

Thurs. Mar. 12, 1931.

"AMOS AND ANDY"
by
Correll & Gosden.
No. 926.

Andy is just beginning to realize that he is free from the entanglements from the breach of promise suit. Amos has said nothing regarding the assistance he rendered Andy and Mr. Collins but Andy---well, here he is in his office talking to the Kingfish while Amos is out driving the taxicab. Here they are:--

Andy---Oh sho', it's just a question o' usin' brains all de time Kingfish. Dat's whut I been tellin' Amos.

King---Well Andy, me an' de old lady was talkin' dis mornin' an' we is cert'ny glad dat you got out o' ev'ything alright.

Andy---Oh yeh, I knowed it all along---I knowed how ev'ything was comin' out.

King---You knowed it all along huh?

Andy---Oh sho'. You know how a cat will play wid a mouse some time.--- Well, anyway, dat's whut I was doin' wid de judge an' de jury.

King---An' you say you sent Amos out to follow dis woman dat fainted huh?

Andy---Yeh, yo' see, me an' Amos work togetheh a lot on things like dat, an' on dem pu'sonal things we work de se-
ket service system.

King---Whut yo' mean?

Andy---Well, when I tell Amos to follow somebody, I gotta give him a signal. I can't say "Follow dat woman"--let somebody heah me. I just do sumpin' like drop a hank'chief---if I got one.

King---'Spose yo' ain't got one?

Andy---Well, in case of a remergency, I'll cut a piece o' my shirt off an' drop dat---sumpin's gotta be dropped.

King---Well, it's all over anyway, ain't it Andy?

Andy---Oh yeh, I throwed it out o' cou't. An' not only dat, I think I goin' git a medal from somewhere fo' winnin' like I is.

King---It's hard fo' me to realize dat Madam Queen didn't git a Divorce from her second husband. She was married three times.

Andy---Yeh, she was married three times.

King---It's a shame de newspapers had to put all dem letters yo' writ in dere.

Andy---Well---dat gits my name in de papeh, yo' see. Now when people want a taxicab dey'll think o' me, ---or sumpin'.

King---Yeh, I guess dat'll he'p yo' bizness alright. De only thing is, it lets dat personal matter out in front o' ev'ybody.

Andy---Well, dat's good an' bad.

King---Yo' think it's goin' he'p yo' or hurt yo'?

Andy---Well---yes an' no---mostly yes.

King---Well, heah's brother Amos drivin' up in front.

Andy---I was just goin' read yo' a letteh dat I got. Amos ain't heerd it neitheh so I'll let him heah it too. See how I let him in on things?

King---Well, hello brother Amos.

Andy---Well.

Amos---Hello dere Kingfish, how is yo'? How yo' feel, Andy?

Andy---Well, I feel alright. 'Fore de Kingfish come I was just sittin' heah thinkin' wid myself.

Amos---Whut's dat letter you got dere?

Andy---Oh--yeh---I was just gonna read dis to de Kingfish an' I seed you drivin' up, so I want you to heah it too.

King---Sit down Amos.

Amos---Dat's alright Kingfish---sit dere---I'll sit on dis box over here.

King---Go ahead Andy, I'd like to heah de letter.

Amos---Whut kind o' letter is it?

Andy---Love letteh-----dat's my special----just shows yo' whut de newspapehs has done fo' me. I fooled de newspapehs.

Amos---You is done fooled de newspapers huh? You ain't got up dat early yet dat I know 'bout, but I tell yo' one thing---if dat's a love letter dat YOU is writin', if you mail it you gotta knock me down first.

King---Well, let him go ahead an' read it Amos.

Amos---Oh, I ain't stoppin' him from readin' it.

Andy---It stahts out "Andrew H. Brown---dear Mr. Brown."

Amos---Wait a minute---who's it from?

Andy---It's from a girl.

Amos---Whut girl? Sadie Blake?

Andy---I don't know who it's from---some girl dat done seed all dat stuff in de papeh 'bout me an' writ me a letteh. Dat's why I say I'se foolin' de newspapehs. Dey think dey's hurtin' me---de he'pin' me.

Amos---You don't call dat he'p, I hope.

Andy---Well Amos, de work I is done in dis case, an' ev'ything---well anyway, if people wanna congran-ulate me, let 'em congranulate me.

Amos---Alright, go ahead.

Andy---"Dear Mr. Brown---I just have been readin' in de newspapeh about you. I have swallowed---I mean-a----followed---your case, an' am so glad dat it came out alright. I told my girl friend Louise-a dat you were a smart man, an' would git out alright.

Amos---Poor Louise-a---she's on de wrong track---an' so is dat gal.

King---Go ahead Andy, I like to heah dese letters.

Andy---Well Amos, keep yo' big mouth shut.

Amos---Alright.

Andy---Den she say heah, "I couldn't wait to git home an' read de newspapeh about how yo' case was comin' out, an' I tried to git in de cou't room to see you, but it was so crowded de man would not let me in. I know you must be a h-a-n-d-s-u-m-----handsome man."

King---She's wrong about de spellin'.

Andy---Well, just so she ain't wrong about whut she's sayin' though--- de spellin' ain't nuthin'---anybody's pencil can slip.

Amos---Well, go ahead, read it. Look at him, he's puffin' all up dere.

Andy---If I wanna puff, I goin' puff.

King---Go ahead Andy.

Andy---Den she say heah----where is de place?---she don't write in para-giraffes like I do. Heah 'tis----says "I am a young girl 19"---

Amos---An' she got a lot to learn an' don't know it.

Andy---Alright Amos.

King---Don't put de letter down Andy---go ahead, read it. Let him alone Amos.

Amos---Well, go ahead, read it if yo' goin' read it.

Andy---"I am a young girl 19, an' my friends say I am very pretty. I neveh have received a sweet letteh like de one you wrote to Madam Queen, an' it would t-h-r-i-l"----

King---I guess dat's thrill.

Amos---Yeh, dat's whut she means.

Andy---Well, it ain't no use takin' no vote on dat 'cause it's two to one already.

Amos---Well, READ IT.

Andy---Where was I?

King---Sumpin' about she ain't never got no letter like you writ Madam Queen.

Andy---Oh yeh---"an' it would thrill me if you would write me a sweet letteh like dat. Please write me one---I am

lonesome." Den she says sumpin' 'bout a lookin' glass heah.

Amos---Whut?

Andy---Says "from your A--mirror."

King---Lemme see dat.

Andy---Dere 'tis.

King---Dat's admirer.

Andy---Who told me dat was a mirror?

Amos---Dat block-head you got sittin' on yo' shoulders told yo'.

Andy---Well anyway, she signs her name an' den gives me her house numbeh an' ev'ything.

King---Well, dat's very good Andy. Amos, whut do YOU think of de case an' de way it come out?

Andy---Don't let's recuss de case no mo'.

King---Well, anyway Andy, I'm glad dat ev'ything's alright. Look like Madam Queen's in kind of a jam on dis bigamy stuff.

Andy---Yep.

Amos---Well, I hope she don't git in no trouble. Ain't no use to wish nobody no trouble 'cause dat ain't goin' he'p you Andy, if she DO git in trouble.

King---Well boys, I goin' git goin'----want you boys to drop over to de lodge hall soon---see if we can't git some activies goin' over dere.

Amos---See yo' later Kingfish.

King---Well, so long boys.

Andy---So long.

Andy---Is we got any writin' papeh 'round heah?

Amos---Whut you want wid it?

Andy---I wanna drop dis gal a few lines--she's lonesome.

Amos---Now listen heah, in de first place you ought to know by now dat you ain't got enough sense to come in out o' de

rain. Yo' just come so close to goin' to jail dat yo' ought to have enough sense now to stop an' think 'fore you act like a numbskull again. Now, yo' can't talk to you an' git yo' to do nuthin', but if you write dat gal a letter, I'll git myself a monkey wrench out dat taxicab an' beat yo' head off. You ought to be ashamed o' yo'self---a big overgrown ox talkin' 'bout writin' some crazy little girl a letter. If you even SAY dat again, I'll knock yo' head off, an' I ain't messin' wid yo'.

Andy---Listen Amos, can't a man joke if he wanna joke, dat's yo' trouble, you can't take a joke.