

"Agog?"

"Lessee!"

"Break out the oarse!"

Rowarow the boys all rearrive at Herman's rockin' chair which creaks a bit. Rattle rattle star star, mens take that rockin' roll hol on to 'im! a push all groan then move ol' purple Herman to a frontrow perch, an' there,

"Give 'im a drink!"

Done. Ole Herman farts, gives all a stir. Continue on. Anima!  
Anima! Rerise.....No? What's that you say?

"Hey Joe, ole Herman here would like to see that nighty game of parance an' donkey. Can?"

"Why shore..."

Joe Mo'e is blindonfolded, spun a spinspunspin intill his trinkets, tallymans, and hexes all unwind all over floor, but nevermind. The pictureposter of Miss Genie, for July, is all at once procured and hung midair, and now the task. Spin Joe sum more! To pin a mammery on here, where? Simpleton! Fourcandles lit, the lights adimned...mystery o' mystery! Toomuch fer some. The wishroom's fillin' up with boys, all relieving and reviving them o'selves, asquirt, aspurt. And missages to whom abound on mirrorless the lavatory hull.

Well what o'Herman? See! Bruno percures his corpose harmonicum. Now try and pry ole Herman's mouth, I hope the moon's on time! Lessee! Innermouth of' now foul'n purple stounfaced Herman the corpose harmonicum a'mens is innercerted, hold! Perhaps a toone he'll play? The audience a set, and now the game. Blindonfold Joe Moesus stumbles, bumpbs, and burps toward Genie's somewhere's mummery, they hopes. Phrenology unloose upon the art of mammery. Why that's my head! You ghou! Yet unanoticed, Billy Jo. slips 'mongst enraptured all, to pick a pocket, boost, and plye them's awe.

"Pagorky! Here!" shouts Babe, backslaps.