

Marian and Jim

in "SMACK OUT"

6:00 PM, Monday, June 1st

ORCHESTRA THEME

ANNOUNCER:

Now it's time for our six o'clock jaunt down to that little general store of Uncle Luke's on the crossroads of the air. As we step inside with Marian and Jim...we hope that the kindly old fellow has completely recovered from his Memorial Day fatigue...or has had what the Army calls a "Parade Rest" ....We're listening!

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~~THE FINKLES~~

~~AD LIB HELLOS (LUKE, MARIAN AND JIM AND TEENY)~~

LUKE:

Shucks, Marian and Jim.... and Teeny, - when you was in here 'tother day, I must have kinda dozed off a bit. Didn't hear ye go out a-tall. Wasn't really asleep niether. Jest kinda ~~xxxxx~~ closin' my eyes a mite.....

MARIAN:

Well....er....it WAS a little warm in here then, wasn't it Jim? I felt a little sleepy myself.

JIM:

That's right. You know I always claimed that it takes a very strong mind to be able to sit right down and tear off forty winks of sleep whenever you want to...like that. Always think I could do it myself.

MARIAN:

So have I. But I guess you've got to be able to concentrate.

LUKE:

(LAUGHS) Shucks, that ain' nothin'.....I kin do it most any time. By Timothy, I mind the time I was in the....in the... that there Boxer uprisin' over there in Chiny.....

TEENY:

What was the.....the.....Boxer Up....up.....rising, Uncle Luke? Was that a prize fight?

LUKE:

(LAUGHS) Sure was Teeny. Only they was considerable more'n two fellers into it. Some prizes too. Lots o' them fellers got away with some right vallyble stuff from them there temples, too. Jade.....and carved statues....and joolry 'n everything.

MARIAN:

What did you get, Uncle Luke?

LUKE:

Who, me? Shucks, I didn't git nothin'...not a dad-ratted thing. Not me.

JIM: Why not? Were you dozing off while the looting was going on?  
(LAUGHS)

LUKE: Nope! Never was wider awake in my life. Had to keep a eye on my men, I did. I was a seargent, then....and kinda responsible fer them fellers.

MARIAN: Oh, I see. You were so busy watching them that you didn't have time to get anything for yourself. Is that it?

LUKE: Nope. I jest figgered that them Chiny fellers was as fond o' them things....and proud of 'em as we would be...so I jest let 'em alone.. I don't hold with bustin' into a feller's house and swipin' all them famly jools....Course I didn't want to preach to them boys about it....but I didn't allow 'twas right fer me to take that there stuff. Why, shucks, some o' that carvin' must a' took a thousand years....maybe more to whittle out.

TEENY: Oooh, I bet they got awful tired of whittling, didn't they, Uncle Luke?

LUKE: (LAUGHS) Well, o' course, Teeny, 'twasn't jest one feller that did the carvin'. It was kinda handed down from generation to ....like....like.....

JIM: Like red hair! (LAUGHS)

LUKE: (LAUGHS) That's it....I was goin' to say like a shavin' mug.... but they don't hand them down any more.....say....how about a little song, Marian and Jim?

MARIAN: Absolutely....what would you like to hear, Uncle Luke?

AD LIB TO SONG

SONG

LUKE: (SIGHS) Sure is nice o' you folks to come in here every night 'n sing fer me, Marian and Jim. I appreciate it real well.. Shucks, nobody likes a good tune moren me, I reckon.

TEENY: Oh, I do, Uncle Luke!

LUKE: Well, (LAUGH)...Not MORE I guess, Teeny....maybe as much...but not more.

MARIAN: Well, don't thank us for it, Uncle Luke....we like to come down here. Besides we have to keep an eye on Teeny, don't we Jim?

JIM: Yes, we can't have Teeny getting into mischief.

TEENY: Aw, I don't get into

LUKE: No sir, Teeny's a right well behaved young 'un, Teeny is...fact is, I..(BELL TINKLES) Dad-rat it...here comes...well, evenin' Mrs. Thomas! What kin I do ye far?

AD LIB HELLOES

MRS. THOMAS: I was just goin' by Luke, and I happened to think I need some hairpins... so I come in. Give me a box of hairpins, Luke.

LUKE: Hairpins, eh? Hairpins....let's see, now...hairpins...wait'll I look into the hairpin department, Mrs. Thomas...did ye want the straight kind...er the wiggly kind?

MRS. THOMAS: The straight kind. Luke.....My stars...that's the kind I always get, ain't it?

LUKE: Come to think of it, Mrs. Thomas....I guess it is....but I'm jest smackout of the straight kind. And I'll tell ye why.

MRS. THOMAS: Now, Luke, I wanted -

LUKE: Now you wait a mite, Mrs. Thomas. Shucks, I guess I know what's what in hairpins....well last time you was in here to Smackout, Mrs. Thomas.. you got them straight kind. And I thought to myself, I thinks, now, shucks, I thinks, here's a lady with right pretty ~~look~~ hair...kind of a natural wave to it...jest the kind of hair 't needs them wavy kind of hairpines. So I orders them fer you, Mrs. Thomas. Cost me more...but I'm lettin' you have 'em at the same price as the straight kind. See?

MRS. THOMAS: Now, Luke...you're just sayin' that to....

LUKE: No sir....I mean...No, Ma'am. Really mean it. Got to protect my customers, I have. My customers has got to have the RIGHT stuff. Don't say a word about it, Mrs. Thomas. Here ye are.

MRS. THOMAS: Luke Gray, I -

LUKE: Not a word, Mrs. Thomas. It's all right. 'n what's more ye kin depend on me to keep a stock of 'em fer ye.

MRS. THOMAS: All right, Luke. My stars, such a man. Folks might just as well get to argufyin' with a stone wall. If you don't mind, I'll just set down and hear you folks sing, if you don't mind.

JIM: Not at all, Mrs. Thomas. Glad to have the audience. Here, sit here. ....by Teeny.

MARIAN: Have you any choice in numbers, Mrs. Thomas?

MRS. THOMAS: Oh, no. Just as long as it's ~~folksy~~ *temper to it*.

AD LIB TO SONG

*SONG*  
*Can't Sing A Riddle*

MRS. THOMAS: Well, that was ~~mighty~~ *right* nice, Marian and Jim. I must be gettin' along, I suppose. Jed'll be getting pretty hungry. Good night, all.

LUKE: Come again, Mrs. Thomas. I'll always have the hairpins for you.

MRS. THOMAS: I guess you will, Luke. At least you'll always sell me SOMETHING!  
(LAUGHS)

MARIAN AND JIM: Good night, Mrs. Thomas.....(BELL TINKLES)

TEENY: ~~What's in it, Teeny? That's on your mind now.~~

LUKE: ~~What's in it, Teeny? That's on your mind now.~~

TEENY:

Uncle Luke, Mrs. Thomas' hair isn't really wavy. It's just as straight as anything.

LUKE:

Well, AHEM....well.....I guess.....shucks, Teeny...I guess I know a wave when I sees it. Mrs. Thomas has a wave on the back of the hair there just as plain! I'm right surprised you hadn't noticed it.

TEENY:

Oh.....I guess I didn't see it, Uncle Luke.

JIM:

(LAUGHS) Well, you haven't anything on me, Teeny. I didn't notice it either. But a sale is a sale.....

MARIAN:

(LAUGHING) Yes, and its more fun to sail when there's a few waves.

LUKE:

Dad-rat it, if you folks is insinye-atin' that I...that '.....

MARIAN:

Oh, we're not insinuating anything, Uncle Luke....except maybe that you're a pretty good salesman.

LUKE:

(LAUGHS) Well, shucks, I hate to change the subject but how 'bout another song?

AD LIB TO SONG

*Say a Little Prayer*  
SONG

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, sir. When it comes to making a sale, Uncle Luke says it's always one thing or another....and It's usually another. But what's the difference if a little...er...blarney is thrown in for good measure?

Marian and Jim will bring these friendly people back to you tomorrow evening at six o'clock...over Station WMAQ....The Chicago Daily News Station.

ORCHESTRA THEME

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