

**RADIO**  
**WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY**  
INCORPORATED

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

JACK OAKIE COLLEGE - PROGRAM NO. 22

TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1937 - 9:30-10:30 P. M.

**GOODWIN:** Get a lift with a CAMEL!  
(\*A ZA ZU ZAZ\* CHEER CHORUS)  
(\*OAKIE FIGHT SONG\* ORCHESTRA)  
(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. Tonight, the Oakie Campus welcomes the famous comedy team of Olsen and Johnson.  
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 to the Oakie Campus with a swing number by Benny Goodman and his band.  
(CUT ONE "A" TO BOSTON)  
(SHORT GOODMAN NUMBER)

51454 9653

GOODMAN:

Okay, boys.

(CUE ONE "B" TO HOLLYWOOD)

(APPLAUSE IN HOLLYWOOD)

GOODWIN:

And now here we are in President Oakie's office, on the campus, where we find the famous pedagogue with his secretary.

OAKIE:

Ah yes, pedagogue's a Chinese summer house.

NICKEL:

No, that's a pedoga.

OAKIE:

Pedoga's in Kentucky -- go away. Honey, I'm expecting two very prominent educators for a visit today. They're Doctor Olsen and Professor Johnson from the National School for Half Wits. I say, Doctor Olsen is an L. L. D., D. D. S., B. A., H. F. V., G. A. R., F. F. V., C. C. C., and P. W. A. Professor Johnson is also getting a little help from the Government. It seems they're making a tour of the country in a trailer to boost up the half wit business. Now, as soon as they arrive I want you to...

(SOUND OF A LOUD EXPLOSION) (SOUND OF A GLASS CRASH)

It sounds like they're here.

NICKEL:

No, President Oakie, look, that was the chemistry laboratory that just blew up.

OAKIE:

The CHEMICAL laboratory. Why, say that's Professor Bixby's joint. He probably got too much dynamite in that tooth paste again. Lookie, here -- beske my windows and look at that brown spot on the carpet. Hey, call up Professor Bixby.....

NICKEL

RADIO

OAKIE:

WILLIAM ESTY

AND COMPANY

Oh, President Oakie, that brown spot is Professor Bixby.

By Jethro, Miss Nickel, I believe you're right -- now that I look closely, that brown spot wears the same intelligent expression that Bixby wears. Well, soak him up on a blotter and nail him home.

NICKEL: Yes, sir.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

OAKIE: Oh that door. Come in! (DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

DAYTON: Ah, good morning, Mr. Oakie.

OAKIE: Oh it's you. Good morning, Dean Dayton.

DAYTON: I understand that tonight's guest lecturers are Professor Olsen and Professor Johnson.

OAKIE: That's right, Dean.

DAYTON: I trust they are highly educated men who will be a credit to the college?

OAKIE: Oh sure, strictly a couple of big word guys, Dean Dayton. Say, by the way, Miss Nickel.

NICKEL: Yes, sir.

OAKIE: You better put a bunch of books around my office. You see, I don't want Olsen and Johnson to think that I'm an ignorant bum.

NICKEL: Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir.

DAYTON: I shall want to meet these Professors, but I have other important matters on my mind.

OAKIE: I can imagine.

DAYTON: Miss Bellum, of the Psychology Department, was injured in an accident and you'll have to lecture to her class today.

OAKIE: Who? Me?

DAYTON: You. At twelve o'clock.

OAKIE: Five o'clock! That's my lunch hour!

DAYTON: Today it will be your psychology hour.

OAKIE: Or my zero hour. Okay Dean, I'll be there. The college must go on!

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51454 9655

DAYTON: Very well.

(D OR OPEN AND SHUT)

OAKIE: (TO HIMSELF) Oh dear...Psychology, hum? Oh, well, I'll probably think of something to say. Miss Nickel, look me up a couple of cracks on psychology.

NICKEL: Do you spell it with an "S"?

OAKIE: Next Psychology's spelled with a "C" -- C-a-l--x -- ology.

NICKEL: Thanks.

OAKIE: Oh, by the way -- take an anonymous letter. "To the editor of the Oakie College Acorn. Dear Sirs Yours truly -- Jack Oakie. Dictated but not read...."

NICKEL: But President Oakie, what about the letter?

OAKIE: Oh never mind, just put in a blank page.

NICKEL: A blank page?

OAKIE: No sense writing a letter....he can't read....just sign it and send it on. (PHONE RING) The phone is ringing my proud beauty. Answer that 'phone, Miss Nickel, and tell 'em whatever they're selling we don't want any.

(PHONE UP)

NICKEL: Hello -- hello -- Oakie College. Oh yes, Professor Olsen, he's here.

(TO OAKIE) Are you in to Olsen and Johnson?

OAKIE: Did you tell 'em I was here?

NICKEL: Yes, I did.

OAKIE: You know, you do everything backwards, Miss Nickel. I'll bet you start your breakfast with dessert and finish up by going back to bed again.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY Give me that 'phone. Oh hello -- hello -- is this Olsen and Johnson?

CHIC: Well, we ain't Amos and Andy.

OAKIE: Hey! Where are you guys?

OLSEN: We're in San Bernardino...we've been delayed in our trailer.

OAKIE: What delayed you?

OLSEN: Oh, Chic painted the trailer green, you know.

OAKIE: Painted the trailer green. Why should that delay you?

CHIC: Well, every time we stop Jack -- people run up and mail letters in it. And another thing. We've been arrested for driving past traffic lights.

OAKIE: Uhuh. Who was driving?

CHIC: Olsen.

OAKIE: Why didn't he stop when he saw the lights?

CHIC: What's that?

OAKIE: Why didn't he stop when he saw the lights?

CHIC: He thought they were liver spots and drove right through.

OLSEN: (SINGS "FUN MARCHES ON")

CHIC: (LAUGHS)

(HANG UP PHONE)

OAKIE: Well, glad Dayton didn't hear that. Ho hum.

NICKEL: Judy Garland wants to see you, Sr. Oakie.

OAKIE: Judy Garland! Oh that's marvelous. Well, here's the little woman now. Never too busy to talk to Judy.

(DOOR OPENS)

Hello Judy. How are you?

(DEPRESSED) I'm all right, I guess, President Oakie.

You guess! How's that boy friend of yours?

JUDY: RADIO  
OAKIE: WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51454 9657

JUDY: Oh now, President Oakie, you're not going to kid me about Joe, too, are you?

OAKIE: What do you mean - kidding? Who's been kiddin' you?

JUDY: All the girls, the last few days.

OAKIE: Well -- what do you care? If he's a nice boy, and you like him, well never mind those wise crackers.

JUDY: It isn't that. I -- you see -- haven't seen him.

OAKIE: You haven't seen him. Oh.

JUDY: He was going to meet me here last Tuesday and -- he wasn't there. So the girls have been kidding me. They've been sending me fake messages and pulling all sorts of funny gags.

OAKIE: Why those naughty girls! Judy, I'll make 'em put that out!

JUDY: Oh -- please! Don't say anything, or you'll just make it worse.

OAKIE: All right, Judy. Listen, why don't you sing a song for me and forget all about it?

JUDY: Sing? While my heart is breaking? Don't be absurd!

OAKIE: A, now, honey! Don't take it so hard. Don't forget Pagilli.

JUDY: Who?

OAKIE: Pagilli.

JUDY: Who on earth is Pagilli?

OAKIE: You know -- that guy (sings "Verti la guibba") with the clown suit that had to sing when his wife ran away with the chauffeur?

JUDY: Oh! You mean Pagliacci!

OAKIE: RADIO Pagliacci! That's the guy!

JUDY: WILLIAM ESTY Do you think he felt as bad as I do?

AND COMPANY

OAKIE: Listen, honey, woe! You don't feel so terrible! Let me see you smile!  
JUDY: (SMILING) I can't.  
OAKIE: Go away. You're smilin' now! Come on, sing me a nice cheerful song, will you? I'll call you Judy Pagiiii!  
JUDY: All right!

(\*SHINE IN YOUR SHOES\* JUDY AND ORCHESTRA)

(ORCHESTRA INTRODUCTION)

JUDY: Don't you be a good for nothin'  
Never amount to nothin'  
Hangin' round the corners.  
Can't you see you never will be gettin' anywhere.  
If you want to get employment  
Tidy up your face  
And amount to sum-thin'  
Those big men who got up there — all declare....  
Then there's a shine on your shoes  
There's a melody in your heart  
With a singable happy feeling  
A wonderful way to start  
To face the world ev'ry day  
With a "dee-dle-ee-dee-di-di"  
Little melody that is making  
The worrying world go by  
When you walk down the street with a happy-go-lucky beat  
You'll find a lot in what I'm repeating  
When there's a shine on your shoes,  
There's a melody in your heart  
What a wonderful way to start the day.

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JUDY:

Shoe shine boy! (yas na'an)  
Shoe shine boy! (yas na'an)  
Take a little time now  
Make a little dime now  
Get a goin' shoe shine boy.  
Shoe shine boy! (yas na'an)  
Shoe shine boy! (yas na'an)  
Polish 'em an' brush 'em  
Shine 'em up an' rush 'em  
Get agoin' shoe shine boy.  
Swing that shine cloth -- swing with a rhythm to bring out  
Shine 'em up and give me the rhythm to sing out....  
I got a shine on my shoes  
Gotta melody in my heart  
It's a singable happy feeling  
Ra de a, ra de a, ra de a, cha hba  
Ra de a, ra de a, ra de a, chi chi chi....  
Sing ev'ry day  
Sing a dee-dle-um-dee-dee-eye  
Little melody that is making  
Ra de a, ra de a, ra de a, cha hba  
Ra de a, ra de a, ra de a, chi chi chi  
Walk down the street with a happier beat  
If you're dressed in your best  
With a sparkle at yo' feet, say  
You'll find a lot in what I'm repeating  
Then there's a shine on your shoes  
There's a melody in your heart

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JUDY: What a wonderful way to

START....

THE....

DAY.....

(ORCHESTRA: UP AND OUT)

(APPLAUSE)

OAKIE: That was simply divine. Aw, Judy, that was wonderful! Don't you feel better now?

JUDY: No.

OAKIE: You'll be all right. Listen, maybe Joe will turn up. And if he doesn't, there's plenty of other boys.

JUDY: Not like Joe.

OAKIE: That's what you think.

(PHONE RINGS)

JUDY: Well, I'll go, Mr. Oakie. I'll see you tonight in Ephus Hall.

(PHONE RINGS)

OAKIE: All right, honey. Don't worry, do you hear?

JUDY: Goodbye.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

(PHONE BELL RINGS WEARILY)

OAKIE: What's the matter with the phone...it's voice is changing. Well, must be a long distance call, it sounds mighty weak.

(PHONE UP)

Hello, this is Oakie College. Honest John Oakie speaking.

OAKIE: Honest John Oakie, this is Olsen and Johnson.

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51454 9661

OAKIE: Well, why ain't you here...where are you?

CHIC: Jack, we're right now we're in the middle of a terrible thunderstorm.

OAKIE: It's bad, huh?

CHIC: Yeah, lightning just struck Olsen right in the zipper -- and we're looking for some safety pins.

OLSEN: (SINGS "FUN MARCHES ON")

CHIC: (LAUGHS)

(PHONE UP...KNOCK ON DOOR)

OAKIE: If that's Dean Dayton, Miss Nickel, I'm not in.

NICKEL: Mister Oakie, it's Doctor Goodwin --

OAKIE: Doctor Goodwin -- I'm still not in.

NICKEL: -- And a young lady.

OAKIE: Young lady -- tell Goodwin to come in.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

Dr. Goodwin, hello boy, what's on your mind?

GOODWIN: Pres, I want you to meet a plucky young co-ed who is working her way through college. This is Miss Gloria Grant --

OAKIE: Working? Well, snap my suspenders if this ain't interesting! Just what do you do, Gloria?

GIRL: Well, you see, after classes are over, President Oakie, I get busy and make fudge and bake cookies and cakes -- and sell them --

OAKIE: Whoa -- slow up there. You mean you still have enough energy left after a hard day to do all that? Don't you ever get tired?

GIRL: RADIO Of course, I get tired, but then I get a LIFT with a CAMEL. It's simply swell the way CAMELS help me snap back.

WILLIAM ESTY  
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51454 9662

GOODWIN: Yes, folks, you'll be surprised how much easier things seem if you stop and enjoy CAMELS when you're tired. Smoking CAMEL'S coastlier tobaccos releases a new flow of energy -- helps you keep going with vim and vigor. So get a lift with a CAMEL!

OAKIE: Thanks for stopping in, Doctor, and mighty glad to have met you too, Gloria.

GIRL: Thank you.

GOODWIN: So long, Prez.  
(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)  
(PHONE RINGS) (PHONE OFF HOOK)

NICKEL: Oakie College, Home of Synecopated Knowledge!

OAKIE: Give me that phone. What's the matter with you guys now?

CHIC: You're in Pasadena.  
(GRASE)

OAKIE: What was that?

CHIC: Somebody just dropped the Rose Bowl. Say Jack, we'll be right along as soon as I wake Olsen up.

OAKIE: What's the matter? Is he asleep?

CHIC: No -- he's unconscious.

OAKIE: Are you sure?

CHIC: Am I sure? Ha, ha!

OAKIE: Well tell me -- wait a minute. What happened to him?

CHIC: He mistook the headlight on the Chief for a firefly and tried to kill it with a newspaper. Fun broke a leg. (LAUGH)

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(HANG UP PHONE)

OAKIE: Doggone it, those crazy nuts better hurry up or I'll be giving a psychology lecture when they arrive. Miss Nickel, did you find anything for me to say about psychology?

NICKEL: I haven't even found the word yet.

OAKIE: Well, that settles it...if Olsen and Johnson ain't here in forty seconds, we cancel their contract.

(AUTOMOBILE HORN...WOOD CRASH...GLASS CRASH...SOUND OF RUNNING FEET)

CHIC: (LAUGHS) Boy -- GUESS that ain't sneaking up on them.

OAKIE: Yeah -- that's what I like about you boys....you're so subtle. (OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH) Now, look here, you two mugs, -- no rough stuff...you're in responsible -- er -- respectable company.... among high class people. Just look at you. You're rough -- you're rascous -- you're boisterous.

CHIC: Well -- you want to know something else?

OAKIE: What?

CHIC: My suspenders are busted.

OAKIE: Well, keep your hands in your pockets and come here. So you finally made it. Tell me, how was the trip?

OLSEN: Very comfortable, thank you.

OAKIE: Isn't it kind of crowded in a trailer....

CHIC: Crowded? (LAUGHS) Why, every morning I used to shave out of Uncle Oley's coffee cup and he used to drink my shaving soap.

OLSEN: It's a lot of fun stoppin' in these trailer camps.

OAKIE: Camps! You mean trailer camps.

OAKIE: RADIO  
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CHIC: He said cramps and he means cramps. Boy, we were packed so close together one morning I had a headache and the guy in the next trailer took aspirin.

OLSEN: Everything was all right until Chic insisted on practicing on his trombone.

OAKIE: On his trombone? In the trailer?

OLSEN: Sure -- he had to shoot the slide out the window every time he hit a low note.

CHIC: Remember the night we were next to the guy from Brooklyn, I hit a low note and when I brought in the trombone, there were three suits of red woolen underwear hanging on it.

OLSEN: Yes and when he camped next to the school teacher from Boston and came up with a little bustle.

OAKIE: Something she left behind her. You boys must have done all right.

OLSEN: We sure did...until one night he shot the trombone out the window and it came back empty.

CHIC: That was the night we camped next to Gypsy Road Lee.

OAKIE: Say tell me something -- How is it sleepin' in one of those trailers?

OLSEN: We didn't have any trouble.

CHIC: Only we had to wear snowshoes when we went to bed.

OAKIE: What do you mean snow shoes? Why?

CHIC: The only place we could put our feet was in the icebox.

NICOLA: Professor Olsen?

OLSEN: RADIO Oh? Somebody calling me?

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AND COMPANY

CHIC: Who is this young lady?  
OAKIE: Who's that young lady...that's my secretary.  
NICKEL: Tea is ready...would you and Professor Johnson like to join me in a cup of tea?  
CHIC: What did you say?  
NICKEL: I said would you and Professor Johnson er, Olsen like to join me in a cup of tea?  
CHIC: (LAUGHS) Sure...do you think there'll be room for the three of us?  
(DOOR BANGS OPEN AND FLAMM SHUT)  
DAYTON: President Oakie!  
OLSEN: Who's that guy?  
JOHNSON: I'll bet even money it ain't Lily Pons.  
OAKIE: Quiet -- you two boys -- that's the Dean.  
CHIC: Which one...Dizzy or Daffy?  
OLSEN: I think he's a little of both.  
OAKIE: Oh Dean -- these are the two visiting educators. Two highly intelligent men...two of the most brilliant college men in the country.. Professor Olsen and Professor Johnson.  
DAYTON: College men, hey? Do you know algebra?  
CHIC: Algebra who?  
DAYTON: Where did you go to college?  
OLSEN: Washington and Jefferson.  
DAYTON: And where did you go?  
CHIC: (LAUGHS) Sixth and Main!  
DAYTON: Did you matriculate?

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CHIC: What did you say?

DAYTON: Matriculate -- did you matriculate?

CHIC: No, but I smoked a little during recess.

OAKIE: Listen, Dean -- break this up -- do me a favor. Take these guys out with you and show them the college....show them the campus...show them the dormitories.

CHIC: The which?

OAKIE: The dormitories -- that's what the students sleep in.

OLSEN: Dormitories! Personally -- I sleep in pajamas.

CHIC: Personally -- I sleep in spats...and in summer, only the left one.

OLSEN: Well, so long, President Oakie!

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

DAYTON: Mr. Oakie, I'll show these gentlemen around for a few moments, but it's time for you to take the psychology class.

OAKIE: Okay, Dean, don't worry, I'll give 'em psychology that IS psychology.

DAYTON: Very well.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

OAKIE: (TO HIMSELF) Psychology! Psychology! I'll give 'em psychology. Miss Nickel, call up Benny Goodman and tell him to get over to Psychology Hall with his band right away. Tell him I'll meet him over there.

NICKEL: Okay.

OAKIE: See you later, honey.

(DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

(WE HEAR HIS FEET WALKING, AS HE SINGS "PSYCHOLOGY PSYCHOLOGY? TA DA DEE DOO") Well, here's Psychology Hall and it looks like the stoonts are already waiting for me.

(DOOR OPENS...WE HEAR A TERRIFIC RACKET)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

CHORUS AND STOONTS: (OAT CALLS, HOLLERING, LAUGHING, FEET MOVING, ETC.)  
(DOOR CLOSES)

OAKIE: Hey, hey! Quiet! What's going on here?

EMERSON: I didn't hear the question.

OAKIE: I want to know what's going on here?

EMERSON: Oh, this is the class in Psychology.

OAKIE: Let's have a little attention. I'm going to give the lecture today.

NANCY: Three cheers for President Oakie.  
(KIDS: "HOORAY...HOORAY...HOORAY")

OAKIE: Thank you, stoonts. I am sorry to inform you that your teacher, Miss Sara Bellum, she was in an unfortunate accident yesterday and will be unable to be here.

BRAYTON: What happened to her President Oakie?

OAKIE: Well, yesterday she went to the annual picnic of the C. I. P. U, and while there she slipped on a beer bottle and broke her leg. A highly regrettable circumstance.

NANCY: Three cheers for Miss Sara Bellum.  
(KIDS: "HOORAY..HOORAY...HOORAY")

EMERSON: How about three cheers for the beer bottle?

OAKIE: Quiet, quiet.

BRAYTON: Well, what are you going to teach us, Prez?

OAKIE: Well, it was my idea to start off with an experiment in the psychology of rhythm, so I have asked Professor Goodman and his band to join us here in the class room.  
(KIDS: AD LIB HOORAY, ETC.)  
(DOOR OPENS)

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OAKIE:

In fact, he's here right now.

(KIDS: AD LIB UNTIL OAKIE SAYS)

Quiet! Benny, I want you to play a very psychological number for the stoonts. Do you think you got one like that in your sttchell?

(CUP TWO "A" TO BOSTON)

GOODMAN:

Why, Prez, I've got just the thing. We'll play "Chloe".

(STO GFS IN BOSTON SAY "OH BOY, GEE WHIZ, FINE, WONDERFUL, SWELL" ETC.

INT NUMBER)

GOODMAN:

How's that kids? Is that "psychology, or isn't it?

(CUP TWO "B" TO HOLLYWOOD)

(KIDS IN HOLLYWOOD SAY "THAT'S TERRIFIC, ETC. ETC. UNTIL DOOR OPENS)

DAYTON:

Mr. Oakiel

OAKIE:

Yes, y a, Dean Dayton.

DAYTON:

Is this your idea of a Psychology lecture? The brutalizing rhythm of a swing band?

OAKIE:

Brutalizing -- Listen, I just wanted to be sure none of the students were asleep.

DAYTON:

They seem wide awake now. I think it would be an excellent idea, Mr. Oakie, if you started the class off by defining psychology for them.

OAKIE:

Wh t?

DAYTON:

Just give a brief explanation of what psychology is.

OAKIE:

Oh, yes...leeme see...psychology....yeah. Well, what do you know about that...I can't find my glasses.

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51454 9669

DAYTON: Mr. Oakie -- I fail to see why you should have to have your classes to define psychology.

OAKIE: Well, I'll tell you, you see, sometimes I get my tongue twisted around my eye teeth and I can't see what I'm talking about.

DAYTON: Very well...will one of the students kindly explain psychology.  
(THERE IS A SILENCE) What?...can no one in the class even define the subject?

PAINTER: I can. Psychology is the science of mental consciousness founded on intertainable experimental data chronicling the reflexive responses to applied stimulus.

DAYTON: That's very good...now, there's a bright pupil.

PAINTER: I ain't no pupil. I'm the painter from next door.

DAYTON: A painter?

PAINTER: Yeah. Oakie sent for me to paint a bird house. Key, Oakie, d'ya want me to start now? .... Where's the bird house at?

OAKIE: (SHUSHING) Not now, not now...ixmay uekingeray.

DAYTON: Well, of all the...Are we having a psychology class or not?

OAKIE: Oh yeah...where were we?

PAINTER: You better let me paint that bird house, Oakie...the painter's union is liable to have a strike any minute.

OAKIE: (CONFUSED) Why not? -- I guess -- dear me, I do declare. Listen pal -- you wait over there in the corner...yeah...I'll be with you later....

PAINTER: Well, if we do strike, I'll have to picket your bird house.

DAYTON: STOP THIS IDIOTIC CHATTER! Mr. Oakie....is this a psychology class, or an I feeble-minded?

RADIO  
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AND COMPANY

OAKIE: Which question do you want me to answer first?

DAYTON: What?

OAKIE: I said you ought to take the psychology first.

DAYTON: Oh, very well....Now, if I can proceed without interruption, I'll start my introductory lecture. Ahem -- students of Oakie College -- we will take up the subject of the nucleus of reflexive neurones...which should be very interesting...Ah....the reflex arc extends along a sensory axon to where it crosses a synapse, causing hypochondria. Are there any questions?

PAINTER: Yeah, what color do you want that bird house painted, Oakie?

DAYTON: (SNOOTS) Ah...ghghgh...Mr. Oakie, I will turn the class over to you and I will see you in my office later. -- Good Day! (D'OR SLAMS)

OAKIE: (NFKLY) Good day.

PAINTER: Hey, what's matter with that guy? He acts like somebody stole an apple out of his lunch bucket.

OAKIE: Quiet! That's Dean Dayton -- he's my boss.

PAINTER: He may be your boss, but he looks like an Airdale to me.

OAKIE: Don't let an Airdale hear you say that....Now, look, before you get me into any more trouble, you go out in the yard and paint that bird house any color you want to. I'll finish this lecture then I'll take a gander at it later.

PAINTER: Okay, boss...so long...

OAKIE: So long...Now, listen, kids, we got to get this psychology lesson. I hope everybody understood the Dean's lecture?

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

GIRL: I didn't, Mr. Oakie. What does "hypochondria" mean?  
OAKIE: "Hypochondria"... please see...uh...does anybody know what it means?  
KIDS: No?  
OAKIE: You're sure of that? Nobody here knows what hypochondria is. Well,  
then I can speak freely...A hypochondriac is a guy that thinks he's  
sick but he ain't.  
GIRL: Like Dean Dayton?  
OAKIE: Yeah in a way -- well, I'll explain it myself.

(BELL NOTE)

If you seem to be pessimistic'ly inclined  
And you will find life seems to be a bitter pill to swallow,  
Here is a song, optimistic'ly designed  
It's got a very simple formula  
All you children have to do is follow me  
Wake up and live  
Don't mind the rainy patter  
And you will find  
It's mind over matter  
Dark clouds will break up if you will wake up and live!  
Wake up and live  
Shoo the stuff you're made of  
Just follow through  
What are you afraid of  
You'll try it won'tcha,  
Say, why don't you wake up and live!

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

OAKIE:

Come out of your shell...I say....Hay, there, feller  
Why don't you find your place in the sun  
Now, come out of your shell...I'm talkin' to you there, feller  
Just be a go-gettin' son-of-a gun,  
Wake up and live  
If Lady Luck is yawning  
Well, get up on your toes  
A better day is dawnin'  
Don't let up, get up and give  
Wake Up and Live!

Well -- that's hypochondria. Everybody understand it?

JUDY:

I understand it all right, Mr. Oakie, but why don't I feel better?

OAKIE:

Aw gee, Judy, you gotta cheer up.

JUDY:

I've tried, Mr. Oakie, and I can't. After all, there was only one  
Romeo for Juliet. There was only one Marc Anthony for Cleopatra...  
and Josephine never found any Napoleons, any more Napoleons I should  
say. I am a one-man woman, Mr. Oakie, and I've lost him.

OAKIE:

Aw, now, Judy....

NANCY:

Judy, I tried to tell you this morning...

JUDY:

Stop it! You're just teasing me again.

NANCY:

I'm not! I'm sure it was your boy friend that was asking for you this  
morning.

JUDY:

I don't believe it. I've lost him forever.

NANCY: RADIO

I can prove it.

JUDY: WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

How?

NANCY: Did he have a beautiful little dimple in his left cheek?  
JUDY: His left cheek? (SCOFFS) Yes, he did. Where is he?  
NANCY: I don't know where he is now, but this morning he was looking for you.  
JUDY: Oh, then he does like me!  
OAKIE: Sure he loves you! Now, do you feel better?  
JUDY: Oh, lots better, Mr. Oakie.  
OAKIE: An that's fine. Sure. Now, can anyone define hypochondria? I say!  
(SILENCE) Come on --- define hypochondria!  
PAINTER: Hypochondria is a species of hysterical psychopathology produced by the interaction of neurones, hormones and acetones.  
OAKIE: It's the painter -- brother, hand me that paint brush.  
PAINTER: Okay. But first take a look at the bird house and see how you like it.  
OAKIE: Is it all finished?  
PAINTER: Yep. And a darn nice job, too. I kinda let myself go with a cerise and mauve combination.  
OAKIE: A cerise and mauve --- you don't mean a clothes line.  
PAINTER: A bird house.  
OAKIE: Why look -- the birds are already moving in.  
PAINTER: No they ain't. They're moving out. They're union sympathizers.  
OAKIE: Well, then birds know how to live. No hypochondria there. Listen kiddies.  
("TAKE A LESSON FROM THE LARK" OAKIE)  
Take a lesson from the lark  
He whistles when it's dark  
You'll hear him every evening  
(ALL WHISTLE NEXT FOUR BARS)  
You can learn it from the lark  
You'll hear him <sup>in</sup> the park

RADIO  
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AND COMPANY

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OAKIE:

He whistles every evening

(ALL WHISTLE...AND SING TO CHORUS SINGING "LOOK FOR YOUR SILVER LINING" AS A BACKGROUND TO THE FOLLOWING LYRIC)

Pack up all your cares and woe

Here we go singing low

Bye, bye you little blackbird honey.

Keep your sunny side up and up and up

Hide the side that gets so blue (CHORUS: And make it shine for you)

Smile, darn you, smile, you know --

You know this old world is a great world after all

Then everything will be fine and dandy.

(CHORUS: LYRICS TO "SILVER LINING")

And you will find the sunny side of life.

(REFR: LAST HALF "WAKE UP AND LIVE")

OAKIE:

Come out of your shell, Hey feller

Find your place in the sun

Come out of your shell, hey there tall feller

Just be a go-gettin' son-of-a-gun!

Wake up and live!

If Lady Luck is yawning

Well, get up on your toes

A better day is dawning

Don't let up, just get up and give

I said - give yourself a shake up! (CHORUS: Yeah man!)

I said - cloudy skies will break up! (CHORUS: "Yeah man!")

And you had better wake up! (CHORUS: "Y'AH MAN")

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

51454 9675

ALL:

You gotta wake up and live!

(ORCHESTRA RIDES OUT...APPLAUSE)

GOODWIN:

Alumni and friends of Oakie College; one of the important things we all look for whether we are buying clothes, food, automobiles or cigarettes, is quality. Just let me stress that again, a big point in buying anything is quality. Now, in cigarettes there's no surer guide to quality than the simple fact which stands behind every package of CAMEL Cigarettes. Here it is. QUOTE: CAMELS are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and domestic...than any other popular brand of cigarettes. END QUOTE. Yes sir, the quality of the costlier tobaccos in CAMEL Cigarettes makes a world of difference. CAMELS have real mildness, real flavor and real fragrance. For CAMEL spends millions of dollars more each year to give you costlier tobaccos....in a matchless blend.

(EPHUS HALL INTRODUCTION)

GOODWIN:

(OVER MUSIC) We continue in just a moment with Jack Oakie and Olson and Johnson.

This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

-- STATION BREAK --

GOODWIN:

And now -- EPHUS HALL IS ON THE AIR! Ladies and gentlemen, after I have concluded this brief welcoming announcement, I shall present President Jack Oakie. But first...

OAKIE:

Here I am, folks!

(APPLAUSE)

GOODWIN: RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
OAKIE:  
AND COMPANY

President Oakie, you came in too soon!

Don't tell me when to come in. That's a fine way to talk to your old Prez!



**GOODWIN:** Well, President, but I wanted to give a little speech of welcome I've been working on.

**OAKIE:** A speech?

**GOODWIN:** Yes, Pres. It should be very successful in -- or -- breaking the ice -- as you might say.

**OAKIE:** Hummm! Well -- go ahead.

**GOODWIN:** Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome to Ephus Hall, on the campus of Jack Oakie College. Ah Oakie College! -- with its ivy-covered buildings, steeped in hoary tradition, drenched with the cultural spirit, saturated with the fervor of science.....

**OAKIE:** ...and termites. Sounds like we better call in the exterminator! Enough of this balderdash, Goodwin. Folks -- and stoonts, you been welcomed to Ephus Hall and if you don't know where you are by now, you never will. So for the first topic of tonight's Syncooped Knowledge Course, we present to you the Oakie College Glee Club, under the direction of Myer Alexander, and accompanied by Doctor Georgie Stoll and his orchestra. The number is a 1937 version of "Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet." Are you ready, Doctor?

**STOLL:** Yeah man!

**OAKIE:** Yeah man to you! You're on!

(PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET" ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB)

(APPLAUSE)

**OAKIE:** Very lovely, stoonts! Nice goin', there, Myer and Stolly. And now we come to the piece de resistance of tonight's entertainment. I am proud and happy to present to you those two peas in the pedantic pod -- those two drops in the academic bucket, Professors Olsen and Johnson!

(PLAY ON: "EUN MARCHES ON")

(ENTER OLSEN AND JOHNSON)

(APPLAUSE)

51454 9677

OAKIE: Here here, come stooges, more enthusiasm, please. Let's give the Professor the kind of a greeting they deserve.

(SERIES OF LOUD BOOS)

OAKIE: Quiet, quiet, everybody, please. Oh children, I'm surprised. All right, boys, will you give us your address?

CHIC: 500 Ocean Boulevard, Santa Monica, California.

OAKIE: No, no, I don't mean that -- boys -- your speech.

OLSEN: I'll take care of it, Chic. Ladies and gentlemen -- (A LOUD RAZZ IN CHORUS) It seems as though one of us is wrong. Nevertheless, friends, as Shakespeare said, "All the world is a stooge." Now what is a stooge? A stooge is a person who wants to go on the stage in the worst way.

CHIC: And the worst way is to work with Olsen and Johnson.

OLSEN: Now let me demonstrate.

(SCREAM OF A GIRL)

OAKIE: Quiet, please, the Professor is talking.

OLSEN: As I said, we would like to give you a slight demonstration.

(GIRL SCREAMS AGAIN)

OLSEN: Hey what's going on here? What are they doing to that girl?

CHIC: It's one of the co-eds, Uncle Ole. They're torturing her.

OLSEN: How do you mean torturing her?

CHIC: They've got her locked in a room with a hundred hats, and no looking glass.

OLSEN: Well, if they're this year's hats it won't make any difference how she puts them on. Now, listen folks, in order to get the full benefit of

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

this demonstration, we must have a little assistance. The question is -- do any of you young people want to be a stooge? Is there any student in the house who would like to be a stooge?

CHIC: (LAUGHS) Oh, look, Uncle Ole, Uncle Ole, out there in the third row.  
There's my girl!

OLSEN: What's her name?

CHIC: I call her Golden Gate, Uncle Ole, Golden Gate!

OLSEN: Why do you call her Golden Gate?

CHIC: Because her mouth is so full of bridge work every time I kiss her, I feel like I ought to pay a toll.

OLSEN: Where did you take her the other day during vacation?

CHIC: Out to the dog races.

OLSEN: Did she like the dog races?

CHIC: I don't know. All she said was, "I'm hungry," so I bought her a hot dog.  
(HE LAUGHS) Oh, Uncle Ole it was the biggest hot dog I ever saw.

OLSEN: How big was it?

CHIC: (LAUGHS) It was so big I bet five dollars on it to show in the last race.

NEWSBOY: Extry! Extry! All about the new quintuplets!

OLSEN: How can I concentrate and give a lecture with this guy selling papers?

OAKIE: I'm awfully sorry. Give me a paper, boy, and then beat it.

NEWSBOY: Yes, sir.  
(SOUND OF OPENING PAPER)

OAKIE: Well, what do you know about that. A lady in Guantamala has given birth to five male quintuplets.

OLSEN: Can you imagine! Five! Male! Quintuplets!

CHIC: Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy.

OLSEN: Quintuplets, eh?

OAKIE: Well, Professor Olsen, you don't seem to be very much impressed.

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

OLSEN: No, when you've seen one quintuplet, you've seen 'em all. But now, if you'll keep this audience under control for a minute or two, I'll go ahead. Interruptions or no interruptions, I'm going to finish my lecture. You all might as well make yourselves comfortable. This lecture is going to last at least thirty eight or forty minutes.

VOICE: How long?

OLSEN: I say it's going to last at least thirty eight or forty minutes.

MAN'S VOICE: Oh, my -- (SHOT COVERS UP THE WORD "GOD")

CHIC: He shot himself.

OLSEN: Well, of course, that's the kind of a guy that would shoot his grandmother. (SOUND REVOLVER SHOT)

CHIC: There goes granddad.

GIBBY: Mr. Olsen?

OLSEN: Yes, sir, what can I do for you?

GIBBY: I want to be a stooge.

OLSEN: What did you say?

GIBBY: I ant to be a stooge.

OLSEN: Well, now we're getting somewhere.

(BABY'S CRY)

OLSEN: (IGNORING IT) Well, what do you do?

GIBBY: Well, I --

(THE BABY'S CRY IS LOUDER)

OLSEN: Just a minute, there's a baby crying. The poor little fellow is probably hungry. Will one of the ushers quiet the little boy? Now, what were you saying?

(THE BABY CRIES AGAIN)

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AND COMPANY

OLSEN: Will one of the ushers quiet the little boy?  
(SOUND OF A SHOT)

OLSEN: I don't know whether we're enlightening you or not but we are at least keeping you awake. Now, young man, what do you do?

GIBBY: Imitations.

OLSEN: What kind of imitations?

GIBBY: I'm a chicken imitator.

OLSEN: You're sure you're not a hypochondriac? All right, what are you going to do now?

GIBBY: I will now lay an egg.

CHIC: You're telling me.

GIBBY: I will give an imitation of a hen laying an egg.

OLSEN: All right, go ahead. There will be no advance in prices.  
(SOUND: CLUCKING)

CHIC: Remember, folks, we guarantee nothing.  
(SOUND: MORE CLUCKING)

OLSEN: Will the first four rows move back!

CHIC: He's liable to scramble it.  
(SOUND: CLUCKING INCREASES)  
(SOUND OF STRAINING)  
(SUDDENLY SOMETHING HITS THE FLOOR WITH A LOUD THUMP)

OLSEN: Look at that. It's the funniest egg I ever saw. Look! It's two feet square.

CHIC: Hey, Ole, it's got writing on it.

OLSEN: Writing on it? What?

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AND COMPANY

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CHIC: He's laid a corner stone.  
CHIC: I thought you said you were going to lay an egg.  
MAN'S VOICE: Well, can you do it?  
CHIC: I beg your pardon?  
MAN: Can you do it?  
CHIC: No, but I had a hen that could lay eggs once.  
OLSEN: There's nothing startling in that.  
CHIC: Yeah, but I had a hen that laid colored eggs.  
OLSEN: She did?  
CHIC: Yeah. I'd wave a red flag in front of her and she'd lay a red egg.  
OLSEN: A red egg.  
CHIC: I'd wave a green flag and she'd lay a green egg.  
OLSEN: That ought to be handy on St. Patrick's Day. That's a valuable hen.  
Where is she now?  
CHIC: Gone.  
OLSEN: Your hen's gone?  
CHIC: Yeah, one day I waved a crazy quilt in front of her and boom - fricassee.  
OLSEN: Well, if there's anybody else would like to be a stooge --  
SNAGTOOTH: Hey, Chick, Chick --  
CHIC: Hello, Snagtooth, come here Snagtooth.  
OLSEN: Do you know that guy?  
CHIC: Know him? We went to school together.  
SNAGTOOTH: I sing a song -- but I always get out of breath when I go for the high notes.

RADIO

OLSEN WILLIAM ESTY Fall, go ahead, Snagtooth.

AND COMPANY (SNAGTOOTH STARTS TO SING AND COASTS UP TO A HIGH NOTE)

51454 9682

OLSEN: Take a deep breath.  
(SOUND OF INHALING)

CHIC: Deeper.  
(MORE INHALING)

OLSEN: Deeper yet.  
(MORE INHALING)

OLSEN: Do you think he'll make it, Chic?

CHIC: He won't go back on me -- didn't I tell you he was an old acquaintance?

OLSEN: Deeper -- deeper --  
(SOUND OF INHALING AND SUDDENLY A LOUD EXPLOSION AND WIND WHISTLE)

OLSEN: Look out! Here he comes --

CHIC: See if you can find his left arm, will you?

OLSEN: What do you want his left arm for?

CHIC: Well, he was holding my hand when it happened and I want to get my fingers back.  
(SOUND OF SCRAPING COMES IN)

OLSEN: Chic, what are you doing with that shovel.

CHIC: I'm merely scraping up an old acquaintance.

OLSEN: Fun Marches Home, takes a shower, and eats his supper!

CHIC: Good night folks. (LAUGHS)  
(PLAY OFF...UP....APPLAUSE)

OAKIE: Thank you very much, Professors. Ah the boys have lovely characters. And to think that Dean Dayton squeaks about some of the regular teachers that we got in this college! Folks, it seems to me the situation calls for a touch of swingology. Therefore, in the name of all that's Oakie, I call upon the greatest living swingaroo, Professor Benny Goodman. Can you oblige, Professor?

RADIO

WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

(CUE THREE A TO BOSTON)

GOODMAN: I'll try Pres. Let's start out with "Hatin' This Waitin'" and Peg  
La Centra will take the vocal.

("HATIN' THIS WAITIN" GOODMAN ORCHESTRA)

GOODMAN: Now the Quartet has got together and will play a new one -- or rather  
it's an old one. Well, anyway we'll play "Avalon."

("AVALON" QUARTET)

GOODMAN: Okay, boys.

(CUE THREE B TO HOLLYWOOD)

(APPLAUSE IN HOLLYWOOD)

OAKIE: That was swell, Benny! -- Say -- what's that I hear?

(SOUND: CALLIOPE....FIRST FAINT THEN GETTING LOUDER AS IN AN APPROACHING  
CIRCUS PARADE)

OAKIE: Attention, students! The circus is coming to town! Tomorrow we'll all  
go to the circus and study circus-ology.

GOODWIN: -- and see the daring Zucchini Brothers shot clear across the arena from  
a monster cannon.

MISS NICKEL: -- and watch Dorothy Herbert ride bareback on her wild horse through  
a wall of flames! I like to watch both those acts.

GOODWIN: And all of them smoke CAMELS. Here are Hugo Zucchini's own words on  
the subject:

VOICE: One of the big pleasures of our day is the enjoyment we get from smoking  
CAMELS. After the terrific jolt and strain of my act, I certainly appre-  
ciate the pleasant "lift" a CAMEL gives me.

RADIO

GOODWIN: WILLIAM ESTY AND COMPANY And Dorothy Herbert says:

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**VOICE:** My cigarette is CAMEL, of course. CAMELS travel right with me wherever the big top goes. They have a truly royal flavor. I smoke all I like. Those costlier tobaccos in CAMELS sure appeal to me!

**OAKIE:** Right. We come now to the sweetheart of Oakie College, little Miss Judy Garland. Judy, tell me something, did you get to see your boy friend?

**JUDY:** No, sir. But he called me up again.

**OAKIE:** Good! What did he say?

**JUDY:** Well, he was kind of mysterious. But we're going to meet very soon.

**OAKIE:** Oh, that's swell!

**JUDY:** I invited him to come to Ephus Hall next Tuesday in case he couldn't fix things sooner. Is that all right?

**OAKIE:** That's absolutely fine!

**JUDY:** Oh! Now I really feel like singing - and I don't mean like Pagiiii!

(ORCHESTRA AND JUDY: "SPRING HIGH")

**JUDY:** Spring-time is the time for swing

And the time for swing

Is Spring-time....

(HOT TRUMPET LICK "MENDELSSOHN'S SPRING SONG")

(INTO "SPRING HIGH")

Swing High - Swing Low

Swing to -- and fro

Not fast - not slow

**RADIO**

A little swing can do more than anything for you.

**WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY**

Swing out - swing in

It's not a sin

So let's begin

You'll never get the gate if your swingin' is up-t-date.

JUDY:

When your one and only  
Confesses she's lonely and blue  
A rhythmical campaign can do  
More than champagne to see her through  
Swing high - Swing low  
Swing to - and fro  
Not fast - not slow  
And if you think you can't swing high  
Swing low!

(ORCHESTRA ANSWERS JUDY FOR SIXTEEN BARS)

(REPEAT LAST SIXTEEN)

Swing high. (BAND)

Swing low. (BAND)

Swing to. (BAND)

And fro. (BAND)

Not fast. (BAND)

Not slow. (BAND)

And if you think you can't swing to

And if you think you can't swing fro

And if you think you can't swing fast

And if you think you can't swing slow

And if you think you can't swing high

BEING....

IT.....

LOW!!!

(BAND RIDES OUT TO FINISH)

(APPLAUSE)

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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GOODWIN:

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company -- the makers of CAMEL Cigarettes -- also make the national joy smoke -- PRINCE ALBERT! You know, men, all three kinds of pipe smokers like P.A. Beginners like it because it's mild and doesn't bite the tongue. Occasional smokers like it because it's crimp cut and smokes exceptionally cool. And the great army of steady pipe smokers just can't say too much in favor of PRINCE ALBERT'S rich, mellow taste. So no matter what kind of pipe smoker you are, make it PRINCE ALBERT!

(ORCHESTRA: "FIGHT SONG")

GOODWIN:

Join us next Tuesday evening for an hour of Painless Education on the campus of Jack Oakie's College, with President Oakie, Professor Benny Goodman, Doctor Georgie Stoll, Judy Garland, Al Shaw and Sam Lee, and the Oakie Glee Club. Next week's guest lecturers will be two famous comedians you've often seen in pictures -- Eric Blore and Herbert Mundin.

(APPLAUSE)

OAKIE:

Folks, the motto of Oakie College is still "Non Comus Mentis" which means "Keep in Touch with Me" -- I will leave you NO.

GOODWIN:

Jack Oakie's College is presented by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Judy Garland appeared at Oakie College through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

See you next Tuesday. In the meantime, remember -- "CAMEL set you right."

Bill Goodwin speaking.

This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

RADIO  
WILLIAM ESTY  
AND COMPANY

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