

**Damaged** Text

## CUZ'S CORNER Barlow's Waterloo

"Barlow" Whittington Among us we made up enough hadn't always lived in our town and community. He had moved to Andalusia from the biggest town in Alabama-Birmingham. He was a couple of years older than the rest of us and a right smart bigger than we were, and he didn't have the name of "Barlow" when he first got to out town. We hung that on him because of the big Barlow pocketknife he always had in his pocket and which he kept

Barlow was the very bravest boy that any of us had ever heard of. He just wasn't scared of man nor beast. No alley was too dark for him to walk right down the middle of, no bully was too tough for him to tackle, well, according to him, there wasn't any such word as fear in his vocabulary. He had to be just about the biggest wheel in Birmingham and since he had been that, naturally, it was unthinkable that he should assume any lesser role in our town, and, especially in our group of boys. Yeah, he believed in

ghosties, but there wasn't one alive that could scare him. That's what Barlow said. And we believed him. Nearly. We had been with him in all kinds of situ tions, and, like he had been saying, he never once showed the least inkling of being fraid of nothing. But one day me and Potlicker Capps got to talking about Barlow and we both wondered out loud if ANYBODY could really and truly be as brave as Barlow claimed to be. We decided that he'd not have a bit of trouble with his bravery when all of us were along with him. So, it seemed to us that we needed to test him some way. We wanted to see how he would perform when he was all by himself, maybe, on a dark night.

Potlicker promised to do some hard thinking on how we could test him out. I began working on the problem, too. Next day on our way to school we discussed several

had another. We decided that we would use both of them. The rest of our bunch had to be consulted on account of we would need their help in getting all this rigged up. When we got'em all together and expressed our slight doubts about Barlow we were surprised to learn that, to a man, they, too, had been doing

Barlow lived down a road with a small church and cemetery on it. And we had to have a graveyard for our plan so where he lived was made to

money-20 cents to pay two way to a rip-snorting boys' Tom Mix cowboy picture show. Potlicker was kindly elected to "treat" Barlow to it, but couldn't possibly get off to go until the night show, which was sure all right with good ole Barlow. Barlow had the only bicycle

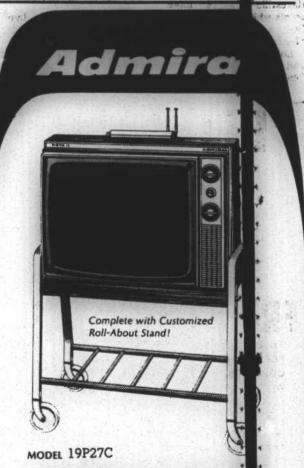
among us and that, to be sure, gave him a good deal of prestige and influence. He told Potlicker that he'd pick him up and ride him in to town on his wheel. And he did just that.

Unfortunately, pore ole Potlicker began getting sorta sickish long before Mr. Mix was anywhere close to catching them thieving cattle rustlers. He just got sicker and sicker and, finally, in no more'n a minute or two before he's sure he would slap pass on, he had to leave there and go home for some stomach settling herbs. But he was a mighty gracious host, Potlicker was. He absolutely insisted that ole Barl stay and see the rest of the show, you know, so's he could tell him what happened. He stayed, Barlow did, to get our money's worth, you

understand. "Pot" ran and trotted nearly three miles to get to our hideout before our brave buddy Barlow did. He made it in plenty of time. We needed him there to be in charge of the cracker racket. He sure knew how to make'er beller. In minutes after Potlicker

joined us it began sprinkling rain, just a light drizzle but nothing to worry about. Then there was some distant thunder and a few flashes of lightning. Thins were shaping up better'n we ever dreampt possible. Only trouble with all of it was we were having a smidgen of trouble with our own nerves. Then we heard some mighty

loud whistling. We lit the lantern which was being held in the hand of the THING. And when we judged that Barlow was just aboutt close enough we started our ghostie across about ANYTHIN



the road, like. Potlicker gav cracker. barrel string a pull, then another and ral more g stopped. could see whacks. The w So did Barlo him when the t flash of lightning crack

We didn't k blast of shook the felt but whe thunder sound rest of us up I good, I'm telling ye. The died Polly H ne thunder. t out the shrillest squaw . And Ole all my borne Potlicker wen rel as we on the cracke r ghostie build to the brought our back as fast as ard where nd an old ng up on middle of the it disappeared

quilt we had That was j leetle bit more'n our e Dutte ndle. He Buddy Barlow could abandoned his spot and took

stakes.

ndle. He el on the Ve guessed puld run a ould pedal that he figured sight faster than that thing. He didn't st nning until er's house. s" papa ing until he made it to Pe According to **Barlow** Whittin was the scaredest boy l ever seen in all his life.

ps said it wife could took all he and by calmed mpt to tell tre he had do to ever get down enough t them what he seen and he at that graveyard.

Barlow didn

me that night a-tall. H spending the re sisted on the night the hight the floor and Mrs. right where he to sleep on a pa in the room wit Capps. They let It was som before

Barlow ever out all about everythin vas longer still before he speaking terms with any o he did he w regularest bu But when pout the anybody d I don't th could to brag could ever ask think a soul o have paid him' anymore about, urage. Or

all.

I borrowed an old bed shee from Mama and we fashioned a weird looking ghost-like varmit out of it. Then we got a long piece of small rope which we were gonna need to string across the road to Barlow's house. Hubert thought it would be a fine idea to have our ghostie carrying a lantern. Potlicker got an old tin cracker barrel, punched a hole in the bottom, and tied a long bees-waxed piece of string on a nail and stuck that through the hole in the bottom of the barrel. When a wet rag was pulled over this waxed cord it just about made the awfullest, terriblest racket that any human ear ever listened to. Polly Hall could screech

louder and keener than anybody on earth and he radily readily agreed to donate all the blood-chilling screeching and screaming that we would have any use for. And he volunteered his notebook rings to hook to the head of our ghostie so we could pull him back and forth across the road

We felt that we just had to have a dress rehearsal for such a performance as this was gonna be. We had it, all except the cracker barrel racket and Polly Hall's deathly squalling, screeching, screaming and moaning. It seemed most logical that we have our "thing" come from out of the graveyard so that's where we set up shop. Right in the middle of the most peaceful cemetery I reckon there was anywhere in Covington

Everything went smooth as silk and looked so terrible that we were all glad when the practicing was over and we headed for home.

Our next and only real problem was getting Barlow out on a dark night so he would have to go home alone. And, of course, we all worried some about our own getting out on the appointed night and at the right time.

After almost three weeks we

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