

M A R I A N and J I M

~~MONDAY~~
AUG. 1st

In # SMACKOUT #

AUGUST ^{2nd}~~1st~~, 1932.

MONDAY, Tues

1:45 P.M.

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

ORCHESTRA: THEME

ANNOUNCER: UNCLE LUKE'S LITTLE GENERAL STORE DOWN ON THE CROSSROADS OF THE AIR HAS A RUSH OF BUSINESS THIS AFTERNOON. WELL, MAYBE NOT A RUSH, BUT HE HAS A CUSTOMER. WELL, MAYBE NOT A CUSTOMER EITHER, BUT HE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE..ON THE PHONE. TEENY IS LISTENING.

~~LUKE:~~

(IN PHONE) Yup.....Yup.....YUP...why, o' course, Mort. eh?.....why o' course. Shucks, You KNOW I'll take ye on fer a game most any time ye say...and LICK ye too! (LAUGHS) Eh? Oh, is that so! Well, by the ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ glitterin' goolies o' Gunderson's Gulch, I'll beat ye so bad ye 'll be ladi up till th start tunin' a harp fer ye!....eh? Last time? Well, that was jes to give ye false confidence. (LAUGHS) O.K., Mort...and bring your own hosshoes, too, if ye like. I ain't a skee/red o' your trick paraphernalye. Ok. Oke, Mort. (bye! (CLICK) (LAUGHS)

TEE: I betcha that was Mr. Toops, I betcha, Uncle Luke. Was it? Huh?

~~LUKE:~~

(LAUGHING) Eh, Teeny? Was what who?

TEE: I betcha that was Mr. Toops on the telephone, I betcha.

~~LUKE:~~

Right ye are, young 'un. Right ye are.

TEE: Are you and Mr Toops gong to play horseshoes, Uncle Luke? Huh! Are you?

~~LUKE:~~

Reckon we are, Teeny. This evenin' when it cools offa mite. Why'd ye ask?

TEE: Well-l-l ...can I watch you, Uncle Luke? Huh? Can I? I won't get in the way or anything. Honest.

~~LUKE:~~

(LAUGHS) Shucks, Teeny. COURSE ye kin watch me. I - ~~(BELL RING)~~ now who in tunket is...oh hello there Marian and Jim.

~~ALL HIS HELLOS:~~ (LUKE, MARIAN, JIM, TEENY.)

TEE: Uncle Luke is going to let me watch him.

JIM:

Watch him what, Teeny? Dive from a ninety foot tower into five feet of concrete?

MARIAN: I'll bet he's going to try for the nightcap-knitting championsh

~~LUKE~~: Who, me? Shucks, I never knit nuthin' in -

MARIAN: You hear that Jim? He never knit nuttin'.

~~JIM~~ Maybe he never knew nobody to knitnuttin.

~~LUKE~~: Dad rat it, I..(LAUGHS) All right..all right...have your fun you two wise snappers.

MARIAN: Well, it isn't any fun going on with it if ~~thaxx~~ you're willin. But what was Teeny was going to watch you do?

~~LUKE~~: Well sir, I was goin' to shoot Mort Toops -

MARIAN: OH NO! YOU WEREN'T!

~~JIM~~ Why shoot old Mort, Luke? Did he break hos leg or soemthing?

MARIAN: Maybe it's open season on Toopses. Have you got your Toops-hunting bicense, Uncle Luke?

~~JIM~~ What are you shooting Mort Toops for, Luke? Is it a duel or jus in fun?

~~LUKE~~: Dad rat I didn't says I was goin' to SHOOT Mort. That is, I didn't MEAN I was goin' to shoot him. What I meant to say was I was goin' to shhot Mort -

MARIAN: There!..

~~LUKE~~: - a game o' horseshoes.

TEE: (LAUGHS) Gee, I guess you thought Uncle Luke meant he was going to shoot Mr. Toops, I betcha. (LAUGHS)

~~JIM~~ Oh, I don't think he would Teeny. In the first place he probabl couldn't hit him.

TEE: . Awwww, I betcha he could.Couldn't you Uncle Luke? Huh? (LAUGHTI

~~LUKE~~ Well...AHEM. I..er..never tried bhootin' at him, Teeny. AHEM. Course I felt like it time or two but, always used a mite o' jedgment bout it. (LAUGHS) Fact is, Jim..I mean Mr. Jim here d seem to know jest what a sharpshooter I used to be, with a army rifle.

MARIAN: Were you really, Uncle Luke? A sharpshooter in the army?

~~JIM~~ What Army, Luke? The First Platoon of the Marines in the Swiss Navy?

~~LUKE~~: No sir.Right here into the good old U. of S.A. ~~XXXXXX~~ I mean the U.S.of A.

MARIAN: Jim don't you remember the tim we were reading that Army and Navy Magazine where it told about army rifle records? Wasn there an L.A.Gray mentioned?

~~LUKE~~: (EXCITED) That was me, dad rat it. That was me. What'd it say, Jim? Eh? What'd it say?

~~JIM~~: Oh I don't think it could have been you, Luke, because it -

~~LUKE~~: Now now now, COURSE twas me. Couldn't of been TWO sech good shots by the same name. What'd it say?

MARIAN: I'll tell you, Uncle Luke. It said that this L.A.Gray had hung up a record for the finest -

~~LUKE~~: SEE? THAT WAS ME ALL RIGHT AL RIGHT...

MARIAN: For the finest exhibiton' of all around bad marksmanship ever seen at an Army or Navy range.

~~LUKE~~: (AFTER PAUSE) Oh. AHM. Say that's funny.

~~JIM~~: What's funny, Luke?

~~LUKE~~: Funny they should a been another feller by the same name as me in the Army. (LAUGHS) Shucks, fer a mite I thought twas me they was talkin' bout. AHM. But I reckon that's been too long ago. AHM. 'e got a song there, ye kin spare?

AD LIB TO SONG.

SONG.

TEE: Uncle Luke.

~~LUKE~~: Eh, Teeny?

TEE: Uncle Luke, were you really a shootsharper in the army? Huh? Were you? Huh?

~~JIM~~: It's a fair question, Luke.

MARIAN: Tell the lady if you were a shootsharper, Uncle Luke.

~~LUKE~~: (LAUGHS) Shucks, Teeny it tain't 'SHOOTSHARPER(. It's SHOOP-SHARTER. I mean SHERPSHOOSHER..I mean..its MARKSMAN, Teeny. AHM.

(LAUGHTER)

TEE: Oh. Well were you one, Uncle Luke?

~~JIM~~: ONE! He was pabbably at least seven, Teeny.

TEE: Well gee, WERE you Uncle Luke? Huh?

~~LUKE~~: You betcha I was Teeny. I was one o the b st Sherp- AHM marksman into the whole Cartridge Division.

TEE: Gee.

~~JIM~~: In the whole ~~WERT~~ Luke?

~~LUKE~~: Cartridge Division. AHM That was a secret division o' the Army.

~~LUKE~~: (CONT'D) Made up o' the best rifle shots into the world. It was kinda of a secret ~~xxxx~~ division fer emergency when the best marksmen was needed. Shucks YOU probably never heard of it.

MARIAN: Right. Personally I never even suspected it. I knew of the Beanshooter division and the Spitball regiment, but ~~an~~ the Cartridge division is new in my life.

TEENY: What did the Partridge Pervision do, Uncle Luke? Huh?

~~LUKE~~: Cartridge Division, Teeny, Twas.

TEE: Oh.

~~LUKE~~: Well sir, it was so when desperate enemies was to be smoked out of a house or a ambush or somethin' us fellers into the Cartridge division was called on to nick their ears or somethin'. ~~xxxx~~

~~JIM~~: How many were in it, Luke? Not that it needed many besides you.

~~LUKE~~: Well, they was Andy Hekstein, and Joe Tillman, and Snip McFee, (Snip McFee was the feller that sharpened a lead pencil with bullets at eight thousand foot.) and Nally Talsky, and -

MARIAN: Annie Oakley.

~~LUKE~~: And Annie Oak- shucks, no..they wasnt no women into the Army.

MARIAN: Then I don't think it was much of an army. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

~~JIM~~: Tell us about that bird ~~xxxx~~ who sharpened the razor at seventy thousand feet, Luke. Fip McSnee.

~~LUKE~~: Snip ~~McFee~~^{Fee}, twas, Jim. And twasn't a razor. Twas a pencil. And twasn't seventy thousand foot. Twas ninethousand

TEE: Oh, no, Uncle Luke. EIGHT Thousand you said. Honest.

~~LUKE~~: Oh yes. AHM Eight thousand. Well you and Marian sing somethin' whilst I sort out the facks into my mind.

AD LIB TO SONG.

SONG.

TEE: Now will you Uncle Luke? Huh Will you?

~~LUKE~~: Eh, Will I what Teeny?

MARIAN: We want to hear about good old Snip McFee. The longOdistance pencil sharpeher.

~~LUKE~~: Ohhhhh. Oh yes. AHM. Well sir, that was down at old Camp Jill-Weiser.

MARIAN: Camp Which?

~~LUKE~~: Jillweiser. AHM Been tore down since. Besides you wouldn't o' heard of it on account of it's bein a gov'mint secret.

LEE: Well what did they do, Uncle Luke? Shoot~~sharp~~?

LEE: You betcha we did Teeny. Why old camp Jillweiser was the scene o' the finest rifle shootin' ever heard or seen into the world. I ought to know because I was in command o' the damp. (AHEM.)

MARIAN: All right. You're promoted. But what about your pal McFee?

LEE: Who, Snip? (LAUGHS) By Timothy that WAS funny. Ye see we'd been out onto the range all afternoon, and comin' back into the evening what should we see about a mile'n a half ahead but General Kilroy. He was makin' a map o' the camp and all of a sudden his pencil b busted.

JIM: And you saw that a mile and a half away?

MARIAN: Don' be silly, Jim. They HEARD it snap.

LEE: No we seen it, Marian. Ye got pretty keen eyesight when your a sharpshooter. Well sir, I says, to Snip McFee, well snip, I says, Snap into it, I says and sharpen ~~that pencil~~ that there pencil point fer the General. Wha' 's the range says Snip? And I snaps back eight thousand, seven hundred and twelve. Twenty mile wind sou'pu- west, I says. Okay, Major, he says, and took aim. BANG! went the gun and by timothy a little tiny splinter flew offen the pencil the General was holdin'. BANG. Well sitm it surprised the General so he looked at the lencil, turnin' it wrong end to, to se it beter and BANG, Snip took off the eraser.

MARIAN: That was all right. Generals never admit mistakes anyway.

LEE: Shucks, that there surprised General Kilroy more'n ever so whilst he looked at ~~where the eraser'd been~~ where the eraser'd been SNIP fired BANG BANG BANG and by smackers the pencil was sharpened slick's ye please. (LAUGHS) I reckon General Kilroy ain't ever figgered out to this day how that dad ratted pencil up and sharpened itself.

MARNY: Well why didn't you do the shhotsharpening yourself, Uncle Luke?

LEE: Who, me, Teeny? AHEM. Well I..er..AHEM. I was skeered I'd git me too fine a point onto the pencil. AHEM. (FADE OUT TO LAUGHTER) Ye see, old general Kilroy was kinda fussy about the kinda writin materials into Camp Jillweiser, and-@-----

ANNOUNCER: WELL, THAT WASN'T A BAD BIT OF SHOOTING..IN THE FADING LIGHT OF EVENING! NOW IF IT HAD BEEN NOON.....

ORCHESTRA: THEME

ANNOUNCER: MARIAN AND JIM WILL BRING YOU GOOD OLD UNCLE LUKE AGAIN TOMORROW AT THIS SAME ~~XXXX~~ HOUR.

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