PVT. JAXON: We mus' be in heaven, Kitty! Only I thought angels were a mite better lookin'!

I'm John Hartford! This is Capt. Dinghy! We're hauling cattle on the steamboat PVT. Jaxon! What're you doing out here in the river?

You mean we ain't on the consarn Cumberland River? No'm! Y'all are on the consarn Gasoline Alley flood waters!

Well, hit me on the head and call me Esther Williams!

Yes, Mr. Williams!
Mr. Hartford! Aye, Cap'n Dinghy! How in the name of Mark Twain did we stray off course? Well, I was practicing a bit on my banjo an... Banjer? I shoulda made a plank outta the thing an make you walk it!

Where were you headed in the flood, Rufus? To my fren', Joel's shack! It be on... high ground!

And sakes! It's Joel's place! This is my stop! Blast! We've run aground! Don't suppose your friend would have any... uh... liquid refreshment? No, Mista Hartford! But he got a jug!

Avast, there! Joel! Stat' chew? This wouldn't happen on the Julia Belle Swain! I declare! Don't know whether I've had too much or not enough!
We'd better shove off, Cap'n Dinghy!

Can't, Mr. Hartford!

The waterline's gone the way o' my hairline - it's receded!

Joe! I was drownin' an' John Hartford an' Cap'n Dinghy saved me an' Kitty!

Y'all lost?

We seem to be a mite off course!

How far's a mite in sea lingo?

Hartford! This ain't time to play the consarn banjer!

Cap'n Dinghy! A banjo will get you through times of no money - but money won't get you through times of no banjo!

All my 57 years on the river and now I'm grounded!

Confound the confound luck, anyway!

Cap'n Dinghy! With your permission - she's tipping the other way - sir!
Quick! Run t'other end 'fore she goes over! Everybody aft!
Now she's tilitin' the other way! Everybody run forward!
We runnin' a fool marathon?

Cap'n Dinghy! They say you can tap a keg of beer an' float a steamboat on the suds!
Wish we had some suds about now!
Rufus! Go fetch th' jug!

Mr. Hartford! Just what're you doin'? Playin' a little tune... seein', how we're scuttled...
Quit tappid' your foot so hard - you're tippin' us!

We've got to find a way outta'! Fust thin' fuel! Got t' shore up the ship so's she won't teeter 'n' totter!
Rufus! Let's get started wif 'em braces!
That mean I has t' put my arm round you?
I tol' you, too much TV would mess yo' mind!
GASOLINE ALLEY/Jim Scancarelli

She’s shiftin’ again, Hartford! What in the name of Mark Twain is going on?

Just some of the beef strollin’ off! Stroganoff, get it? It’s a joke, Cap’n!

I’d like to joke you!

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Mr. Hartford! Cut out that infernal banjo pickin’!

I’m helping Rufus an’ Joel with the scaffolding!

The music helps us to hammer in time!

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Have you done this sort of thing before, Joel?

Shore! It’s in my blood!

Great—great—Gran’pappy built the London Bridge years ago! Built it to last, he did!

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I didn’t know you dealt in naval junk, Joel!

I’ll thank you not to call my vessel “junk,” Sir!
A steamboat in Gasoline Alley! Folks won't believe it!
I'll say they won't!
You don't suppose people'd be willing to pay for what they won't believe, do you?

Listen up, good people! In my possession, and soon to be in yours, are bottles of Mama Dinghy's dynamic, multipurpose, dual flavored, anise scented, reptilian lubricant! It contains one of the world's most natural antisuressants known to the entire Homo sapien species!

Sounds like snake oil to me!

Step right up—don't push—don't crowd! The bottles are fragile! Each flagon of Mama Dinghy's portion of potion is protected and kept potent by a pure Peruvian plug! If you suffer from the national ailment, a drop used in the sauce of a calamari saute' is guaranteed to grease your squids!

It cures colds, coughs, con sumption and can be used for removing paint, varnish and wallpaper! Gentle to your esophagus and other inwards, yet strong enough to give new life to old shoe leather!
GASOLINE ALLEY/ Jim Scancarelli

Walt! What's the rush? A steamboat ran aground at the dump during the flood! The whole town's going crazy to see it!

Skeezix! Better go up to Joel's! It's your Uncle Walt! Someone's got an oar out of the water there!

GASOLINE ALLEY/ Jim Scancarelli

Crowd's gatherin', Cap'n Dingy! That's Dinghy! Play, Hartford! Get their attention!

Here's a tune I learned from fiddlin' Gus Meade! 'The ol' cow sat on the fork of the branch!'

GASOLINE ALLEY/ Jim Scancarelli

When John Hartford here, came down with Arthur-itis and connective-itis, his plectrum positions pained his pinkies...

...one bottle of Mama's tonic and he plucked his way to plentitude! Ain't Plentitude South of Charleston?

GASOLINE ALLEY/ Jim Scancarelli

You play plumb purty, Mr. Herford! That's Hartford! I love it so, I play at the drop of a hat!

Time to play, again!
Mr. Wallet! What's that tune you're whistling?

Something my mother sang! It's been gentle on my mind all these years!

Gentle on my mind! Hmm! Now that'd make a great song title!

Cap'n Dinghy! Our 4th of July committee's looking for a spot to hold its Liberty pageant!

So... since everybody's fascinated with your grounded steamboat...

...think about our holding the festivities aboard the Pvt. Jaxon!

Think of all the elixir I could sell!

So it's settled! We can put our Liberty pageant on board the Pvt. Jaxon?

Why not? We ain't goin' anywhere!

We'll be shovin' off only if the good Lord's willin' and the creek does rise!

Let's get started rehearsing, folks!

Rufus! You need mo' staccato in yo' pianissimo!

Watch yo' mouf'!

YANKEE DOODLE - I'M A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY!
OH! Susannah! I been workin' on the RR!

Joel! As singers, they ought not give up their day jobs!

Hush, Rufus! They's liable to hear you!

Not over that caterwallin' they won't!

GOD BLESS AMERICA... STAND BESIDE HER AND GUIDE HER...

Through the night with a light from a bulb!

Ada! Hush!

Oh, say can you see... by the dawn's early light...

That was beautiful singing, Phyllis!

Eat your heart out, Rosanne Barr!

OK! Dress rehearsal for the Sousa marches!

Man! That John Phillip Susan sho' gets yo' feets feelin' patriotic!