

Oke...

The two ~~ways~~ ~~wz~~ B'way. boys were panning a third. "What a ^{heel} ~~hell~~ that muzzler is," whined the first. "The bum wouldn't even hold the light while his mother chopped wood." The second agreed. "Can you imagine," complained the first, "how a guy can be so lousy? I owe the bum fifty bucks and any time he sees me he pesters me - instead of waiting till I give it to him." The second agreed it sure was lousy for a mugg to bother over a measly fifty. "Right," agreed the first. "And the worst part of it is that he's been botherin' me for ~~the~~ that half-yard note for the past five years."...

99/ A couple of the Broadway boys were sitting in a cafe recently putting the blast on every body and the world in general.

Their conversation was interrupted as another of the Broadway gentry entered the cafe.

There, said one of the couple, pointing to the newcomer is what is known as a first class heel. A guy who would give his own mother a break.

The second gent glanced up and asked yeah? He looks like a mess. What did he do to you?

Aw I owe him fifty bucks and every time he sees me he asks for it. Imagine a cheap phoney bum like that. Askin instead of waitin till I give it to him.

Jay scorned the friend, Imagine a guy like that botherin a guy for a lousy fifty bucks.

Yeah, replied the debtor in disgust. And the worst part of it is, he's been botherin me about that dough for the last five years.