

M A R I A N and J I M

in " SMACKOUT "

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1933.

12:45 P.M.  
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*Hemmes*

~~WEDNESDAY~~  
Wed  
Oct 11th

ANNOUNCER: GOOD AFTERNOON, EVERYBODY. WE BRING YOU AT THIS TIME, the PROGRAM FEATURING MARIAN AND JIM, WHO ASK YOU TO.

MAR & JIM: THEME

ANNOUNCER: DOWN AT ~~SMACKOUT TODAY~~ ~~SMACKOUT TODAY~~ SMACKOUT TODAY, WE FIND OLD UNCLE LUKE, AND MARIAN AND LITTLE TEENY, ALL BUSY. MARIAN AND LUKE ARE SORTING DRESS GOODS, WHILE TEENY IS BUSY LISTENING AND WATCHING, WITH ONE EYE ON HER LOLLYPOP.

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LUKE: By Tomtohy, Marian , I reckon' I got enough o' this here stuff whilst I was at it.

MAR: You mean this crepe de chine?

LUKE: Eh?

MAR: I say, you mean this crepe de chine?

LUKE: Is that what this here stuff is?

MAR: Why Uncle Luke! Aren't you ashamed? I suppose you've beens ellin' this stuff for years and years...and you ask me what it is.

TEE: Maybe nobody ever asked him what is was, maybe. Huh, Uncle Luke.

LUKE: That's jest about the size of it, Teeny. (LAUGHS) Ye see, when some body..some woman comes in and asks fer...er...dimity..or gingham...or somethin' I dunno the name of I say YOU BETCHA MA' AM! I SAYS... and I starst takin' down bolts o' stuff.

MAR: - and then what?

LUKE: Well, I keeps watchin' 'em outa the courner OB my eye, and when they starts thumbin' a perticklar piece o' goods, I starts ellin' 'em that one. Most genelly always works. AHM.

MAR: Yes, but you should know your merchandise better than that. For the love of Mike, Uncle Luke, suppose somebody should-

~~SMACKOUT~~

LUKE: Now who in tunket is-

TEE: Oh it's Mr. Jim. Hi, Mr Jim.

JIM: Hi, Teeny. Hello, Luke. Hello, my great big beautiful, blue eyed palpitation!

~~JIM.~~

MAR: Hello, you big braod shouldered, handsome. curly haired mugg.  
(LAUGHTER)

TEE: Hey, Miss Marian, What's a mugg? Huh? What is a mugg? Is Mr. Jim one? Hhh? Is he?

JIM: All right. Duck that one, angel. (LAUGHS) Tell the little girl.

MAR: Listen, Teeny. MUGG is a slang expression which perhaps I shouldn't have used, being a perfect lady at all times. I hope you'll excuse me.

TEE: All right. (GIGGLES) Hello, mugg...hello..mugg....(GIGGLES)  
~~hello..mugg...~~

~~TEENY~~: Mebbe ye hadn't better practice with it, Teeny. AHEM. It might slip out sometime when ye wouldn't wish to want it to.

MAR: Yes, I shouldn't have..er...

JIM: Oh forget it. What's the news, Luke? Any?

~~TEENY~~: Nope. Nothin' stirrin' into these parts, Jim.

JIM: How's my old pal, Mort Toops, the horseshoe champion?

~~TEENY~~: Oh he's... SAY WHATCH A MEAN THE HOSS SHOE CHAMP? why dad rat it, I kin beat that feller any day with a blindfold and both heads tied behind me back whilst standin' into a straight-jacket. Shucks, HIM champeen. ~~Back!~~

MAR: You should have said the "challenger", Jim. Or maybe runner-up.

~~TEENY~~: Shucks, he don't even git, to be runner upper with me. AHEM. But ye asked how mort was. He's okay. Cept that he lost a ~~xxx~~ last night. sheep

MAR: He did? How?

~~TEENY~~: Dog. They's a sheep killin' dog round here somewheres.

JIM: Got any suspicions, Luke?

~~TEENY~~: Yep. I have. Folks hereabouts been ~~losin'~~ <sup>losin'</sup> sheep fer weeks now. Mort's lost six includin' last night. Carney morton's lost three. Karl Pigmeyer pretty nigh busted a blood vessel losin' one.

MAR: Whose dog do you suspect, Uncle Luke?

TEE: I betcha I know, I betcha.

~~TEENY~~: Well if ye do, Teeny, don't say nothin'. Not a word, now.

MAR: Why, why not, Uncle Luke?

JIM: Sure, why not?

TEE: Why, Uncle Luke? Huh.

LUKE: Lissen. All o' ye? 'e ever hear the sayin' GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME?

MAR: Certainly, but -

LUKE: Now wait a mite. Dogs is jest like human bein's sometimes. AHEM. Only, mostly more intelligint. AHEM. And in both dogs and humans they's gonna be a few criminals. See? Only they ain't as many criminal dogs as they is men, nuther.

TEE: Uncle Luke LIKES dogs. Doh't you, Uncle Luke.

LUKE: O' course I do. Dogs isn't only man's best friend...sometimes their his ONLY friend. Well anyway, I don't beleiev into calin' neither a dog ner a man names till I know what I'm a sayin'.

JIM: We ll, there's something in that, too. You mean you've got to have proof about this sheep killing dog.

LUKE: You betcha I gotta have proof. First place mebbe it ain't even no dog. Kight be somethin' else. Second place they's too many good law abodin' dogs round here to go off and start Accusin' 'em o' runnin' sheep afore ye know what your talkin' about.

MAR: Well if they arrest any dogs hereabouts, Uncle Luke, I'll seethat you get the job as attorney for the defense.

LUKE: By Tomothy I'd like nothin' better!

JIM: How do you mean, .Luke?

LUKE: Well, they's too many folks that's anxious to point a finger and say that s the one..that s the one..he's guilty....without knowin' sa dad rafted thing aboutit. So anytime I'm asked to be lawyer fer defense of a dog, I won't take no fee.

MAR: Oh better charge a couple of bones, Uncle Luke.

LUKE: ~~Just budge the balance of your pointer at somebody -~~ *how bout a song? Got one?*

MAR: ~~How about a song for the canine attorney for the defense, boy friend?~~

JIM: ~~Well, if the party of the first part is willing to assist, help, support and in all other lawful means promote the interests of the party of the second part in a mutual manner.~~

LUKE: Aww dad rat it go on and sing.!!!!'

SONG:

SONG

LUKE: Much obliged folks. Nowas I was sayin' about them.... ~~(BELL RINGS)~~

JIM: Who's that?

TEE: Oh gee, Uncle Luke. It's that fat lady with the glasses on a stick.

MAR: Oh oh. Mrs Upson.

~~LUKE~~: Dad rat it. You wait on her, Marian.

MAR: (SOTTO VOCE) Oh no...no sir...YOU wait on her....

TEE: Shall I wait on her, Uncle Luke? Huh? Shall I...Euh?... shall I...

~~LUKE~~: No, Teeny, I-

MRS.U: (FADING IN) I beg pahn don. Could I be waited on at once please

~~LUKE~~: Oh you betcha, Mrs. Uppity. I mean Mrs Upson. AHM. We wa kirrda arguin' amngst us as to which one'd have him the privillige of takein care of ye. AHM. We ALL wanted to wait on ye.

TEE: Oh no, Uncle Luke. You said-

~~LUKE~~: How about a lollypop Teeny? Come on down here to the candy case and I'll buy youa....(FADE OUT)

~~LUKE~~: You betcha, Mrs Upson. AHM. What kin I do ye fer today?

MRS.U: Let me see...let me see... ah yes....have you any anchovy ~~xxxxx~~ paste?

~~LUKE~~: Any which, ma'am?

MRS.U: Anchovy paste.

~~LUKE~~: anchivvy paste...anchivvy paste....AHM. Jest a mite, Mrs U<sup>son</sup> whilst I look around over ~~here~~ ~~the stationery~~. Let's see.. anchivvy paste...anchivvy paste....there's...piston rings... stamp pads... .medicine droppers....nutmeg graters.... Bugbetter's Beneficial Balsam fer Burns, Bruises, and Bites. If you got any Burns bruises or bites, Mrs Upson, I'll...

MRS.U: I have not. Please! I asked for anchivy paste.

~~LUKE~~: I'm lookin' fer it, Mrs Upson. Anchivvy paste...anchiv- here's that hammer I been lookin' fer....teethin' rings...mah jung sets.... HERE YE ARE, ma'am... here ye are. O' course this paste ain't made by anchivvy. It's made by Jones. But I'll guarantee that it'll stick jest as long as that there anchivvy paste ye-

MRS.U: My goodness, but this..this is ordin'ry lib'ry paste, my man!

~~LUKE~~: Well shucks, whatof it? Paste is paste ain't it? Anything you kin use paste fer, Mrs Upson, ye kin use this fer.

MRS.U: Including sandwiches?

~~LUKE~~: Yes if ye...say ye don't mean to tell me they're stickin' 'em together with paste now! Well what'll society do next! Kin ye beat that? I suppose so they can't look inside 'em and see wha the7're gittin'. Or how thin ye sliced the ham. (LAUGHS) Kind of a surprise like. I'd say, if-

MRS:UP Pahn don me. Haven't we had enoug levity?

~~LUKE~~: We got enoguh what, ma'am?

MRS.U: Levity.

~~LUKE~~: Levity..levity...shucks, I betcha I'm jest smac out o' that, to anything else, Mrs Upson?

MRS.U: Yes. Some dog good.

~~LUKE~~: What kind of a dog, ma'am?

MRS.U: Does it matteh?

~~LUKE~~: Why dad rat it..AHM. Scuse me. But o' course it mat ters. Ye wouldn't give a baby a tough steak would ye? and ye shouldn't give a little terrier pup food fer a police dog nuther. They's built different into the stummicks.

MRS.U: I should like some food for a wolf hound. <sup>A</sup>Russian wolfhound.

~~LUKE~~: Hmm. Okay Mrs. Upson. Here ye are. The best they is. See that's it's warmed jest a mite before ye feed it to 'em. Other di-rections is onto the label. That all?

MRS.U: Yes, thank you.

~~LUKE~~: O, I reckon you don't wish to want this here paste then?

MRS. UP: I do not. and I consider it a very inferior joke, Mr. Gray.

~~LUKE~~: Eh? Joke? Why..er..I...Oh yes...ha ha ha..joke. We ll, I thought mebbe ye'd enjoy it. AHM. "a ha. I'll send this dog food up, Mrs Upson.

MRS.U: Please do...at once. A dozen cans of it. Good day.

~~LUKE~~: So long, Mr Upson...~~XXXXXX(BELL RINGS)~~ Hmm. Russian wolf hound. Hey why didn't she want this here paste, Marian? Jest kinda fussy about brandsM

MAR: Why Uncle Luke. (LAUGHS) Aren't y uashamed? ANCHIVY Paste is to EAT. You can't eat this library paste.

~~LUKE~~: Oh I duhno as I can't. AHM. I WOULDN'T maybe, but I COULD

~~JIM~~: Well you sold her some pooch grub anyway, Luke. Rassian wolfhounds. Funny we were just talking about dogs.

~~LUKE~~: ain't it though. AHM. ey ye got another song there? I..hey, ~~XX~~ whatz teeny mutterin' about...? Listen...

TEE: TO HERSELF) Hello mugg...hello muggg...hello mugg...(GIES) hello mugg...(GIGGLES)...

~~LUKE~~: Teeny? What did Uncle Luke say about that?

TEE: Oh I guess I forgot, Uncle Luke. Scuse me.

~~LUKE~~: Okay. Got anither song there, Marian and Jim?

AD LIB TOMSONG.

SONG

ANNOUNCER: WELL, WE HOPE THERE WAS NO CONNECTION BETWEEN MORT TOOPSES MISSING SHEEP AND MRS UPSON'S RUSSIAN WOLFHOUD. SO LIKE LUKE, WE'LL RESERVE JUDGMENT.

MAR & JIM: THEME

ANNOUNCER: WE'LL LAVE SMACKOUT AND MARIAN AND JIM NOW, BUT THEY'LL BE BACK SOON AT THIS SAME HOUR OVER THIS STATION. WATCH FOR THEM.

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