

The "Two Black Crows"

Pitiful End of One of the Moran and Mack Team of Popular Merry-makers Recalls Some of the Jokes and Funny Dialogues Which Amused Americans for Many Years



George Moran and Charles Mack (From Left to Right), as They Appeared in Their First Motion Picture.

History Note.

MORAN: Tell us, boy, how was jazz discovered?
MACK: By a dog with a tin can tied to his tail chasing a 1914 Lizzie with four flat tires.

He Had One.

MORAN: For heaven's sake, what's wrong?
MACK: I just saw a ghost.
MORAN: Did he give you a start?
MACK: Brother, I didn't need any start.

Confused.

MORAN: Nobody believes in dreams.
MACK: Oh, I do. I never did until one night I dreamed I was eating flannel cakes and when I woke up the blanket was gone. And I had another dream. I dreamed I was awake and when I woke up I was asleep.

Help Wanted.

A farmer recently advertised in an Ohio paper for a woman to wash, iron and milk two cows.

Wanted: A herder for one thousand sheep that can speak French fluently.

Simple Mathematics.

MACK: On our farm the white horses eat more than the black horses.
MORAN: Oh, that's silly. Why should the white horses eat more than black horses?
MACK: Oh, I wouldn't be bothered with that. We tried every way to figure it out and we couldn't figure any reason unless it was because we had more of the white horses.

Censored!

MORAN: Say, Big Boy, I heard the other day that you are the man that was married in a cage of tigers.
MACK: Yes, sir, I am the man.
MORAN: Did it seem exciting?
MACK: It did then, but it wouldn't now. By the way, Little Bit, what do men call themselves after they are married?
MORAN: Hush, man, hush. This ain't no place for that kind of language.

Fastest Human.

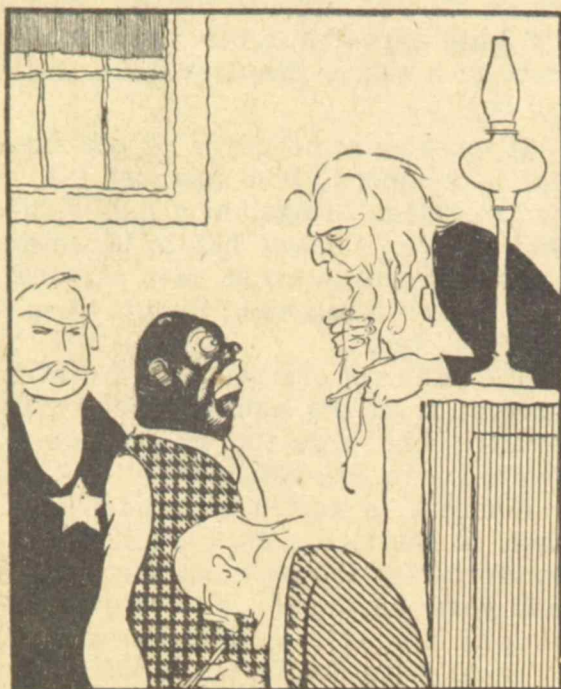
MORAN: You didn't appreciate that job I got you last week.
MACK: Well, that wasn't no good job.
MORAN: Why, certainly. I got you a good job and you got fired the second day.
MACK: Oh, a good job—bathing dishes. Who ever heard of anything like that?
MORAN: Who said anything about bathing dishes? I got you the best kind of a job. All you had to do was to stick your head through the hole in the canvas and when the man throws the eggs at you, all you have to do is duck.
MACK: I don't want to hear no more about that job. Duck eggs. That left-handed man was brutal.
MORAN: How do you mean?
MACK: Oh, you knew that man rung in a billiard ball.
MORAN: Well, when you saw the ball coming, why didn't you duck?
MACK: I did duck.
MORAN: Well, if you ducked, how did you get hit?
MACK: Well, I tried every way to figure it out and couldn't figure any reason unless it was because I paused too long. I would rather train lions. That's the kind of work I like.
MORAN: To be a lion trainer you would have to be very quick.
MACK: Well, I am quick. I'm so quick when I go to bed at night I turn out the light 20 feet from the bed and I'm in bed asleep before the room is dark.

Just Plain Horror.

MORAN: Do you believe in spirits, Lazy Boy?
MACK: I sure does. I went to de spiritualist's last night.
MORAN: You know him?
MACK: Yeh, he's de feller made my boss, Mr. Horowitz, change his name.
MORAN: How come?
MACK: Well, he conjured up a spirit for Mr. Horowitz, and right after that Mr. Horowitz went by de name of plain Mr. Horror. You see, de ghost he scared him out of his witz.

What, No Eggs?

MORAN: That was a pretty girl I saw you with last night.
MACK: Yes, that's Birdie Nest.
MORAN: And why do you call her Birdie?
MACK: Because she's pigeon-toed, has crows' feet, her mother calls her a goose, while her father feathered her nest and she has a bill with everybody.



Only Reason He Could Think Of for Asking the Judge Not to Hang Him.

A MAN clothed in a threadbare suit and overcoat dropped dead the other day in the street in Ypsilanti, Michigan. A theatre manager identified the body as George Moran, surviving member of the old-time comedy team of Moran and Mack, known to radio listeners as "The Two Black Crows." But George Moran has turned up in California, working on a W.P.A. project.

Charlie Mack and George Moran, the original comedy team, had a row some years ago and Moran walked out. Mack continued with various partners, all of whom took the name Moran. But which one of these various Morans it was who recently passed out in that dramatic way was not definitely known at the time. The tragedy of the death of one of the famous fun-loving team and his burial in the paupers' cemetery recalls their former success in the pre-radio days as stars of revues, musical comedies, vaudeville, and later, on the air. Here are many of the amusing jokes and gags which made them rich and famous, some without the darkey dialect.

What Is a Miracle?

MACK: I had the worst dreams last night I ever had in my life—I don't want any more of those pills for my money.
MORAN: Why, I took some of those pills and I had a wonderful dream. I dreamed you owed me two dollars and you paid me.
MACK: Doggone, that was a dream all right—that part where I owed you two dollars was a dream all right, but that part where I paid you was no dream. That was a nightmare.
MORAN: That would be more than a nightmare. That would be a miracle, and I certainly hope you know what a miracle is.
MACK: Oh, yes, I know what it is. What is it?
MORAN: Well, now, lemme see. Well, if a man swims from the United States to England that's a miracle.
MACK: Why is it?
MORAN: Because it is out of the ordinary.

Short and Snappy.

Great fire sale now going on; don't go elsewhere to be cheated, come in here.

Wanted: A smart young man to be partly outside and partly behind counter.

I have two nice, airy bedrooms for gentlemen twenty-two feet long and ten feet wide.

Widow in very comfortable circumstances wishes to marry at once two sons.

A gentleman advertised for a maid to do light housework, and one of the applicants asked where the light house was located and if she could get ashore Thursdays.

Doggone Crazy!

MORAN: What's that you're readin' there, boy?
MACK: 'Mah frien', I done got a letter from de Byrd Exhibition to the South Pole.
MORAN: Any news?
MACK: Yep. De letter tells about de dog I done give Admiral Byrd. And he wasn't no bird dog, either. But de news is sad, brudder.
MORAN: Has anything happened to de dog? He ain't dead, is he?
MACK: Nope, it's worse dan dat. De dog, he done los' his mind.
MORAN: Maybe de Southern part of the world was too cold, hey?
MACK: No, de dog's mind snapped when de boys landed. De dog went crazy runnin' around lookin' for de pole.

Absent-Minded.

MORAN: Mr. Crow, you sure look downhearted. How come you ain't your reg'lar self today?
MACK: I'se disgusted, dat's what.
MORAN: How come you git so disgusted?
MACK: Well, it's mah wife. I come home de other night, lovin' as could be and did sumthin' I ain't done for a long while—I kissed my wife.
MORAN: So what happened to git you feelin' so low?
MACK: 'Cause when I kissed her she slapped me down. She said: "De gas am turned off, de baby is sick, de butcher refused to give any more credit, and now you, my husband, come home drunk."

Thoroughly Investigated.

MORAN: I have understood that you was a blacksmith at one time.
MACK: Yes, sir.
MORAN: Where did you obtain a knowledge of that art?
MACK: Why, I learned de trade in my daddy's shop.
MORAN: So then you have followed the same avocation as that of your father?
MACK: Yes, he was a blacksmith too, and I'll neber forgit de fust time I went into my daddy's shop, as long as I remember it.
MORAN: Why not?
MACK: 'Cause de fust time I eber went into my daddy's shop, I seen a red hot hoss-shoe layin' right down near de anvil and I picked it up and laid it right down agin widout anybody tellin' me to do so.
MORAN: I must say you was extremely smart.
MACK: Yes, sir; and de same day I was lookin' at my fadder blowin' de fire wid dem great big—what you call 'ems—
MORAN: The bellows, you mean.
MACK: Yes, and by-and-by daddy went out, and I took out my knife and cut 'em all open.
MORAN: What, what did you do that for?
MACK: To see whar de wind come from.



The Late Bert Williams, Old-Time Negro Minstrel, Many of Whose Gags Were Used by Moran and Mack.

MACK: Why is it out of the ordinary?
MORAN: Well, because it's miraculous.
MACK: Well, then, if a cow was in a pasture eating green grass—that would be a miracle.
MORAN: No, that wouldn't be a miracle.
MACK: Well, ain't that funny? Why wouldn't it be a miracle?
MORAN: Well, because it's not miraculous.
MACK: Well, then, would a cow in a pasture eating grass be a miracle, huh?
MORAN: No, that wouldn't be a miracle.
MACK: Well, if the dog chased the cow out, would that be a miracle?
MORAN: No.
MACK: Well, a canary bird up in the tree singing—would that be a miracle?
MORAN: No.
MACK: Well, what would a cow sitting up in the tree singing like a canary be?
MORAN: You got it now, Boy. That WOULD be a miracle.

Who Wants the Worm?

MORAN: Always remember the early bird catches the worm.
MACK: The early bird catches what worm?
MORAN: Why, any worm.
MACK: Who cares about that?
MORAN: Everybody knows the early bird catches the worm.
MACK: Well, what about it?
MORAN: Catches it, that's all.
MACK: Well, let him have it. Who wants a worm anyhow. What's the worm's idea in being there?
MORAN: The worm lives there.
MACK: Doggone, I don't even know where he is.
MORAN: Why, he's home, that's where he is.
MACK: Well, I'd rather not hear any more about it. Which is the early bird? Which bird is early?
MORAN: Why the first bird gets there is the early bird.
MACK: What causes that?
MORAN: Because he is the first bird there.
MACK: Yeah, but suppose some other bird got there ahead of him. Boy, you don't seem to know anything.

Nobody Home.

MORAN: Good morning, Big Boy.
MACK: Good mornin', Little Bit.
MORAN: What makes you carry your head down so, why don't you walk with your head upright, like me?
MACK: You eber bin froo a field ob wheat when it's ripe?
MORAN: Of course; what's that to do with my question?
MACK: Oh, noffin; did you eber notice some ob de heads stan' up and some hang down?
MORAN: Yes—well?
MACK: Dem, what stan's up am empty.

Long, Long Trail.

MORAN: Big Boy, you have the reputation of being one of the smartest men in creation, what do you think is the greatest feat you ever performed?
MACK: I made so many pairs of shoes in one day that it took two days to count them.
MORAN: That's nothing.
MACK: Can you equal it?
MORAN: I can double discount it.
MACK: Please do relate.
MORAN: When I was a boy I worked on a farm, and I built so much stone wall in one day that it took me a week to walk home again.

Drew the Line.

MORAN: Say, Big Boy, how is your oldest sister these days?
MACK: Oh, she's all right.
MORAN: Where is she living?
MACK: Out in Twin Falls, Idaho.
MORAN: Married?
MACK: Yep.
MORAN: Any children?
MACK: Yep, twins.
MORAN: And your brother, where is he living now?
MACK: Three Rivers, Mich.
MORAN: Is he married?
MACK: Yep.
MORAN: Any children?
MACK: Yep, triplets.
MORAN: Is that so? Well, that is quite a coincidence. Your sister lives in Twin Falls and has twins and your brother lives at Three Rivers and has triplets. You know, I was always fond of your youngest sister; she is an awfully nice girl. I don't suppose she's married yet, is she?
MACK: No, dad says she can't marry.
MORAN: Your dad says she can't marry, why not?
MACK: 'Cause the fellow she's stuck on lives up in The Thousand Islands.



Moran and Mack in a Friendly Game of Cards.

Simple Proof.

MORAN: What's an alibi?
MACK: A alibi is proving that you was where you was when you wasn't, and that you wasn't where you was when you was.

And No Telescope.

MORAN: I see your wife's back from California.
MACK: I always knew she wore a low-neck dress, but I never knew that you could see her back from California.

A Plea of Clemency.

A colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a Tennessee town, was asked by the judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:
"All ah has to say is this, Judge: "If you-all hangs me, you-all hangs the best bass singer in Tennessee."

World Wants.

MORAN: I saw some funny advertisements in the paper this morning under the head of wants.
MACK: What were they?
MORAN: Wanted—The lid of a box on the ear; the handle of the cup of affliction; the cow that gave the milk of loving kindness; a leaf of the balm of consolation; a few hairs from the tale of woe.

Identification Marks.

MACK: Well, boy, I'm going down to feed the pigs so I'll meet you down at the pig pen.
MORAN: I'll meet you at the pig pen. You better keep your hat on so I'll know you.
MACK: If I get there first, I'll make a chalk mark and if you get there first, you rub it out.

Back to Earth.

MACK: Mr. Johnson, what are we made from?
MORAN: The good book says we are made from dirt.
MACK: Is that so? I can see now why you never take a bath.
MORAN: Why?
MACK: If you do your name is mud.

Success at Last.

MORAN: How do you get dat black eye?
MACK: De spiritualist give it to me.
MORAN: Why he hit you?
MACK: I hit him first, because my college teacher once gave me de advice.
MORAN: Advice? Did he tell you to hit de spiritualist?
MACK: Sort of, yeh. But before I hit dis spiritualist, I asked him if he was happy, and he said he was, so then I smacked him on de nose.
MORAN: Hey. I don't get dis, Big Boy. How come you got advice to hit de spiritualist when you ask him is he happy?
MACK: Well, de college teacher he done told me I would never amount to anything until I struck a happy medium.

Anchored With Paper.

MORAN: I learn by the public prints, Big Boy, that your house had a very narrow escape from destruction.
MACK: Yes, sir; it stood right in the line of the tornado, and was in the very center of the devastating devastation.
MORAN: How then did your house alone withstand the fury of the wind while your neighbors were rendered homeless?
MACK: Why, you see, I had my house so heav'ly mortgaged that the tornado couldn't budge it.

Check and Double Check.

MORAN: Dat's a fine pair o' shoes youse wearin' dere, my frien'.
MACK: Yeh. I done cheated de store man out of dem.
MORAN: How come? I seen you give him de check.
Ain't de check no good, nohow?
MACK: Sure de check is got money behind it in de bank, but dat man he can't cash it.
MORAN: He can, too, I saw you sign it.
MACK: Sure I signed it, big boy, but wait till dat man git to de bank. I didn't fill in de amount.

Fit to Kill.

The wooden-legged preacher was admiring the hogs from outside the fence. "Ah, Broder Johnsing, dem hogs o' your'n is in fine condition."
"They sure is, parson. Ef all of us was as fit to die as dem hogs is there wouldn't be a thing for you to preach about."

Economy

MACK: I used to grow pigs. We used to buy young pigs in August and then we would sell them in April.
MORAN: What did you pay for the pigs in August?
MACK: Well, \$4 each.
MORAN: What did you sell them for in April?
MACK: \$4 each.
MORAN: You paid \$4 in August and sold them in April for \$4. Why, you can't make any money that way.
MACK: No, we found that out.



The One-Legged Parson and the Hogs.

