

Blanche Stuart Scott Collection - Scripts and Manuscripts

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THEME SONG. - "I'M GOING SHOPPING WITH YOU" Blanche Stuart Scott.

"ROUND ROCHESTER WITH ROBERTA"

Station W S A Y Rochester, N.Y. August 7/40. Wed. 1.30 to 1.45 P.M.

Good Afternoon Everyone: Yesterday in a florist shop, some one thrust a bunch of violets under my noses. They were sweet and fragrant and I was interested in the immediate mental pictures that rose to my mind. First - just a flash of my Grandmother's graden. Then my first party, and incidently my first boy friend - Remember how your first boy friend used to bring you violets? Then there flashed before my mind, big noisy New York City, where I spent many happy years of my life. In those days the streets vendors sold violets on every block - sometimes they were a little shop worn and faded - sometimes they were fresh and dewy. The street vendors have long since gone and for years I have lived in other part of the country, particularly on the Pacific Coast where flowers are so much part of one's daily living, but just let the vague odor of violets cross my snese of smell and there is that old nostalgia for the big city. And do you know we are all bound up with memories of odors. Sometimes it is the smell of fresh pumpkin pie - or the burning of leaves in the autumn, and even that crear clean fresh fragrance of the early morning brings to our minds things we thought long dead and forgotten. Sad times, glad times, sweet tender memories that have lain in our hearts undisturbed for years and years -all rush to the fore and for a moment we live them all over again with all of their heart aches and all of their joys. And isn't it a wonderful thing we are given this privilege? I often thing that is why so many old people are so contented. They bask in their memories. A whiff of this

THERE SORO. -" I'M GOING SHOPPING SITH YOU" Slamebe Stwart Boott. * BOUND HOCHESTER WITH ROSERTA." Station W S A Y Nochester, N.1. August 7/40, Wed. 1.30 to 1.45 F.M. Oned Afternoon, Everyone: Yesterday in a florist shop, some one thrust a bunch of wielets under my nose. They were sweet and fragrent and I was interested in the immediate mental pictures that rose to my wind. First - just a flash of my Grandmother's graden. Then my first party, and incidently my first boy friend . Hemember how your first boy friend used to being you violets? Then there flashed before my mind, big noisy New York City, where I spent many happy years of my life. In those days the street vendors sold violets on every block - sometimes they were a little shop worn and faded - constinue they were from and day. The street wend rs have long since gone and for years I have lived in other part of the country, particularly on the facific Coast where flowers are so much a part of one's daily living, but just let the vague odor of wielets cross my sness of smell and there is that old mostelgia for the hig city. And do you know we are all bound up with memories of odors. Sometimes it is the small of fresh pumpkin pie - or the burning of leaves in the autumn, and even that frear clean fresh fragrance of the early morning brings to our minds things we thought long dead and forgotten. Had times, glad times, seest tender memories that have lain in our hearts undisturbed for years and years -all rush to the fore and for a moment we live them all over again with all of their heart aches and all of their joys. And isn't it a wonderful thing we are given this privilege? I often thing that is why so many old people

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