

The Radio Story

by David Cory

“Well, well, well!” said Uncle Lucky, rubbing his eyes, “that was a queer dream. The idea of my dreaming I was a boy again, playing marbles with Uncle John Hare,” and, with a laugh, the old gentleman bunny jumped out of bed to look out of the window. It was early morning and the sky was pink and purple, yellow and red. The dew was sparkling on the grass and the trees were whispering to one another.

All of a sudden “Cock-a-doodle-do!” went the Old Red Rooster over by the barn. And then a robin began to sing and a little squirrel to scamper over the grass.

“Heigh ho!” exclaimed dear Uncle Lucky, “what a beautiful world. I must hurry down to my breakfast and then go for Little Jack Rabbit. He should be vaccinated. Maybe I’d better call up Dr. Quack, the famous duck doctor, to find out when he can see us.”

“Hello, Central, hurry, please,
Something’s going to make me sneeze.
Who has filled with pepper up
The little rubber talking cup?”

Ker-choo! ker-choo! went the dear old gentleman rabbit, and before he could get out his lovely blue silk polkadot handkerchief somebody laughed outside the window.

“Who’s laughing at me?” asked the ex-as-per-a-ted—which means, dear littlest reader, teased nearly to death—old gentleman bunny, “and who put pepper in my telephone, I want to know?”

“Ha, ha! ha! ha!” laughed the voice again, just outside the sitting room window.

With a hop, skip and a jump across the nice rag carpet hopped the dear old bunny to peek through the curtain. There on the porch rail sat Jimmy Jay, the mischievous bird boy.

“Ha, ha! ha, ha!” he went again, throwing his head first to one side and then to the other, “Ha, ha! ha, ha!”

“Get off my porch,” shouted dear Uncle Lucky, “you bad, mischievous, sneak of a bird boy. Why don’t you play nice games instead of mean jokes? Get off my porch or I’ll do something to you,” and Uncle Lucky hopped back across the hall and opened the front door with a swing.

Away flew naughty Jimmy Jay like a flash of blue through the leaves.

“Ha, ha! ha, ha!” he laughed, “how peppery we are!”

“Good gracious meebus!” exclaimed the old gentleman bunny, “that bird boy is a bad one. If he doesn’t mend his ways I shall report him to the Policeman Dog. What right has he to come into my house and play such a trick on me?”

Dear Uncle Lucky was so provoked with Jimmy Jay that he almost forgot to call up Dr. Quack. But as soon as the mischievous bluebird was out of sight the kind old gentleman suddenly remembered and, hopping over to the telephone, shouted:

“One, two, three, S. O. S.
Who is calling? Can’t you guess?”

“No, who is it?” answered a voice.

“Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot. My nephew, Little Jack Rabbit, should be vaccinated. Can you come over to the Old Bramble Patch at once?”

“In about fifteen minutes,” replied the famous duck doctor.

Hanging up the receiver, Uncle Lucky hopped out to the garage and, cranking the Luckymobile, started off for the Sunny Meadow.

By and by, after a while, but not quite a mile, he came to the dear Old Bramble Patch, in the center of which safe and secure stood the little bungalow in which Little Jack Rabbit lived with Lady Love, his bunny mother.

“Honk, honk!” went the Luckymobile horn, and the next minute out hopped Little Jack Rabbit.

“Has Dr. Quack been here?” asked the old gentleman bunny, taking out his gold watch and chain.

“He just left,” answered his bunny nephew. “He vaccinated me. Mother gave me a carrot cent afterwards to buy a lollypop with ’cause I didn’t make a fuss.”

“You’re a good bunny boy,” said Uncle Lucky, patting the little rabbit’s ears. “Let’s hop in to see mother.”

Side by side the little rabbit boy and the dear old gentleman bunny hopped along the path through the thick brambles until they reached the little bungalow. On the back porch sat Lady Love, the little rabbit’s mother, shelling peas.

“Well, well, well!” exclaimed Uncle Lucky, “how busy we are! And how pretty we look in the blue apron and string of red beads!” Sitting down on the step, the old gentleman bunny filled his old corncob pipe with cabbage leaf tobacco and smoked away to his heart’s content.

By and by the little rabbit grew restless. “Let’s listen in on the radio,” he suggested, tickling dear Uncle Lucky’s ear.

“Come along,” answered the obliging old gentleman rabbit, hopping into the sitting room.

Professor Crow was just announcing to his radio audience that “This is Station ABC, Old Crow County, Tall Pine Tree. The first number on our program is David Cory, the Jack Rabbit Man, who will tell his famous Little Jack Rabbit stories to the furry and feather-coated people of the Shady Forest and Sunny Meadow. Tune in and let us know how the story is going over. Step into the Hollow Stump

Telephone Booth and call us up: ‘One, three, five, Sakes Alive; Pine Tree Top, Lollypop! Here is Uncle Dave.’”

“Hello! boys and girls. Guess where I am. Maybe I’d better tell you before you grow tired thinking of a million different places. I’m up in Professor Crow’s tall Pine Tree House. He has asked me to broadcast a Little Jack Rabbit story. Isn’t that a compliment? Well, I just guess yes three times and a half. But, dear me! It’s some job to climb a tall pine house. I’m not as young as I used to be, but now that I’m up at the top and have brushed off my trousers and straightened my tie I’ll tell you something nice and true, for it’s pretty up here under the blue and sunny sky with Merry Sun winking his big gold eye.

“Goodness me! dear boys and girls, there goes the telephone bell and Squirrel Nutcracker’s voice is shouting over the wire: ‘Ask Mr. Cory to put me in the story.’

“‘All right,’ promised Professor Crow, but before I could broadcast a word the bell rang again.

“‘Busy Beaver talking,’ came over the wire. ‘Ask David Cory to say something about me.’

“‘All righto,’ answered the old crow, hanging up. But jingle, jingle, tinkle, tink went the bell before I could wink.

“‘This is the Big Brown Bear talking. Ask David Cory to put me in the story,’ I heard him say, and then Professor Crow answered, ‘I’ll see what I can do.’

“‘Hurry up and commence,’ said the worried old black bird, turning to me. Again tinklerly tink, jingerly jell went that dreadful telephone bell, and Granddaddy Bullfrog begged to have me mention him over the wire.

“‘All righto, Mr. Bullfrog,’ answered Professor Crow, but even before he had hung up the receiver, Chippy Chipmunk was requesting that I say ‘Hello’ to him.

“‘Goodness me!’ said Professor Crow, ‘if they keep this up there’ll be no story at all.’

“‘Never mind,’ I answered, ‘I’ll just say hello to everybody. Next Thursday will be time enough for a story.’”

All of a sudden the little rabbit shouted, “He just said hello to me!” and the next minute, “He just said hello to you!”

“Did he?” asked dear Uncle Lucky. “Well, that is kind of him,” and as the radio talk was now over the two bunnies hopped into the kitchen.

“What have you for supper?” asked dear Uncle Lucky.

“Stewed lollypops!” answered busy Lady Love, placing a steaming dish upon the table. “Nice fresh lollypops. The Big Brown Bear was here yesterday.”

“Did he ask for me?” asked Little Jack Rabbit.

“To be sure,” replied Lady Love, “I told him that Uncle Lucky was coming to-day.”

“Yes, I’ll stay here for a while,” laughed the old gentleman bunny, picking up a big juicy yellow lollypop by the stick, just the way people eat asparagus. But, oh, dear me! down ran the juice all over his nice clean napkin. Wasn’t that a shame?

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed Uncle Lucky, “that was a very ripe lollypop!”

Just then his small rabbit nephew brought his spoon down on the table with a whack.

“What’s that?” shouted the old gentleman bunny, dropping the lollypop stick on his little left hind toe, the one with the rheumatiz, you know.

“A mosquito tried to sting my ear!” cried the little bunny boy, carefully lifting the spoon to peep underneath, “Where did he go?”

“If you would catch a skeeter
You must be lightning quick.
My name is Skeeter Peter
And I’m on to every trick,”

sang a squeaky, buzzy voice.

“Did you hear that?” asked Lady Love.

“No, but maybe I’m getting a little deaf,” sighed dear Uncle Lucky, tucking a clean napkin under his chin and picking out a fresh lollypop.

“There goes Skeeter Peter out of the window,” shouted his small nephew bunny.

“Catch him!” cried the old gentleman rabbit, hopping over to the open window. But, oh, dear me! The Old Red Rooster, who was raking up the leaves on the lawn wasn’t quick enough, and away flew Skeeter Peter to the Old Duck Pond where Mrs. Skeeter Peter was waiting at the door of their tiny house in the long grass.

“Dear me! I’m all out of breath,” sighed dear Uncle Lucky, sitting down in the rocking chair by the open window to read the Bunnybridge Bugle. After a while he fell asleep and dreamed he was a boy again and had sent a pretty valentine to a lovely bunny girl.

Source:

Cory, David. “The Radio Story.” *Little Jack Rabbit's Big Blue Book*. New York: Grossett & Dunlap Publishers, 1924. 142 – 148. Electronic.