

Hey Lolita, it's time for Falstaff Fun!



1950s Ad for The Falstaff Brewing Company

- *Oh, I'm inflaming.*
- Well, pardon you. Are you hot?
- *No, I'm cold. Can't you see the fleem? Reams of fleem.*
- So it seems. Oh those middling Engleis.

“Are you by any chance Brewster . . . you don't *look* like Jack Brewster?”

“No, I am afraid I am neither of the Brewsters.” [True – you're *fleeming*, not pouring.]

“Now look here, Mac, . . . You are drunk . . . I promise you Brewster, you will be happy here with a magnificent cellar . . .” [Quit whining, Q.]

(*Lolita* Part 2, Ch. 35, pp. 295, 301)

Shall we Toast from Coast to Coast?

Smile of smiles raised his cheeks as he rose to the occasion, a trip to the John, all while listening to Herman's Hermits number one song. Enery it was, the 8th. So take two. No, that's not it. Take away four and you got it, by Jove!

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