

M A R I A N and J I M

in " SMACKOUT "

#1197

*Monday
Feb 25 35*

#1197
CHAR: Luke, Mar & Jim.
Teeny, Mrs. Wheedl.
SONGS: 2.

SOUND: Click of light
switch.

ANNOUNCER: GOOD MORNING EVERYBODY. WE PRESENT MARIAN AND JIM...AND
THEY ASK YOU TO -

MAR & JIM: THEME

ANNOUNCER: LUKE HAS AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE THIS MORNING.
IT SEEMS HE HAS JUST THIS DAY MANAGED TO - BUT HEAR HIM TELL
IT!

LUKE: And furthermore, the LUKE ABINADAB GRAY/SNOW SKIMMER IS JEST
STREAMLINED
ABOUT READY TO TAKE OFF.

MAR: To take off what?

LUKE: Why dad rat it...jest to take off. Start. Begin to go. Move.
TAKE OFF!

JIM: How does the engine go, Luke. Pretty smooth, is it?

LUKE: Smooth? SMOOTH? Boy, that there engine is like a feline cat,
sneakin' real cautious over a velvet rug...on ^{my} engine dont
make so mu h noise as that. AHM.

MAR: Let's go downstairs and see it, Uncle Luke, huh? Shall we, huh?

JIM: Is it ready for public display, Luke?

LUKE: Yep. That is, fer YOU folks. Needs a mite o' touchin' up and
polishin' before I give a general showin of it into the store
window here.

MAR: Well, listen, Uncle Luke. This is a snow sled; you'd better get
busy, hadn't you? We wont havemuch more snow.

LUKE: I know I know. As a matter o' strict fact, folks, I think she'll
be jst as good of a gravel glider as a snow sled. If she's as
powerful as + think she'll skim over dry ground like a wabbit.

TEE: Come on, Uncle Luke..let's go and see it, huh? Shall we? Huh?
LUKE: Okay.okay. But say..what say we have a song first. I dont want
this here thing o' beauty, this here gorgeous example o' the
builder's art, this here machanical marvel o' the age, to bust
onto your vision too onexpected. AHM. Let's have a song first.
Eh?

~~MAR: All right. But I begin to give up hope of EVER seeing this fabulous
drift-plumber of yours.~~

JIM: Come on, Marian let's sing him a song. I want to get a load of
the Luke AbinddabGray Patented Stream-Lined, Pay-as-you-enter
Snow Skimmer.

MAR: Let's go.

SONG: "TO BE SELECTED"

LUKE: Jest one more now, and I'll take ye downstairs and let ye feast yo
your features onto the greatest invention o' modern times.

MAR: Well, you certainly are modest about it.

JIM: Just a palpitating petunia, Luke is.

TEE: What's a palkapating peroonia, Mr Jim?

JIM: I meant a shrinking violet, Teeny. (LAUGHS)

TEE: 'ee do violets shrink? *Do they why* Then why do you have to put them in water?
Huh? Why do ye?

LUKE: Kisten...never mind the horticulturl comments. AHM. We got big
business afoot here Teeny.

MAR: (LAUGHS) You mean you WILL be afoot after you ride in this thing
you've invented.

LUKE: Now dont say that. Dont say it....shucks, after you see the smooth
lines o' the body, the smooth flowin' power of her 104 pony-power
motors, the terriffic strength of her chassississ...

TEE: What?

LUKE: Chassississississss. AHM. That's the underneath part. Frame and al
Chassissississ is.

MAR: Well come on...let's see it.

LUKE: Okay..foller me now and perpar to see the most revolutinuary advance into machanical scienece ever seen into the last fifty year. AHM. Or the last six monchs anyway.

MAR: We love your modesty, Uncle Luke.

LUKE: Modesty? Shuvks, what's modesty got to do with MERIT. With ABILITY. Dadrat it if a geller builds him a better mousetrap than tother feller he's got a right to -

TEE: Can we have a ride in your mousetrap, Uncle Luke.

LUKE: Listen, Teeny...look out fer thet third step there, folks - Listen, Teeny. dont NEVER refer to the Luke Abidadab Gray Snow Skimmer as a mousetrap. In the first place it aint. It's too big. Snd

MAR: Oh, it's a rat trap.

LUKE: Yes, a ra-....DAD RAT IT, DO YE WANNA SEE IT OR NO?

MORNS: Oh yes Uncle Luke. Certainly we do. Absolutely.
Tee. Mar. Jim.

LUKE: Okay then. Never mind the wise snaps. Wait'll I swith on a light. (PAUSE)

MAR: Well switch it on.

LUKE: Cant find the da ratted - OH yes..here she is...(CLICK) (PAUSE) (CLICK..CLICK)...well fer the -

MAR: (ALGUSHS) The li g bulb is burned out, Uncle Luke.

LUKE: YOU'RE tellin ME? Shuvks, jest when I wanted to show ye what- Hey Teeny, will ye run up and git a light bulb from the - no, I'll git it myself, I know where tis. (FADE OUT) Be right back folks with some light and then I'll show ye the finest creation o' the mind o man sence the oxcart was

TEE: (GIGGLES) Gee it's dark down here.

M: Is there only one light socket down here in this coal mine?

MAR: That's all I ever saw. All that's needed ordinarily.

TEE:

Yes, Mr Jim. Ther's only one sock lightet down here, I guess.

JIM:

How the dickens does he perform all these mechanical marvels with only one light?

TEE:

Well gee, he carries it around on a string, I guess. and he's got a little black thing that fits in it and he can put two mor bulbs on it and a electrish machine that makes holes and-

JIM:

A drill, I see. You mean he puts in a double socket and uses it for his eletric tools.

TEE:

Uh huh. I guess so.

MAR:

No wonder the thing burned out. He probably blew a fuse ~~on the cellar circuit.~~

JIM:

Oh no..I dont think so.probably just a bulb blown. If he - here he comes now. Got a bulb, Luke?

LUKE:

Yep. Took it outa the kitchen light. AHEM.

MAR:

Oh Uncle Lukewhy did you do that? Why didnt you take a new one? I need that on e in the kitchen.

LUKE:

Shucks, I'll put it back fer ye. We was..er..AHEM. I discovered..
..er..tha is..we was jest smackout o' light bulbs in stock.
Now where in tunket is that there socket....

JIM:

Ought to be right over head there, Luke..feel around right above you there. (PAUSE)

MAR:

Find it?

LUKE:

Nope.. Ye aint none of ye moved it have ye? (LAUGHTER)

Dad rat it, I...WOOP..here tis. Now jest a mite now..and we'll shed some light onto the finest, most up todate, modern, smart speedy transpor- (PAUSE) Wellefer the -

TEE:

Wgat's the matter Uncle Luke? Huh?

LUKE:

This here bukbd is burned out, too. Can ye imagine the -

MAR:

It cant be Uncle Luke. I just turned it off ten minutes ago.

JIM:

You're right, I'll bet a cookie, Marian. It's the fuse.

MAR: They've got a fat chance to see it down there. (LAUGHS)

JIM: Well, Luke, we have yet to see your snow skimmer.

LUKE: I know I know. Shucks, mind help it if - OH HELLO THERE, MRS. WHEEDLEDECK. I Never seen ye come in..beenwaitin -ong?

MAR: Hello, Mrs Wheedledeck.

JIM: Hi, Mrs Wheedledeck.

MRS. W: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Good morning. Myy good ness gracious, Mr Gray, when I came in and didnt see anybdy at all..not a soul mind you, ~~my goodness~~ I was real anxious.

LUKE: We was down in the cd lar, Mrs Wheedledeck. Lookin' at..er..that is we WOULD HAVE BEE LOOKIN' AT..er...AHM. But what kin I do fer ye, Mrs Wheedledeck? We got some real daddy aprons id that's do dad ratted dainty, I says to myself, Luke, I says, what do them delicate dainty little house aprons make yw think of. And it come to me jest like that. MRS WHEEDLEDECK, I thinks! Hse sir, Mrs-

MRS.W: I'll have to seethem some other time, Mr Gray, I just came over to get some light bulbs.

LUKE: Some.....light bulbs?

MRS.W: Yes, my goodness me, wwe'vehardly a good biulb in the house. So I said to sister, sister, we Simply MUST get some light bulbs. I want three forty's and two sixty's, Mr Gray, Please.

LUKE: I..I see. AHM. Some light bulbs, eh? That's..er..that's funny.

MRS. W: What's funny, Mr Gray?

LUKE: That..er..well shucks, Mrs Wheedledeck, the facts o' the matter is I'm jest..er..that is, we haven't..WE'RE JEST SMACKOUT O' light bulbs. (FADE OUT) Ye see, Mrs Wheedledeck these here aprons I was gonna tell ye about are the SWEETEST, best made, delicatest littl dainty aprons ye ever see into your.....

TEE: Will you bet a cookie with me, too, Mr Jim? Huh Will you?

JIM: Sure , I-

MAR: Have you a fuse down here for the cellar lights Uncle Luke?
(PAUSE) Uncle Luke.

LUKE: I hear ye...I hear ye....NO, I AINT' Used the last one pestiddy.
Dad rat it aint that jest the luck of a inventor? Fust the
light bulb is blew and then the fuse has went.

TEE: Has gone, Uncle Luke it is. Not has went.

LUKE: Well, it's went and gone, anyway.

JIM: What do we do now? Play hide and seek in the dark here?

MAR: Let's go back. We'll have to see it some othertime.

~~KKKKK~~

TEE: Maybe Uncle Luke can get his flashlife. Huh.

LUKE: Oh I COULD..I suppose..but shucks..that aint no way to git your
first look at the Luke Abinadab Gray Streamlined Snow Skimmer.
SHUCKS? Wouldn't tyat jest paint ye purple, out ye in two and
plowye under? The idea o' -

MAR: Oh forget it. We can see it tommorrow. Come on, Jim..and teeny.
Watch for that bad step.

JIM: Okay. Here teeny..hold my hand.

TEE: All right, Mr Jim. I guess you want me to lead you, huh?

JIM: That's the idea. (LAUGHS) Why dont you fix that step, Luke. Then
you wouldn't have t ,keep warning people against it?

MAR: It's like this Jim. When he's using the step he's in a hurry,
and when nobody's using the step, it doesn't matter.

LUKE: Aw shucks, I'm gonna fix it sometime when I git....Efery body
up?

MAR: I'm here.

JIM: I'm with you, Master Mind.

TEE: Me, too.

LUKE: Okay. I'll loka the door here so's nobody'll see the invention.

ANNOUNCER: WELL, IT LOOKS AS IF THE GREAT LUKE GRAY SNOW SWIMMER WAS ~~DESTINY~~
DESTINED TO REMAIN A DARK SECRET FOR A FEW MORE DAYS. AND WHEN
WE SAY DARK, WE MEAN DARK.

ANNOUNCER & JIM: THEME

ANNOUNCER: COME BACK TO SMACKOUT WITH MARIAN AND JIM..NEXT TIME THEY ARE
SCHEDULED ON YOUR STATION AT THIS SAME HOUR. THEY HAVE COME TO
YOU FROM OUR CHICAGO STUDIOS. THIS IS THE NATIONAL..ETC..

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