

Thurs. Feb. 12, 1931.

"AMOS AND ANDY"  
by  
Correll & Gosden  
No. 902.

At the suggestion of Amos Andy has decided to forget his worries, at least until his present trouble with Madam Queen is over. As the scene opens now we find the boys just entering the taxicab office having just left the lunch room. Here they are:--

Amos---Well, let's git on in here an' see if it's any mail or anything. Den we kin take de taxicab back out.

Andy---Yeh, lemme git in dere an' sit down fo' a FEW minutes. I work in de lunch room all mornin'---den I gotta drive de taxicab in de afternoon. I just go from one place to anotheh an' work, an' it ain't right.

Amos---Whut yo' mean, it ain't right? Me an' Brother Crawford's doin' it, ain't we?

Andy---Yeh, but de president of a comp'ny can't do all de work an' be a president too. I worry 'bout dis heah thing comin' up on de 23rd.

Amos---Well, you ain't gotta go to Court TILL de 23rd. Why don't yo' fo'git about it till yo' git dere?

Andy---I b'lieve I'll call up my lawyeh an' give him a new idea I got.

Amos---'Bout whut?

Andy---A man told me dis mornin' down de shoe shinin' parlor, if he was me he would plead self-refense. Dat's whut I b'lieve I'll git my lawyeh to do.

Amos---You ain't careful yo' lawyer goin' quit yo'.

Andy---Well Amos, I got some bad news fo' yo'.

Amos---Fo' ME?

Andy---Well, it's 'bout me.

Amos---Whut's de matter now?

Andy---Las' night Sadie's mama called me up, say she just

made a pie. She wanted me to taste it, so I went by dere. De idea is, she wants to make all de pies fo' de lunch room.

Amos---Whut'd you tell her?

Andy---I told her we was goin' have a eggs-zeck committee meetin' of de lunch room an' I'd tell ev'ybody 'bout her pies an' see if I can't fix it up so she kin make all de pies.

Amos---Well, if her pies is any good an' dey're cheap enough, it's alright wid me. Dat ain't so bad. If you don't do nuthin' worse dan dat, you ain't so bad off.

Andy---Yeh, but I ain't told yo' ev'ything.

Amos---Whut's de matter?

Andy---Sadie made some fudge dat was like rocks---I nibbled on it an' told her it was good an' all dat. While Sadie was out in de kitchen once her mama said to me, "Why don't you an' Sadie git married?" Now dere you is.

Amos---Andrew Brown, de great lover.

Andy---It's sumpin' 'bout me dat kills 'em. I gotta stop dressin' up. I gotta go 'round lookin' shabby.

Amos---No, I tell yo' whut. You keep on dressin' up but just stop tellin' ev'ybody dat you got a lot o' money 'cause Madam Queen done showed yo' dat she ain't in love wid yo'.

Andy---Yeh, dat's right too, ain't it? Yo' know, de way I git in a picklement I tell somebody sumpin' dat's a long way off of sumpin' an' I think de time ain't neveh comin' dat I'll have to do whut I say I goin' do but de fust thing yo' know, it's right on top o' me an' time is flyin'. You look at a second hand on a clock.

Amos---Oh, time is goin' son.

Telephone rings.

Andy---Let's have dat took out.

Amos---Answer de thing.

Andy---One o' dese days somebody goin' call up heah fo' a taxicab an' we BOTH goin' fall oveh.

Amos---I'll answer de thing. (phone) Fresh Air Taxicab comp'ny----

Andy---If it's fo' me, find out who's callin'.

Amos---(phone) Who's callin'?----Oh hello Mr. Collins---yessah, he's heah--just a minute.

Andy---I wonder if I ought to tell him 'bout dat self-refense?

Amos---I wouldn't tell him 'bout it.

Andy---(phone) Hello Mr. Collins-----a mistake?----oh 'tis huh?----uh- huh---uh-huh----

Amos---I hope it ain't nuthin' bad.

Andy---(phone) Yeh, well, I'll make a memo-landum of all dat---I say I'll make a memo-landum----I'll WRITE it---down-----yeah, I'll note it---

Amos---Don't sign no notes fo' nobody.

Andy---(phone) Yeh, well I'll write ev'ything down----yeh, I been thinkin' 'bout it----alright Mr. Collins----goodbye.----- Hello---hello, hello-----(to Amos) Well, he got away. I was goin' tell him about self-refense.

Amos---Yo' lucky he hung up.

Andy---Gimme a pencil. I gotta make a memo-landum.

Amos---I ain't got a pencil.

Andy---No wondah I can't git nowhere. Got a office an' no pencil---dis is two weeks I been widout a pencil. If it wasn't fo' dis lead nickel I found I wouldn't be able to write nuthin'.

Amos---Whut is dat you writin' wid, a nickel?

Andy---I found a lead nickel an' I been writin' wid dat, an' when it comes to de time dat I gotta write wid a piece o' lead instead of a pencil-----how yo' spell February?

Amos---F-e-b-period.

Andy---Dat's right.

Amos---Whut did he tell yo'?

Andy---Well Amos, I ain't as bad off as I is been. Things look betteh. I got one mo' day.

Amos---Whut yo' mean?

Andy---Well, he thought dat I had to go to Cou't on Feb. 23rd but he say de 22nd is Washington's birthday, an' dey goin' switch it oveh till Monday de 23rd so I ain't gotta got to Cou't till de 24th---hot dog.

Amos---Well, whut you hoppin' 'round 'bout?----dat ain't nuthin', dat's just one more day.

Andy---Yeh, dat's right, ain't it? Tomorrow I'll be just as worse off as I was today, if ev'ything is like it was---or sumpin'.

Amos---Dat's just de way you do, yo' see.

Andy---I wish I had a pencil---dis is a dis-regrace alright, dis nickel I got. By de way, dis is de only nickel I got right now.

Amos---How 'bout dat money yo' had last night?

Andy---I ain't had but 2 dollahs, is I? Afteh I went oveh an' had dat pie at Sadie Blake's, all three of us got hongry so I took 'em out an' bought 'em a ice-cream soda at de drug sto', an' de old lady had a subscription down dere dat she was havin' filled, left her pocketbook at home, an' I had to pay fo' dat, an' I got 3 cent change out o' de two dollahs afteh I finished wid ev'ything, an' as we was goin' out dere was some scales dere, an' we all got weighed---an' dat cleaned me.

Amos---When dey take yo' dough, dey take it all, don't dey?

Andy---When is de lunch room goin' pay divilends or sumpin'?---or ain't we doin' nuthin', or whut's goin' on?

Amos---Thought you was showin' ev'ybody how to run de bizness end.

Andy---I IS showin' 'em, but dey ain't doin' it. Whut I wanted 'em to do is split up de stock. I wondeh how Madam Queen is? Boy, my feet hurt me.

Amos---Yo' mind is just crazy today, yo' know it? You can't settle down on nuthin'.

Andy---Dis is a bad day fo' me. If I had a pencil I could

do some work but you see de fix I is in. Look at dat ink well. De ink is done dried up. Looks like a piece o' coal in de bottom of de ink well.

Amos---Well, I goin' tell yo' sumpin' dat's goin' start some worry 'round heah in de next week or two.

Andy---Whut is de good news?

Amos---Pretty soon we gotta start on de income tax fo' last yeah.

Andy---Oh yeh. I gotta figgeh out de income tax again dis yeah an' I got a lead nickel dat I'se writin' wid. De Gov'ment will sue us fo' salt an' battery when we finish dis yeah.

Amos---Well, it ain't no use to go through all dat stuff we went through last yeah an' all dat worry.

Andy---Well, when yo' look at one o' dem blanks dat de gov'ment sent out an' DON'T worry, sumpin's de matteh wid yo'. I feel like tellin' de gov'ment dat all our money is de-fissited, or sumpin'.

Amos---Well, don't fo'git dat we can't mess wid de gov'ment.

Andy---Ev'ybody say to me---don't be a pessilist, be a occulist, but how is I goin' be a occulist wid sumpin' comin' up all de time to worry 'bout? Ev'ybody say "Think dat things is gittin' betteh an' be a occulist"----den I begin to think things IS gittin' betteh, an' you tell me 'bout de income tax. Whut did Congress do 'bout it?

Amos---Whut yo' mean, whut did dey do 'bout it?

Andy---Well, President Hooveh an' Congress is been fightin' 'bout sumpin', ain't dey?

Amos---Dey ain't stopped.

Andy---Well, whut is dey fightin' 'bout?

Amos---I don't know, you been readin' de paper as much as I is.

Andy---Whut happened to de Wickershamble?

Amos---To who?

Andy---Dat REpo't.

Amos---Dat was a long time ago.

Andy---Well, dat don't he'p me none.

Amos---Did dat have anything to do wid de income tax?

Andy---Well, 'cordin' to de barbeh down at de barbeh shop, de income tax might-a been in dere. Say dey couldn't figgeh it out or sumpin'. Dey li'ble to have a phillip-busteh 'bout it.

Amos---Say, by de way, yo' know whut day it is, don't yo?

Andy---Thursday.

Amos---I mean, it's Lincoln's birthday, dat's whut 'tis.

Andy---Oh yeh, dat IS right, ain't it?

Amos---I was talkin' to a man down at de bank yesterday--- he was tellin' me dat today was Lincoln's birthday, an' he but de whole thing 'bout Lincoln in a nut-shell.

Andy---Whut did he say?

Amos---He says "Talkin' 'bout Lincoln, you can always say dat he was a REAL man." Think dat oveh some time. A REAL man. Just think some time whut those three words mean.