Wed. Feb. 18, 1931.

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"AMOS AND ANDY"
by
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No. 907.

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The Kingfish's friend is very anxious to become Andy's lawyer and Andy is receiving telephone calls almost hourly from either Lawyer Cook or the Kingfish. As the scene opens now we find Andy seated at his desk in the taxicab office writing a letter to the lawyer. Amos is just entering. Here they are:--

Amos---Well, whut yo' doing?

Andy---It's just like I told yo' de otheh day---I is a bizness man an' I goin' do ev'ything on de bizness basin, an' I is writin' a bizness letteh.

Amos---Who yo' writin' to?

Andy---I'se writin' to Lawyeh Cook---Lawyeh John Cook.

Amos---Well, good luck to yo' boy.

Andy---Now, wait a minute, you don't even know whut I'se writin' him. Don't think dat I is takin' him. Whut I is doin' is tellin' him I don't want him but I gotta do it in a bizness way. I been workin' on dis fo' a hour. Boy, when I detates to myself I don't mess wid it.

Amos---You been workin' on dat thing a hour?

Andy---Dat's why I claim dat I ought to have a stee-noga'pheh---wid all de worry I got, I ain't got nobody to detate to. Wondeh I ain't got doublin' up o' de heart beats, or sumpin'. But when he gits dis letteh, he goin' say to hisself "I'se dealin' wid a big bizness man."

Amos---You done waste all dat time writin' a crazy letter.

Andy---De hardest job in de world is to detate a letteh to yo'self. Yo' see, I have to stand up an' play like I'm sittin' down DERE, but I'm standin' up heah, an' I'm talkin' to myself when I ain't oveh dere. Den when I heah's whut I said to myself I leaves heah an' goes oveh dere an' sits down an' den I says----well anyway, it's a tough job, an' I ought to have a steeno'gapheh.

Amos---Dat cert'ny is a mess de way you done 'splained it to me. I hope de letter is better dan dat.

Andy---I'll read de letteh. "Mr. John Cook--Atto-ney at law."

Amos---Where is his office?

Andy---Dat's whut I ast him.

Amos---Whut he say?

Andy---He told me dat he is so busy dat he don't have time to go to de office so he just didn't rent none.

Amos---Where is his law books, an' his writin' paper?

Andy---Well, his law books, he kin find dem anywhere. Den if he's like me, he ain't got no writin' papeh. Whut is yo' astin' ME all dese things fo?

Amos---Well, where is yo' 'dressin' de letter to?

Andy---Well, if yo' lemme read de thing, I'll 'splain it to yo'.

Amos---Alright.

Andy---You ought to have a 'splaineh goin' 'round wid you 'splainin' ev'ything.

Amos---Well, go ahead.

Andy---Well now, I stahts from de top o' de page dis time wid de date. "January de 15th--1930."

Amos---We is out o' 1930.

Andy---Oh yeh, dat IS right, we got out o' dat. I ought to remembeh dat. Dat was de yeah I fell out o'----or run out o', I don't know which.

Amos---An' we is out o' January.

Andy---Yeh, we is out o' January, ain't we? An' I is out o' money, an' out o' luck, an' out o' ev'vy otheh thing.

Amos---Well, de date don't make no diff'ence.

Andy---I'll buy a newspapeh afteh while an' fix dat.

Amos---Whut, de newspaper?

Andy---No, de date.

Amos---Oh.

Andy---Whut yo' mean Oh?

Amos---Just plain OH, I just said Oh.

Andy---"January de 15th, 1930."

Amos---Dat's still wrong.

Andy---Well, I ain't fixed it, is I?

Amos---Well, whut is yo' readin' it fo' den?

Andy---'Cause it's on de papeh. When I put sumpin' on de
papeh, I goin' read it.

Amos---Alright.

Andy---"January de 15th, 1930."---SHUT UP.

Amos---Is dat in de letter?

Andy---Dat's fo' you.

Amos---Well now, don't come 'round heah givin' ME none o'
yo' lip.

Andy---It look like to me Amos, if I didn't have no mo'
sense dan you did, dat I would listen when somebody wid
SOME sense was doin' sumpin', or sumpin'. An' let dat be a
lesson to yo'.

Amos---If you don't read de letter, I'se goin' out.

Andy---Alright. Now listen. "John Cook, care o' de
Kingfish.----Dear Pal----

Amos---You callin' him pal, huh?

Andy---Well, dat's whut he call me-----If I is HIS pal, he
is mine, ain't he?

Amos---Ev'ybody's his pal, but it don't mean nuthin'.

Andy---Well anyway, I say "Dear Pal"----has dear got two
"e's" in it or three?

Amos---Two.

Andy---Right. Dat's whut I figgered. Den I say heah "I told

you dat I was comin' to a reclusion, an' I is been gittin'
neareh an' neareh to it, an' on dis page, I think I'll hit
it--which is as fellows----I mean follows." Den I stahts a
new para-giraffe. Den I says in de new para-giraffe "I hope
dis finds you de same, but let's git down to tacks." Den I
put in quo-lation marks "brass."

Amos---Is you readin' me de letter?

Andy---You see me lookin' at de papeh an' heah my mouth
workin' don't yo'?

Amos---Well, whut is you tryin' to tell him?

Andy---You ain't goin' lemme git to nuthin'. If ev'ybody
was dumb about lettehs as you is, all de steenoga'phehs in
de world would be fired.

Amos---Well, I might be dumb, I don't know. It just don't
sound right to me an' I'se tellin' yo' how it sounded.

Andy---I say heah "'Cordin' to ev'ything, I ought to have
two lawyehs, but you know how 'tis which is as fellows----
follows." Den I leaves dat para-giraffe an' goes into
anotheh one, an' I stahts out by sayin' "As per yo' letteh
of de 12th"---

Amos---He done writ yo'?

Andy---No.

Amos---Well, whut yo' talkin' 'bout?

Andy---I betteh change dat letteh to telephone call--of de
12th, or sumpin'.

Amos---Yeh, he called yo' up---he ain't writ yo'.

Andy---Yeh, I'll rub dat letteh out an' write telephone
talk in dere, De only trouble is, I ain't goin' be able to
git "telephone talk" in dat little space.

Amos---Well, whut is yo' goin' do 'bout it?

Andy---Well, I'm almost at de bottom o' de page. I COULD
cut de papeh off dere---if we had some schissors, an' put
whut's on de bottom o' de page on anotheh piece o' papeh as
a P. S.---but he wouldn't know 'bout readin' de P. S. in de
middle o' de letteh, would he?

Amos---Not 'less you writ him another letter an' 'splained

it to him.

Andy---Well, anyway, he'll git de driftin' along wid de letteh.

Amos---Well, go ahead, don't make no diff'ence anyway.

Andy---I says "As you know, but IF you don't, my case comes up on de 24th instinct." I uses dem bizness respressions in dere to let him know dat I got some sense too.

Amos---INstinct?

Andy---Dis month is instinct, an' last month is ulta-momo, I told yo' dat.

Amos---Mo-mo? He goin' think you is crazy.

Andy---I say "When de case DO come up, sumpin' is gotta be done, an' I got one lawyeh dat wants to do it now, an' as de old slogan goes I'm 'fraid de cook is makin' too many pies. Derefore, nonwithstandin', never-de-less, comma----

Amos---Comma?

Andy---Well, de man is gotta breathe, ain't he? Dat's why dey has bars in music.

Amos---Well, he ain't readin' de letter out loud, is he? Or singin' it?

Andy---How I know whut he's goin' do wid it? Alright Amos, you just ain't pullin' fo' me, dat's de trouble.

Amos---You don't need nobody pullin' fo' yo'. You just wanna git in a corner an' let somebody do EV'VYTHING fo' yo'.

Andy---I say "Afteh addin' up de whole thing, de grand total is as follows--I am de president of one comp'ny, an' part owneh of anotheh, an' thinkin' 'bout buyin' mo', an' den on top o' all dat, I is bein' sued, so afteh thinkin' ev'ything oveh I believe I would be betteh off dan I is been if I don't git yo' to work fo' me at dis writin'."

Amos---He goin' have to do a lot o' work to read it though, I kin tell him dat.

Andy---"Hopin' dat you is alright an' wid best wishes, I is--Andrew Brown."

Amos---Well, dat's good.

Andy---Well, dere's de letteh.

Amos---Well, I'll say one thing---it's a dog alright.

Andy---Yo' see, when yo' do sumpin' like I is doin', special wid a lawyeh, yo' gotta be careful wid whut yo' say.

Amos---You mean sort-a write it so can't nobody understand it?

Andy---Well, he can't sue me or nuthin' afteh he gits dis, an' if dis letteh gits out, an' somebody else gits hold of it, dey can't do nuthin' to me.

Amos---If a policeman would ever find it though, dey could put yo' in jail fo' bein' crazy.

Andy---Whut would you do wid it---regular mail, special, or air-mail, whut would you do?

Amos---I'd tear it up.

Andy---Alright Amos.