeable auto salesman from
St. Louis to win the Seventh Annual ten thousand dollar Miami
Biltmore Open Golf Tournament from a crack field of the nation's
leading golfers. END QUOTE. Now going back to that "iron-nerve"
remark, let me give you Ralph Guldahl's own words on the subject:

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

VOICE:

From the tee-off to the final putt my nerves ran a gauntlet. The strain of playing puts a premium on healthy nerves. I smoke a mild cigarette -- CAMEL. I find that CAMELS help to ease tension and they never get on my nerves.

GOODWIN:

Over and over again, experienced smokers particularly emphasize the point that CAMEL's finer, more expensive tobaccos never get on your nerves. And boy! They sure taste grand!

GOODWIN:

(OVER MUSIC) We continue in just a moment with Jack Oakie and Sid Silvers.

This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

-- STATION BREAK --

Ladies and gentlemen -- Ephus Hall is on the air! In just a moment you will be greeted from the stage of this famous auditorium on the Oakie Campus by that gentleman and scholar, poet and peasant, President Jack Oakie!

OAKIE:

That's me!

(CHEERS)

(APPLAUSE)

OAKIE:

Thank you, one and all! I haven't talked so much in 57 years in show business. May I extend my cordial greetings not only to the loyal students of Oakie College who are here tonight, many of whom have paid their tuition fees, but also to our loyal alumni and friends all over the country who listen each week to our course in Syncopated Knowledge here in moss-covered Ephus Hall. We start off this evening with a song from the Oakie college glee club, accompanied by Professor Georgie Stoll and his orchestra. Professor, are you ready old boy?

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

STOLL: Yeah man.

OAKIE: Well, take it!

(CHORUS: "SWEET LILANI" ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

OAKIE: That was very very lovely. Nice work, Stolly, Myer, all you lovely children. You got real talent. But talent, as some one has said, is not all that glitters.

STOLL: Who said it?

OAKIE: I said it, just now, Stolly. I said, talent is not all that glitters -- and therefore, I feel we will be amply repaid by listening to some words of wisdom from tonight's distinguished guest lecturer. My friend, your friend, every....Professor Sid Silvers!

(APPLAUSE)

SILVERS: President Oakie, dear pupils, friends, relatives and creditors. Tonight I will talk about Music. Music, ah "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." And for an illustration....

SHAW AND LEE: Telegram for Professor Sid Silvers, telegram for Professor Sid Silvers!

SILVERS: What's that? A double talk telegram? Hey, boy, bring it over here.

SHAW AND LEE: Are you Professor Eli....Silvers?

SILVERS: DO you think I'd admit it if I wasn't? So what, do you want to make something out of it?

SHAW AND LEE: We'd like to make a tip out of it.

SILVERS: Okay, Annie Laurie in the fourth at Bay Meadows.

SHAW AND LEE: Annie Laurie is a dog!

RADIO

SILVERS: Say, Rin-tin-tin was a dog, too, and look at the money he made. All right, gimme the telegram.

WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY

(SOUND: ENVELOPE OPENING)

SILVERS: Ah, it's from Jascha Heifits, in New York. Let's see what he says:
"Enjoyed your lecture on music very much..." Ezy, what is this, I
haven't started my lecture yet --

SHAW AND LEE: Look, it's six o'clock here in California, now, isn't it?

SILVERS: Yes.

SHAW AND LEE: Well, with daylight savings time, it's ten P. M. in New York. Heifits
heard you four hours ago.

SILVERS: That's marvelous! How did I sound, was I good? Well, anyway, let
me read the telegram....he says, "Enjoyed your lecture on music
very much. Stop. After listening to you I've decided there isn't
enough roobain music for both of us. Stop. So I'm taking up ice
hockey. Stop. Signed, Jascha Heifits." Well, back to Music.
As I was saying, "Music hath charms to

OAKIE: Wait a minute, Professor, don't you think you should quit talking
about Music and start giving us a little?

SILVERS: Why, sure. If I could get a few singers out of your glee club to
help me, I'd be glad to demonstrate my teaching methods. I'll
probably need three or four of them.

OAKIE: Well, go ahead. Help yourself.

SILVERS: If any one of you glee club singers want a real chance, step right up.

CHORUS: (WE HEAR A MAD SCRAMBLE)

SILVERS: Now wait a minute -- wait a minute. Get in line, boys. Who's first?

FIRST MAN: I am.

SILVERS: You are. What's your name?

FIRST MAN: Kenny Butcher.

**RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY**

SILVERS: Kenny Butcher. You mean Kenny Baker, don't you?

FIRST MAN: No, no -- Butcher. I know what I'm doing.

SILVERS: All right, Butcher, what kind of singing do you do?

FIRST MAN: Well, I do an imitation of Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy."

SILVERS: That sounds like a novelty to me. Can you give me a rough idea of what you do?

FIRST MAN: (SINGING "SONNY BOY")

When there are gray skies,
I don't mind the gray skies,
I still have you, Sonny Boy.

SILVERS: Mr. Butcher. Just a minute. That's very good. But you're leaving out Al Jolson's main trick, that makes Jolson Jolson. Listen -- I'll show you.

(SINGING)

When there are gray skies, myaa --
I don't mind the gray skies, myaa --
I still have you, Sonny Boy. Myaa --
You see what I mean?

FIRST MAN: Sure.

SILVERS: Well, go ahead try it.

FIRST MAN: (SINGING)

When there are gray skies, myaa --
I don't mind the gray skies, myaa --
I still have you, Sonny Boy, myaa --

SILVERS: That was very good. What do you think, President Oakie?

RADIO

SILVERS, AM ESTY
AND COMPANY

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OAKIE: Myaa --

SILVERS: O.K. Who's next?

CAITES: (KIND OF ANGRY) I am.

SILVERS: Are you a singer?

CAITES: What do I look like?

SILVERS: Well, I want to keep my lecture clean. What's your name?

CAITES: John Charles Thomas Eddy Nelson.

SILVERS: Well, look didn't you leave out Crosby Deanna Durbin? Why don't you squeeze that in some place. What kind of a voice have you?

CAITES: (IN BASS VOICE) Today I am a tenor.

SILVERS: If you're a tenor today I'm Captain Courageous.

CAITES: Hello, Captain.

SILVERS: Now, we're getting some place. Tell, what kind of singing do you do?

CAITES: I imitate Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy."

SILVERS: I had a hunch you were going to say that. Go ahead, can you? Let me hear you just once.

CAITES: Before I start, I want to tell you that when I was taking singing lessons, I was frightened by a cow, and sometimes it affects my singing.

SILVERS: You don't have to worry. There are no cows around here. Just walk up to the microphone and let's see what you've got.

CAITES: Okay.

SILVERS: Wait a minute. I said the microphone -- that's President Oakie.

CAITES: Boy! What a kisser.

SID: Will you go ahead and sing "Sonny Boy". Go ahead.

CAITES RADIO (SINGING) When there are gray skies, I don't mind the gray skies,
I still have you Sonny -- (COW)

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

SILVERS: That was very good. -- Up to the cow you're a second Jolson. Look -- maybe "Sonny Boy" is the wrong song for you. Can you sing "Mammy"?

CAITES: Certainly.

SILVERS: Go ahead, sing that.

CAITES: (SINGING) Mammy! Mammy! The sun shines east,
the sun shines--- (COW)

SILVERS: Well, look, I'm sorry -- I can't use you, but here's my address. You can leave a bottle of milk on my stoop every morning. All right who's next? Ah, a lady. Your name, please?

MADAME: Gladys Washout.

SILVERS: Gladys Washout! You mean you're Gladys Swarthout, don't you?

MADAME: I said Washout. I learned to sing in a laundry.

SILVERS: That's fine business, a laundry.

MADAME: No cracks from you, I've seen your washing -- all three pieces.

SILVERS. Yeah. Look, what kind of a voice have you?

MADAME: I'm a messo-saloni.

SILVERS: You're a messo-saloni? I suppose you sing coming through the rye bread. Look -- before you start...How do you sing?

MADAME: I sing like a bird. I trill like a bird, in fact, I can do anything a bird can do.

SILVERS: I'll bet you can't take a bath in a saucer. What are you going to sing?

MADAME: Well, I'll give my interpretation of Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy."

SILVERS: When you're through, I'll give you my interpretation of Grace Moore singing "Madame Butterfly." So you do "Sonny Boy" like Jolson.

MADAME: Yes, the only difference between Jolson and me is that I sing more high-class.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

SILVERS:

Maybe it's the police, I'll answer. What's that? Fine, I'll tell her. I'll tell her.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

Miss Washout, congratulations, you're a success. That call was from Lawrence.....

MADAME:

Lawrence Tibbett?

SILVERS:

No. Lawrence, Kansas. You see, they're holding the County Fair there today and the Judges want to let you know that you've just won the Annual Hog-Calling contest--- by nine hogs.

(APPLAUSE)

OAKIE:

Thank you very much, Professor Silvers.

At this point, folks, I ain't goin' to beat around the bush. I figger the quicker we hear from the College Swing Band, the better. That is, if you're ready, Professor Goodman,

(ONE THREE "A" TO NEW YORK)

GOODMAN:

Oh, we're all set, Pres. And Peg LaCentra is all set to take the vocal on "There's a Lull in my Life."

("THERE'S A LULL IN MY LIFE")

(APPLAUSE)

GOODMAN:

And now the Quartet, with Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, and yours truly, doing things with "Digga Digga Doo."

("DIGGA DIGGA DOO")

(APPLAUSE)

GOODMAN RADIO

Thank you stoonts. Thank you everybody.

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

(QUE THREE "B" TO HOLLYWOOD)

OAKIE:

We're all thanking you, professor Goodman. The next lecturer is Doctor Goodwin, if he's got anything to say.

GOODWIN:

Yes, Pres, I have got something here. The Oakie College Foundation for the Advancement of Science has produced a marvelous tone-record of common, everyday noises. Now you just listen to this. I'll bet you can't identify this sound. First, though, let me say it's amplified ten times. Here goes.

(SOUND: RUSTLING OF NEWSPAPER AMPLIFIED TEN TIMES)

OAKIE:

Hey -- serve ear-suffs with that. Judging by the loudness, Goodwin I'd say that was a volcanic eruption.

GOODWIN:

You're wrong, Pres. Now try this one.

(SOUND: COINS JANGLING AMPLIFIED TEN TIMES)

OAKIE:

That must be a New Year's Eve Celebration.

GOODWIN:

Wrong again, Pres. Now what's this?

(SOUND: FINGERS TAPPING ON DESK AMPLIFIED TEN TIMES)

OAKIE:

Nah! I've got it. It's a bombardment.

GOODWIN:

Well, you're getting warm, Pres. But actually, these are everyday sounds. Ladies and gentlemen, what President Oakie thought was a volcanic eruption was actually the magnified sound of someone with jittery nerves crackling a newspaper. And what the Pres called a New Year's Eve celebration was someone with the annoying habit of jiggling coins in his pocket. And the last sound was that irritating trick so many people have of drumming with their fingers on the table. And, folks, I want especially to point out that these sounds are only magnified ten times. In other words, if you should hear them only ten times a day, the combined mass effect on the nerves is terrific. So if you find yourself indulging in annoying nervous habits like this -- even unconsciously -- take care of your nerves.

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

GOODWIN:

Be sensible about eating, sleeping, playing, and smoking. Smoke the cigarette that's mild -- that's made from costlier tobaccos -- CAMELS of course. CAMELS never get on your nerves.

OAKIE:

Truer words was never spoken, Doctor. And now I'm goin' to call on little Judy Garland, the idol of the Oakie Camrus....I want her to sing her own beautiful arrangement of Noel Coward's "Play, Orchestra, Play." Sing it, Judy!

("PLAY ORCHESTRA PLAY" JUDY AND ORCHESTRA)

(BELL NOTE)

RUBY:

The skies that once were blue
Are now as black as night
The rainbows with their pots of gold
Have faded out of sight
The laughter and the happiness
Are not so gay and bright
The world is losing its fight
But we can stop the hand of fate
It's not too late...
It's not too late.

(SEQUE: "PLAY, ORCHESTRA] PLAY")

Play, orchestra, play
Play something light and sweet and gay
For we must have music
We must have music
To drive our fears away.
While our illusions swiftly fade for us.
Let's have an orchestra score.

RADIO
WILLIAM ESTY
AND COMPANY

JUDY:

In the confusion the years have made for us
Serenade for us just once more.

Life needn't be grey,

Although it's changing day by day...

Tho' a few old dreams may decay,

Play, orchestra, play!

(SEGUE: "SPECIAL INTERPOLATION")

Play a song that's light and gay

And chase the skies of gray away

Play, Blue Skies

Bailing and blue

Nothing but Blue Skies....

If you look for the Silver Lining

You'll find a rainbow

Waiting for you...

If April Showers should come your way

You'll find that flowers will come in May

So just go singing in the rain

Go singing in the rain

What a glorious thing

To be singing again....

I got rhythm

I got music

You can get it if you stand right up and sing

Sing....

Fill you life with love and sing

RADIO
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AND COMPANY

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JUDY:

(SEGUE TO LAST NIGHT OF "PLAY, ORCHESTRA, PLAY")

Life needn't be gray

Although it's changing day by day.

Tho' a few old dreams may decay,

Play, Orchestra

Play, Orchestra...

Play, Orchestra....

PLAY!

(ORCHESTRA UP TO FINISH AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

ANNOUNCER:

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-- also make that princely smoking tobacco -- PRINCE ALBERT! -- the

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Fill up with mild, mellow PRINCE ALBERT. Notice how tasty P. A. is --

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now and get on the road to smoking joy! P.A.'s a great favorite with

roll-your-own fans, too!

("FIGHT SONG"

ORCHESTRA)

GOODWIN:

Next Tuesday evening, Olsen and Johnson!

GOODWIN:

Jack Oakie's College is presented by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company,

Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY

AND COMPANY