

SMACKOUT

FRIDAY JULY 10th.
1931

ORCHESTRA...THEME

ANNOUNCER.....IT'S SIX O'CLOCK NOW AND HERE WE GO WITH MARIAN AND JIM TO UNCLE LUKE'S LITTLE GENERAL STORE DOWN ON THE CROSSROADS OF THE AIR...SMACKOUT. IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU NEED...FROM BUTTONS TO DIRIGIBLES, NOW IS THE TIME TO GET IT...AND IF UNCLE LUKE IS JUST 'SMACKOUT' OF IT THERE'S PROBABLY SOMETHING ELSE YOU NEED. MAYBE A SONG...OR A STORY...OR JUST A FEW MINUTES OF RELAXATION. COME ON - WE'RE LISTENING!

LUKE: - so I says to Bill, I says, 'Bill, says I, I wouldn't do it.' But Bill was kind of a stubborn feller in them days, so he says to me, he says, Luke, he says, I never knowed ye to be wrong...but jest the same I'm a gonna do it. Why, shucks, he says, I got twenty two new uniforms I never even wore, he says So I says, well - the time'll come Bill, I says when you'll wish you'd took Luke Gray's advice. And he says, be that's it may, Luke, I'm a gonna do it! And By Timothy, that there jest ~~knocks~~ cut me in two...cause the next thing I knowed he'd declared war. Shucks, even a Kaiser of Germany kin be pretty bull headed when he wants to. (LAUGHS) I never spoke to Bill after that, - I was so dad-ratted put out about it.

MARIAN: (LAUGHS) Well, Uncle Luke, you did your best to stop the world war, so you can't blame yourself.

JIM: I'll bet every time Bill saws another stik of wood over there in Holland, he thinks of you.

LUKE: (LAUGHS) Reckon he does, at that. Always seemed to me he went over there to Holland cause he knew he was in Dutch with Luke Gray. Shucks, I ain't never heard from Bill since then...cept once or twice....'n I sent them letters back withoutneven readin' 'em - I was that peeved about it. Oh, well, some folks jest can't take advice, I reckon. How about that there song you was goin' to sing? Hey!

MARIAN: All right, Uncle Luke. What was it you asked for? Wasn't it (NAME SONG)

MARIAN: Certainly, why not?

LUKE: (LAUGHING) But how's he goin' to git the medicine INTO the ball? Hey? (LAUGHS)
Guess I got one on Mort that there time. (LAUGHS)(Heartily)

MARIAN: Why, Uncle Luke, all he has to do is squeeze the ball and stick it into the
medicine and let go...it will draw the medicine right into it. See?

JIM: Of, course. We used 'em as squirt guns when we were kids.

LUKE: DAD-RAT IT, I never thought of that there! Oh, shucks! Well....(LAUGHS) Maybe
Mort won't think o' that. Fact is I don't believe he will. What ~~is there another~~

~~AD LIB~~

~~SONG~~

MARIAN: You know, Uncle Luke, I rather liked that Mr. Toops. He seems like a rather
pleasant old man.

JIM: Yeah, he's all right.

LUKE: Old MAN? OLD man! Why dad-rat it, Mort ain't old. Shucks, he's ~~skxx~~ younger -
AHEM, - I mean he ain't much older'n what I am, Mort ain't. Course I'm a lot
spryer. More ..er....well...shucks, Mort ain't what ye'd rightly call OLD.

MARIAN: (LAUGHS) Of course not. Not really. You really do look a lot younger than he
does, Uncle Luke.

JIM: I'll say you do Luke. (LAUGHS) Why, if somebody came up to me on stilts and said
who do you think is the oldest, - Luke Gray or Mort Toops, do you know what I'd say
- I'd say, I think Luke must be his son.

MARIAN: Grandson, I'd say.

LUKE: (LAUGHS) Well, course I AM kinda young lookin', but shucks, Marian, nobody'd take
me for his GRANDSON...not even that there feller on stilts Jim was talkin' about.

MARIAN: How old would you say Mr. Toops was, Uncle Luke?

LUKE: ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Who, Mort? How old? Well, let's see, now...Mort would be about....jest
~~a mite till I think a bit....(TO HIMSELF) the rail road come through here in '91~~
~~that would be - AHEM... they tore down the sawmill in 1902 or maybe 1900. I yes that~~
~~was in 1903...1903....well sir, I'd say, offhand like that Mort was well,~~
~~shules, he must be well into his prime. Mort must. Yes, sir, I'd say that's~~

MARIAN: Well, I'm glad that's settled. (LAUGHS), Aren't you, Jim?

JIM: It serves me right for getting so personal. Are you sure those figures are correct Luke?

MARIAN: To the day and hour?

LUKE: Pretty close. (LAUGHS) Well into his PRIME, Mort is. But, dad-rat it he can't pitch horsehoss fer sour apples...prime or no prime. Why, I mind the time he - but shucks, you would be interested in that. How about singin' one more song?

AD LIB TO SONG:

Rocky Mountain Lullaby
SONG

ANNOUNCER: WELL, IF MORT TOOPS IS WELL INTO HIS PRIME..AND UNCLE LUKE LOOKS LIKE HIS GRANDSON...WE'D SAY THAT THE AIR AROUND SMACKOUT WAS PRETTY HEALTHY AIR..ANY DAY NOW WE EXPECT THE YOUTHFUL OLD PROPRIETOR OF THE GENERAL STORE TO GO OUT FOR FOOTBALL OR SOMETHING.

MARIAN AND JIM WILL BRING THESE LOVABLE CHARACTERS TO YOU AGAIN TOMORROW NIGHT AT THE USUAL SIX O'CLOCK OVER STATION WMAQ.

ORCHESTRA....THEME

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