

There . . . that's 'nuff.

Whew! what stuff!

Take that pizen 'way.

Thanks . . . guess I'm now O. K.)

I'm givin' y' it straight, Preacher,

(Naw, 'twon't take me long!)

Y' see, 'twar this way, Preacher,

My Pop wuz allus toutin' 'roun' with pikers,

Playin' hell-west-en'-loose

With this 'ere double-barr'l, repeatin' booze,

Hoopin' 'er up, Preacher, hot en' strong,

Till he wuz no bloody use

Fer stockin'

Er fer grubbin'

En' the whole shebung wuz seootin' to the dooce.

But I wuz jist a eodger

En' blinder 'n a bat

Er I'd 'a' know'd my ol' mammy

Couldn't stand it long with that

Ornery, biled galoot f'rever high-falutin'

Boozin', gamin', shootin'

Night 'n' day

In the eussedest sort of way.