



COPY

Marian

M A R I A N and J I M

in # SMACKOUT #

TUESDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1932.

1:45 P.M.

ANNOUNCER: GOOD AFTERNOON. THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY PRESENTS MARIAN AND JIM IN SMACKOUT.

ORCHESTRA: THEME

ANNOUNCER: NOW LET'S GO WITH MARIAN AND JIM TO SEE UNCLE LUKE. HIS LITTLE GENERAL STORE, SMACKOUT, CAN SUPPLY OUR NEEDS IN MUSIC, LAUGHTER WARMTH AND NOTIONS. PARTICULARLY NOTIONS. AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN, DOWN ON THE CROSSROADS OF THE AIR..AT SMACKOUT.

LUKE: - and what's more, I always says that the winters is gittin' warmer 'n warmer 'n warmer, with lesser and lesser snow all the time.

MARIAN: Well, I wish this snow was a little lesser, Uncle Luke,

JIM: Yeah, the lesser the besser, in fact.

LUKE: Oh, shucks, you folks is soft. SOFT, like all city folks. Why, by Timothy, I seen it down here when twas thirty degrees below...

MARIAN: Fahrenheit?

LUKE: No sir. Right down here to smackout. (LAUGHTER) Yes sir. And what's more the snow'd git forty..fifty sixty seventy feet high in ~~places~~.

JIM: Oh, now, Luke.Wait a minute. Seventy feet high is a little steep isn't it?

MARIAN: Of course it is. Snow NEVER gets that high anyplace.

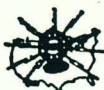
LUKE: (LAUGHS) Shucks, it don't don't it? Why sventy foot ain't NOTHIN'.

MARIAN: Now wait a minute, Uncle Luke. Before you get that snow up to three hundred and twelve feet high. Just WHERE and WHEN did you ever see the snow seventy feet high?

JIM: Yes, name the place, the year and ~~time~~ what you had to eat the night you dreamed that. (LAUGH)

LUKE: Dreamed it NOTHIN'! By the pink ~~tail~~ tailed tatoood turnips, I kin PROVE it.

JIM: All right prove it then. And I'll take any little bets you are offering too.



MARIAN: Count me in on that too, Jim.

LUKE: Come on come the whole family! I'll take ye all. What ye want to bet, Jim? A Million?

MARIAN: Oh oh.

JIM: Say Marian he must have facts. (LAUGHS) I'll tell you, Luke. If you can prove it to us, beyond a reasonable doubt, that you've seen snow that high, we'll sing you a song. If you lose we'll have some candy. Is it a go?

LUKE: Oaky. Okey and ~~double~~ okey. Well sir, twas only two winters ago. Right in front of Mort toops house.

MARIAN: Yes, go on.

LUKE: You've seen that there hundred and ten foot pine tree there, ain't ye?

JIM: Yes. What about it?

LUKE: Well sir, I've saw snow way up into the top branches o' that there tree! OVER sventy foot high. (PAUSE) (A L LAUGH) D'ye git it? Seventy foot high.

MARIAN: All right, Uncle Luke. You win. But it's a good thing you didn't say DEEP.

JIM: Curses, Marian, he has outwitted us. Do you think we should cut down that old pine tree of Mort's?

AD LIB TO SONG.

SONG

MARIAN: Going back thru all that snow, Uncle Luke. I suppose you're pretty good on snowshoes, aren't you?

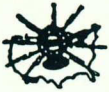
LUKE: Course I am. Used to wear two pair of 'em. Onepair onto my hands and one pair onto my feet. When I'd got tired o' walkin' onto my feet I'd give a flip flop and land onto my hands fer a spell. (EXCLAMATIONS) Had me the champeenship o' Zinnabar county fesh plain and fancy snowshoein'. AHM. Fact is I got several pair hangin' up over there into the sportin' goods department. See 'em?

MARIAN: Ove by that post, you mean?

LUKE: Yep. Them's um.

JIM: Say those aren't snowshoes. Thos are tennis rackets. What are you trying to do? win another bet or something?

LUKE: Tennis rackets, eh? Shucks, ye know when I got them things in, I says to myself, I says, LUKE, I says, themare right funny lookin



LUKE: (CONT'D) snowshoes, I says. Real clumsy. (LAUGHTER) Tennis rackets eh? Shucks, wait'll I see that there salesman.

MARIAN: I'd keep 'em, Uncle Luke. Tennis is a great game.

LUKE: I don't know nothin' bout it. Kinda like basketball is it?

JIM: No, more like...er..more like...er.. ping pong, Luke.

LUKE: Oh. Like ping pong, eh? And what's ping pong like?

MARIAN: Something like tennis. (LAUGHS)

LUKE: Well, ye don't says so. I'm real glad to of found out all about this here tennis. AHEM. Now ye take a good game o' horsehoes.

JIM:@ Not snowshoes?

LUKE: Nope. HORSESHOES. When ye git ready to toos 'em, ye - (BELL RINGS) shucks. Always bein' interrupted. Ahem. Afternoon, ma'am. What could I do ye fer?

LADY: A pair of small scissors, please.

LUKE: Shears, ma'am?

LADY: Scissors, please.

LUKE: You betcha, ma'am. Shears. Right over here into the scissors section o' the shears department. How big did ye want the small shaers, ma'am? So big? From here to here? Where my hands is?

LADY: No-o-o-...about this length. that's it.

LUKE: Okay ma'am. Let's see now sears...I mean shissors...I mean... shucks...scissors..bout that long in length...shears ...shears... there's razor blades...mah jung sets.....Schmuckweiler's Scour-in' Soap fer Shinin' ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Cuspidors.. Doughnut cutters, toy areoplanes, mah jung sets....dictionaries....Ahem. Shucks, ma'am, I seem to be jest smackout o' scissors. And shears, too. Would ye like a nice dictionary? Here's one that -

LADY: No, not today. You're sure you have'n the scissors?

LUKE: Shucks, ma'am, - almost certain. But I'll tell ye what ye kin do. ye kin drop in once into a while...say' botu every three four days so'f I come across 'em, I kin tell ye.

LADY: What a lovely ideal (LAUGHS) No, I think I'll save time if I have my little boy MAKE me a pairwhen he grows up. (BELL TINKLES)

LUKE: Might be a good idea, at that if...SAY WHAT YE MEAN WHEN HE... shucks. (LAUGHTER)



MARIAN: I guess she thought you wouldn't find the scissors for several days Uncle Luke.

JIM: And when he does find them they'll turn out to be shears, probably

MARIAN: Well, Uncle Luke doesn't know the difference between shears and scissors anyway, Jim.

LUKE: Oh I don't don't I? Course I do.

JIM: All right, what's the difference?

LUKE: Shucks, they're spelled different. AHEM. (LAUGHTER) Got another song there. *Laughter*

MARIAN: I think we'd better sing. This conversation is sheer nonsense.

AD LIB TO SONG.

SONG

MARIAN: You were about to burst forth in a horseshoe game when that lady came in, Uncle Luke.

JIM: Sure Luke. What were you going to say about the grand old game of horseshoes. The greatest game in the world for a lame back. Give you one every time. (LAUGHS)

LUKE: Oh is that so! Well by timothy, let me tell ye this here 'bout horseshoes. (FADEOUT) No horseshoe player ever gets append--appin--pendi--the LUMBAGO. Why by timothy, I -

ANNOUNCER: AND SO WE LEAVE THE OLD FELLOW FOR TODAY AS HE STARTS IN ON HIS FAVORITE GAME, WITH GESTURES, PROBABLY.

ORCHESTRA: THEME

ANNOUNCER: MARIAN AND JIM WILL BRING YOU UNCLE LUKE AND HIS LITTLE GENERAL STORE..SMACKOUT..TOMORROW AT THIS SAME TIME.

THIS IS ALFRED Saxe
CONCLUDING A PRESENTATION OF THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
FROM THE N.B.C. STUDIOS IN CHICAGO.

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