

WARD MORLEY

Eight Rib Tickler Acts



NOTHING BUT FUN
BUT LOTS OF IT

Walter H. Baker Company, Boston

Eight Rib Tickler Acts

By
WARD MORLEY

Nothing But Fun
But Lots of It

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Eight King Victoria's

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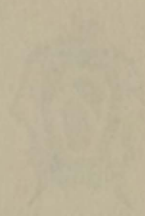
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SOD BUSTERS

For Two Rubes

HANK HARROW and EZRA, *his son.*

(HANK enters, closely followed by EZRA. HANK is laying down the law and EZRA is pleading. At c. HANK stops and EZRA, with his head down, bumps into him.)

HANK (*with finality*). Now, listen to me, Ezra. I said "NO!" An' by cracky, when I say "No," I mean "NO!"

EZRA. But, Paw —

HANK. Shet up! This here talkin' back to your elders has gotta stop. I won't have it!

EZRA. But durn it, Paw, all the other fellers 'round home's got bicycles.

HANK. Yeah, an' I reckon if they had the mumps you'd want 'em, too.

EZRA. Seems funny —

HANK. Shet up! Goll-blamed it to tarnation! Ef I'd talked back to my paw like you do he'd o' skinned me alive.

EZRA. I didn't know anybody could skin you, Paw. They don't cost much. That red one back there in the winder was marked twenty-two dollars. You kin git that much fer a load o' hay.

HANK. You're jest goin' to keep right on argerfyin', ain't ye? When I was your age I walked.

EZRA. An' look how crooked you be, too.

HANK (*pulls EZRA's ear*). What's that, young man?

(*Pulls ear.*)

EZRA (*cringes*). I mean your legs, Paw! I mean your legs!

HANK (*releases him*). My legs ain't crooked.

EZRA. They aire, too, crooked. You're so blamed bow-legged you look like a Ford tire goin' sideways.

HANK. Never ye mind my legs.

EZRA. Maw says she never could set on your lap with comfort. Always skeared she was goin' right through.

HANK. Shet up! Shet up!

EZRA. An' Gran'paw was crooked —

HANK. You jest quit sayin' things 'bout my paw.

EZRA. Well, wasn't he crooked?

HANK. No, an' let me tell you one thing, Ezra. I had a better paw then you ever had. (*Ezra giggles.*)
Whatcha laughin' at?

EZRA. Nothin', Paw. Won't you git me that bicycle?

HANK. No, I won't. I didn't reckon when I brung ye to the city you'd keep pesterin' me to death. Why don't ye take in the sights while ye got a chance?

EZRA. Don't go worryin' 'bout me none, Paw. I jest saw a coupla peachy sights goin' past.

HANK. Now whatcha talkin' 'bout?

EZRA. Them two sights. Purty as pitchers.

HANK (*severely*). Be ye talkin' 'bout a coupla gals?

EZRA. Uh, uh. Talk 'bout slickers! An' they wunked at me.

HANK. Heh?

EZRA. An' I wunked back.

HANK (*shakes him*). Ye goll-blamed fool! Don't ye know them kind o' gals'll lead ye right inter perdition? Mmmm! So ye winked at 'em, didja?

EZRA. Uh, uh. An' —

HANK. An' then what follered?

EZRA. I did.

HANK. So that's where ye was when I couldn't find hide nor hair of ye?

EZRA. They was sure slickers.

HANK. That's jest what they be, slickers. Bad gals, Ezra, bad gals. What would your maw say, Ezra?

EZRA. I don't think they was so bad, Paw. I guess they was headed fer church 'cause they was all dressed up.

HANK. They was after your long green, Ezra, nothin' else.

EZRA. What's long green?

HANK. Long green is somethin' that don't stay with the green long. How fer didja foller 'em?

EZRA. Till a p'leeceman asked me if I had my grub-stake made up yet.

HANK. What'd he mean, Ezra?

EZRA. I don't know, Paw, but he said them gals was a coupla gold-diggers.

HANK. Reckon there must be some things in the city we don't know 'bout. Purty nigh time to be gittin' on home, anyway.

EZRA. Ain't you goin' to buy me that red bicycle?

HANK. No! You kin take twenty-two dollars an' buy a cow. Do ye more good.

EZRA. Well, dangnation to apple cider, Paw, I'd look funny ridin' 'round on a cow.

HANK. An' you'd look funnier milkin' a bicycle. C'mon, let's go down to the depot.

EZRA. You ain't got Maw her stockin's yet.

HANK. Yes, I did; I got 'em while you was *wunkin'* at them gals. An' I had the durnedest time gittin' 'em, too. Went in a store an' ast a feller in a swally-tail coat if he had any stockin's fer a fat woman with double toes. He said he didn't reckon so but they had some for fat women with long legs. So I got in one o' them danged elephants—— No, it wasn't a elephant, either.

EZRA. You mean a elivator, Paw.

HANK. Anyway, it was somethin' with eli at the head of it. Ezra, you 'member the time that mule kicked ye over the corncrib?

EZRA. Uh, uh.

HANK. Well, that's the way I felt goin' up on that contraction. But I got the stockin's, Ezra. Yes, siree; I got 'em right in my pocket. An' d'ye know what that gal 'hind the counter ast me?

EZRA. What, Paw?

HANK. She ast me if my wife wanted the kind that

rolled. Gosh! I laughed. I told her the last thing my wife wore that rolled was a hoop skirt.

EZRA. What did she mean by stockin's what rolled, Paw?

HANK. Dinged if I know. I thought she was joshin' me, so I jest laughed an' said, "No, she don't want no stockin's what'll roll. She wants some what stands up an' hides a multitude o' shins. (*Laughs.*)

EZRA. Now you're purty good-natured ag'in, Paw; won't you buy me that bicycle?

HANK (*sternly*). NO!

EZRA. How much money you got?

HANK (*draws large bill fold purse from his pocket*). Not more'n's good fer me. (*Opens purse.*) Jest sixty-five dollars, all told.

FEMALE VOICE (*off stage*). Hello.

HANK (*slips the purse in hip pocket as he looks off*). EZRA quickly slips the purse out of HANK's pocket and into his own pocket). Look, Ezra, that purty gal's motionin' fer me to come over.

EZRA. Better watch out, Paw.

HANK. By heck, Ezra, she's in trouble; she's cryin'. Poor gal. I'm goin' see what's wrong. [*He exits.*]

EZRA (*to audience*). An' didja hear him warnin' me? When a purty gal wunks at you warnin' don't do no good. No, siree. Look at that slicker what wunked at me a while ago. I didn't know her from Adam 'cept she was dressed dif'rent. Yep, dressed dif'rent, but not much more. Her dress sure must o' shrunk the last time she washed it. It only come to her knees, an' looked like it had a hard time gittin' that fer. Gosh! The gals back home wear more when they go to bed then they wear on the streets here. Yes, siree, they —

(HANK enters. His watch chain is missing.)

HANK. Didja see what that goll-blamed fool gal done?

EZRA. How could I see when you was 'round the corner?

HANK. She must o' been crazy. She throwed her arms 'round my neck an' cried an' cried. I tried to clam

her but she jest hugged me tighter. Then all to once she run like a young colt. She must o' been crazy or some-thin'.

EZRA. Didja say you was goin' to git me that bicycle?

HANK. No! No! No! We gotta be gittin' to the depot. (*Reaches for his watch and discovers it is gone. Stands dumbly a moment.*) GONE!

EZRA. What's gone, Paw?

HANK. My—my watch!

EZRA. Paw, I told you to watch out.

HANK. Well, the watch is out. An' it looks like I'm out a watch. (*He suddenly feels for his money.*) It's gone, too! Ezra, my money! My money! Ezra, my money!

EZRA (*starts off*). Wait fer me, Paw.

HANK. Where ye goin'?

EZRA. Try an' git your money back. (*Stops.*) An' say, Paw, if I git it back to you do I git that bicycle?

HANK. Heck, yes, Ezra. Heck yes! (*EZRA exits.*) What'll Maw say? What'll Maw say? She'll say there ain't no fool like a old fool. An' by cracky, I ain't so durn young no more. I always heared as how when you're in Rome t' do as the Romans do. That might do all right in Rome, but it don't work in the city. (*Suddenly feels in coat pocket.*) Nope, she didn't steal them stockin's.

(*EZRA enters with bill fold in his hand.*)

EZRA. Here 'tis, Paw.

HANK (*grabs the bill fold and eagerly looks inside. Then dances with delight*). How'd'ja do it, Ezra? How'd'ja do it?

EZRA. Secret, Paw. C'mon, let's git that bicycle.

HANK (*as they start off*). All right, Ezra, I'll stick to my word. But durn ye, if you ever tell Maw what happened I'll stick your new tires full o' tacks!

(*Exit. May close with appropriate song if desired.*)

CURTAIN

NOTHING BUT NONSENSE

For a Youth and a Maid

(She enters and unconsciously drops one glove. He picks it up.)

HE. I beg your pardon.

SHE *(stops at c. and turns to him)*. Why on earth do you insist upon following me?

HE. I never knew why I was on earth until I met you. This glove, I believe —

SHE. Why, it's mine. *(Accepts it.)* Thank you so much. *(Laughs.)* One glove isn't worth much, is it?

HE. Well, on one hand it is; while on the other —

SHE *(laughs)*. Are all men like you?

HE. No, but there are a lot of girls like me.

SHE. Egoist.

HE. No, specialist. Are you fond of a joke?

SHE. I don't even know you.

HE. No, no. I mean a joke you laugh at.

SHE. As soon as I saw you I started to laugh.

HE. Did I please you so much?

SHE. No, but you amused me a lot.

HE. Well, you don't know what an impression you've made on me.

SHE. I'm afraid if my brother saw you talking to me he'd make a deeper impression on you.

HE. Oh, I don't know. I'm sort of a boxer myself.

SHE. Did you ever win a championship belt?

HE. No, but I won a good pair of suspenders once.

SHE. Where did you ever box?

HE. I used to box cigars. Say, where are you going?

SHE. I consider that none of your business.

HE. Oh, well, I was just wondering. I couldn't tell from your dress whether it was an opera or an operation.

SHE (*laughs*). You're really funny. What do you do for a living?

HE. Eat.

SHE. I mean where do you work?

HE. I'm an aviator.

SHE. You fly.

HE. That's better than if you said, "You insect."

SHE. I mean, you fly in the air.

HE. Oh, yes; I fly. My picture was in last month's fly paper.

SHE. I believe I saw it. You looked very much stuck up. You were the one on the left, weren't you?

HE. No, I was the one on the right. My dog was on the left.

SHE. Is that right?

HE. No, left.

SHE. That's where I got left, wasn't it?

HE. Yes, thinking I was on the left when I was on the right. Say, what are we talking about, anyway?

SHE (*laughs*). You tickle me.

HE. Huh?

SHE. I say, you tickle me.

HE. Aw, you tickle me first. (*Silly laugh.*)

SHE (*somewhat coldly*). You are getting too intimate.

HE. All right, then, let's talk sense.

SHE. Where's your interpreter?

HE. You're too deep for me.

SHE. Then find another puddle and leave me alone.

HE. But don't you understand? I'm falling in a puddle— No! No! I mean I'm falling in love with you.

SHE. How can you fall in love with me when you've only seen me this once?

HE. But it's love at first sight.

SHE. You had better take another look and make sure.

HE. I guess I know when I'm falling in love. I've fallen enough times to know.

SHE. So you're one of those men who fall in love every time a girl talks to you.

HE. I am not. I was only in love once before. Here's a picture of the girl. (*Shows her photo.*)

SHE (*laughs*). Why, that's a picture of Cleopatra.

HE. Well, my girl looked just like that when she covered up her face. Listen now, will you embark with me on the ocean of matrimony?

SHE. I'm afraid I might get seasick.

HE. I said ocean. How can you get seasick on an ocean? I love you.

SHE (*laughs*). I've heard that a good many times before.

HE. I—I worship you!

SHE. Old stuff.

HE (*dramatically*). I cannot live without you!

SHE. Book stuff.

HE. Will you marry me?

SHE. Now you're talking sense.

HE. Then you will?

SHE. No.

HE (*dramatically*). Then why have you led me on and on and on, only to throw me aside like a broken monkey?

SHE. What an appropriate illustration. (*Laughs.*) Ah, 'tis cruel of me, I know. To think that I have led you on and on and on for nearly five minutes. Ah, 'tis cruel!

HE. But can't you learn to love me?

SHE. I'm afraid I cannot.

HE (*sadly*). It is as I feared. You are too old to learn.

SHE. Sir! (*Then shrugs shoulders.*) I don't quite understand why I'm wasting my time talking with you, anyway, unless it is for the amusement of it. Or is it just a harmless flirtation?

HE. Flirtation, nothing! Do you know the true meaning of the word, "Flirtation"?

SHE. Yes, flirtation is attention without intention.

HE. Well, this is not flirtation. When a man pays particular attention to a woman it is a pretty good sign he wants to marry her.

SHE. And if he doesn't pay particular attention to her it is a pretty good sign that he has married her.

HE. You think I'm just kidding you, don't you? Perhaps you don't know that my father is a millionaire.

SHE. He is?

HE. You bet he is, and he's a rich one, too.

SHE (*laughs*). He surely has a rich son. You know, my father and mother were on the stage and I could have been a successful actress for nothing.

HE. Well, my father used to be a minister, and I could have been good for nothing.

SHE. You took advantage of your parentage, didn't you?

HE. Say, I just happened to think.

SHE. Oh, I was wondering what that noise was.

HE. I was just thinking how it would be if we got married.

SHE. No man could ever marry me unless he was bold and fearless.

HE. I don't doubt it. (*Looks off.*) Well, for the love of mud!

SHE. What's the matter?

HE. There goes my wife.

SHE. What?

HE. And there's a man with her!

SHE (*looks off*). Oh, the wretch! That's my husband.

(*Either a quick exit or finish with duet number.*)

CURTAIN

LOVE AND NERVOUSNESS

For Two Coons

WOOF, *the little coon in love.*

BEARCAT, *his big backer.*

(BEARCAT comes on and then waits for WOOF who is reluctant about going so fast.)

BEARCAT. C'mon, Woof, you done travel like a snail wif corns. C'mon!

WOOF. Ah's comin', ain't Ah? Doan rush me, Ah's nu'vous.

BEARCAT. Nu'vous 'bout wot? Jes' 'kase you is gwine down an' perpose to Rosebud? When Ah ask mah ol' woman to marry me Ah weren't nu'vous.

WOOF. No, you was drunk.

BEARCAT. 'Cose Ah was. Othahwise Ah'd nevah ast her. But you lubs Rosebud, doan you?

WOOF. Bearcat, ef Ah lubbed dat gal any mo' Ah'd jes' die ob mis'ry.

BEARCAT. An' ain't Ah promised to back you up?

WOOF. Uh, uh. Wot Ah's skeared ob mos' am dat her ol' man gwine *back me up* in de corner an' wallop me.

BEARCAT. Jes' doan pay no 'tention to de ol' man.

WOOF. Not eben ef he wallop me?

BEARCAT. Not even. Ef he wallop you on one cheek jes' turn de othah cheek like de Bible say.

WOOF. Wot ef he wallop me on de nose?

BEARCAT. Jes' egnore it, Woof. Jes' egnore it.

WOOF. Reckon he knock mah fool haid off Ah jes' egnore it, huh?

BEARCAT. Sutinly. Even he knock yoh haid off an' frow it in yoh face, jes' egnore it.

WOOF (*starts off*). Reckon Ah bettah egnore de whole doggone shootin' match. Ah's gwine home.

BEARCAT (*stops him*). C'mon, you doggone white tail feathah. You done say you am gwine perpose to Rosebud. Ef you doan Ah'll knock you so fah dat when you gits back Rosebud am gwine be a gran'mothah.

WOOF. Ef Ah do Ah gits walloped. Ef Ah doan Ah gits walloped.

BEARCAT. 'Membah dat faded heart nevah won a fair crap game.

WOOF. Dis ain't no crap game. Dis am duck on de rock, an' Ah's de duck.

BEARCAT. De on'y fing wot's de mattah wif you is dat you is skeared. Did you done git dat book Ah tells you to git?

WOOF. Uh, uh. (*Produces small book.*) Heah 'tis.

BEARCAT. Did you done read it?

WOOF. Dere am too doggone much big words in it.

BEARCAT. Heah, gib it to me. (*Takes book.*) How much you pay?

WOOF. Two bits foh de book.

BEARCAT (*opens book and reads*). "How to Perpose to de Lady ob Yoh Choice." (*To Woof.*) Now listen heah, Woof, us am gwine git dis straightened out right now. Ah's gwine read dis heah book foh you an' ef dere am any such words wot you doan comperhend Ah's gwine endeavah to de bes' ob mah debility to transplant dem foh you. Un'erstan'?

WOOF. Not yet.

BEARCAT. Now listen. De book done say dis: (*Reads with difficulty.*) "It am took foh granted dat de suitah had awready pressed his suit ——"

WOOF. Golly, Bearcat, Ah fohgot to press dis suit.

(*Refers to clothes.*)

BEARCAT. Not dat kind ob a suit. (*Continues reading.*) "Awready pressed his suit wif de young lady in question."

WOOF. Wot dat mean 'bout de lady in question?

BEARCAT. Woof, all de ladies is a question. Now keep shet. "Ef evah'thing am mutchel—mutch—m-u-t-u-a-l ——" Dat word doan count nohow. (*Reads.*)

"Ef evah'thing am mutch—dat word—between de parties concerned it am advisable dat de young man approach de young lady in a con-conferdential state ob—ob——"

WOOF. Ob wot?

BEARCAT. Wait a minute, Woof, wait a minute. Mah eyes am jes' a lil' out ob practice right now. (*Spells.*) S-a-n-g—f-r-o-i-d.

WOOF. Sang froid. Now wot dat mean?

BEARCAT. Let's see. (*Reads.*) "Approach de young lady in a conferdential state ob sang froid." Ob cose, Woof, seein' as how you ain't got no sang froid you hab to walk.

WOOF. Ah got a flivvah.

BEARCAT. Yeah, but de doggone thing doan fliv half de time.

WOOF. But when she do fliv she flivs.

BEARCAT. Ah's gwine read some mo'. Keep shet.

WOOF. Ah's shet.

BEARCAT (*reads*). "Once stahted doan hes'tate ——"

WOOF. Jes' like when a mule kick you.

BEARCAT. Shet up! (*Reads.*) "Once stahted doan hes'tate, but like a general leadin' a army, go in wif de intention ob winnin' ——" (*To WOOF.*) See, Woof, dat am de beginnin' ob de war. 'Cept aftah you is married de man nevah wins.

WOOF. But listen, Bearcat, Ah ain't gwine marry no army.

BEARCAT. You ain't?

WOOF. No, sah, Ah ain't cravin' on marryin' no army.

BEARCAT. Boy, wot you crave ain't wot you gits. Aftah Ah was married Ah foun' out Ah got de army, de navy an' all wot goes wif it. An' b'lieve me, dere am a plenty wot goes wif it. Now listen. (*Reads.*) "When you rings de do'-bell ob yoh gal's house stan' wif yoh hat in yoh hand an' brung into play yoh bestes' mannahs ——"

WOOF. Wot kind ob mannahs?

BEARCAT. Whoevah heard ob any othah kind ob mannahs 'cept table mannahs? Dat means dat when you

rings yoh gal's do'-bell you should nevah eat wif yoh knife 'less you is in a hurry, nor wipe yoh face on de table-cloth 'less you got soup on yoh ears. Un'erstan'?

WOOF. Humph! Ah knows dat much.

BEARCAT. Den you is on de right track. (*Reads.*)
 "Den you stan's on de step an' wait ——"

WOOF. Listen, Bearcat, wot's de nec'sary ob all dat? Ah kin git fah's de settin'-room safe 'nough. De outcome wot Ah's cravin' to know 'bout am aftah Ah gits in de settin'-room.

BEARCAT (*turns over a few pages and reads*). "Aftah deposin' ob yoh hat an' top coat ——"

WOOF. Wot de debbil am a top coat?

BEARCAT. Mah goodness, Woof, you is igerant. A top coat am a coat you wears on top.

WOOF. You doggone fool! Did you evah wear a coat on de bottom? When you gits down dat fah dem's pants.

BEARCAT. Keep shet!

WOOF. Ah's shet.

BEARCAT (*reads*). "Seat yohself beside yoh lady an' talk 'bout de weathah foh a while."

WOOF. Wot you talk 'bout de weathah foh?

BEARCAT. 'Kase de book say so, dat's why. Say it am a nice night.

WOOF. Wot if 'tain't a nice night?

BEARCAT. You got no business out 'less it am a nice night. Now keep shet.

WOOF. Ah's shet.

BEARCAT (*reads*). "Aftah you hab talked 'bout de weathah foh some time you gently takes her lily-white hand in yohs ——"

WOOF (*with a scream of laughter*). WOW! Lily-white hand! WOW! (*Another outburst of laughter.*) Bearcat, dat gal's hand look like a chunk ob Pocahontus coal.

BEARCAT. Keep shet!

WOOF. Ah's shet.

BEARCAT. Anyway, you takes her hand. (*Reads.*)
 "Den you gently draws her close to you ——"

WOOF. Uh, uh; go on.

BEARCAT. "An' you slip yoh arm 'roun' her waist ——"

WOOF. Not cleah 'roun', Bearcat. Mah gal am fat. (*Much interested.*) But go on wif de story. Go on! Go on!

BEARCAT (*reads*). "An' gently draw her haid down on yoh shoulder ——"

WOOF. Doan stop!

BEARCAT (*reads*). "Place yoh hand un'er her chin an' raise her face so dat yoh eyes an' her eyes meet ——"

WOOF (*is excited*). Doan stop!

BEARCAT (*reads*). "Press yoh lips to her lips an' ——" (*BEARCAT closes the book.*)

WOOF (*wildly*). Doan stop! Lawsy, doan stop!

BEARCAT (*hands book to WOOF*). Wot you 'spects foh two bits? (*Starts to go.*)

WOOF (*grabs his coat tail*). Wait, Bearcat! Wait! Wot does Ah do f'um den on?

BEARCAT (*breaks away and starts off*). Let yoh conscience be yoh guide. (*May close with song if desired.*)

CURTAIN

ORDERS IS ORDERS

For Two Males

CHARACTERS

GENERAL LINOLEUM COMAPART.
CORPUSCLE HINKY DINK.

(GENERAL enters dressed in a ludicrous military costume representing no country in particular. His chest is covered with large tin medals. CORPUSCLE follows, also in a makeshift uniform. He is pulling a boy's wagon on which is a box. "Supply Train" is written on the side of the box with white chalk. Hitched on the rear of this wagon is a second wagon on which is a box marked: "Hospital Core." A third wagon carries a box on which is printed, "Amunition Wagon, 10,000 Volts, Poison!" GENERAL and CORPUSCLE march on in military manner.)

GEN. (as they reach c.). Comp'ny halt! (They stop.)
Have we lost any men on the march, Corpuscule Hinky Dink?

CORP. (salutes awkwardly). Yes, sir, General Lino-leum Comapart.

GEN. Name the number of men lost.

CORP. One hundred and forty-four, sir.

GEN. Good; just one gross. No discount after thirty days. Did they receive medical attention?

CORP. Yes, sir; half of them got a shot in the arm.

GEN. And the other half? Speak up! What did the other half get?

CORP. Sir, the other half got half shot before we started.

GEN. Very good. We have an efficient organization. Have we any powder left in the magazines?

CORP. Yes, sir, we have.

GEN. A sample from the ammunition wagon at once.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir. Smoke or smokeless?

GEN. Smoke.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir. (*Lights cigarette.*)

GEN. Make haste with the powder.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir.

(*He gets a powder puff from "Ammunition Wagon" and hands it to GENERAL.*)

GEN. My heliograph at once.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir.

(*Gets hand mirror from "Supply" wagon and hands same to GENERAL.*)

GEN. (*as he looks in mirror and powders his nose*). We are to meet the enemy at 5:30 and I wish to look my best.

CORP. (*salutes*). Sir, you are a beautiful general.

GEN. Your superior officer appreciates such remarks. You were to be shot at sunrise. I will see to it that you are only half shot. Have your men return these articles of warfare to their proper departments.

(*Hands mirror and puff to CORPUSCLE.*)

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir.

(*He puts them back in their respective boxes.*)

GEN. Now, my hat. Turn out the guard with orders to find my hat.

CORP. (*salutes*). Pardon me, sir, but your hat is on your head.

GEN. Then countermand the order. I'll find it myself. Report to Major Muck at once with my compliments. Tell him to come to me at once with my compliments. I want him to remove my tonsils immediately with my compliments.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir. (*Goes to "Hospital" wagon and gets a bottle of colored water. Goes to GEN-*

ERAL *and salutes.*) He sent this, sir, with his compliments. The Major is indisposed.

GEN. (*takes bottle*). In what?

CORP. Indisposed.

GEN. Report to Major Muck at once with my compliments and tell him with my compliments that I don't know what that thing is, but not to stay in too long.

(*Takes drink from bottle.*)

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir. But he said with his compliments that the General should rub that on his neck.

GEN. Inside or outside?

CORP. He didn't say, sir.

GEN. (*smacks lips as if it tasted very good*). Must mean inside. (*He drains bottle.*) Return the receptacle to the Medical Department with my compliments.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir, I will, sir, at once, sir, as you say, sir.

GEN. Same to you, Corpuscule Hinky Dink; same to you. In the morning we shall make an aerial attack. Are the men ready?

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir; they are all practising the forward pass.

GEN. Very good. At the same time the heavy artillery will charge the enemy's battery.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir; the battery charger is ready.

GEN. So's your old man. Have the men sleep on their arms to-night.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir. Last night they slept on their backs.

GEN. Has my horse been manicured?

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir; manicured, shampooed and massaged.

GEN. Have it marcelled and brought to me at once.

CORP. (*salutes*). I regret to say, sir, that your horse died of hay fever.

GEN. (*bursts out crying*). My horse is dead? My horse! Dead! (*Leans heavily on CORPUSCLE.*) That's a helova thing for it to do! (*Loud sobs.*) Hay fever! Hay fever!

CORP. (*endeavors to salute*). Yes, sir, he didn't get enough hay.

GEN. (*stops crying and steps back*). Did he die like a hero?

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir; he died with his shoes on.

GEN. My sword.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir.

(*He gets an old battered tin sword from the "Supply" wagon and hands it to GENERAL.*)

GEN. (*kisses sword and hands it to CORPUSCLE*). Present this to the enemy's commander with my compliments. Tell him the war is over unless he lends me a good horse.

CORP. (*salutes*). Yes, sir.

GEN. And on your way report to Major Muck at once with my compliments and tell him that my tonsils are dry again.

CURTAIN

BLUBBER, NIGGAH, BLUBBER!

Talking Act for Two Coons

SCENE. Anywhere. Street preferred.

(LUNK and PUNK enter arm in arm as if they had a definite destination in mind. At c. LUNK stops so abruptly that the unsuspecting PUNK is whirled around like a top.)

PUNK. Man, oh, man, has you got fo'-wheel brakes?

LUNK. Ah jes' happen to think.

PUNK. Wot wif?

LUNK. Wot you summarize Ah thinks wif, mah feets?

PUNK. Dey sho' make up dere mind to stop wo'ful sudden. Wot you think?

LUNK. Ah jes' happen to think dat Ah bettah go home an' change mah clothes.

PUNK. Change yoh clothes? Come on, Lunk, dat's sho' 'nough low comedy. When you got yoh coat buttoned yoh trunk am locked. Huh! Change yoh clothes!

LUNK. Listen, Punk, Ah got 'nodder suit.

PUNK. Why, you frizzled piece ob nothin', de only odder suit you evah had was in de cote room when you pilferated dem pullets off'n Hi Sandahs.

LUNK. Ah gits out'n it, didn't Ah?

PUNK. Jes' on 'count ob slack ob ebidence. You knows doggone tootin' dat de habeous corpse ob de cote foun' you guilty.

LUNK (*grins*). Mah defense were good. Ah's smaht, Ah is. Mah defense were sho' good.

PUNK. Uh, uh; an' ef de fense ob Hi Sandahs had been good you-all would nevah got dem pullets. (*Starts to go. As LUNK does not move, PUNK stops.*) Ad-

vance yoh spark, Lunk, else us ain't nevah gwine git to dat Jub'lee Ball.

LUNK. Ah ain't carin' sech a much ef Ah nevah gits dere.

PUNK. Now wot's de outcome?

LUNK. Ah's feelin' blue, Punk; pow'ful blue an' nothin' else but.

PUNK. Yoh feelin's is color-blind, Lunk. You is black as coal.

LUNK. Ah's unsatisfied wif de whole world. Reckon Ah's gwine keep on gittin' blue till Ah jes' natcherly jumps in de river an' c'mits soosincide. Yes, sah, soosincide.

PUNK. Wot's de catastrophe, Lunk?

LUNK. You-all knows Ah ain't worked foh a year?

PUNK. Two years.

LUNK. Mebbe so. An' dat's a terrifical long time to loaf 'roun' doin' nothin'. Yes, sah, Ah's made up mah mind to c'mit soosincide.

PUNK. Kain't yoh ol' woman git you a job whar she am workin'?

LUNK. Dat's jes' de trouble, Punk. She done git me a job an' Ah goes to work in de mawnin'. Punk, it am a hard world.

PUNK. Ah knows it, Lunk, an' Ah feels a sadness foh you.

LUNK. Yes, sah; Ah's gwine do one ob two things. Ah's eithah gwine kill mahself, else Ah's—else Ah's—

PUNK. Else wot?

LUNK. Else Ah ain't.

PUNK. Man, you is sho' desp'rate, isn't you?

LUNK. Dere ain't nothin' desp'rater den me. Now ef Ah had a milyun dollahs—

PUNK. Dat's quite a few.

LUNK. Ef Ah hab a milyun dollahs Ah'd git on de train right now an' go to de No'th Pole.

PUNK. Trains doan run at de No'th Pole.

LUNK. Den wot do run at de No'th Pole?

PUNK. Pole cats, Lunk; pole cats.

LUNK. Ain't dere nothin' else up dere wot runs 'cept cats?

PUNK. De nights run foh six months.

LUNK. De nights run foh six months?

PUNK. Yes, sah, de nights is six months long.

LUNK. Lawsy, wot do a woman do to her ol' man ef he stays out all night?

PUNK. Why, she jes' lams him ovah de head wif a iceburg.

LUNK. Am a iceburg anything like a skillet? Dat's wot mah ol' woman do crave to bust me wif.

PUNK. No; a iceburg am jes' a big icicle.

LUNK. Wot othah kinds ob aminals am dere at de No'th Pole 'ceptin' cats an' iceburgs?

PUNK. Wallroses.

LUNK. Wot's dem?

PUNK. A wallrose am a funny aminal wif two teeth an' they is out.

LUNK. How kin it hab two teeth when dey is out?

PUNK. Ah means dey am out 'bout a foot. An' a wallrose ain't got no legs.

LUNK. Wot hab it got, wheels?

PUNK. No, sah, it jes' walks on its stomach.

LUNK. Gwan, niggah. Who evah heared ob anythin' walkin' on its stomach?

PUNK. You nevah done seed a wallrose so you ain't got no room to argerfy. A wallrose ain't no aminal; 'tain't no bird; 'tain't no fish; 'tain't no—no—— It am jes' like you, Lunk.

LUNK. Mah teeth ain't out no foot. An' Ah doan go 'roun' walkin' on mahself. De only pusson wot walks on me am mah ol' woman. Jes' wot do a wallrose look like?

PUNK. 'Zactly like a whangdoodle. Un'erstan'?

LUNK. Pufectly; posilutely pufectly. But wot de debbil am a whangdoodle?

PUNK. A whangdoodle am 'zactly like a gollyhooten. Un'erstan'?

LUNK. Cose Ah does. Wot am a gollyhooten?

PUNK. Mah goodness, Lunk, you doan know nothin' 'bout logarithm.

LUNK. Logarithm? Ah nevah cut logs.

PUNK. You nevah eben cut yoh wisdom teetths. An' dere ain't nothin' else a-tall at de No'th Pole 'cept ice an' Eskimos.

LUNK. Do dey walk on dere stomachs?

PUNK. Dey am folkses, Lunk, jes' de same like me an' you. Dey doan do nothin' 'cept hunt an' shoot craps. An' in de wintah dey doan hunt.

LUNK. Is you talkin' 'bout de No'th Pole or heaven? Dey eats sometimes, doan dey?

PUNK. Dey eats fish an' blubber.

LUNK. Wot do dey blubber 'bout?

PUNK. Dey doan blubber. Dey eat fish —

LUNK. An' den dey blubber?

PUNK. Dey doan blubber, Ah tells you. Dey eats it!

LUNK. Eats wot?

PUNK. Blubber! Blubber!

LUNK. Blubber, yohself! Ah ain't no blubberer!

PUNK. Lunk, you sho' 'nough got a cramp in yoh brain. Doan you know nothin' 'cept nothin'?

LUNK. Me an' mah brothah knows evah'thin'.

PUNK. But you doan know nothin' 'bout de No'th Pole.

LUNK. Dat's one ob de thin's mah brothah knows. How come you-all knows sech a doggone quantity 'bout de No'th Pole?

PUNK. Kase Ah were dere one time. Ah done writ mah name on dat pole. Ah's sho' well advahtized, Ah is. Ah done writ mah name on de South Pole, too.

LUNK. De South Pole?

PUNK. Yes, sah, de South Pole. Oh, Ah's been 'roun' some.

LUNK. P'raps you been 'roun' but you nevah been square.

PUNK. Dat's a congested remahk ob de igerant so it shall be ovahlooked.

LUNK. Wot's de dif'rence 'tween de No'th Pole an' de South Pole?

PUNK. Lawsy, man, dere's a world ob dif'rence.

LUNK. Ef Ah ain't evolutionizin' on yoh private 'fairs could Ah cogitate one question?

PUNK. All dat you craves, Lunk. All dat you craves. Ah lubs to expound knowledge to de igerant an' unlightened brothahs in despair.

LUNK. Den tell me how you git to de Poles ef dere ain't no trains runnin'?

PUNK. Flew.

LUNK. Flew? De only time Ah evah seed you flew were when yoh ol' woman was aftah you.

PUNK. Yes, sah, Ah done flew.

LUNK. Jes' how you flew?

PUNK. Ah gits de grippe an' pewnewmonia an' flu.

LUNK. An' when you gits dere, den wot?

PUNK. Why, Ah jes' stopped an' landed, dat's all.

LUNK. When you gits to de No'th Pole you jes' landed?

PUNK. Jes' landed.

LUNK (*starts to go*). Aw!

PUNK. Wot's mattah?

LUNK (*stops and turns on him disgusted*). Ah knows doggone specifical dat you ain't no Polander. Ah's gwine now an' kill mahself. Doan happen to knows a good way foh me to do it, does you?

PUNK. Cose Ah ain't much up on de latest style man-nah ob soosincide. But ef Ah was you Ah'd go home an' git de clothesline an' hang mahself.

LUNK. Listen, Punk, dat would nevah do a-tall. Ef mah ol' woman ketch me hangin' mahself wif her clothesline she'd kill me. She done tell me dis mawnin' she doan want me hangin' 'roun' dere, nohow.

PUNK. Tell you wot, Lunk. Let's me an' you sing a song an' mebbe somebody'll kill both ob us.

LUNK. Jes' fine, Punk.

PUNK. Wot us gwine sing?

LUNK. "Oh, Ah Had a Floatin' Liver But Ah Teached it How to Swim."

(*Break into a lively song to close act.*)

CURTAIN

SOFT BOILED, HARD BOILED

For Two Males

PERCY MONTAGUE VANDERWATER DUPREE, *sissy de luxe*.
UMPS, *toughy de bunk*.

(PERCY wears a very natty suit, carries a slender cane, and has a monocle in one eye. UMPS wears misfit clothing and sloppy cap. UMPS walks on to c., then stops to tie his shoe lace. PERCY enters going same direction until he comes to UMPS.)

PERCY (*taps UMPS lightly on back with cane*). Ah—I say, young fellow —

UMPS (*looks up*). Huh?

PERCY. I say, you are ah—ah—blocking traffic, don't y'know.

UMPS (*rises and surveys PERCY*). Say, what d'you think you are, a truck or somethin'?

PERCY. But don't y'know, I wish to pass.

UMPS. You'll pass out if you tickle me ag'in with that straw.

PERCY. But this is not a straw, my good man. It is a walking stick.

UMPS. Let's see it walk.

PERCY. But it cannot walk. It ah—assists one in walking.

UMPS. One what?

PERCY. Why, ah—ah—I use it like this, don't y'know.

(*Walks a step or two to demonstrate.*)

UMPS. Can't you walk without a third leg? You don't look crippled 'cept in the head.

PERCY (*laughs in high-pitched voice*). Very good, my good man, very good. Whoevah heard of being ah—ah—ah—crippled in the head? (*Laughs.*) I shall tell that to the pater.

UMPS. To the who?

PERCY. The pater, don't y'know.

UMPS. Just what are you tryin' to say? Pertater?

PERCY. No, no; my fathah, bah Jove. Pater, y'know, is the head of the family.

UMPS. Applesauce! Why don't you say your old man?

PERCY. That would ah—ah—be doing him ah—ah—an injustice, y'know. My fathah occupies the ah—ah—chair of applied physics at Cambridge, bah Jove!

UMPS. That ain't nothin' to brag about. Mine occupied the chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing.

PERCY. Really?

UMPS (*imitates PERCY*). Oh, yaws, don't y'know. (*Points to PERCY'S monocle.*) What's the idea of the windshield?

PERCY. Not a windshield, I assure you. That is my monocle.

UMPS. Oh, I git yuh. You only got one bum eye.

PERCY. Bah Jove, you are mistaken. My eyes are not ah—ah—ah—— What did you say?

UMPS. I said bum.

PERCY. Bum?

UMPS. Bum.

PERCY. Bum.

UMPS. Bum! Bum! Bum! Keep on we'll have a parade yet.

PERCY (*laughs as before*). Ah—bah Jove, I shall proceed to tell that to the governor.

UMPS. Sure; tell it to the President. Governor who?

PERCY. My fathah, don't y'know.

UMPS. Thought you said your old man was sittin' in a chair at Comebridge.

PERCY. At Cambridge, y'know.

UMPS. Then how can he be a governor?

PERCY. I sometimes refer to my fathah as ah—ah—governor, don't y'know.

UMPS. If I ever called my old man all them names he'd kill me.

PERCY. Now what was that very funny joke?. Ah, yes. I will say I have a rotten eye, don't y'know. And

then he will say, "Rotten"; and then I will say, "Rotten," and he'll say, "Rotten," and then I'll say — (*Laughs.*) "If we continue we shall have a rotten parade, don't y'know." (*Laughs.*) He'll enjoy that immensely.

UMPS. Mmmph! A dead man would. Say, you ain't got much between your neck and heaven, have yuh? J'ever go to school?

PERCY. Gracious, no!

UMPS. Say, you cut out that swearin'.

PERCY. Bah Jove, you must ah—ah—pahdon my harsh language at times, don't y'know. The mater would not allow me to attend the ah—public schools, don't y'know.

UMPS. The who wouldn't let you what?

PERCY. The mater, y'know. My mothah.

UMPS. Well, for the love o' mud! Your old man's a pertater an' your old woman's a termater. No wonder you look like a bean. I don't blame her for keepin' you out o' school. You'd o' been killed before you got out o' the kindergarden.

PERCY. She told me it was a very uncouth place, don't y'know. Much below me. So many rude children, don't y'know. I had a tutor.

UMPS. My brother's got a sax'. An' boy, you oughter hear *him* toot 'er.

PERCY. But I had a French tutor, don't y'know. A French maid.

UMPS. My brother's was Chicago made.

PERCY. My tutor was ah—ah—ah—a beautiful tutor. So polished, don't y'know.

UMPS. Believe muh, my brother's was, too. You could see your face in his tooter. All shiny with his name on the neck. Boy, she sure did look purty after he'd rub her down with a chamois skin.

PERCY (*backs away as if he thinks Umps is crazy*). I must ah—ah—be on my way, don't y'know. Very important engagement. Au revoir!

UMPS. Reservoir, yourself. (*As PERCY is leaving.*) Say, Arsenic —

PERCY (*stops*). Bah Jove, that is not my name. Percy Montague Vanderwater Dupree.

UMPS. Well, now that the gang's all here let's shoot craps.

PERCY. Oh, no, no.

UMPS. Got any bones?

PERCY. Bah Jove, young fellow, do I look like a—ah—ah contortionist?

UMPS. If that's anything like a drink o' water, you do.

PERCY. But the shooting you mention; I fail to comprehend.

UMPS. I said let's shoot craps.

PERCY. But ah—ah—ah—isn't it against the law to go gunning on the street?

UMPS. Not if you've got a mask on. (*PERCY starts to exit.*) Say, bring your tooter over sometime an' you an' my brother kin have a tootin' time together.

(*PERCY, horrified, exits. UMPS may exit, or finish with song.*)

CURTAIN

TOO MANY PEDALS

German Talking Act

(They may open the act with an appropriate song.)

OSCAR. Did you vorget to disremember dot you vas going to dell me how to drive a automobubbles?

ADOLPH. Sure, Oscar, I vill dell you mit de happiest off pleasures. Haf you de book mit you?

OSCAR. Sure, Adolph, I put it in mine pocket efen before I got it. *(Produces book.)*

ADOLPH. Let me gif it a look. *(Takes book.)* Foist, I vant to said dot you vas a lucky if you gan afford to haf a car. Mineseluf I gan't afford to haf vun.

OSCAR. But, Adolph, you haf a car, yes?

ADOLPH. Sure, I haf a car. Dot's de reason I know dot I gan't afford to haf vun. Vun nice ting. I hafn't vun cent paid vor repairs on mine car since I got him.

OSCAR. Dot's vot de man vot repaired it tol' me.

ADOLPH. Shut up! Dot iss none off mine business. Anyvay, dot iss vun rattling goot car I haf.

OSCAR. Sure, I heard it.

ADOLPH. I tink so mooch off dot car dot I got ofer vun t'ousand dollars automobubble insurance on it.

OSCAR. Adolph, dell me, please. Vot iss automobubble insurances?

ADOLPH. Vell, Oscar, I vill explanation it by you. Automobubble insurance vas a guarantee against anything vot happens oexcept dot vchich happens to happen. Iss dot clear?

OSCAR. Sure, shust like mud.

ADOLPH. Now den, de foist ting about de car vot you vas going to buy iss de name. On de pichture here on de book *(Refers to book.)* de name says it vas de Sauer Kraut Eight.

OSCAR. Dot means dot it vill ate sauer kraut, ain't it?

ADOLPH. Vot a dumbbeller you vas, Oscar. Efery car must be called someting.

OSCAR. Py golly, I vill nefer call mine car vot you called yours when it wouldn't vented.

ADOLPH. Anyvay, dis car vas de Sauer Kraut Eight. Now, den, de foist ting dot you must did vas to get in de car.

OSCAR. Sure, I know dot.

ADOLPH. Und den you get de vheel behind.

OSCAR. Which vheel?

ADOLPH. De steering vheel.

OSCAR. Sure. Dot's de vun vot turns de rudder, yes?

ADOLPH. Vot you tink, you vas going to drive on de ocean?

OSCAR. Py golly, I vas all at sea now. Und vot does de steering vheel do?

ADOLPH. Dot iss vot turns de front vheels.

OSCAR. Und vot turns de back vheels behind, maybe?

ADOLPH. De engine de back vheels turn.

OSCAR. Vhy doan de engine de front vheels turn?

ADOLPH. Och! Himmel! Vot a dumbbeller! Vhen de engine de back vheels turn, den dot makes de front vheels turn. Gan't you misunderstood nodding?

OSCAR. Ain't dot vot de steering vheel iss doing?

ADOLPH. Sure. De back vheels make it de front vheels turn dis vay, und de steering vheel makes dem turn dis vay.

OSCAR. Py golly, how many kinds off turns happen all to vunce?

ADOLPH. De vheels turn all vays.

OSCAR. Shust like mine head full off schnapps, yes?

ADOLPH. Shust de same, only more so. Vhen you vas de car in next ting dot you did vas to swvitch on de igsnition.

OSCAR. Dot's nice. I used to swvitch on de B. & O. Und den?

ADOLPH. Und den you must choke it.

OSCAR. Choke it? Py golly, iss dot vot kills de engine?

ADOLPH. Py cheese und crackers, if you doan haf

more sense und less brains I vill choke you. You must choke de carburetor.

OSCAR. Oh, sure. De scaburetor I must choke, yes?

ADOLPH. If you choke de carburetor dot vill varm it.

OSCAR. Somebody choke me I get hot, too. Vot's de scaburetor?

ADOLPH. Not de scaburetor, Oscar. Carburetor. See? C-a-r—dot's car, ain't it?

OSCAR. Sure. I vented to school vun day.

ADOLPH. Und next iss b-u-r. Dot's bur. Ain't it?

OSCAR. Sure. A burr vas vun off dem tings vot shtick you.

ADOLPH. Doan worry, you vill be shtuck more den vunce. Den you haf e-t-o-r. Dot shpells eater. Dot means dot it vas a gazoline eater. Iss dot clear, yes?

OSCAR. Clear like a pud muddle.

ADOLPH. You see, mit de carburetor, de richer it iss de more it eats, und de more it eats de richer it iss.

OSCAR. I doan get richer de more I eat.

ADOLPH. Und de lesser it eats de leaner it iss.

OSCAR. Sure, dot's right. I get leaner vhen I eats lesser.

ADOLPH. Now den. You vas in de car und you haf switched on de ignition.

OSCAR. Haf I?

ADOLPH. Sure, you haf. Next iss de clutch.

OSCAR. Vot iss de crutch —?

ADOLPH. Nine! Nine! A crutch iss someding you use vhen you gan't shtep on it, und a clutch iss vot you use vhen you shtep on it too much. Now you know vot it iss a clutch?

OSCAR. Sure. If I go too fast I get in de clutch off de law.

ADOLPH. Vhen you drive a automobubbles you should pay no intention to de law.

OSCAR. Vot should I pay, de fine?

ADOLPH. Sure dot vould be fine. De clutch iss vot t'rows de fly-vheel out.

OSCAR. Iss dot de same like t'rowing out de anchor?

ADOLPH. Listen, Oscar, before I lose mine apprehension mit you. A automobubbles doan got it some anchor.

OSCAR. Mitouit a anchor I gan't shtop.

ADOLPH. De brakes iss vot shtops it.

OSCAR. Oh, I haf to break someting efery time I shtop?

ADOLPH. Sure, you brake de vheels.

OSCAR. Und new vheels must I haf efery time I shtart?

ADOLPH. Nine! Nine! Dot is vot de brake band iss vor.

OSCAR. Und de brake band makes music? Py golly, I —

ADOLPH. Doan you see? De brake drum iss in de brake band.

OSCAR. Sure, dot's senseless ganough. Dere must be a drum in de band.

ADOLPH. No, de band vas on de drum. Und vhen de band iss tight —

OSCAR. Vhen de band gets tight dey gan't play, no?

ADOLPH. So dumb, mine gracious. No vonder dey haf to burn de schoolhouse down to get you vrum de second reader outh. Now den, you put vun foot on de clutch pedal—de left vun.

OSCAR. De left vun?

ADOLPH. Yes, dot's right.

OSCAR. Vhen I put mine left foot on de sclutch den it's de right vun on de sclutch —

ADOLPH. Nine! Nine! De right vun goes on de brake. You see, vun foot on de clutch goes; den de odder vun —

OSCAR. De vun vot iss left.

ADOLPH. Sure, now you got it. De left vun on de clutch pedal, und de right vun on de brake pedal.

OSCAR. De left vun on de sclutch?

ADOLPH. Dot's right.

OSCAR. De right vun on de brake.

ADOLPH. Dot's right.

OSCAR. Shust so simple like a log. De right vun iss

de right vun und de left vun iss de right vun. Efen a poy could misunderstood it.

ADOLPH. Und mit de odder foot you shtep on de excelsiorator.

OSCAR. De who, which und how many?

ADOLPH. De excelsiorator. Dot iss vot feeds de gas.

OSCAR. Sure, you feed de gas excelsior. (*Turns to go.*) Nefer mind de odder part anyway, Adolph.

ADOLPH. Vot's de smatter?

OSCAR. Mit vun foot on de slutch, und vun foot on de brake, und vun foot on dot odder ting. Dot's too much vor a man mit only two feet. I haf changed mine mind. (*Starts off.*)

ADOLPH. Where vas you going?

OSCAR. Down und buy a bicycle mit two pedals.

CURTAIN

PY GOLLY!

Talking Act for Two Germans

OTTO and HEINIE

OTTO. Vell! Vell! Heinie, py golly, should I eat mine hat if it vasn't, ain't it? I ain't seen it you since de last time ve meeteed, yes?

HEINIE (*shakes OTTO's hand like a pump handle*). Py cheese und crackers! I vas such a happy like as if mine dog coome back.

OTTO. Did your dog lose?

HEINIE. Nine. De dog didn't lose. I lose de dog.

OTTO. Vot kinds off a dog it vas, may I ask off you?

HEINIE. It vas a bird dog.

OTTO. A bird dog? Py golly, maybe it fly away.

HEINIE. It vas too full off fleas to fly.

OTTO (*laughs*). You mean dot it vas too full of flies to flea.

HEINIE. Whichefer iss anyvay, de dog iss gonod away.

OTTO. Did he took de fleas mit him?

HEINIE. All but a couple. (*Scratches himself.*)

OTTO. Shtop dot scratching, Heinie.

HEINIE. But, Otto, dey shtarted on me foist.

OTTO. Vhere do you tink dot de dog vented?

HEINIE. I tink maybe yes dot de train it killed him. I see it de fast mail train hit him, und a liddle vwhile after dot later I find two or t'ree legs und a head und a tail by de track on. I tink de train killed him.

OTTO. I vonder if de fleas got killed too, maybe.

HEINIE. I doan tink so. I tink dey hopped de train. Dey vas goot hoppers. (*Scratches himself.*)

OTTO (*steps back*). Vell, shust stay ouit off hopping distances, please.

HEINIE. Und shpeaking off railroads dot reminds me to recollect to remember dot I vas going to a dance tonight, Otto. Maybe you like it to coome along mit.

OTTO. Where de dance iss, yes?

HEINIE. At de railroad shtation.

OTTO. A dance at de railroad shtation? My, vot a funny.

HEINIE. Sure, a couple off trains vas going to Charleston. (OTTO *hits* HEINIE.)

OTTO. Py golly, Heinie, vot a crazy. I vas shoost going down to Jake Shmaltze's funeral.

HEINIE. Vot? Iss Jakey dead?

OTTO. I vasn't sure. Last veek he dell me he vas making some home brew, und if he did he should be dead by now.

HEINIE. I shust coome from de graveyard mineseluf.

OTTO. Vas somebodies dead dere?

HEINIE. Sure, all off dem. (OTTO *hits* HEINIE.) I vish mine vife vould coome. I vas shupposed to meet mine vife on Main Shtreet.

OTTO. Vell, vot vas you doing ofer here, den?

HEINIE. I vas afraid it vas so dark ofer dere I vouldn't seen her if she did coome. I vas to meet mine vife at sefen o'clock.

OTTO. It vas only six o'clock now by de clock.

HEINIE. I know dot, und vwhile I am vaiting I tink I vill go home. How do you like it mine new hat I shust got?

OTTO. Dot's a fine hat. Where you get him?

HEINIE. In de resturant. De fellow iss shtill eating.

OTTO. It vas a awful loud hat, no?

HEINIE (*takes it off and examines it*). Vot iss so loud about it, please?

OTTO. De band. (HEINIE *hits him*.) I got vor me a nice new suit off clothes.

HEINIE. Did you get it a seasonable suit?

OTTO. Sure, pepper und salt. Und mine vife she buy me a nice new hat vor a present.

HEINIE. Birthday, maybe?

OTTO. Nine. She called de hat a veek-end present.

HEINIE. Und spooking off clothes, did you efer know dot vrum efery kind off skins dey make shoes?

OTTO. Und how about banana skins, please?

HEINIE. Dey make slippers. (OTTO *hits him*.)

OTTO. You see dis hat I haf on?

HEINIE. I ain't a blind.

OTTO. I veer dis hat vor fife years.

HEINIE. My! Who vould belief it? Shust like new it looks. (*He replaces his own hat and takes OTTO's hat and examines it.*) Vor fife years you veer dis hat?

OTTO. Sure.

HEINIE. Please dell me how you keep it so nice.

OTTO. Vell, two times I haf it cleaned und vunce in a barber shop I change it vor a new vun.

(HEINIE *jams the hat down on OTTO's head.*)

HEINIE. Such a foolish fool off foolishnesses!

OTTO. Und spooking vunce more again off clothing; how long does it dake you to dress in de morning?

HEINIE. Twventy-fife minutes.

OTTO. Twventy-fife minutes? Py golly, I do it in fife minutes.

HEINIE. Sure, but I vash.

OTTO. Vell, doan I? Efery Sunday.

HEINIE. Efery day I vash. Ve got it such nice vater at mine house—two kinds.

OTTO. Hot und cold?

HEINIE. Nine. Dirty und clean. Ve got it running in efery room.

OTTO. Ve got kids doing de same t'ing.

HEINIE. Dirty und clean? (OTTO *hits HEINIE*.)

OTTO. How do you like it married life, Heinie?

HEINIE. Oh, fine, Otto. I feel like a bird.

OTTO. How iss dot, please?

HEINIE. I haf to fly vor mine life.

OTTO. Py golly, Heinie, you vas goot.

HEINIE. Sure, vasn't mine fadder a preacher?

OTTO. Why should dot make a anyvay? Mine fadder vas a butcher.

HEINIE. Vell?

OTTO. Und do I look like a sissage?

HEINIE. Mine vife I t'ink I haf missed. (*Starts to go.*) Coome ofer sometimes, Otto, und play pinochle, maybe.

OTTO. Vait, Heinie, could you lend it to me maybe fife dollars?

HEINIE. Sure, I vould do a old friend vor anyt'ing. (*Hands him bill.*) But vot if you should drop dead before you gif it back to me?

OTTO. I vouldn't play such a dirty trick, Heinie. Efen so, should I die I vill gif it to you in de next vorld.

HEINIE. But I doan vant to haf to look all ofer hell vor you. (*They break into a snappy duet.*)

CURTAIN

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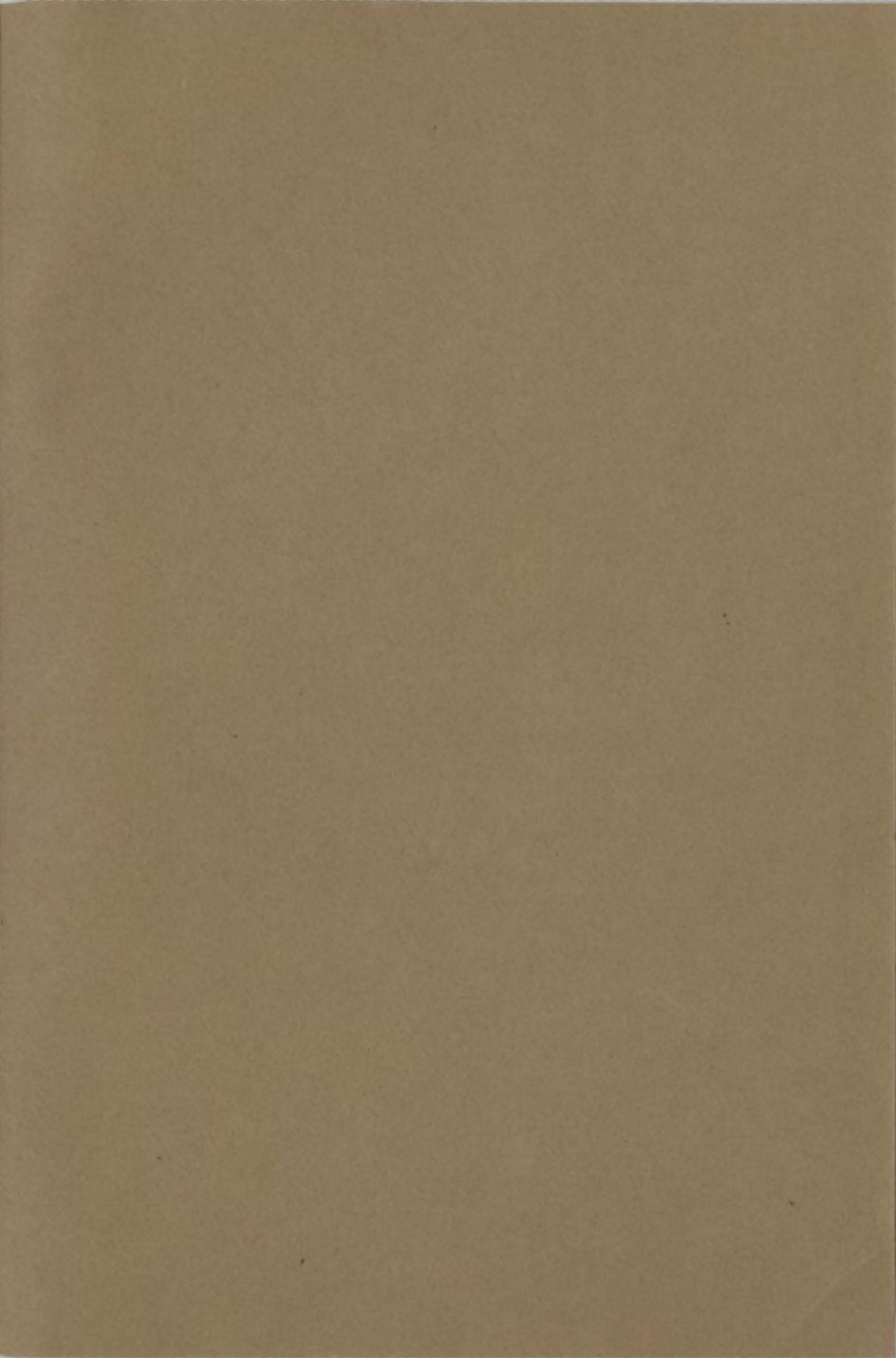


FIGURE 11B TICKLER ACTS

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