

SECOND-HAND TALES CONTINUED

Speaking of preacher stories, this little yarn actually happened in a little South Carolina community, not so many miles from here. "Preacher Brown and his good wife were dressed in their best bib and tucker, and already seated in their car and preparing to start to their nearby country church, when his wife happened to remember that the parson had forgotten to feed the calf his regular rations of skimmed milk and wheat bran, and reminded him of his negligence. He told his wife to just sit still in the car and he would be back in a moment. It was past the regular feeding time and said calf was plenty hungry- Just as the Parson placed the bucket near the calf's head, the calf rammed his head halfway in the bucket and became strangled, then raised his head and gave a big snort. The result was a badly "Bespeckled "Sunday suit and white vest. The Preacher grabbed the calf by the ears and gave him a good shaking and was heard to exclaim, "If it weren't for the Love of God in my heart, I would gladly break your darn neck

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Back in the "Hay-Burner" days, when about all the produce obtainable at the local stores, was eggs butter and chickens; the people of Lawndale depended on peddlers to supply them with fresh vegetables, nuts meat & milk. The most desirable produce came from the South Mountains, and these mountaineers made a regular visit in their covered wagons. One day, Mr. Schenck Carpenter was doing his weekly buying from an old codger and after he had purchased a supply of cabbage, chestnuts, and apples, he asked the old man "If he had any onions". "Nope, ain't got nary one" Mr. Carpenter started to walk away, when he heard a kid of about twelve, pipe up "Aw, Yes, we have Pap, that man means "Ingers" The old man was heard to reply "Do you reckon thets what that dang fool ment"

