

M A R I A N and J I M

in # SMACKOUT #

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1931.

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ORCHESTRA.....THEME

ANNOUNCER: - IT'S TIME WE HURRIED DOWN TO SMACKOUT NOW...UNCLE LUKE'S  
LITTLE GENERAL STORE DOWN ON THE CROSSROADS OF THE AIR.  
MARIAN AND JIM ARE ANXIOUS TO KNOW THE OLD FELLOW IS  
GETTING ALONG WITH HIS BEAN COUNTING. TOMORROW'S  
THE LAST DAY, YOU KNOW, WE'RE LISTENING!  
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MARIAN: -but, Uncle Luke, - why don't you get somebody to help you?  
Your eyes are getting all red and you're so nervous you can  
hardly stand still. Let US vount those beans for a while.

JIM: (LAUGHS) I think they ought to raise that prize a hundred bucks,  
Luke. Make it TWO hundred. You've earned a HUNDRED already.

LUKE: Shucks, - hear you folks talk, this bean countin' business had  
me all plowed under. (LAUGHS) Fact is, I ENJOYIN' it. Ain't had  
so much fun sence the blizzard o' '87.

MARIAN: The what?

LUKE: The blizzardo' 87. Didnd't I ever tell ye bout that time?

JIM: (LAUGHS) Probably. But if you have, Luke tell it again. I always  
like 'em better the second time anyway. And the third, too.

MARIAN: Doh't believe him, Uncle Luke. You've never said a word about the  
blizzard of '87. Go ahead and tell us - if you can leave those  
beans-for a while.

LUKE: (LAUGHS) Course I kin. I've got me counted over three thousand  
fourhundred 'n thirty five beans into the bowl there. Glad to  
gitma rest from 'em fer a mite.

JIM: (LAUGHS) I'll bet you count beans in your sleep, Luke.

LUKE: COUNT 'EM! (LAUGHS) Shucks, last night them beans was jest climbin'  
all over me - jumpin' right onto my face. Ye see, I dreamed I was  
livin' into a big glass bowl, like that there one, and somebody  
was countin' great big beans into it right on to me. Well, sir, -

MARIAN: Say, - I thought you were going to tell us about the big blizzard  
of '73, Uncle Luke.

LUKE: Oh, yes. Guess I was. BUT 'T WASN'T '73. It was in '86. And I -

JIM: Wait a minute. WAIT A MINUTE! (LAUGHS) You said a minute ago it was in 1887, Luke. Not '86.

LUKE: Oh, 's that so! (LAUGHS) Well, 'twas in BOTH. Started into November o' '86 and lasted into April o' '87. AHM Kind of a long blizzard, twas.

MARIAN: Oh, not so long. What's a little blizzard of six months.

LUKE: (HASTILY) Oh, I admit I seen bigger ones into my day, but this here was kinda of a funny little blizzard.

JIM: Well, go on and tell 'em out it.

MARIAN: Maybe he hasn't thought of it, yet, Jim. Don't hurry him.

LUKE: No, I - SAY WHAT YE ~~MEAN~~ MEAN- AIN'T THOUGHT OF IT? Course I ha see. I kinda disremember though whethere I was traveling with ~~Pat~~ Pat Fitzmaurice or Morris Fitzpatrick that year. Seems like /

MARIAN: Suppose a little song would clear up your memory, Uncle Luke?

LUKE: Course 'twould! Jest what I need. (LAUGHS) Fact is I been countin' beans into that there bowl so long now, I been gittin' kinda be any into the bean myself! Gitmon with that there song. It ought to be real BEANIFICIAL TO ME. (LAUGHS) Git it?

AD LIB TO SONG

SONG

MARIAN: All right. Bring on your blizzard of '86 and '87, Uncle Luke.

JIM: Sure. Make mine a long cold one, Luke.

LUKE: (LAUGHS) Twas all o' that all right all right all right. Long, and cold. Bitter cold twas, that blizzard. So cold the ice onto the rivers up there into the Saskatchewan where I was jest turned into dust.

MARIAN: The ice turned into dust! How was that, Uncle Luke?

LUKE: Well, ye know Ice contracts when it gits to freezin' -

MARIAN: Yes. Go on.

LUKE: Well sir this here ice friz so dad-ratted hard she contracted so much she jest pulverized herself, ye might say. Jest ground/hers herself to a powder. Yes, sir that there ice onto the river looked jest like somebody'd poured powdered sugar onto it. It was real pretty to look at.

JIM: Must have been a beautiful sight.

LUKE: Twas. Well, sir, I was out that day with Morris Fitzpatrick..oh I guess Twas Pat FitzMorris. No, twas Morris, I remember. Well, sir, Fitz and me...I mean Morris and me was hutnin' grizzly bear

MARIAN: With bow and arrow, I suppose, Uncle Luke.

~~LUKE~~: Who, US? No sir, we give them grizzly's a sportin' chance. Hunted 'em BAREHANDED.

JIM: NO. Not barehanded. GRIZZLYBEAR-HANDED?

~~LUKE~~: YES SIR. Bare handed. Ye see, Fitz - I man Morris, would go on ahead and when he gits a sight of a bear he's hold up his hand

MARIAN: His BARE hand?

~~LUKE~~: Yep. Hold it up like this here. Then what does I do but walks up to the bear jest's big's ye please. Well, sir meantime Morris, - I mean Fitz. No I mean Morris, has kinda kneelde down behind the bear, so when I give s the bar a push..like that -

JIM: Hey. I'm no bear. (LAUGHS)

~~LUKE~~: Then when we'd git the bear down, I STUN it like with a blow o' my fist -

JIM: YOUR BARE FIST?

~~LUKE~~: Yep. Then we'd drag 'er back to camp. Course sometimes I killed 'em hittin' 'em that way, but mostly I didn't aim to on account o' because the fur kept better when they was alive.

MARIAN: Well, what about the blizzard? Have you forgotten that?

~~LUKE~~: Oh, shucks, the blizzard. Well sir, seems like Fit- I man Morrie, and me got caught into this blizzard. Started with hailstones, big's tennis balls. BIGGER. They was big's..oh. big's..er..

MARIAN: MOTH BALLS?

~~LUKE~~: Yes, Moth- NO..DAD-RAE IT...CANNON BALLS. Like to a killed Morris 'n me, till what does I do but tears of my snow show and starts hittin' them hailstones agin the cliff like I was playin' tennis. Well sir, I hit 'em so hard agin the cliff there, it kinda wore away a hollow place bout twenty two foot deep...kind of a cave like. So Morrie and me ducked into 'er and stayed till the storm was over.

MARIAN: I thoughtyou said it lasted for six months.

~~LUKE~~: It did. BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW 'T WAS GOIN' TO AT THE TIME. (LAUGHTER) AH PSAWH. Them was thw days. Don't have no storms like that now. Hey..wher ye goin' to?

JIM: Oh, we've got to be going, Luke. We'll be seeing you tomorrow.

MARIAN: Good luck on the contest. And thanks for the blizzard.

AD LIB GOODNIGHTS (BELL RINGS)

~~LUKE~~: (SIGHS) (COUNTS) Three thousand four hundred 'n thirty six.. three thoudadn four hundred 'n thirty seven, three thousadn four hundred 'n ... (RINGS OUT)

ANNOUNCER: LUKE HAD BETTR HURRY WITH THOSE BEANS. TOMORROW IS THE  
LAST DAY OF THE BEAN GUESSING CONTEST. ABD SEE WHERE HE IS.  
- STILL COUNTING BEANS WITH HIS BARE HANDS.

MARIAN AND JIM WILL BRING YOU THE FINAL RESULTS OF LUKE'S  
BEAN COUNTING TOMORROW EVENING AT THE USUAL SMACKOUT TIME -  
SIX FIFTEEN.

ORCHESTRA... THEME

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