

Pappy Says

Poetry, Witicisms and Short Stories
by Joe Clark, HBSS

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C•A•T
MOUNTAIN
STILLS

pictures that tell a story
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Early American Architecture [1000]

This is the sad but true story about the fading of that breed of a once necessary, functional architectural gem: the classic American Outhouse.

Time was when people were house-broken at an early age. You ate your vittles inside but went outside, out back to that time-honored shack, to answer nature's call.

Or, at least, civilized people did. That's just the way things were. And it still seems to me it's the way things out to be.

Outhouses were always simple, functional and business-like. They were built to serve a simple human need. No frills nor flourishes were needed. Only in cartoons will you find outhouses with half moons.

hbss

Outhouses

Some outhouses leaned to the East
Some outhouses leaned to the West
But whether East or whether West
We All came here to do our best.

hbss

Security

Security was a strong wood button
Or a firm hold on the door

Graham Bell

A telephone in an outhouse was a rarity
Before the days of Alexander Graham Bell.

The heated job was for those
Who put luxury above conservation.

The ultra modern two-seater and...
the single-seater equipped with mirror.

Outhouses should also take into consideration
the critters of the farm.

The job on the left comes with hen's nest
attached, the one below has a convenience
door for the cat.

Wisdom

It was a wise man
Who made sure
That the gate was open
And the road was clear
To the back house
Before taking his spring tonic.

hbss

Only the well-to-do family could afford two
bathrooms.

And the drive-in model was a rarity indeed.

The Good Old Days

O give me back the good old days
The days I used to know
When simple things were modern things
The pace was pleasant and slow.

A house uncluttered with plumbing
A well out in the yard
An axe for chopping firewood with
And make my muscles hard.

The general store for loafing
Or a first-class checker game,
A box of ashes for spitting
And never hitting same.

But most of all from those grand days
So packed with memories
Give me a house way down the path
Where I can sit and freeze.

hbss

You'll never know what it is to HAVE to go
until you've left your bare foot-prints in the
snow.

The leaner with the prop and . . .

the air conditioned two-holer.

Tennesseans went for the rakish devil-may-care
architecture

While Ohioans held for the straight, severe
churchly type.

"Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone
else but me."

Behind Closed Doors

Those mystic days

[1434] Those olden days
Those golden days of yore
When many a thought was simply thunk
Behind the outhouse door.

hbss

Whether it be cow barns or pig sty
the outhouse should blend in with the farm
buildings.

Alas and alack

It's a sad true story, my friend,
That everything in this great world
Must someday meet its end.

hbss

Text of Back Home

My Friend, Joe Clark...

One definition of a sophisticated man is
a person who is entirely at home in his
surroundings, no matter what they are
and by that standard Joe Clark is the most
sophisticated man I know. The Hill Billy Snap
Shooter is equally at ease in the plush palace
of an automobile baron or pitching pebbles
into the scrawny brook that trickles through
his farm near Cumberland Gap, Tenn. In an
earlier book about Detroit, Joe captured the
warmth and excitement of his adopted city.
But to Joe, Tennessee is still "down home" a
place brimming with friends and family, the
pride of owning land, and memories of a
boyhood well wasted. On these pages Joe sings
a paean to his home country. It is a book not
about Tennessee, but Joe Clark's Tennessee and
that is something special.

Tom Flaherty
Associate Editor
Life Magazine

Man

[1151]

Man is a fragile hunk of mud,
He's made of muscle, bone and blood;
There ain't much hair upon his head
It grows upon his face instead.

He has a brain that in the main
Must strain to keep him from the rain;
His will is weak and very small
so he grows fat instead of tall.

He's mostly short of money, too,
In spite of all that he can do;
Yet, he's rich with lots of hay
He can only eat three meals a day.

Though he succeed in life as such
He won't enjoy it very much;
He's prone to sweat and boil and stew
About the things he cannot do;

About the times he didn't bet,
About the raise he didn't get,
About the debts he hasn't paid,
About the million he hasn't made.

All in all he's w weakly cuss,
And hardly worth a little fuss;
Yet, man is strong and if he tries
He'll surely live until he dies.

hbss

Homesick

Pretty soon I'm going to be
Way down yonder in Tennessee,
I'm going back again to climb
Those old, old hills I left behind.

Pretty soon you're going to see
Somebody looking just like me
Swinging across the mountain high
With a homebound look in his eye.

Pretty soon I'm going to dine
At Ma's table rich and fine
On hominy grits and brandywine
And Southern fried that's mighty fine.

hbss

The Land Beyond

When I was a lad I stood in a valley
In a valley deep and wide
And I looked up at a hill,
A hill that was so rugged
And so steep and high,
I stood and I looked and I wondered
As lads so often do
Why the hill was so rugged
And so steep and high
But most of all I wondered
What was on the other side.
Now I've grown to be a man,
Tall and strong and wise,
And many the sights I've seen
Under the wandering skies,
Yet, when I stand in a valley
A valley deep and wide
And I look at a hill I wonder
What is on the other side.

hbss

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Tomorrow

Up and down the dusty road
Up and down the valley
Up and down the highway
To see my pretty Sally.

Up and down the blackgum tree
Up and down the hollow
Up and down the mountain,
I'll see her tomorrow.

hbss

No Regrets

The River runs on
Old times are gone,
new things come in
What's been has been.

hbss

Relax

When worry and fret come your way
About the bills you have to pay,

The many things you have to do
Nothing ever goes t=right with you.

Can't pay the rent or buy new shoes,
You flounder in them worry blues

It's better then to just relax
And spare your feeble mind to tax,

[1153] It's rather vain to strain your brain
When thinkin' goes against the grain,

So hang your hat upon the rack
And lean your chair against the shack,

Just put a million in the bank
And leave your mind completely blank.

hbss

In Lonesome Tennessee

Down yonder in the valley
In lonesome Tennessee
Sits my little Sally
A waitin' there for me.
Down yonder in the valley
Oh how I long to be
A sittin' by my Sally
In lonesome Tennessee.

hbss

School Days

Oh, the hardness of the benches
And the hardness of my head
And the hardness of the lessons
Was an awful thing to dread.

hbss

Long Ago

There was a little white school
On the side of a hill
And a pretty little girl
That I remember still.

hbss

Germ

We didn't fight germs
when I was a kid.
We ettem.
Alive.

hbss

Things I'd Like To Do Again

To build a dam across a brook
To wade and fish in quiet streams
To climb a hill to take a look
To revel in boyhood dreams.

To leap from out the loft so high
To explore the barn and fields
To roam o'er the hills and dells
To enjoy what nature yields.

To pick the wild grapes from the vine
To find the blackberries ripe
To taste the pawpaws wild and sweet
To explore my manly might.

To romp and roam with dog and gun
Through forest, dale and glen
To breathe the free and open air
And to walk with nature's kin.

hbss

Molasses Making Time

'Lasses making time
Was a happy time
With lots of work to be done
But the end of day
Brought its mirth and play
With a host of girls and fun.

hbss

Education

[1159]

[1154]

[1155]

[1156]

[1158]

[1160]

[1162]

[1164]

[1165]

[1166]

To read, rite and cipher
Proves you've been to school,
A fine engraved diploma
Proves you ain't no fool.

You've got a education
You're learned and you're wise
And a fine reputation
For the way you dot your eyes.

You are a educated man,
Of letters and of ink;
One question may I ask
When will you learn to think?
hbss

Back Yonder

If you lived in the country
On a Saturday night
it was clean all the lamps
To make the world bright.
hbss

Green Was The Meadow

Green was the meadow
Tall was the corn
High was the mountain
Where I was born.

Fair was the valley
Warm was the sun
And clear was the stream
Where I was born.

Sweet is the memory,
Pleasant the days...
Of boyhood wanderings
Of boyhood ways.
hbss

Spring Thoughts

When earth is soft and pleasant
To touch of tiller's hand
And crops are being planted
All across the land.

When the mule is being prodded,
The sun is climbing high
And work's to be accomplished,
Time is passing by.

When hopes are swiftly rising
To soar into the sky
For all the crops we'll harvest
In the by and by.

Pappy Says

When the sap is swiftly rising,
The breeze begins to warm
And birds sing in the spring
Down yonder on the farm.

When lovers walk together
In twilight's mellow glow
And whisper to each other
Of things they aim to grow.

Then it's great to be alive,
To breathe the wholesome air,
To have someone to love you,
To be in love with her.
hbss

Matter Of Perspective

It's never too cold to chop wood
when you're out of fire.

The Old Market Place

And the Old Hardsell

The Grindstone

Keep your nose to the grindstone
And you'll surely wear it out.
hbss

The Gate

This is the gate to nowhere
And the gate to everywhere.
hbss

Simple Facts

I can read, rite and cipher;
I ain't nobody's fool,
And do multiplication
Though I've never been to school.

I know that in the morning
The rooster crows at five
And ya gotta keep a scratchin'
If you wanna stay alive.
hbss

Mr. Tom

He set by his word
A great deal of store,
Gave it but kept it
No matter the chore.

So to his neighbors
And his friends untold
His word has become
More precious than gold.
hbss

Truth

Tell your tales
So tall and high
But truth is bigger
Than a lie

For who could dream
Or by any act
Find deeds so great
As actual.

hbss

Gone Fishin'

Gone fishin'
Gone huntin'
Gone to have me some fun
Gonna catch me a biggun'
Gonna loaf in the sun,
Whoever cares if the work's never done?
Or the money's never made?
I'll be restin' in the mellow summer shade
Restin' and dreamin' while the steam rolls on
I may never get rich but I'll get along.

hbss

Pappy's Boy

I was raised in a log cabin
And suckled on a jug o' corn,
I started chewing tobacco
On the day that I was born.

I ain't ascaired of the Martins
And I've killed a thousand Coys
And raising hell in general
Is the chiefest of my joys.

I never have time for playing
And to work I just ain't able
But when a meal is ready
I'm always at the table.

Money never worries me
And troubles I have none
I'm just a lad from Tennessee
And full of hell and fun.

hbss

Little Path

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

[1167]

[1455]

[1168]

[1458]

[1459]

[1174]

[1169]

[1175]

[1178]

[1179]

[1181]

[1182]

A little path goes winding
Through the field, across the hill
When I was a lad I walked it
And I can see it still.

I drove the cows around it
And saw many wondrous sights;
the clouds overhead a sailing
the meadow larks in flights.

When evening sun was setting
In the land beyond the hills
I often dreamed of riches
And listened to whippoorwills.

When summer years rolled by
And I had older grown
I met a wondrous girl
And sometimes walked her home.

Oh, little path a winding
Through the field, across the hill
To so many wondrous places
I can see them still.

hbss

A Little Tin Box

I have a little tin box
So precious and so dear
Whose value daily increases
Year after year.

A faded old letter
And a wisp of her hair
And a wilted red rose
Are hidden in there.

I view it with sadness
but why should I sigh
She went off and married
A mighty fine guy.

hbss

Carefree

Sing a heigh ho and heighdy ho
It's hard to believe how little I know;
how little I know, how little I care
I'm as happy as a millionaire.

hbss

Decisions

Life is filled with many turns
Which one shall I take,
One to the poorhouse, one to wealth
Which will make or break?

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

One to happiness, one to pain
One to wealth and fame,
How should I know which one to take
Neither has a name.

hbss

Monkey Shines

Man used to be a monkey
A settin' in the trees
A chatterin' at his fleas.

Then along came Mister Darwin
And invented evolution,
Caused the downfall of monkey
And all of this commotion,

they say man is very noble
He can stew, worry and fret,
But I've never seen a monkey
Up to his ears in debt.

Now I very often wonder
Would I really beet be
A happy lit'l ole monkey
A sittin' in a tree?

hbss

Aunt Oma

"Never find fault with what's been done.
Unless you was the one who done it."

hbss

Aunt Tilda

In her heart there glowed a fire
That filled her eyes with radiant light
though unlearned and poor she was
She lived with all her might.

hbss

People In The Early Times

People in the early days
Had such quaint and ancient ways;
They's hardly ever take a bath
Or follow in the beaten path.

They fought to win the wild, wild West
And every man done his best
To clear the land and make it free
And safe to live for you and me.

From ignorance they emigrated
And then became educated,
And then before they realized

Courtly, proud and civilized.

Thanks to all the things they done,
Thanks to each and everyone,
You and me can take a bath
And follow in the beaten path.

hbss

A Little Time

Years go flitting swiftly by
On enchanted wings of time;
Born one morn, the next to die,
Life is but a little rhyme.

A little rhyme repeated
A hundred million times,
A hundred million people
A hundred million rhymes.

Each rhyme a little different,
Yet every rhyme the same;
A hundred million people
though each a different name.

No matter how you slice 'em,
The people or the years
All keep swiftly flitting by
Like countless falling tears.

hbss

The General Store

We all used to sit around the old gen'rl store
But we don't sit around no more
For the days are gone and the store is gone
And a supermarket ain't no store.

hbss

Religion

We went to meetin' in our shirt sleeves
Got baptized in the creek
And brought the preacher home for dinner
Every other week.

hbss

The Meeting House

There was a little old meetin' house
Where we all used to gather 'round
Just to listen to the preacher preach
And hear him the mighty truths expound.

There he told us of a hell of fire
And of a Heaven bright with gold,
And of friends who were waiting there
When from life we release our hold.

He told of rewards for those who love
And of punishments for those who hate,
'Twas a narrow road to the home above
And few could enter that golden gate.

If you want to keep your freedom.

hbss

The mourners wailed, the women shouted
As we sang the hymns of love and praise,
That the preacher was right we never doubted
In those our childhood go to meetin' days.

How

Girl's smile
Sweet and gay
Steal boy's
Heart away.

We shook with awe as he waved his arms
His voice could be heard a mile away
As he tried to save us from those harms
That come to sinners on Judgement Day.

Bells ring
Loud and clear
Hearts sing
Love is dear.

hbss

What Is To Be

[1460]

What is to be will be
What ain't to be might happen.

hbss

gold ring
For her hand
heart bound
Like iron band.

That's how
She gets man
And how
Life began.

hbss

Sally

[1196]

By smokey fire
On a lonely night
She strums her guitar
Soft and sweet
And in her dreams
She wanders far
To find the Prince
She longs to meet.

hbss

Milking Time

[1201]

Spin your yarns
Tell your tales
Lie your lies
Drink your ales.

Up the hill, down the hill
A cow goes to water
Running round the pasture
Looking for the fodder.

Up the creek, down the creek
A lad goes a walking
Looking for Old Bossy
Evening shadows falling.

Homeward bound, homeward bound
Whippoorwills ca calling
Me and Old Bossy
Darkness is a falling.

hbss

Spend your dough
Live it up
Life was meant
For to sup.

Come Sit With Me

[1202]

Sing you song
Play your tune
Love the girls
Come honeymoon.

Come sit with me when you're lonely,
Come sit with me when you're blue;
And tell me all your troubles
And I'll tell mine to you.

We'll add them all together
And we'll heap them in a pile;
when we've cast them all aside
We'll laugh and joke a while.

hbss

Girls

[1198]

They are mighty nice
When you really need them
But don't fool around with girls
Pappy Says

Text of Back Home Again

Back Home Again

[1468]

[1199] Ain't no place
I'd rather be
Than back home again
In Tennessee

FOREWORD

Four decades' worth of "down home" art produced by Joe Clark represents but a fraction of his prodigious photographic output (he has a half-million negatives on file - and he was well into his career before he began saving them.)

This is Book Twelve on Tennessee alone. When he, his cameras and notebook revisit his beginnings, the result predictably is a loving characterization of a culture untouched by most of his audience.

Herein he has resurrected photographs from the Thirties, to establish nostalgic intent. As the pages move into the Forties and Fifties, he enforces the perception that while fashions and car design and music and other societal appendages undergo alteration, the hill-country mode remains stable, responding only vaguely to the surface trendiness which obsesses more crowded parts of North America.

The other facets of Joseph Benjamin Clark ("Joe for my grandpappy, Benjamin for Franklin") confirms that nobody is slipping anything by our man with the lenses. Chairmen and presidents of vast corporations address him respectfully by his first name. Street people, relaxed or on the prod, treat him as if they knew him from some other place. Many people are aware, in fact, that his film technique is by no means limited to set scenes; he has often responded instantly to the urgencies of national news stories. He has encapsulized, with one flick of the shutter, the savageries of riots, and fought off tears when a view of human conduct at its worst was presented to him.

In tranquil moments, he might choose to corn-pone you to pieces. One dares not routinely ask how the day goes. "Comin' round the mountain", that's how it goes anew and anew, his words, lingering over themselves.

He can date his family back to the Cumberland Gap of 1795, not as a vain claim to heritage - he couldn't find vanity on an otherwise bare plate - but simply to establish his credentials in that part of his realm. Happily meandering past three score and ten, he decorates his trail with reflective

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

commentary. "A rabbit runs faster than a dog because it thinks it has a better reason." And: "Who tells the animals about sex?" Or: "In school work, I was about what you'd call a backward child today. In them days, you were just stupid."

He dropped out of one-room Providence Elementary School in Powell Valley in the fifth grade. He did not renew his formal education until he was in his thirties. "I could hardly read or write. I took an English course from a correspondence school."

"After I learned to read a little, I read in Arthur Brisbane's column that the way to learn to think was by typing, so I bought a Royal portable typewriter. The way I really learned to write was by writin' to the editors of the Detroit News and the Detroit Free Press. I had six letters in the News one day, under different names."

Such gentle subterfuge is not his forte, compassion is. On the street for five days and nights during Detroit's 1967 riot, he never once filmed a looter's face. "I didn't want any identification," he said later. "I thought to myself then, 'These people are caught up in something.' I'd see a guy at a burning building takin' stuff. How do I know he maybe is not saving it for the owner? Now that's not likely, but why take a chance?"

One could debate that judgment but not the moral certitude. No more than one would argue the straightforwardness of an inscription he once scrawled in a book: "To a girl who never chews tobacco with her mouth full."

It is suggested that you do as the young lady did: Roam easily among the following portraits and philosophical findings, extracting whatever you please. That's a present to you from Joe.

JAMES C. JONES
Detroit Bureau Chief
Newsweek Magazine

Homefolk

[1211]

There are folks that are, and folks that were
And folks that used to be
But there ain't no folks like the old home folks
Back home in Tennessee.

hbss

Introduction

This is a book of words and visuals of America past and present. Of an America that was and is. Of a land of hardships and pleasures. Of a land of freedom and achievement. Of work, humor and fun. Of tall stories and true stories. A land of dreams. Of dreams a dreaming and

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of dreams fulfilled.

The old general store all boarded up by the roadside has long since been replaced by the supermarket. But the old general store once had its place. It not only offered the storebought luxuries of life but was also a kind of magical community center where folks stopped by to banter and exchange news and gossip.

Likewise the blacksmith shop where the rural American went to get his wagons, plows, grain cradles, and other tools, utensils and artifacts repaired and mended.

The water-powered gristmill. The old mill wheel first gave way to the one lunger, "stationary" gasoline engine. And then the big mills took over the grinding of grain into flour and meal. An important part of the American community ever since America was born, because things of the dim, misty past. There's hardly a farmer left who has seen the miller grind his grain into flour or meal.

And the springhouse was around long before the icebox and the refrigerator. Those were the days when we had fresh churned butter and real buttermilk with tiny chunks of butter swimming around in it. And when we cooled delicious watermelons in the cool stream from the spring. And fresh skimmed cream for our coffee. Not many folks today can even remember a hot cup of coffee with real fresh skimmed cream and a tiny chunk of fresh-churned butter floating on top. That was coffee for the Gods. Coffee nowadays has been mechanized to death.

And the one-room school where you knew intimately every kid in school. From the first through the eighth grade. It had its limitations but it wasn't all bad either. Still many of these one-room school buildings sit rotting by our rural roadsides so they are not so far in our dim distant past as we sometimes think.

And as long as a body had an axe there was no need to worry about fuel or energy shortages. You just chopped yourself a big pile of wood and dared winter to do its worst. And your only worries about mileage was how many miles you could get from a pair of storebought shoes. Those old days had their drawbacks but for those of us who lived them they also have a host of fine memories.

Cars are a wonderful thing. Everybody gets a heap of pleasure and satisfaction out of them. And when the gas runs out we are gonna find it mighty hard to get along without them. But not many folks today know the pleasure of walking two or three miles to school. Or to the grocery store, or to the gristmill, or the

blacksmith shop. Or even a hundred yards or so to the springhouse. Those are forgotten hardships and forgotten pleasures.

And following a mule down miles and miles of corn rows in the hot sun. And then currying and caring for and feeding the mule after the days work was done not to mention feeding the cows and chickens and pigs and things. That's all been replaced with air-conditioned tractors with high-fi radios and foamy cushioned seats for our tending loving butts to sit on while we work.

These, too, are grand and glorious days. We just might be smart if we spent more time enjoying 'em and less time making mountains out of our little problems.

Certainly we couldn't possibly live today without disco, television and movies. They are all educational, entertaining and wonderful. But there is still something to be said for old fashioned apple-peelings, corn-huskings, and lasses making parties. They all entailed a heap of hard work. But the work seemed to make the fun and the girls seem sweeter. And I still feel that Aunt Liz Powell had a grip on the tail of a small truth when she said "Folks nowadays have done set around and watched movies and television and things til their brains has dried up and blowed away."

Otherwise, how can we find time to complain when there's so much to be thankful for.

JOE CLARK, hbss

[1212]

Roads

Roads lead ever out and on
To places far away,
Some to places new and fresh
And some to yesterday.

hbss

Way Down Yonder In Tennessee

[1213]

Where the wild birds sing from the old oak tree
And the whippoorwills call from the top of the hill
And the hound dogs bay in the valley so free
And the mountaineer fires his moonshine still.

Where the fair maids smile to the barefoot boys

And the sun sinks softly in the golden west
And the breezes whisper of a million joys
Down in the land where I love the best.

hbss

The Hurrying Kind [1214]
 Who wants to travel so fast and straight
 On a freeway that streaks across the state
 Or on a jet plane that fly so high
 Through the misty clouds up in the sky?
 Not I! Not I! Says I! Says I!
 Let the demons race and the buzzards fly.
 Hell is filled with the hurrying kind
 Give me a footpath and peace of mind.
 The devil meant for the rats to race
 I'll take time to enjoy the place.
 hbss

Grandpa [1215]
 One cherished moment
 Long gone by
 Returns again
 To cause a sigh.
 hbss

There is nothing that ever pleased me
 Like visiting with Grandpa in Tennessee.
 hbss

Energy [1216]
 We didn't use no energy
 back in the olden days.

We just chopped ourselves a big pile of wood
 and then dared winter to do its worst.

Chopping wood was women's work
 But it took a man to cut corn.

Mule Musings [1217]
 I pull this plow the live long day,
 For this I get but little pay,
 And when that weary sun goes down
 I'm much too tired to horse around.

Yet life is not all that it seems,
 Both man and mule have their dreams;
 Of pastures green and clover high,
 Of golden mansions in the sky.

The man I own who follows me
 Is kind and good as he can be;
 He guides the plow the whole day through;
 I know that he is weary, too.

It behooves me not to complain
 If man is born with little brain;
 Pappy Says

When he follows me the livelong day
 And sees I get my oats and hay.

Moral:
 And now my friends, as you can see,
 A mule's no better off than we.
 hbss

You Ain't Never Lived [1218]
 You ain't never lived
 And don't know how
 Til you've followed a mule
 Behind a plow.

Til you've followed a mule
 And plowed the ground
 You ain't never traveled
 Nor been around.

You just don't know nothin
 About humankind
 Til you've spent a year looking
 At a mule's behind.
 hbss

Mules And People [1469]
 Some people work like mules and some mules
 loaf like people.
 hbss

Mileage [1219]
 Mileage was not reckoned so much in miles
 per gallon as how
 much mileage one could get from a pair of
 shoes.
 hbss

Growing Old [1220]
 Someday we'll all grow old
 And start busting at the seams
 Then we can sit on the porch
 And talk about our dreams.
 hbss

The Blacksmith Shop [1221]
 The blacksmith shop was where everybody
 went
 When the wagon got broke or the plow got
 bent.

The smith could fix anything you ever did see
 Whether a broken churn or a cracked

whippletree.

I can see him now as he stood by the door
 Content on his face, his feet on the floor.

There I found much pleasure when I was a boy
 The talk and the work was a thing of pure joy.
 hbss

Making Apple Butter [1222]
 Peeling rosy-red apples for winter's vittles
 And making apple butter in the copper kettle.
 hbss

The Old Springhouse [1223]
 The old springhouse was such a wonderful
 place
 With the milk and butter all over the place
 And sometimes a melon to cool in the stream
 And the top of the milk for the coffee
 cream.
 hbss

Butter And Egg Money [1224]
 Butter and eggs used to didn't cost anything.
 They were homegrown. In fact, the surplus was
 called "Butter and egg money." And you used
 it to buy luxuries like sugar, coffee, baking-
 powder and coal oil. And even storebought
 clothes.
 hbss

The Old General Store [1225]
 There was a place that ain't no more
 Since they boarded up the general store
 A place of memories it stands today
 By the rural roadside rotting away.
 hbss

One Room School [1226]
 Deserted now is that
 One-room school
 Where a barefoot lad
 Learned the golden rule.
 hbss

Learning [1447]
 Many a kid learned more on the long walk to
 school
 than he learned all day long sitting on them
 soft easy benches.
 hbss

Childhood Days		Gristmill		They make the finest whiskey That ever there could be.	
Those Golden Days	[1227]	The Old Mill Wheel	[1232]	hbss	
Oh, those days, those golden days Those days of sweetest joy Swinging on the old barn gate Back when I was a boy.		By a clear, sparkling stream Sat the old mill wheel And the farmer brought his corn To be ground into meal.			My Darlin' In Tennessee [1238]
hbss		hbss			Where the roads are kinder windy And the hills are tall and steep And the beauty of the scenery Is enough to make you weep.
My Castle	[1228]	The Good And The Bad	[1472]		There I left my little darlin In her cabin on the hill; I wanna go back to see her But I know I never will.
I'll build my castle of glowing dreams Upon a mountain high Where I can see the deep green valley And touch the azure sky.		"All the good things ain't been done yet And all the bad things ain't happened yet."			
hbss		hbss			
Tillers Of The Soil	[1229]	The Old Grist Mill	[1233]	For my heart was born to wander And my soul is wild and free And a sittin by the fireside Was never meant for me.	
To plow and plant and wield a hoe Them were the days that ain't no mo.		The miller sits in the millhouse door But the old gristmill don't grind no more.			And the yonder keeps a callin And my feet are never still And I'll never see my darlin In her cabin on the hill.
To rest a mite and take it slow In those old days of long ago.		hbss			hbss
hbss		Outhouses			
Harvesting		The Outhouse	[1234]		
Harvesting Grain	[1230]	Whether it was of brick or stone Or built firm and strong of wood alone There was a place we used to know Where we went when we had to go.			Memories [1239]
It's not too long since grain had to be harvested by hand. Every stalk had to be cut by hand then gathered into bundles, tied by hand, shocked then hauled into one location and fed into a threshing machine by hand. Then came the combine which was pulled by horses. With this machine a man could ride in comfort and cut, bundle and tie as much wheat, rye or oats as four or five men could cut, bundle and tie by hand. About the same time came great engines with as much power as several horses. And the machine age had arrived.		hbss		What keeps me So young and spry Is memories Of days gone by.	
hbss		Prettiest Sight	[1473]	hbss	
Machines	[1231]	But the prettiest sight I ever did see Was under the flowering dogwood tree.			A Winding Path
Old Machinery	[1231]	hbss			Have You Ever Walked A Winding Path? [1241]
Old machinery sits idle In the noonday sun For father time moves on Their day's work is done.		Moonshine	[1235]		A path that climbed across a hill; A path that passed beside a well? A path that crept across a ridge A path that ran across a bridge? A path that loafed along the way A path that wound along the bay? A path that knew no stranger's feet, A path that led to someone sweet? A path that wandered through the snow, A path where flowered meadows grow? A path that went to one-room school, A path beside a limpid pool? A path beneath the apple trees,
hbss		Corn is what grows on a hillside in Tennessee And you buy it by the jug.			
hbss		Corn is what grows in the Tennessee Hills. And you drink it from a jug.			
hbss		Pappy's Still	[1236]		
compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark		When my troubles I would shed, A bleeding heart or aching head, I take the road to yonder hill And sip the booze from Pappy's still.			
		hbss			
		J. D.	[1237]		
		Up a little hollow In the hills of Tennessee			

A path to childhood memories?

hbss

Lonely Road

[1474]

Down a lonely road
I walked one day
And all my cares
Were far away.

hbss

Animals

[1242]

Animals are like people, so they say
Each has its own little whimsical way.
Animals don't cuss nor fight and steal
But a goose and a horse will make a deal
And a cat and a goose, just think of that
Put them together and they'll have a spat.

hbss

Meetin'

The Sabbath Day

[1244]

Sunday being the Sabbath Day
We went to church to love and pray.

hbss

The log church shown in these pictures was
built in the winter of 1795-6 while George
Washington was still president.

Funeral

Eternity

[1245]

A little boy sat by the riverside
Fishing and dreaming and watching the
tide;
Watching the tide as the river rolled on,
Before he knew it his youth was gone.

An old man sat by the riverside

Fishing and dreaming and watching the
tide;
Watching the tide as the river rolled on
Dreaming of his youth a long time gone.

No longer they sit by the riverside

Fishing and dreaming and watching the
tide;
Both to the grave have already gone
But the river and the tide still roll on.

hbss

Finis

[1246]

Pappy Says

No one ever comes here to stay
Each and everyone has his day
Then great or small we pass away.

hbss

Making Molasses

[1247]

Molasses was made from the juice of
sorghum can a cane that is somewhat similar
to sugar cane. A field of sorghum can looks
somewhat similar to a field of Indian corn
except that there are no ears on sorghum cane.
The seeds are on top of the stalks similar to
broom corn seeds.

First the long slender leaves or blades were
stripped from the cane stalks by hand and
while the stalks were still standing in the field.

Then the stalks were cut, the seed heads
were cut off, and the stalks hauled in wagons
to the cane mill where the juice was squeezed
out of the stalks by feeding them between
steel rollers that were generally turned by mule
power.

Once the juice was squeezed out it was
poured into long vats and boiled down into a
syrup called Sorghum Molasses. It took about
ten gallon of cane juice to make a gallon of
molasses.

Sorghum molasses has a strong tangy taste
and was often used in cooking as a sweetener.
It was at its best in molasses cookies. It was
also a pretty fair syrup if you mixed in lots of
fresh butter to soften the tangy taste. It also
helped some if you were real hungry.

The two outstanding features of molasses
making were, 1. the prodigious amount
of work that went into making a gallon of
molasses and, 2. the wonderful amount
of partying and courtin that went on at a
molasses makin. It was generally called a Stir-
Off.

hbss

Harvesting sorghum cane. The cane stalks in
this picture have already been hand-stripped
of their long narrow blades, or fodder, and
the stalks are being cut and headed and made
ready for hauling to the mill.

Grinding

[1475]

We ground all night
And we ground all day
But a boys work
Never went away.

The crazy old mule
Went round and round

But it seems the cane
Could never get ground.

And those, My Friend,
Were the days of old
The glorious days
So I've been told.

hbss

But it wasn't really all work and no play at
stir-off time. As the 'lasses began to boil down
the blood of the young folks also began to boil.
Music began to appear out of the nowhere.
And out of the nowhere came young folks.
Lots of young folks to dance and frolic in the
moonlight.

Stir-Off Bravery

[1476]

And the lasses boiled
And the music played
And the lads and lassies
Danced and swayed.

And as the night wore on
The lads grew bolder
And a lad caught his lassie
And kissed and hold her.

hbss

Sampling 'Lasses

[1477]

As the lasses boiled down
The folks gathered near
To watch the lasses boil
And warm by the fire

Then they sampled the lasses,
They tasted so sweet
Then they strained them into cans
And took 'em home to eat.

hbss

Them Eyes

[1478]

You could hug the girls
And tell 'em lies
But you couldn't resist
them devilish eyes.

hbss

First Date

[1248]

When I was a teenager in the hills of
Tennessee fall was always the most wonderful
time of year. We kept the hills jumping with
such things as bean shellings, corn huskins,
and spelling bees. But the grandest and most

wonderful of all these parties was Stir-Off Time. Here the older folks would squeeze the juice from the canestalks and boil it down into molasses. And the young folks would gather in from miles and miles around to square dance in the cane stalks, play singing games and make whoopee.

And along about midnight we would all gather around the boiling molasses and the warming fire to listen to the old times tell ghost stories until everyone was most afraid to go home.

This year things were different. A new girl had come to the Tennessee hills. The Beasons had moved into the valley from somewhere over in Kentucky. And their daughter, Linda, was as purty as a possum up a simmon tree.

All the fellers kept a paying Linda a lot more attention than I thought they oughter. But Linda kept purty close to me so I finally got up nerve enough to ask her could I walk her home.

It was my first date. And walking with Linda behind her Pa and Ma was jist about as near to walking them golden streets as I ever hoped to get. But there was jist one little teeny fly in the buttermilk.

Linda lived four miles up the valley, acrost Bald Ridge in Slocum Hollow. And I lived three miles down the valley, past Red Hill and acrost Towne Creek. And the closer I got to Linda's house the more uneasy I got about that seven-mile trip back home. It meant that I'd have to walk right past Old Settlers Graveyard. After midnight! Alone! All my life I'd listened to old timers tell hairy ghost stories about Old Settlers Graveyard.

Then there was Gobblers Knob where the Indians, it was said, once lured an old settler to his doom by gobbling like a turkey. Then they cut him to pieces and scattered the pieces over the landscape. Anybody unlucky enough to be traveling alone in the neighborhood of Gobblers Knob on a dark night was apt to encounter some of these gory pieces of the old settler floating about in wisps of translucent mist looking for each other. Then there were all the fellows who had been paying so much mind to Linda at the Stir-Off. They were almost certain to be lurking in the woods along the way and up to no good in so far as I was concerned.

So when Linda's Pa suggested that I stay the night in their spare room I gave him no chance to change his mind.

It was a new log room they had built onto the house during the summer but hadn't yet gotten around to chinking the cracks. This

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

being the first frosty night of fall the cold wind kept a pouring in through an extra big crack that happened to be right along side of my bed and freezing my back. So I got up and I gathered up all my clothes and I wadded 'em up and I chinked that pesky crack with'm. Then I curled up and went to sleep.

Along towards morning I woke with that cold icy wind a pouring in on my back again. A quick check showed me that my chinkin was all gone. So I peeked out through the crack and there, outlined against the new white frost, was an old cow. Happily chewing on the last bite of my clothes.

Here I was a bit dumb country boy. On his first date. Seven miles from home. And not a stitch of clothes to my name. Just in case this has never happened to you I'd like to tell you that I was in quite a picklement.

Lucky for me I didn't have to waste no time making decisions. What to do was already spelled out loud and clear. I could see by the stars that there was just about an hour of darkness left. So, traveling light and totally streamlined, I split the frosty wind down Slocum Hollow like an arrow, angled up Bald Ridge and shot past Old Settlers Graveyard so fast that no ghost would have had a chance at catching me. On down Bald Ridge and on down the valley. Slowing not a whit for sawbriar patches nor sassafras thickets.

I flew past Gobblers Knob so fast that it would have took two Indians just to see me: One to say, "Yonder he comes!" And one to say, "Yonder he goes!"

I had begun to puff a little so I tackled the steep side of Red Hill. But I picked up enough speed on the down side to cross Towne Creek with a mighty splash.

I looked up and there atop the hill, sitting black against a faintly reddening sky, was Home!

As I passed through the barn lot the old rooster gave out with the first crow of morning. I had made it. While it was still dark. But with enough bruises and briar scratches to last a lifetime.

As I passed the kitchen I heard Pa starting a fire in the kitchen stove. Lucky for me my brother had left the bedroom window open. I slid acrost the window sill and started grabbing for some clothes. I had barely got dressed when Ma called me to grind the coffee.

At the breakfast table Ma said, "Son, you look a little peaked this morning. I must make you some sassafras tea."

hbss

Lynchburge [1249]

If Lynchburg keeps on growing it may one day get to be a small town.

Lynchburge [1250]

Nobody hardly ever gets lost in Lynchburg.

hbss

Life [1479]

Life was meant for people to enjoy

hbss

Differences [1480]

Things are different I am told
Some are new and some are old.
I cannot tell (there is no test)

Which is worse or which is best.

hbss

Eyes Of Youth [1481]

There is a youth
That never dies
While mischief hides
Behind the eyes.

hbss

Eyes [1482]

Deep in the heart
Is where beauty lies
And lights the world
Through the eyes.

hbss

Age And Beauty [1483]

Like wood some people grow more beautiful
with age

Louise Daniel

Has successfully run a large farm since her
husband died in 1936.

Miss Mary Bobo

Has run Lynchburg's most elite boarding
house for more than seventy years.

Some Tall Tales And Other True Stories

Great Grandpappy [1251]

Over the years Tennessee has produced

Pappy Says

some of the greatest people of all time; but the greatest of them all as everybody already knows was my Great Grandpappy, Joe Clark.

But I'd like to tell you about the time that Great Grandpappy saved the settlement from starvation. And I don't mean that he did it by hopping into his red roadster and cadillacing down to the super market for a few cans of beans. Nosirreee!

Back in them days a man had to look death square in the teeth to bring home the bear meat.

And the women didn't go in for none of this soft storebought cooking either. They loved to skin out their own bear meat and hand-broil them big juicy steaks over an open fire.

Grandpappy was just a young man back in them days and some of the settlers claimed that he was just a mite lazy. But he wasn't lazy at all. Great Grandpappy just didn't believe in charging around fraying his nerves and wasting his energy. He knew how to relax. Besides he wore a pair of them old fashioned pants, with the silver buckles at the knees, that were three sizes too big for him. They not only let him in for a lot of kidding but they made him seem to move even less than he did. It took a great deal of movement just to take up the slack. But, as you'll see later, they were to play an important role in saving the colony.

Well, it was the year of the hard winter. The food was all gone and game was scarce. Even Davey Crocket hadn't so much as shot a flying squirrel all winter. So they called a meeting to decide what to do. And it was decided that the men would all go hunting.

At daybreak the next morning the men all set out in different directions to scour the woods for some meat to eat. But as the great round sun was setting in the golden west they all came a tromping back into the settlement with nothing more than a lot of sore feet. So they called a meeting for the purpose of giving up.

Nobody had noticed that Great Grandpappy hadn't showed up yet.

You see, he had only gone over the hill out of sight of the settlement and then sat down on the sunnyside of a tree to do some thinking. He was a great one to think things out. And he must have fallen asleep because, just as the settlers were about to vote to give up, he had a nightmare and dreamed that he was way out in the woods all by himself and lost. Being a man of action he grabbed his trusty rifle and fired straight up into the air to signal for help.

Now it happened that there was five big old fat turkeys a settin on a limb directly above

Great Grandpappy's head and his rifle ball went smack through the middle of that limb and split it wide open and them turkeys' toes slipped right down into the crack. And then, like a steel trap, the crack closed up on them turkeys' toes and held them fast. And then that bullet went straight on up and came straight back down, and there was this big old fat bear that had heard Great Grandpappy snoring and snook up to see if it wasn't another bear, and the bullet came down and hit him on the head and killed him dead.

Great Grandpappy always did things in a big way and he had loaded so much powder into his gun that it kicked him head over heels into the river. This woke him up and he came out of that river a coughing and a spluttering. But it was a good thing that he was young and strong because them oversized pants of his had scooped up so many big fat fish that it took a strong young man just to carry them. In fact they were so heavy that one of Great Grandpappy's gallus buttons popped off and killed a big old fat rabbit.

Just as the settlers were about to vote to give up Great Grandpappy came a strolling out of the woods a carrying that big old fat rabbit in one hand and a dragging that big old fat bear with the other. And all of them big old fat fish were still a flopping around in his big oversized pants. And over his shoulder he carried that limb with them five big old fat turkeys a hanging from it.

While all the womenfolk set to work a cleaning and a cooking all that fine fresh meat the menfolk sent out for a couple of cases of beer and they all had a real old time feast.

And that, Dear Friends, is the honest true story of how Great Grandpappy saved the settlement.

And it's a good thing, too, because without the settlement there would be no Tennessee and without Tennessee there would be no United States. And without a United States there would be nobody for the rest of the world to blame its troubles on.

hbss

The City Preacher

[1252]

The meetin' house was full to the rafters this Sunday morning, not so much because we had a new school educated preacher from the city as because of his text. The word was out that he was going to preach on Ghosts.

Everybody leaned forward just a bit as he announced that he had come to the Cumberlandlands because he had heard that folks

around here still believed in ghosts. Then everybody just about fell off the benches when he added, "Before I'm through this morning I will have proven to you conclusively that there is no such thing as a ghost. Educated, civilized people do not believe in them."

Well, as it turned out, that feller was a pretty smooth talker. And, before he was through I could tell that there were some people who were beginning to believe, at least a little bit. In fact, I think that me and my brother was among the believers.

Anyway, after dinner we went out to the barn and got to talking about it and my brother said, "You know if that's true about there being no ghosts there'd be some mighty good possum hunting on Gobblers Knob."

Well, the possums had been pretty well caught out this season already. But nobody had ever hunted possums on Gobblers Knob on account of it was haunted by the ghost of an old settler that the Indians had killed there many, many years ago. And besides there was a mound on top of Gobblers Knob that everybody said was an Indian graveyard. Still, if there wasn't no ghosts somebody was missing some awful good possum hunting.

Between the two of us we sort of talked each other into playing hookey from meetin' Sunday night and going possum hunting on Gobbler Knob. And we was doing mighty fine, too. Cause in hardly no time at all we had us two big old fat live possums apiece.

And then that fool dog of ours come a chasing a big old black bear right down the path behind us. When we made a dash to get out of the way we tripped over a log in the darkness and all four of our possums got clean away.

That was quite a blow, all that nice fat possum meat getting away like that. But the night was young yet so we kept moving up the knob and pretty soon our dog treed a coon up a big old chestnut tree.

We knowed that even if there weren't no ghosts it was still a sin to chop down a tree on Sunday. But then we looked at that big old fat coon setting up there and reasoned that maybe it really wasn't a sin if you chopped it down after dark on Sunday night.

That tree was so confounded big that it took us quite a spell but we finally laid it down kerboom right down the hillside. And then we ran down to get our coon. But he got away on account of the tree fell on our dog and killed him. And him the best dadburned possum and coon dog in the valley.

When you're licked you might just as well

admit it and give up. And we certainly wasn't doing so good up to now so we cut across the top of the Knob for home.

Right smack on top of the Knob we come to this big old Indian Chief. And he said, "I Chief Hapwuwango. You boys very kind. You let Indian's friends, the possums and the coons, live. I reward you." Well, we hadn't exactly looked at it that way but Pappy had always said never to look a gift horse in the mouth so we kept quiet.

And Chief Hapwuwango sat right down and wrote us out a check for a hundred dollars. This seemed a little strange at the time because everybody knew that Chief Hapwuwango and all his braves had been dead for more than a hundred years already. But we remembered again about the gift horse.

We felt just like a couple of rich capitalists the next day when my brother shoved that check through the window to the banker. But the banker just took one look at it and shoved it right back. This made my brother pretty mad and he said something to the banker about disrespecting Chief Hapwuwango's signature and him been dead over a hundred years. But the banker said that he had no intention of disrespecting Chief Hapwuwango's signature. He couldn't cash the check because it was made out on Sunday and it was against the law for the bank to cash a check that was dated on Sunday.

Well, the next Sunday me and my brother was back in church again. And we listened careful to everything that city preacher said. And when he passed around the collection plate we put that whole hundred-dollar check in it.

hbss

Grandpappy And The Little Details [1253]

It's funny what a little cold snap will do to people.

A bunch of the fellows was a sittin around Ken Siler's Punkin Patch soaking up a little heat. (Ken's Punkin Patch is as near to the old general store as any place you'll find anywhere these days.)

Anyway, while we was a soakin up some of Ken's heat the fellows got to spinnin yarns of one kind or another.

And, you know me, I've always been too modest ever to mention any of the many daring deeds or heroic achievements of my ancestors.

But I couldn't help thinkin of my Grandpappy. He was always a great one for compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

little details. In fact, lookin back on it, I guess that was the real secret of Grandpappy's Greatness. Tending to little details.

When he needed meat Grandpappy never grabbed his rifle and went a chargin off into the woods like his neighbors did. Nosirreee!

In fact, Grandpappy often said, "Show me a man a luggin a bear out of the woods and I'll show you a feller who is not a thinkin man."

When the bear meat run low at Grandpappy's house he'd take out his Barlowe and cut hisself a small willow branch. And he'd strip all the leaves off that willow branch except the last three right on the very tip.

Then he'd calmly stroll into the woods until he came to a big old fat bear that was jist exactly to his likin.

Then Grandpappy would start ticklin that big old fat bear under the chin with the tip of that willow branch. And he'd keep at it until that big old fat bear would get so mad that he would come a chargin after Grandpappy.

Then Grandpappy would light out for home with that big old fat bear right on his tail and a grabbin at him at every jump.

As Grandpappy would top the last hill comin in sight of the cabin, with that big old fat bear a grabbin at the seat of his pants at every jump, he would give out with a big loud holler, and when Granny would hear Grandpappy's big loud holler she would open the front door. And the back door. Then she would stand by just as calm as you please.

When Grandpappy would come a chargin through the house with that big old fat bear right on his heels Granny would wait til he went out the back door. Then, real quick like, she would slam the back door right in that old bear's face.

This always confused the bear. It never failed. For a minit he couldn't figger where Grandpappy had went all of a sudden. And while he was a tryin to figger out what had happened Granny would tiptoe over and close the front door.

Then she had her bear meat right there in the house without nobody totin nothin nowhere.

All Granny had to do was grab that big old fat bear by the tail, bash his brains out against the mantelpiece, peel him out, spread the skin on the floor, toss the meat into the pot and, presto, she had herself a new living room rug and dinner on a cookin.

Granny always used to say, "If the Good Lord hadn't aimed for you to use your brain he wouldn't of give it to you in the first place."

hbss

Haffy

I've heard some mighty tall tales in my time. And I've spun a few yarns myself but no mortal man could ever dream up a story to equal the honest true facts about the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail that once lived in the forest of Ingerside near the village of Kazzlekoo only a short trip by canoe and dog sled beyond the serene and sunny state of Tranquility deep in the hills of Tennessee.

This all happened back in the early days, some four million years ago when people were still shaped like round fuzzy balls with short stubby arms that seemed to disappear when folded against their fat round sides; and long, long skinny legs on which they didn't walk but hopped about pretty much like kangaroos.

The village of Kazzlekoo where these early type human beings lived and prospered for some twenty-thousand years was a quiet and peaceful village on the edge of Ingerside forest. And her brave warriors and bold hunters hunted the izzlepuss and ozzlefaz and the ferocious Snazzlefritz. And they also gathered the eggs of the famous flying snazzlepool in Ingerside forest.

Indeed the Ingerside forest provided such a bountiful hunting ground that it is little wonder that the folks of Kazzlekoo grew fat and round like fuzzy round balls.

But this good life and bountiful living ground to a halt when the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail moved into the forest and began to systematically devour the good citizens of Kazzlekoo. In fact, he had a habit of lingering in the protection of the tall izzle trees near the edge of Ingerside Forest and when a fat round citizen ventured too close a huge green paw would suddenly reach out, snatch up the hapless citizen, flip him high into the air much as a school boy would flip up a peanut. And, then as the hapless citizen came tumbling down, the obstreperous grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail would catch him in his huge open mouth and promptly swallow him whole at one gulp.

And, since the good citizens of Kazzlekoo had to venture into the forest for food the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail became so expert at his little game that soon there were no citizens left in the whole of the village of Kazzlekoo.

I really mean that there was only one citizen left in the whole of the village of Kazzlekoo, and that was Haffy. Haffy wasn't really his

real name. Everybody just called him Haffy because he was the village half-wit.

And the only reason that Haffy survived to be the only citizen of Kazzlekoo was on account of because of his not being very bright he was never allowed to go into the forest with the brave warriors and bold hunters of the village and so he never got near Ingerside Forest and the clutches of the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail.

Finding himself all alone in the village Haffy grew lonely for, being the village half-wit, it had been his duty to keep the villagers happy and contented by making wisecracks and telling them bum jokes. And now Haffy missed their laughter and their good-natured jibbing at him for being so dumb. And then he remembered how his pappy always used to have a habit of saying, "Haffy, my boy," he would say, Haffy, my boy, you are only a half-wit but if you can learn to think even a little bit you will be twice as smart as the bright boys who think that because they are bright they've got it made and don't have to think.

Now thinking, even just a little bit, is not easy for a half-wit so Haffy started thinking very hard and very small. Very small, because he knew that he only needed to think just a little bit and very hard because it is very hard for a half-wit to think even just a little bit.

After thinking very hard and very small for a very long time Haffy finally hit upon a plan. To be sure it was a very small plan. But it was a plan.

First, to carry out his plan, he searched about until he found a very long and very strong canoe paddle. Then, grasping this paddle in both hands and carrying it much as a tight rope artist carries a balancing rod Haffy began his carefully careless sort of erotic approach to Ingerside Forest. He tried to make it seem that he did not realize that he was approaching Ingerside Forest because he didn't want the obstreperous grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail to know that he had a plan.

But he needn't have bothered because the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail, knowing that Haffy was the village half-wit never even dreamed that Haffy had a plan. He just sat there happily hidden in the shade of the tall izzle trees and smiling smugly at the thought that he would soon devour the very last of the inhabitants of the village of Kazzlekoo.

And sure enough as Haffy set foot in the first shade of the tall brown izzle trees that giant green paw darted out and snatched up Pappy Says

Haffy and flipped him high into the air.

Haffy, not being a bold hunter nor a brave warrior was scared out of his half-wits when he looked down from that tremendous height into the dark brown throat and the huge gaping mouth that waited to catch him on his downward flight.

But Haffy didn't have time to worry about that. He had to use all the half-wit he had just to carry out his plan. So he gripped his long, strong canoe paddle even tighter and held it above his head as if he were hanging from a trapeze bar.

And then kerplunk that canoe paddle wedged itself between that obstreperous, grass-green wyooter's great brown jaws and propped his mouth wide open much as a porch post holds up a porch roof.

So startled was the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail by this turn of events that he remained stunned for a minute or two. And all the villagers seeing their chance while the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter's mouth was wedged wide open dashed out of the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter's stomach through his open mouth and hurried back to their village.

And there they voted Haffy the wisest of all their wise men. And made him Lord Mayor and High Potentate of the village where he reigned in peace and prosperity for fourteen-thousand years.

Because people in them days breathed unpolluted air and ate foods without artificial coloring they lived longer than they do nowadays.

And the obstreperous, grass-green wyooter with the long brown tail was so mortified at being outwitted by the village half-wit that he slunk away into the very middle of Ingerside forest and there hid himself in a dark dank cave, and so far as I know, there he still stays til this very day hiding and sulking in his dark dank cave.

Since this is all true facts there is no moral to this story; but if you will think even a little bit you might be able to come up with some kind of a moral.

Thank you for listening.

hbss

Grandpappy Was A Thinkin' Man

[1255]

Some people are workers and some are thinkers. Folks often accused Grandpappy of being lazy. But Grandpappy thought a lot. In fact, many of the things that people wear and use today are things that Grandpappy thought

about.

They didn't have these nice clean, fancy sidewalks for people to walk on back in them days and Granny was always jawing at Grandpappy for getting his socks so dirty. So Grandpappy up and thought about shoes to keep his socks clean. And now everybody's a wearin' 'em.

Grandpappy loved bear meat and gravy. He could eat bear meat and gravy three times a day. Bear meat and gravy for breakfast. Bear meat and gravy for dinner. Bear meat and gravy for supper. Then, like as not, he'd raid the springhouse for bear meat and gravy at bedtime.

And that's how come that Grandpappy thought about the necktie that all men wear today to keep the gravy off their shirts.

And they didn't have these nifty smooth roads back in them days. Even at best it was bad enough riding around without any pavement, much less on square tires. So Grandpappy thought about the round tire that is just now being advertised.

When Grandpappy rode the pony express he noticed that the ponies got tired. In fact, they got so tired that he had to change to a fresh pony every ten miles. So Grandpappy thought about air mail. To give the ponies a rest. And, not only that, he also thought about putting glue on the backs of postage stamps. To keep the letters from falling off.

With all that thinkin' Grandpappy didn't have much time left for workin. And pretty soon the bills began to pile up. And the bill collectors got to hounding Grandpappy. And, sometimes, Grandpappy even thought about paying them.

hbss

Neighbors

[1256]

In Old Settlers Graveyard on top of Bald Ridge in the Tennessee hills is the strangest grave I ever did see.

The marker at the head of this strange grave is not a tombstone but an almost brand new Oliver Hillside Plow. And the marker at the foot of this strange grave is an identical almost brand new Oliver Hillside Plow.

Instead of being covered with flowers, the grave is planted to corn.

It is the story of this strange grave that I'm about to tell.

Deadwood Underwood and Oliver Tolliver had been friends and adjoining neighbors for nigh onto forty years. They each owned a farm in Horseshoe Bend on Ripple Creek.

Deadwood Underwood's farm extends from the middle of Ripple Creek to the top of the West side of Razorback Ridge. And Oliver Tolliver's farm extends from the center of Ripple Creek to the top of the East side of Razorback Ridge, and thereby joining Deadwood Underwood's farm.

Such good friends have these two gentlemen been over the years that it has never been an unusual sight to see their two respective cows with tails tied together and hanging over Razorback Ridge while each grazed in her respective pasture.

One day, Oliver Tolliver and Deadwood Underwood stopped by Dal Gulley's General Store to jaw awhile. And while they were there, a drummer man by the name of Silvertongue Smith from the Oliver Plow Company did such a good job of peddling his Oliver Hillside Plow that Tolliver and Underwood each bought one and took it home with him in his wagon.

When spring rolled around, Oliver Tolliver planted the East side of Razorback Ridge to corn. And Deadwood Underwood planted the West side of Razorback Ridge to corn.

The corn did well, and all went well. For about four weeks - when the corn was ankle high. Then the boys decided to plow their respective corn fields.

At the crack of dawn, on a Monday morning, Oliver Tolliver set out to plow his cornfield on the East Side of Razorback Ridge. And at the same time, Deadwood Underwood set out to plow his cornfield on the West Side of Razorback Ridge.

As the golden sun was sinking in the West, the boys finished their respective tasks and each fed his mule and bedded him down for the night. Then each went home, had his supper, and turned in to sleep the innocent sleep of an honest man who has just followed a mule through thirty-eight miles of corn rows.

The next morning, Oliver Tolliver awoke and looked up his chimney at his cornfield. And, lo and behold, every single stalk had wilted and died.

And Deadwood Underwood awoke and looked up his chimney at his cornfield; and, lo and behold, every single stalk had wilted and died.

So, the boys got together and got an educated expert professor of agriculture from the University of Tennessee to come and see if he could figure out what had happened to their corn patches.

The educated expert Professor of Agriculture from the University of Tennessee took out his

rule measure, and he measured Deadwood Underwood's Oliver Hillside Plow. Then he measured Oliver Tolliver's Oliver Hillside Plow.

Then he held up the ruler up to Razorback Ridge. The answer was obvious: Deadwood Underwood had plowed the roots off Oliver Tolliver's corn. And Oliver Tolliver had plowed the roots off Deadwood Underwood's corn.

But still, Silvertongue Smith was silly enough to come back into the valley a-peddling his wares. Back within range of the guns of Oliver Tolliver and Deadwood Underwood.

The inscription, written on the plow handles at Smith's grave, reads: "Here lies Silly Silvertongue Smith. May the corn grow green on his grave, forevermore!"

hbss

Great Grandpappy And His Gravity Buggy ^[1257]

Being a man of modest nature, I never talk about the many great achievements of my ancestors. Though I may have mentioned the time that my Great Grandpappy saved the colony from starvation. Or even the time that my Grandpappy taught his pigeons to fly upside down. But I'm certain that I never told you about the time my Great Grandpappy, on my Mother's side, invented his famous gravity controller.

This was the neatest little gadget you ever did see. About half the size of your hat. When Great Grandpappy clamped it onto the dashboard of his buggy - presto! ninety percent of the gravity became subject to the whims of Great Grandpappy's little gadget. That meant that his five-hundred-pound buggy now weighed an even fifty pounds.

With the gravitator, as Great Grandpappy called it, he could control the amount of gravity. And with what he called the AIMER, he could control the direction of the gravity pull. If, for instance, he pointed the Aimer straight up and turned on the gravity, his buggy would instantly fall straight up. Cut off the gravity while up in the air, and his buggy would simply float around in space. Point the Aimer down and turn on a bit of gravity, and his buggy would float gently to earth.

If he pointed the Aimer straight down the road and turned on the gravity, his buggy would fall straight down the road. If he turned on more or less gravity, the buggy would fall accordingly. By controlling the direction of the gravity pull, he could drive his buggy around in pretty much the same manner as we drive

an automobile today. Except that there was no gas to buy. No repairs to make. No costly upkeep.

Since the buggy weighed only fifty pounds, there was no need for expensive rubber tires, shock absorbers, etc. It wouldn't have been such a bad gadget even today.

Being powered by gravity, there was no such thing as skidding on curves or on icy roads. Nor was there any need for brakes, seat belts, or padded dashboards. To stop the buggy, you simply turned off or reversed the gravity and everybody and everything came to a safe, pleasant stop no matter the speed you were travelling.

Great Grandpappy even claimed that his gadget would eliminate the need to invent the automobile. This caused no end of arguments between Great Grandpappy and the neighbors.

Finally, the neighbors and the whole neighborhood became so involved that the whole community split into two factions: First there were the ones who maintained that Great Grandpappy's gadget would ruin the future of the country. They said there would be nothing for all the automobile workers to do when they migrated from Tennessee to Deetroit. But Great Grandpappy was a far-sighted man. He argued that people were going to invent a lot of labor-saving devices that they would have no time for jobs.

The second faction maintained that people would never be smart enough to invent the automobile and, therefore, Great Grandpappy was wasting his time because his Gravity Controller was designed to do away with a contraption that would never come into existence anyway. But the louder and longer they argued, the more convinced Great Grandpappy became. In fact, he began to have visions of making his Gravity Controller a hundred-percent perfect. This meant that his buggy would weigh absolutely nothing. It would float through the air. He began to maintain that once he got his gadget a hundred-percent efficient there wouldn't even be any need for the buggy. And that there would never be any need to invent the motor court, the motel, the expressway, the rest stop, the gas station, nor the hot dog stand.

According to Great Grandpappy, all you'd need to do, when he got his gadget perfected, was to clamp it onto your mantelpiece and presto!, your whole house would become weightless. Then when you wanted to go anywhere you'd just set the Aimer, turn on the Gravity, and in a matter of a couple of hours, at the most, you could be settled down in

your own home on the spot of your choosing anywhere on earth.

Up to this point, a good many of the neighbors were still listening but then Great Grandpappy had to up and go off the deep end. He up and predicted that his gadget would make it unnecessary to invent the airplane. To the neighbors, this was totally unthinkable. Why, to eliminate the invention of the airplane, they maintained, would mean that Orville and Wilbur Wright when they came along would have to go through life just making bicycles. And so they up and walked out on Great Grandpappy.

Now, the only person that Great Grandpappy had left to argue with was his Brother Annagus. And Uncle Annagus, though a patient man, was beginning to get a little fretted with Great Grandpappy.

Then one day Great Grandpappy was sitting on the front porch explaining for the thousandth time the merits of his Gravity Controller when he said, "By Jupiter, Annagus, this Gravity Controller will revolutionize... By Jupiter!" He suddenly exploded in high triumph. "I'll do it. I'll build a Jupiter Gravity Controller!"

With that he left Uncle Annagus sitting on the porch and rushed downstairs to his basement workshop.

Great Grandma said afterwards that she could hear him down there all night long a-grinding and a-pounding and a-filing. And occasionally a-cussin a little. Then, one morning, just as she was building a fire in the stove to cook his breakfast, she heard him come a-charging up the stairs. Without so much as a good morning, he rushed out into the yard where the buggy was parked.

When she went out to call him in for breakfast he was busy fastening this strange little gadget onto the dashboard of the buggy. In fact, he was just putting in the very last screw. This done, he hopped into the buggy and set the Aimer straight for the Planet Jupiter. Then, before she could stop him, he pushed the button.

Whoosh!!! For just a few seconds, there was this thin pencil of blue smoke. Aiming straight for Jupiter. Then the breeze washed it away. And that was the last that anybody ever saw of Great Grandpappy.

For many years afterwards, Great Grandma would sit on the front porch on dark nights with her far-a-way specs on. She often claimed she could see a fire burning on Jupiter. "That," she would sigh, "is your Great Grandpa sitting by his campfire. And I'll betcha ten to one that

he's cooking up some sort of devilment to get the neighbors in an uproar again."

At that time I didn't put much stock in Great Grandma's mutterings.

But lately, I've been thinkin some about these here flyin saucers that folks have been seein in certain parts of the world... It wouldn't sprize me one bit if there wasn't no flying saucers atall... Just Great Grandpappy a flittin about in his old Gravity Buggy.

hbss

The Ghost That Wasn't There

[1258]

I'm only telling you this story because there are folks who are prone to argue long and loud about the pros and cons of ghosts. It happened when I was a wee lad back home in the hills of Tennessee.

It was one of those dark and stormy nights, the creek was up, the roads impassable, a mournful wind was sougning through the trees, and we had taken in a stranger to shelter from the storm. After this strange man with the deep-set eyes and tired, tired countenance had been fed and warmed, we all gathered around the fireside.

For a long, long time we sat silent in the firelight and watched the grotesque shadows cast by the dancing flames. Then the stranger cleared his throat, cast an apprehensive glance over his shoulder, hitched his chair a mite closer to the fire and, in a deep and distant voice began to talk:

"It was the darkest, meanest, nastiest most miserable night I ever did see. I had been over to see the Hollin's girl down in Mournful Valley. Her Pa hadn't ever cottoned much to me, and on that night he had been consuming some of his own moonshine and was in a mood that was as foul as his makins.

"When I knocked at the door he set his dogs on me and then sent a hail of rifle balls zinging past me as I headed my horse down the mountain road lickety-split.

"My horse's hoofs drew sparks from the flinty road and my shirt tail fanned out behind me as the snarling bullets clipped off the pine boughs about my head. Nellie's Pa never was much of a shot.

"The cold drizzling rain had turned the red clay to grease underfoot as I crossed Piney Ridge and headed for Hungry Hollow. I sped on past Buzzard's Roost and swung my horse toward Desolate Nob. Since the road followed round the hillside, it was especially touchy at this point; and I hadn't slowed as much as I should have.

"My thoughts were of Nellie - poor, dear, sweet girl, as me and my horse went sliding, tumbling and spinning down the slippery mountainside through the briar patch and sassafras thicket. Here she was a bare sweet-sixteen and about to become a widow before I ever had a chance to ask her Pa for her hand.

"My horse went over the precipice just ahead of me, and I heard him hit the bottom of the ravine just as I was saying 'Good-bye Sweet Nellie and Hello Saint Peter.'

Then an Angel caught me up in his arms.

"Slowly, I opened my eyes and looked around for them Pearly Gates and them Golden Streets. There was nothing but darkness. Total darkness. I pinched myself and, believe it or not, I was still alive.

"It took a while for me to realize that I had landed in the top of a tall pine tree. Slowly, in the darkness, I slid down the pine tree. I'd gotten almost to the bottom when a limb broke and I fell into the creek.

"My horse was dead. I was going to have to make the trip across Ghost Mountain on foot, through the rainy woods, on a dark night, past Old Settlers Graveyard, after midnight. Alone! My horse was the lucky one.

"I was the only living creature stirring on that dark and lonely night. And though Nellie loved me, Nellie's Pa certainly did not. My heart was filled with dread, and my veins were filled with ice as I trudged on through the eerie darkness.

"Occasionally, the moon shown through the tall trees as if trying to lend aid to a poor helpless traveler. But only for a second or two at a time. Each time it made an appearance, an ominous cloud would reach up and blot it out.

"On, on and on I trod. Through the eerie darkness. My heart growing heavier and heavier with each leaden stop. I thought of Nellie and her Pa back in Mournful Valley, of Ghost Mountain and Old Settlers Graveyard that hadn't been used for more than a hundred years. And of the awful fact that my path lay directly through that graveyard, on top of Ghost Mountain.

"I even thought of going back to face Nellie's Pa and his hot lead bullets, but an irresistible force drew me on towards Ghost Mountain. The only sound in the night was the falling rain and my pounding heart. The darkness laid a heavy hand over my straining eyes.

"I moved wearily up Ghost Mountain as in a daze. For a moment, as the moon peeked out, I saw a giant ghost reaching out for me. As I cried out in awful fright, I realized that it

was only an old dead chestnut tree with its tall leafless branches reaching up like giant arms into the sky. Then a cloud, swirling in ghostly swiftness, blotted out the moon, leaving me to plod on in the darkness.

"I topped Ghost Mountain, and again the moon shined for a moment revealing the tombstones of Old Settlers Graveyard outlined against the baleful sky. Then again, darkness.

"Carefully, I threaded my way through the ancient tombstones. Then I came upon what seemed to be a small hill, a pile of fresh red earth. I attempted to move over it, but the rain had made it very slippery, and I went a sliding helter skelter until I was brought up with a thud. In the darkness I felt around me until I had felt four square corners. I had fallen into an open grave."

At this, all of us who were gathered around the fireside, shuddered a deep and fearful shudder. And at this very moment, a big gust of wind blew down the chimney and snuffed out the dying flames. Pappy quickly stirred up the embers and added some fresh wood. When the flames flared up again we looked about us but there was no stranger. Nor any sign of a stranger.

Just an empty chair. Gently rocking back and forth in the eerie shadows of the firelight.

Memories Of My First Christmas [1259]

Do you remember your first Christmas?

Or did you, like most kids, sort of grow into it gradual like?

To me my first Christmas was sudden dramatic, warm and glorious. It was at Grandma's House.

It was Christmas Eve and my Aunts, Uncles and Cousins had come for the Holidays.

The kitchen was full of talk and laughter.

The livingroom was full of squeals and shouts.

The whole house reeked with the smell of gingerbread, molasses cookies, pumpkin pies and popping pop corn.

The fire danced ever so merrily in the huge fireplace.

Dried beans, dried apples, dried peppers and all manner of spices hung on slender threads, like so many strings of beads, from the heavy timbers that held up the livingroom ceiling.

The great log house that Grandpa had built before asking for Grandma's hand was alive and vibrating all over with the hustle and the bustle, the gay excitement, and the serene pleasure of loved ones who had not been together for a long, long time.

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

In the majestic woods that skirted the house, almost to the porches on two sides, the white, white snow was already most four inches deep and still falling profusely.

The boom of an occasional gunshot sent its echoes bounding and leaping across the hills and hollows as the men hunted squirrels, quail, and rabbits for tomorrow's feast. Christmas was coming to the Cumberlands for the first time. Or at least the first time in my memory.

Someone brought in a cedar tree from the woods outside and set it upright in a corner. The women covered it with strings of popcorn and then lit it with tiny red candles that Grandma had already made and waiting. It caused the livingroom to glow and the children to squeal with happiness. As darkness came on, the men swept the snow from huge logs with which they stoked the great fireplace.

Then everyone to the diningroom. By the time supper was finished, the fire in the livingroom was going so well that the front door had to be left open to control the temperature.

After a brief rest the men took guns down from the overhead beams and walked out into the snow. We listened intently as the echoes from the first volley died away. Soon we heard it, the boom, and then the echoes came rolling down the valleys from Bob Day's high on the hill. Then there was Uncle Hugh's over on Towne Creek. And the Jim Underwoods over in the valley. And finally the Ike Mitchell's down on Keg Branch. And in the faraway distance, through the gently falling snow, we could hear other guns open up and other echoes rolling up and down other hills and hollows.

As the echoes went laughing and leaping and dancing up and down the hills and hollows, up and down the mountains and valleys, they were bearing a message from neighbor to neighbor: *We are having a Merry Christmas and hope that you are too.*

We children played long and late that night with cousins we had never seen before. In fact, too late. Suddenly, amidst our shouts and laughter, the front door burst open and a shower of snow whipped across the livingroom. Frozen for a moment we stared in startled wonderment as Santa Claus, snow glistening on his red coat and long white whiskers, looked slowly around the room. Then, like a covey of frightened quail, we flew to hide under or behind whatever pieces of furniture we could find.

Peeking from our vantage points we heard Grandma telling Santa that if he would just stop by the Underwoods first she was sure that

the children would be fast asleep by the time he got back. When the door closed behind Santa we all made one mad dash for bed.

As Grandpa was tucking my cousin Jeanie in, he asked, "Are you sure that this will be enough kivers?"

Jeanie looked up at Grandpa with her big blue eyes and asked, "Grandpa, you're getting awfully old aren't you?"

Grandpa was taken aback for a moment then he smiled gently and reckoned that he was getting pretty old. And Jeanie put her little arms around his neck and pulled him down and kissed him and said, "You meant covers when you said kivers, didn't you?"

For years afterward Grandpa always said he hoped that all of his grandchildren would get a lot of school education so that they could talk proper and be as sweet as Jeanie.

Christmas morning we kids were out of bed before Grandpa got the fire going good in the fireplace. And Santa had left each child one apple and one orange. Three Brazil nuts and six peanuts, two sticks of peppermint candy and a suitable toy. My toy was a thingamajig with a long red handle like a popcorn popper. Only instead of a popcorn popper it had a pair of wheels on one end with a bell mounted between them. When you pushed this contraption along the floor, like pushing a vacuum cleaner, the bell went ding-ding, ding-ding.

Like the echoes the years go leaping and bounding by but the wonderment of Christmas still glows as warm and magical as ever.

hbss

The Fable Of The Boy And The Mule [1260]

Said the mule as he pulled the plow one day
To the lad who guided it along the way.

"I'd give my life for a few bites of hay,
Why don't you unhitch me and run off and play?"

So the lad he up and unhitched the mule,
For the lad, as you can see, was quite a fool.

And the mule he let out an awful bray:
"What a fool of a lad," was all he could say.

And away he ran in search of some hay
And little was the plowing that got done that day.

The moral of this story as you may have guessed

Is that those who keep on plowing come out best.

hbss

The Fable Of The Man And The Ant [1261]

A little black ant was hurrying across the sidewalk on its way to deliver some cookies to his sick aunt who lived in the park.

A man spied the little black ant hurrying across the sidewalk on its way to deliver some cookies to its sick aunt who lived in the park and felt it his duty to kill the little black ant who was hurrying across the sidewalk to deliver some cookies to its sick aunt who lived in the park.

Just as he was about to lower his heavy boot on the little black ant who was hurrying across the sidewalk to deliver some cookies to its sick aunt who lived in the park, he thought "Why should I waste my energy crushing such an insignificant creature as a little black ant who is hurrying across the sidewalk to deliver some cookies to its sick aunt who lives in the park?"

So he let him go.

Later on, as the man sat in the park reading his paper, the little black ant snook up side of his pant leg and bit him.

Moral: Always do your duty, and you'll never get bit.

hbss

The Wyooter Hunt [1262]

I know full well that I shouldn't do this, but my son Junebug and some of his pals insist that I should tell you about Wyooter hunting.

Coon hunting, as I pointed out before, is a fine mild sport for folks who like to spend a pleasant evening without too much wear and tear on the seat of the pants.

Wyooter hunting now, that's something else. I shall never forget the last time me and my three brothers went on a Wyooter hunt. It was one of those dank, dark, cold nights with a bit of a mist and just enough cold rain to chill your bones to the marrow. A night when the stock huddles close to the barn, the chickens roost high in the trees, the dogs hide under the woodshed and the water oozels insist on coming into the house to sleep in the wood box behind the kitchen stove.

So me and my three brothers set out with our famous dog Old Trouble. We called him Old Trouble because any varmint, from coon to grizzly, that crossed his path was in for a mess of trouble. Old Trouble had a reputation as the strongest, toughest, fastest, fiercest, fighter, dog that ever came down the pike. And besides that he was especially good on Wyooters.

First, we set off across Ghost Mountain.

They call it Ghost Mountain because there is an ancient graveyard right on the very top of it. And many's the time and tale of hunters who have been chased off of it by the ancient ghosts that rise from this old graveyard. But I don't have time to go into detail about any of these at the moment.

We crossed the mountain taking the trouble to skirt the graveyard by only about a quarter of a mile because we knew that there would be no ghosts out tonight. Nothing alive or dead, human, varmint, or ghost dares to come out when Wyooters are on the prowl. And we knew by the shiver in our bones that Wyooters were on the prowl this night.

We angled down the backside of Ghost Mountain into Lonesome Valley. And then all the way down the valley and up Snake Hollow. At the head of Snake Hollow we came upon three giant oak trees that had been freshly pulled up by the roots. Old Trouble sniffed these, bristled, and then growled a low rumbling growl. So we knew that we were hot on the trail of a real live Wyooter.

Pretty soon Old Trouble took off the side of Clinch Mountain, still rumbling. And with us all hot on his tail. We didn't want to tangle with no Wyooter without Old Trouble around. We topped the mountain at full speed and looked down into the valley on the other side. Even if I could, I wouldn't dare describe the terrible scene that we saw below us in that valley, because it might frighten you right out your wits. Might even scare you to death. Every tree and every shrub throughout the whole length and breadth of the valley had been pulled up by the roots and turned upside down. And every house and every barn and every outbuilding looked as if some giant hand had picked it up and then smashed it against the ground like a Humpty Dumpty never to be put together again. And bones! Everywhere bones, bones, bones!

Nothing but bones.

Old Trouble froze in his tracks. My three brothers froze in their tracks. And even I hesitated for a moment.

Pretty soon Old Trouble saw his duty. And when Old Trouble saw his duty, he did his duty. He was that kind of a dog. He took out after that Wyooter and he chased it up a persimmon tree. And he went right up that tree after it. And he brought it down by the nap of the neck. And he shook it and shook it until it cried like a baby.

And then he gently wiped away its tears and sent it home to its mamma. Old Trouble always was a compassionate sort of a dog.

And, from that day till this, Wyooters have been fairly civil critters. A few have even been known to make reasonably good pets.

Hardly ever do they eat men anymore. Or even little boys.

hbss

White Lightning [1263]

Through the trees among the waving laurel bushes, I saw them. Their guns at the ready. Their sinister faces set. Their beady eyes darting this way and that. They must have parked their car over somewhere around Gobbler's Nob and then made their way on foot up the narrow and treacherous Snake Hollow.

But a body doesn't spend a lifetime manufacturing the holy water without learning a little something. So we were ready for 'em. I touched Glenn's arm to warn him, but he had already seen them coming up the path in the hollow directly below us only about fifty feet away. The taller one was in the lead.

Our little "coffee mill" was located back of an old rail fence in a small cave in a laurel thicket on the side of Hog Ridge about fifty feet above the narrow overgrown path that wound up the hollow between Hog Ridge and Razorback Ridge on its way up Hoot Own Mountain. The revvies were sneaking up this little path in the narrow hollow just below us. Just over Razorback Ridge, above and beyond the revvies, we had our first stick of dynamite planted.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Glenn's hand reaching for that tiny black sewing thread that led to it. Suddenly, Whoom!!! The whole ridge seemed to tremble as the dynamite exploded and the echoes went rolling up and down the hollows.

The revvies nearly jumped out of their skins and we almost busted trying to keep from roaring with laughter as they started clawing up the steep side of Razorback Ridge to see what had happened to the other side.

This would keep 'em busy for a few minutes till we could seal off the cave and get our rifles. Then Glenn headed up Dead Man's Peak and I shinnied up Lover's Rock to wait for our revvies to return. We'd barely got settled in when they came sneaking back over the ridge and down into the hollow again. I waited till they came into a little clearing, and then I pulled a second string that set off a stick of dynamite directly back of them. When they wheeled around with their backs to us, I drew a quick bead and pulled the trigger.

That sent the tall one's hat sailing off into the underbrush. Almost simultaneously Glenn's gun boomed from Dead Man's Peak, and the short one's hat flew up and landed in a cluster of laurel blooms.

I guess them fellers must have thought somebody had declared war on 'em because one uvem yelled, "Let's get out of here!" And they took off down the hollow like a couple of scared haints.

We knew that it would take them a good half hour to get to their car at Gobbler's Nob and get down to Dal Gulley's Store where they would probably call for reinforcements.

They always called for reinforcements. And then went back and tramped down a lot of laurel bushes, but it never got 'em nowhere.

By headin' down the back side of Hoot Owl Mountain we could easily make it to Dal's in twenty minutes. Sure enough in about six minutes they come sidling in lookin' sort of sheepish like. I was leanin' casually against the counter having some conversation with Dal and Glenn was seated on a nail keg whittlin' and carryin' on with old man Whit Coleman about weather and crops and things.

Old Whit looked up at the two revvies, eyed them sharply for a few seconds and then asked, "Didn't I see you fellers go by here headed towards Gobbler's Nob in an old Chevy two or three hours ago?" The revvies admitted that he may have.

"Well, I declare," Uncle Whit declared, "my old eyes must be gittin' a lot worsen I thought. I could a swore that both of you fellers was a wearin' hats when you went by."

hbss

The End

[1484]

It is sad but true

My friend

This little visit

Here must end.

hbss

Text of

A Few Grains of Corn

from the General Store

Poor poetry is absolutely worthless

And good poetry brings about the same price.

hbss

Riddle

[1002]

Life is a journey

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Two ends and a middle

The rest is riddle.

hbss

A Boy's Dream

A barefoot lad

He roams the hills

And dreams of land

Where fortune fills

The hopes of once

Who toils and tills.

In dreams he sails

The oceans wide

Through storm and gale

And friendly tide,

When duty calls

He does not hide.

And in his dreams

This little man

Builds a future

As boyhood can

For a boy's dreams

Become the man.

hbss

Lessons

Nature's simple secrets

Can hide in quiet pools

And Life's greatest lessons

Are not all learned in schools.

hbss

Pappy's Boy

I was raised in a log cabin

And suckled on a jug O' corn,

I started chewing tobacco

On the day that I was born.

I ain't ascaired of the Martins

And I've killed a thousand Coys

And raising hell in general

Is the chiefest of my joys.

I never have time for playing

And to work I ain't able

But when a meal is ready

I'm always at the table.

Money never worries me

And troubles I have none

I'm just a lad from Tennessee

And full of hell and fun.

hbss

Moonshine

[1006]

There's an Indiana moon

Or so it seems to me

[1003]

Because the crooners croon

About such a moon, you see.

Then there's a Harvest moon

Large and gold and free

And then a Lover's moon

On the banks of the old Swanee.

On every land and every sea

It seems there's a moon to shine

But give me the mountains of Tennessee

Where we make our own moonshine.

hbss

Necessity

[1007]

The weather is never too cold to chop wood

when you are out of fire.

hbss

My Sins

[1008]

My sins are many

My virtues few

[1004]

That's a big lie

And yet it's true.

hbss

Me

[1009]

I ain't doin' quite as well as I expected

but then I never really expected I would.

hbss

[1005]

Learning

[1010]

Learn to creep

Before you walk,

Learn to think

Before you talk.

Learn to look

Before you jump,

Learn to stop

Before you bump.

Learn to walk

Before you fly,

Learn to live

Before you die.

hbss

Spring

[1011]

Softly, softly
Sweetly sing
Of the beauty
In the spring
When the breezes
Gently blow
And melt away
Winter's snow.
hbss

Recluse

I'll build me a castle
High on a hill
With a few houn dogs
And a copper still.

I'll live my life
In my own free way
And you won't find me
'Til Judgement Day.
hbss

Don't

Don't fly your kite
On a windy day
Or the wind may blow
Your kite away

Don't float your boat
On a flowing stream
Or you may lose
Your little dream.

Don't hinge your hopes
On a rusty hinge
Or it may creak
Or break or cringe.

Don't spend your dough
On shiny gems
Or you'll be mobbed
By greedy fems.

Don't let your heart
Turn soft and sweet
Or you'll be trod
By ruthless feet.

Don't listen to
These things I tell
Or you'll wind up
Not doing so well.
hbss

Hidebound

Pappy Says

There ain't much to learn
And little to do
If you're hidebound
And pigheaded, too.
hbss

Ah! Love

[1012] Way down in the valley
There used to be
A pretty little girl
In love with me.

You could tell by the way
She rolled her eyes
She was in love with me
And ten other guys.
hbss

A Mule

[1013] A mule is a critter
Who's stubborn can be
But I'm a hill-billy
As stubborn as he.

I fed him at morning
And plow him till night,
There are times when I think
I'm not quite bright.

But a stubborn old mule,
In spite of what's said,
Is a patient old critter
Who earns me my bread.

hbss

The World

[1017] The world doesn't seem so cold
When you're only five days old.
hbss

Troubles

[1018] All troubles are bubbles
When you live on a hill
With an old houn dog
And a moonshine still.
hbss

Hell

[1014] Hell ain't half full
And never will be
If it hopes to capture
Saints like me.

hbss

Country Gal

[1020]

A city gal paints her toenails
And makes 'em look so swell
A country gal just chops 'em off
And lets 'em go to hell

hbss

Photography And Life

[1021]

After the race is run,
After the game is won,
After the job is done,
It's too late to take pictures then.

hbss

He Never Said A Word

[1022]

[1016] He never told me what he thought;
He couldn't have said it better:
For he kept my verse a hundred days
And never read a letter.

hbss

Text of I Remember

Introduction
That Joe Clark is at it again, and all us flatlanders can be grateful. It matters not a tad what brand of adventures filled your boyhood, or mine. They could hardly match the ups 'n downs of young Joe as he grew to manhood amid the vertical acres of his beloved Tennessee. Therein, of course, lies Joe's secret. There may just possibly be a detail or two in this latest and thoroughly entertaining collection of Joe's recollections that exceed verification. But the atmosphere, the aroma, the lingo, the unself-conscious view of the world nobody could make these up. The author had to live the life, and he had to have an exceptional memory for recalling the best of it. Joe Clark qualifies on both counts.

[1018] It happens they are building a miles-wide Superhighway called Progress smack through Joe Clark country. We are blessed to have this delightfully authentic record of how it was.

Tom Flaherty
Associate Editor, Life Magazine

[1019] Most of us spent the days of our youth in some community, state, or perhaps even country, other than the one in which we now reside. That community, the community of our youths, has been softened by time and distance and mellowed in memories and dreams until it has become, to us, God's own little half-acre

here on earth. And the only difference between your home community and my home community is that Tennessee really is God's little half-acre.

Joe Clark, HBSS

Definitions

An explanation of words and terms for people who are not familiar with the English language.

STIR-OFF: Depends on the point of view; if you're old enough, it's for makin' soppins for the winter. If you're young enough,, it's for makin' time with the girls. If you're a youngun it's for spying on the fellows and girls and reporting progress to the community at large.

WYOOTER: A Wyooter is similar to a geeffin except that it has one less toe on its hind foot. It is found only in desolate places by lone travelers on dark nights. A Wyooter can scare you to death just thinkin' about him. No Wyooter has ever been seen outside the state of Tennessee.

POSSUM: A critter that ain't worth much till you get him in a sack.

SASSAFRASS TEA: A brew for eliminating the weak.

MOUNTAIN DEW: A brew for eliminating the strong.

COURTIN': Trying to see how close you can walk to the edge of a cliff without falling off.

HOLLOW: A small valley.

VALLEY: A big hollow.

MOUNTAIN: A big hill haired over with trees.

SORGHUM MOLASSES: Soppins for your winter biscuits.

POSSUM HUNTING: Like Wyooter hunting, only for kids.

POKE SALLET: A dish somewhat similar to plevin tongues and gorkel sprouts.

BEAN SHELLIN: An excuse for kids to get a little work and a lot of Sparkin' done.

CORN HUSKIN: Same as bean shellin' except it's played in the barn and seein how close you can come to the fire without gettin' burnt.

SPARKIN: Starting an uncontrollable fire by looking into a girl's eyes.

WALKING THE GIRL HOME: A slice of Heaven with cream and sugar on.

hbss

Text of I Remember

I remember...

...living in an air-conditioned house

...squishing warm spring mud between my toes

...eating stolen watermelon

...daydreaming in the barn loft

...swimming in the 'ole swimming hole

...the wonderment of my baby sister

...and of my sister's wedding veil

...hunting with my old 12-gauge

...swinging on a grape vine

...catching fish with my bare hands

...listening to whippoorwills at twilight

...stubbing my toe on a rock

...talking with grandpa from the barn loft

...driving up the cows at milking time

...riding down the creek road to the gristmill

...hoeing corn in the hot sun

...plowing a mule in a new-ground

...helping Ma make a broom

...chopping stove wood

...building myself a wagon

...playing town ball at the one-room schoolhouse

...drinking cold spring water

...and dancin' with a pretty girl

...when any man with a grain of spirit could have a business of his own

I also remember...

Grandpappy Clark

Back in the early days my Grandpappy traveled all over this country in a covered wagon selling patent medicine. And he had this flock of trained pigeons that he used in his medicine show. So one day Grandpappy got his idea, and he trained his pigeons to fly upside down. Since in them days the science of animal and bird training had not yet been perfected, this was, in itself, quite a feat.

But Grandpappy didn't train those birds to fly upside down just to be horsing around. No sirree! He was too practical a man for that. you see, back in those days there were very few bridges across the streams. And ferries were both scarce and expensive. Traveling across country in a covered wagon, Grandpappy found this to be quite a hardship. You never knew when the creek might be up of the ferryman not around.

So, after Grandpappy got his pigeons trained to fly upside-down, he would simply drive up to a river and then reach back with his long driving stick and rap the side of the wagon smartly three times. This was the signal for those pigeons to get up and start flying around thus taking the load off the wagon. Then he would reach back and rap the wagon two more times. This was the signal for those pigeons to start flying upside down. All those pigeons flying upside down and fanning the wind upwards with their wings would cause the covered wagon to swell up like a giant balloon. And as soon as it was air borne Grandpappy would reach way back with his long driving stick and rap the very back end of the wagon. This would cause the pigeons to fly forward thus wafting the wagon right across the river as pretty as you please.

Grandpappy used this trick successfully for many, many years. And then one day a band of Blackfeet Indians was a chasing him. And Grandpappy and his covered wagon were a going full speed when they came to the

Mississippi River.

So close behind him were those bloodthirsty Indians that Grandpappy saw that he wasn't going to have any time to stop the wagon and go through his usual pigeon ritual. But people were more resourceful back in them days. So Grandpappy just waited until he got exactly a hundred yards from the river then he reached back and rapped the side of the wagon smartly three times without even slowing down. This started the pigeons flying around taking the load off the wagon. And then when he got exactly one yard from the river he reached back and rapped the wagon two more times. This was the signal for the pigeons to start flying upside down, turning the wagon into a free balloon. Then one more rap way back on the back end of the wagon set her sailing over the old Mississippi as pretty as you please. And leaving them old bloodthirsty Indians stranded on the bank.

But just as Grandpappy got right over the deepest part one of them old Indians, who had always been known for being a poor sportsman, raised his bow and let fly an arrow right through the top of Grandpappy's covered wagon.

And that, dear friends, is how Grandpappy came to get drowned in the Mississippi.

And it is also generally believed to be the reason why Grandpappy's Pigeon Trick never caught on as well as it should have. And the reason why we've had to build so many expensive bridges over our streams.

hbss

Follow the Leader

[1207]

Once when I was a boy my Pappy and me were driving some prize heifers out of the mountains where we had taken them to forage for the summer. The lead heifer, by some chance, had took off on a narrow ledge that wound around the side of a cliff. Quite naturally all the other heifers followed her around the side of the cliff in single file.

We hadn't anticipated anything like this so neither of us had gone ahead to guard this side road. And so, we had to stand by completely helpless and watch as the lead heifer came to the end of the ledge and kept walking.

Then, one by one, almost in slow motion, the entire herd of nineteen prize heifers walked off a hundred-and-sixty-foot cliff.

As the last heifer plunged through the treetops to the rocky slope below, Pappy turned to me and said, "Son, when we are handling stock, we always have to remember Pappy Says

that cattle are just like people."

hbss

...following the leader

The Call of the Mountains

[1208]

The call of the hills to the mountain child
Is as strong as the call of love,
He may roam the world and explore the wild
But return like a homing dove.

He may sail the oceans wide and blue
And march over desert sands,
But for the mountain streams he'll always sue
Though he be in distant lands.

He may roam the prairies bare and wide
And ride the ranges free,
But he'll always sigh for the mountainside
And his cabin in the lee.

He may visit the cities great and fair
And see the sights so grand,
But he'll always long for the open air
And the rolling mountain land.

He may see the things that all would see
And roam the world in glory;
But he'll always yearn for Tennessee,
The land of feud and story.

hbss

...the call of the mountains

Sittin' Round

[1463]

Sittin' round the old gin'rl store

The wind was cold and the wind was rife
And the stormy skies did weep;
The shavings on the floor in the gin'rl store
Were a full three inches deep.

The fire in the stove was beginning to glow
And the tales were tall and high
When he swore by his cloak that it wasn't a joke
Nor would he stoop to a lie.

He bit off a chew and some smoke he blew
And he spit on the red-hot stove,
Then he waited a mite for some peace and quiet
And his trousers he gently hove.

Then all went quiet with sheer delight,
We knew by the nod of his head

And the look in his eye as he breathed a sigh
Some words were about to be said.

He cleared his throat, the sly old goat,
And he sat back in his chair
Then he looked away to another day
And he said with a gently air:

"Hit's gettin' cold outside."

hbss

...sittin' around the old general store

...riding the hay wagon at harvest time

...the gentle swish of the grain cradle as my
father harvested wheat by hand

...the chaff from the thrasher box on a hot day

...the thrashing dinner where hungry men
downed mountains of food

...watching the Thresher-man make a few
adjustments in his storebought machine before
getting under way for the afternoon

I'll never forget...

...grinding cane for stir-off time

...the wonderful fragrance of the boiling
molasses being strained into lard cans

...sippin' new-made molasses at midnight

...when the folks would gather in front miles
and miles around for the frolic

...square dancin' in the moonlight

...startin' a little sparkin' game

...the old timers who waited their turns to tell
ghost stories

...kissin' a girl at stir-off

...the efficiency of the chaperons

...chasing the girls in the canestalks

...and walking your girl home...

I'll always believe...

...in the flying ghost of Bald Ridge

The Flying Ghost of Bald Ridge

[1209]

It was one of them days. My prize heifer had just choked to death on a corncob, my dog got caught in a bear trap, and there was a rumor going around that Lucy had let Jimmie Humfleet walk her home from last night's stir-off, while I was out on a possum hunt.

I got to the stir-off early that night. I would show somebody who was walking Lucy home.

But my luck hadn't improved much. The pesky old mule that was pulling the cane-mill kicked me and nearly broke my leg. On the first round of the squaredance, I swung out too far and stepped in a full bucket of molasses.

When midnight came and we all gathered around the fire to watch the boiling molasses and listen to the old timers spin ghost stories, my head wasn't listening at all.

All I heard was a few odd bits and snatches from some kind of a yarn that Jesse McCrary was spinning: "It were exactly fifty years ago tonight... a night about like this... this is true facts... about eighteen inches tall... a strange sort of ghost... looked like an upside down soup bowl... had eyes all the way around..."

Lucy lived five miles up the valley, across Bald Ridge and all the way up to the head of Slocum Hollow. About a mile past where the Beasons used to live.

She said not a word on that whole trip home. My leg hurt where the mule kicked me, one of my shoes was still full of molasses, and I was mad at that no-good scoundrel for setting his bear trap where my dog could get caught in it. So I wasn't much company either.

As we came to Lucy's house, I says to myself, says I, "We'll do a little settin' on the porch and get this thing all straightened out. But as we went up the front steps, Lucy took off and ran into the house and slammed the door. As I turned to head for home, her pappy's triffin', no-account houn dog snook out from under the porch and bit my backside.

As I mosied down Slocum Hollow, my mind had it all pretty well figured out. I would either jump in the river, or join the Foreign Legion. As I passed the house where the Beasons used to live, I wondered where they had moved to and whether Linda would feel sorry if she heard that I was killed by a cannonball in some lonely faraway land.

So nettled was my mind that I took a wrong fork going up Bald Ridge and got lost in the dark.

I was walking along the top of Bald Ridge looking for the right path when I heard this weird, wild and wonderful music, something

akin to violins and silver bells, coming from a clearing up ahead. As I reached the clearing, the moon came out, and I could see these little purple people with red and yellow stripes that went both vertical and horizontal. They were a sort of metallic translucent color and seemed to glow faintly in the dark. And I couldn't really tell if they were standing on the ground or on the top of the tall blades of grass. They seemed to be singing and clapping their hands. Only I couldn't make out any words because their voices sounded more like violins playing than like people's voices. And as they clapped their hands, the sound was more like the tinkle of silver bells than like hand claps.

It was a sight more like you might see only in a dream. But I wasn't dreaming. I was wide awake and lost on top of Bald Ridge. And this fearsome ghost was standing, or sitting, at the edge of the clearing, looking for all the world like a huge soup bowl turned upside down, near as I could tell in the darkness. And it had eyes all the way around... only they looked a little like windows... except that they were round and seemed to glow with a eerie bluish light. It seemed to be hovering a couple of feet above the ground... not really touching it. And there was a soft purring sound, something like a cat... except that there was more of a whine to it. And occasionally it seemed to shiver a bit, as if it were cold... except that it wasn't a cold night.

It must have been my clumsy night; because, in my eagerness to get a closer look at these little purple people, I stepped on a dry twig. Instantly, the singing stopped and long ears not unlike metallic pencils popped up out of their little flat heads. For a moment I watched in petrified wonderment and then an owl hooted from a nearby tree. Whoosh, and they went bounding and bouncing like soap bubbles in the wind, straight for the monstrous ghost with the blue round eyes all the way around. They all scurried under it like a brood of chickens under a mother hen.

The instant they were all under it, this fearsome ghost scooped them up inside itself. And then... with an ear-splitting, spine-tingling shriek that sounded something like the wailing of a wounded panther, it shot up into the air and away.

And if I had to die tomorrow, I would swear that it had a tail that looked like a long green flame of fire. So fast was its flight that it was out of sight in less time than it takes a possum to shinny up a 'simmon tree.

Look! There's blood on the moon tonight! That would have been a night like this one...

exactly fifty years ago... Listen! Did that sound come from the direction of Bald Ridge?

hbss

...in wyooters

Fearsome

[1465]

Wyooters are found only in the hills of Tennessee. On dark and lonely nights. They are easily the most fearsome critters that ever roamed the face of the earth.

hbss

The Story of the Albino Wyooter

[1210]

Before I was twenty-one, I had fished every stream from Keg Branch clear to Powell River. I had hunted possum on every ridge and in every hollow from Teetum's Gulley to Slocum's Knoll. And I'd seen everything from the head of Fearsome Valley all the way to the foot of Queezy Hollow; and, from the top of Bald Ridge to the far side of Gobbler's Knob.

I've been around some, in my time!

But of all the sights I've ever seen, I've never seen anything to compare with the night my houn dog, Old Trouble, tangled with the Albino Wyooter on Ghost Mountain.

It was one of them awful nights when the wind whips down the chimney, the sleet beats through the roof, and the milk clabbers in the springhouse.

I was on the far side of Ghost Mountain. Clear beyond Izzly Ridge in Gruesome Hollow. Most twenty mile from home. Hungry, tired, soaked to the skin. A cold steady rain was a fallin, and dark was a comin. It wern't a fit night for man nor beast to be afoot.

Old Trouble sensed that everything in nature was wrong this night.

A black bear scurried across the path ahead. Old Trouble did no more than emit a low warning growl. A panther wailed a shrill whining scream from a nearby tree. Old Trouble barely glanced up.

Owls and bobcats scurried about in a state of panic. Every thing on foot or wing seemed gripped in terror. Old Trouble, sensing that we all faced a common danger, paid not the slightest heed to his natural enemies. He kept to the steep and narrow trail. Low to the ground. Tense as a steel trap. Ready to spring at the slightest warning. And I kept close behind, not really knowing whether the shiver in my bones was due to the cold driving rain or to the dread of the journey ahead.

Very few people had ever seen The Albino

Wyooter. There was an Indian legend that it once swooped down on a band of Indians and carried off the Chief and seven Braves at one swoop. Then there was the time that Old Man Brown was crossing Ghost Mountain on horseback and The Albino Wyooter plucked his horse (bridle, saddle and all) from under him. Next day, his horse was found eating honeysuckle vines in a little hollow ten miles away. And years later it was claimed, but not by him, that Old Man Brown ran the twenty miles home in twenty minutes flat.

Many and fearful were the tales of The Albino Wyooter. It was white like a ghost, but it wasn't a ghost, because ghosts never molest animals. Certainly its feats of pulling up full grown trees or tossing huge boulders about couldn't be attributed to no ghost. Nosirreee! The Albino Wyooter was, without a doubt, the most fearsome whatever it was that ever roamed the Tennessee hills.

I inched up a little closer to Old Trouble as he angled up Izzly Ridge. He seemed to be shivering a bit. Maybe it was the cold. Old Trouble had no fear of man, beast nor varmint. But then The Albino Wyooter was neither man, beast nor varmint. Nor ghost for that matter. I couldn't blame Old Trouble if he shivered a bit.

We kept doggedly to the slippery and slimy trail, some times sliding or falling into the underbrush along the way. And perhaps startling a lynx or bobcat clear out of its wits in the bargain. But always we pulled ourselves together and got back onto the narrow and treacherous trail.

Ice, wind and rain had slowed our journey till it was just turning midnight as we started the awful climb up Ghost Mountain. It was now so dark I had to literally hang onto Old Trouble to keep with him. He had ceased to tremble. I could feel the hair bristle along his spine as he constantly sniffed the dank and foggy air. This would be a night to remember. If I lived through it.

Up and up we climbed. Over fallen timbers and broken boulders. Once, I thought I glimpsed the moon through the tall trees. It was something white. Pale white. Then the rustle of wings overhead. I listened intently. Then I shuddered. With a rain like this there could be no moon out tonight. Perhaps it was the cold, cold rain rustling in the leaves overhead.

We moved fearfully up the mountainside. Again, that white something over the treetops. Again Old Trouble bristled. There could be no mistake this time. It was The Albino Wyooter!

My blood turned as cold as the icy rain that soaked my skin. Old Trouble kept on moving up the mountainside.

Facing certain death is one thing; but, the Albino Wyooter! There was no telling what might happen.

We were about to top the mountain when we felt the ground tremble beneath our feet. The Albino Wyooter had landed atop the mountain in a little clearing directly ahead of us. Its eerie, translucent form, tall as a tree, was silhouetted against the dark and threatening sky. Its giant claws were extended above its head. Its feet were planted far apart, and a poisonous mist emitted from its distended nostrils. It was drooling in anticipation of its coming feast. Its wild and weird eyes glowed with a sort of greedy bone-chilling glow. As if it could taste us already.

There was a horrible sort of rumble, half growl and half chuckle, as one of its fearsome claws swooped down to scoop us up. Old Trouble jumped back so quick he sent me summer saulting over a huckleberry bush, as that fearsome claw scooped up a quarter yard of dirt and gravel where we had been standing but an instant before.

When The Albino Wyooter realized it had missed, it flung the dirt aside, and its whole giant frame quivered with rage and frustration. Its face turned seven different kinds of horrible purple. Its great square eyes seemed to turn into vats of boiling blood.

All my past life flashed before me in a single instant. I knew I would never catch fish in Keg Branch again. Or hunt possum on Pliny Ridge again. Or feast on cornpone and sow belly at Ma's table again. This time it would not miss. In its anger, it seemed to swell up to twice its normal size. The poisonous mist fairly hissed from its bursting nostrils as it crouched for the kill.

Suddenly with a snarl like giant thunder, that horrible claw swooped down like a streak of bent lightning. This time, Old Trouble didn't leap back. He sprang forward with such force that he lifted me off the ground as that fearsome claw grazed the seat of my pants and scooped up a full yard of dirt and two pine stumps where we had just been standing.

I knew my time had come. One more swipe and I'd be talking to Saint Peter face to face. I could feel them long sharp teeth biting through my tender hide already. I waited for the Wyooter to make its next grab. But, as that giant paw descended, Old Trouble made one last mighty lunge that carried us both through the great arch between that Old Wyooter's legs.

Suddenly, we were in the back of that varmint. Old Trouble had bested The Albino Wyooter.

Since Wyooters, once they've landed, can't turn around, we knew we were safe for the rest of the journey home. And, when we got there, Ma had a feast of corn pone, sow belly and possum gravy waiting for us.

And it is said, that to this very day, The Albino Wyooter suffers from a case of acute frustration.

hbss

...in the simple things.

Envy And Pity

[1467]

Sometimes I envy city kids all the worldly things they've got. Yet, I can't help pitying the poor kid who has never

et a green persimmon,
chopped a rick of stovewood,
skinned a muskrat,
killed and plucked a chicken for dinner,
climbed an apple tree to get the last red apple
at the very top,
stubbed his bare toe on a rock,
shook a big fat coon out of a tree,
drove the cows home at twilight,
picked wild strawberries,
took a turn of corn to the mill,
sat around a blacksmith shop,
turned a grindstone,
killed a mess of frogs with a homemade slingshot,
had a lizard run up the inside of his pant leg,
rode a wild yearling calf,
seen a real live ghost,
hoed a field of corn,
took a bath in a zinc washtub,
had a stonebruise on his heel,
squoze a warm spring mud through his toes,
went to town on the Fourth of July with a
whole quarter to spend,
swung on a grapevine swing,
milked a muley cow,
smoked corn silks behind the barn,
walked a girl home from a spelling bee,
caught rabbits in a homemade trap,
chewed tobacco,
cut down a bee tree,
fastened his gallus with a rusty nail,
put a tadpole in the water cooler,
forked hay into a barn loft on a hot summer
day,
stole a watermelon,
raised a calf,

stole a pig,
shot a squirrel,
picked a mess of poke sallet,
built himself a wagon,
rode a balky mule,
been lost in the woods at night,
stood alone on a mountain top in a pouring
rain,
had a dog named Old Trouble.
climbed a hill just to see what was on the other
side,

What will they have to remember?
Joe Clark, HBSS

We're only here a little while
And a long time we are gone
So come in and set a spell
Before you hurry along.
hbss

Text Of: Lynchburg

A true gentleman never sops his possum gravy
with a cold biscuit.

Introduction

The first time Joe Clark visited Lynchburg, 15 years ago, he accepted a friendly invitation to share poke sallet and conversation at Mrs. Bobo's boarding house - which says a lot about the wise instincts of both Joe and the folks of Lynchburg.

Joe has gone back to Lynchburg for a week or two every year since to take advertising pictures for Jack Daniel's. He always returns to Mrs. Bobo's for a meal or two although these days he stays at the nearest motel - 17 miles away in Shelbyville.

Times change in Central Tennessee, but at their own special pace. When Joe started taking the pictures for this book last summer his intention was to give the reader a glimpse of "a town where the philosophy of living is a whole lot like it was in the old days - but not old-fashioned."

Lynchburg, says Joe, "has moved into the good new life without forsaking the old ideas. The people really haven't stayed the same, and yet they have."

Lynchburg's population of 400 is almost exactly the same as it was 50 years ago. A highway goes through town but it's not a main route. So, as Joe puts it: "Anybody who's going anywhere doesn't normally go through Lynchburg. That's why it stays the way it has."

Anyone who does make the 80-mile drive down from Nashville into the foothills of the

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Cumberlands is rewarded with a feeling of quiet restfulness when he reaches Lynchburg. "It must be the only town left that doesn't have parking meters," says Joe. "You park anywhere you want to. There is a sidewalk but people mostly don't walk on it. I asked one of the town's old-timers about that and he told me, 'We only have two traffic rules around here: don't hit nobody and make sure nobody hits you.'"

Joe was also intrigued by the good things he remembered from his own boyhood in another part of Tennessee. The old swimming hole survives in Lynchburg where the kids still play pollywog. The filling station and stores still have benches out front for folks to sit around and whittle and shoot the breeze. Almost everyone has a garden patch in his backyard and almost every home has an unpainted barnwood building out back. "Just about every place else I've been they've either painted those or torn them down as eyesores," says Joe. "It turns out that's the kind of wood city fellows like to panel their dens with. Lynchburg folks saved theirs."

"Folks still find time in Lynchburg to exchange a lot of nonsense talk and banter," Joe explains. "So instead of making the captions for this book too literal, I just wanted to let people listen in on some of the conversation."

If the people of Lynchburg haven't been spoiled by prosperity and progress, they haven't refused it, either. "As soon as they got some money they didn't run out and tear down the barn and put up a store-painted garage," says Joe. "But they did buy automobiles to drive instead of mules and wagons. A high school football game is still the big highlight of the year. But the schools are good and the bright kids go on to Nashville to colleges like Vanderbilt."

Joe sat a spell with one Lynchburg housewife who told him how surprised she had been, on moving in, to find a hand pump in her kitchen sink. She said, "I thought 'these people are trifling. There's a fresh spring just 15 feet from the kitchen door.' But, you know, that pump comes in right handy."

Tom Flaherty
Associate Editor
Life Magazine

Lynchburg

Lynchburg is so little that it doesn't even claim to be a small town.

When I asked Charlie Hensley how many people lived in Lynchburg, he immediately started naming them off for me, so I could count them for myself.

Nor is Lynchburg a friendly town, it just happens to be a town that is full of leisurely friendly people.

In Lynchburg, the elite dines at the City Cafe, middle-class eats at the Coffee Cut, and common folks has a bit to eat at home.

Davey Crocket was Lynchburg's only famous personality. And, even he lived way out in the sooburbs. And only for a couple of years.

Aside from Davey, Lynchburg has always been made up of just plain ordinary home folks.

Small though it is, Lynchburg may well become the world's number-one travel center; we have it on the very best authority that you can get to anywhere in the world from Lynchburg. And this in spite of the fact that we travel so fast nowadays that we are often half-way back before we get to where we started in the first place.

Lynchburg also has its place in history: many of the great battles of the Civil War were not fought around Lynchburg.

But fame has never affected it none. It has always managed to sail on an even keel, keeping a proper balance between the "good Life" and the old traditions.

Mrs. Bobo's Boarding House has been an institution in Lynchburg for more than half a century, and a meal with Mrs. Bobo is a never to be forgotten experience. However, since Lynchburg's population passed the four-hundred mark, eating at Mrs. Bobo's is by special invitation only. Bigness has its bad points.

Being a frontier town, Lynchburg naturally has its own jail house. And there are still one or two people around town who can remember the night it held a prisoner. But, by morning he had sobered up and the major drove him home.

Since Lynchburg is an agricultural town (a farm town we used to say in the old days), nearly every Lynchburger has himself a little garden patch in his back yard. In fact, Herb Fanning claims that the reason Lynchburgers are so healthy is because they were all raised on turnip greens, poke sallet and possum gravy. And Herb has his own special recipe for Baked Possum and Sweet Potatoes that is really out of this world. I'm sure he would be glad to share it with you if you are interested. Everybody loves a good possum dinner but the possum.

[1264]

Herb also recommends that you always tuck your necktie in before putting possum fat on your poke sallett.

Lynchburg has not built itself a major airport yet, and the average Lynchburger drinks three pints of water per day.

Like most other places, Lynchburg has had its share of inflation. In fact, it seems like prices are always going up on everything but possum hides.

Lynchburgers have a strong inherent feeling that if the younger generation could only grow corn the way it grows hair we'd soon be the richest agricultural nation on earth. And that if everybody would make hay while the sun shines, we'd sure have a lot of sunburnt people.

Lynchburg is the County Seat and Hearthstone of Tennessee's littlest country. It is not so much of a town as a philosophy, a way of life.

JOE CLARK, H.B.S.S.

It's A Small World

[1265]

He listened silent in a corner

As men talked of race and creed;
Of which men were the better men
And which the worse breed.

He smoked his pipe, he thought his thoughts
And kept his knowing tongue
For talk was cheap and talk was rife
From empty heads and young.

At last when every race it seemed
Had been slurred and bedamned;
He knocked the ashes from his pipe,
But before the door he slammed

He said in words so clear of tone
That not a word was missed;
His voice was kind and soft and sure
Except the last he almost hissed:

"There are dark men and light men and yellow
and tan:
Italians and Russians and men from Japan.

"There are men from high places and men
from low
And troublesome men wherever you go.

"There are men who are champions and men
who are brave
And many and many a cowardly knave.

"There are rich men and poor men and
beggars and thieves

Pappy Says

And good men and great men as fine as you
please.

"There are men from the high country and
men from the plains
And men from Siberia and countless domains.

"There are men who will hate you and kill you
on sight
And men who will help you and make your
load light.

"There are men who are doctors and lawyers
and such
And others you know who don't amount to
much.

"There are climbers and workers who do a
good job
Whether laying the bricks or carrying the hod.

"There are men whose burdens are most heavy
to bear
And kind men who are willing those burdens
to share.

"There are good men and strong men and men
who are true
And men who are neighbors just as me and
you.

"For all men are frail men, and all men are
strong.
It's not such a big world. We'd better get
along!"

hbss

For The Young At Heart

[1266]

A little boy played
By a little wet brook
And he used a bent pin
For a fishing hook

And while he played
The whole day long
A bird in a tree
Was singing a song

And a frog he croaked
On the bank of the brook
And a crawdad crept out
For to take a look

And a tadpole swam
Clear across the dam
And said, looky here ma
How big I am,

And a fish stopped by
And he looked at the pin
And he looked at the boy
With a bit of a grin

And the boy he laughed
And the boy he played
And he splashed in the brook
But he wasn't dismayed

For he lived a young life
And he lived it with zest
And the fish you don't catch
Are often the best.

hbss

The Good Natured Wyooter

[1267]

Like all quiet frontier towns Lynchburg is
rich in its own brand of legends. The most
famous of these being the legend of the Good-
natured Wyooter.

The Good-natured Wyooter lives in one of
the many caves around Lynchburg. Though
nobody is for certain sure just which one. He
has always specialized in scaring the daylight
out of people who have strayed slightly off the
straight and narrow path.

For instance, there was the time when
Charlie Bobo harvested a specially fine crop
of corn. Filled his crib brimming full and felt
he had a plentiful supply to last him for the
winter.

But Greedy Grabmore eyed that fat
corncrib; and, though he had ample corn of
his own, he began making late-night trips to
Charlie Bobo's corncrib.

Each night he would fill his sack with just
one bushel of Charlie's fine corn. Just enough
so that Charlie wouldn't realize his corn supply
was diminishing faster than he was feeding it
out.

Long before the winter was over there came
a night when Charlie fed his chickens, cows,
and pigs and then realized he had just one
bushel of corn left.

Charlie was a much troubled man when
he went to bed that night for things had been
rough and Charlie had no money with which
to buy additional corn to feed his chickens,
cows and pigs for the balance of the winter.

But this had no deterring effect upon
Greedy Grabmore. He was back again with his
sack that very same night to get that last bushel
of corn.

As Greedy crossed the ridge for home with
that one last bushel of corn over his shoulder

he came upon the Good-natured Wyooter seated smack in the middle of the path and blocking his way.

“Why are you seated in the middle of the path?,” growled Greedy.

“I’m making a coffin for my friend,” answered the Good-natured Wyooter.

“But why are you whittling so furiously?,” demanded Greedy.

“Because if Charlie Bobo’s corncrib ain’t brimming full of corn at sunup tomorrow my friend is going to need this coffin to carry him to hell,” answered the Good-natured Wyooter without looking up from his work.

When Charlie Bobo found his corncrib brimming full of corn the next morning he was convinced ‘til his dying day it was the Good-natured Wyooter that had done it.

And perhaps, in a way, it was.

hbss

Lynchburg is the biggest town of its size in Moore County.

Population

[1485]

Lynchburg is a growin town
Gettin bigger by the minit,
Yet, there’s more people out of it
Than there are people in it

Paradise In Lynchburg

[1486]

Lynchburg is an artist’s dream and a
Photographer’s Paradise.

Blades Of Grass

[1487]

There are three-billion, two-hundred sixty-seven million, four-hundred twenty-nine thousand, eleven hundred and forty-one blades of grass in Moore County.

The Lynchburg Site

[1268]

Very few people who are alive today remember the time so far away
When the creechy Blue Wyooter with the shivery green eyes
Built the site for Lynchburg where the town now lies.
He scooped out the valley and he rounded the hills
And then he sat back and he chuckled with glee
Then he sat on his haunches and he thought it all out
That someday a great people would live here
compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

about
And they’d build a great town with houses and things
And all the pretty baubles that the merchant brings
And then he sat back and he chuckled with glee
It was such a fine place for a town to be.

hbss

Sidewalks

[1488]

The sidewalks on all four sides of the Lynchburg Square are made of cement. But the people don’t use them much. They want them to last.

Nashville is eighty miles north of Lynchburg.

Reason

[1489]

A rabbit runs faster than a dog because it thinks it has a better reason.

Lazy People

[1490]

Lazy people work harder
Because they know
It’s the easiest way
To get the job done.

No Harvest

[1491]

The man who doesn’t plant
Seeds in the spring
Doesn’t have to harvest
A crop in the fall.

Amusements

[1492]

Lynchburg is a quiet town... but if things get dull

You can always go out in your back yard and listen to your garden grow.

The average good whittler in Lynchburg carves up one and seven-tenths Cords of Tennessee red cedar per year.

If you use pokeberry juice for writing fluid it should be kept where it will not freeze in the wintertime.

Each wave of years closes one generation gap only to create another.

But who will the next generation of youngsters blame the woes of the world on.

Man is not really as dumb as he thinks he is. But there are times when he certainly acts like it.

Who tells the animals about sex!

Great Architecture is not necessarily storebought

Man makes paint but God makes weathered barnwood.

There is no ordinance against milking cows on main street in Lynchburg.

There’s nothing on earth like being in Lynchburg at sundown when they close down the town.

If it wasn’t for the town Lynchburg would be way out in the country.

A possum knows that you have to climb a tree to get the persimmons.

Lynchburg Poke Sallett

[1269]

Everybody knows about the marvelous invigorating qualities of Tennessee Poke Sallett:

It titillates the appetite, tones up the liver bile, smooths out the blood flow, modifies the muscle strain, better the heart beat, rectifies the kidneys, behooves the bowel tract, develops the digestion, lubricates the bone joints, aerates the lung cavities, pacifies the nerve system, burnishes the brain cells, and scours the scurvy off your soul.

And besides that it’s a mighty good tonic. However, the hills around Lynchburg seem to have just the right combination of limestone rock and Tennessee red clay to make the poke sallett that grows around Lynchburg just about twice as potent, maybe even a little more than twice as potent, as the poke sallett that grows anywhere else.

In fact it has always been said (and nobody yet has ever been able to disprove it) that the average ninety-year old man can, after eating only three messes of Lynchburg Poke Sallett, easily stand flat-footed and jump over the barn.

Age

[1270]

He sat on a nail keg
In a corner of the store
Whittling and whittling
Shavings on the floor

And all the small talk
It seemed he never heard
For he whittled and whittled
And never said a word

Until the talk drifted
To men and their age
And how names were carved
On history's page

Then he put away his knife
And he stood up tall
And he said to the crowd,
Now listen youall:

"Aches and pains forecast the weather,
Age and ailments go together;
Age is a debt man must pay
For the youth he frittered away:

"Age is a time when man grows bold
In deeds he done in days of old,
Age slows the step and whets the mind
And warms the heart to humankind:

"How swiftly age overtakes us here,
How quickly youth does disappear;
How soon when dead this flesh will rot,
But sooner still is one forgot."

With a spring in his step
And a gleam in his eye
He slammed the front door
Without saying good-bye.

hbss

There was a time when Mule Day saw every
square foot of the Lynchburg square covered
with mules.
And possum hides brought thirty cents apiece.

A "mental block" is a gate without a fence.

Lynchburg is smoked country hams . . .

and Clear Spring Water.

Life is a wide front porch and . . .

a well filled woodshed.

Maybe Columbus should have stayed home.

Pappy Says

No trains stop in Lynchburg.

It is enough that I am Me without impressing
the world with my I-
Den-I-T.

Schooling

[1493]

You can drag a boy to college. But only a gifted
Teacher can lead him to think!

The Vagabond

[1271]

He was such a merry man
Though as poor as poor could be,
He always went a singing
As he strolled across the lea.

Though his purse was always empty
His heart was always full;
You'd think his joy of living
Had never known a lull.

I used to hear him singing
As he climbed across the hill,
And the joy of his song
I remember still:

"I have a horse that is balky
And a house full of cracks
And a purse that's as empty
As an old two sack.

"My hat has a hole in it,
My suit is threadbare,
My best girl don't love me;
She gave me the air.

"I have a head full of nothing
And a heart full of pain;
My boss just fired me,
I'm out in the rain.

"But I've got a whole day of sunshine
And a half a rainbow
And a dog that follows me
Wherever I go."

hbss

Grandpappy And The Hard Winter

[1272]

I've allus had a strong dislike for fellers that
brags about their ancestors.
But the truth ain't braggin.
And I'd like to tell you folks the hones true
story about Grandpappy and the hard winter.
They had a lot of hard winters back in them
days but this was the real had winter. The Old

Timers called it the Hungry Winter.

There wasn't much game around that winter.
Game was so scarce that Grandpappy couldn't
find nothin to shoot with his gun. So he traded
his gun to an Indian Brave for a tube of tooth
paste.

Grandpappy knew how important it is to
brush regular when you can't find nothing to
exercise your teeth on.
Then he up and traded his Barlowe Knife to an
Indian Chief for a box of toothpicks.

Grandpappy allus was a great optimist.
By the time the first warm day of spring rolled
around Grandpappy was so skinny that he had
to stand in the same place twice just to cast
a shadow. But he was right out there in the
woods anyway a looking for something to eat.
And he came on this big old fat bear just out
of hibernation, in a bad temper and hungry as
a bear.

There was Grandpappy and that big old fat
bear and him with no gun to shoot at him
with.

But people was more resourceful back in them
days.

So Grandpappy looked about til he found a
fresh young patch of ramps comin up through
the leaves; and he gathered hisself a handful of
these fresh young ramps; and he crushed them
between two rocks, real good, and then he
rubbed them all over hisself so it'd be real easy
for that bear to pick up his scent.

And then he sprinkled salt all over hisself so
that, even as skinny as he was, he'd be a pretty
tempting morsel for that big old hungry bear.
Then he eased around on the windward side
of that big old hungry bear. And he started
sneakin up on that old bear. And purty soon,
since Grandpappy was on the windward side
and he had all them smelly ramps rubbed
all over him, that there big old hungry bear
picked up his scent.

And he started to droolin and pawing up the
ground. And the closer Grandpappy got the
more that bear drooled and pawed up the
ground. And the hungrier he got. Til finally
when Grandpappy showed hisself on the
edge of the clearing that big old bear was so
hungry that he never even noticed how skinny
Grandpappy was.

Bears don't see so good nohow.

And he come a chargin after Grandpappy with
his big old mouth wide open. Grandpappy lit
out for home with that big old angry bear right
on his tail. And his big old drooling mouth
with its big old long sharp teeth a grabbin at
the seat of Grandpappy's pants at every jump.
When Grandpappy topped the last ridge,

and it was downhill all the way to the cabin;
and that big old hungry bear was right on his
heels with his mouth wide open, Grandpappy
stopped dead in his tracks.

And that big old hungry bear opened his
big old fat mouth real wide to swallow
Grandpappy at one bite.

But Grandpappy turned around, real quick
like, and reached his arm way, waay, waaay
down that big old fat bear's throat. And out
the back door. And he grabbed him by the tail.
And, with one quick yank on that big old fat
bear's tail, he turned him inside out.

And he took that big old fat bear down to the
cabin. And Grandpappy, and Granny, and all
the younguns had bear meat for dinner.

hbss

I Like You

[1273]

I like to see you standing there
With grace and beauty sweet and rare;
A smile upon your face so fair,
Beneath your lovely silken hair.

I like the way you wear your clothes,
Your pretty little turned-up nose;
Your cheeks as red as any rose;
Your fetching, curvy, vexing pose.

I like your moods and temperament,
I like the way your wrath you vent,
I like the day on which you went
And left my heart all sadly bent.

I like you good and sweet and true,
I like the things you always do,
I like you cause you're never blue,
But most of all because you're YOU!

hbss

Lynchburg got its name from the sparkling
waters of Mulberry Creek.

American Town

[1494]

Lynchburg is a typical American town: there
ain't another town on earth like it.

Absorbing Lynchburg

[1495]

You can't just walk into Lynchburg and see
it all in one gulp. You sort of have to stick
around a few days and absorb it gradual like.

On Rainy Nights

[1274]

I knew a pretty maiden

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

But that was long ago,
Who nearly died a laughing
Because I loved her so

She nearly died a laughing
And nearly broke my heart,
But that was long ago

And I was not so smart,

But that was long ago
And time has healed the pain
Except on lonely nights
When I hear the rain.

hbss

The mill cannot grind if the ecology gets
fouled up.

Horse Shoes

[1496]

Horse shoes and hard work, with faith and
good management, are sure to bring good luck.

Washing Dishes

[1497]

You can't wash the dishes in yesterday's water.

Tomorrow

[1275]

The crows was so merry,
The party so bright;
The drinking was heavy
Far into the night

Then up rose a young man
So handsome and gay,
"A toast I propose
Before we go away."

They raised their drinks merrily,
They raised them on high;
"I'm totally unaccustomed
But a toast I will try:

"Oh the sadness and the sorrow,
We'll all be dead'n gone tomorrow,
And what deeply worries me
Is how lonely this world will be,

"No one to walk its shining face,
To throw beer cans about the place;
No erring man or drunken maverick
To get killed in Sunday traffic;

"But what leaves me so sad and sore,
There'll be no one to fight a war
No one to fight and fuss and shout,
To blow each other's brains all out.

"Now drink your corn whiskey
And drink your wild rye,
If atom bomb hits you
I bid you good-bye!"

hbss

Unsimple Fact

[1276]

The soldier was resting
By the fireside one night;
The flames were a dancing
So merry and bright.

The cat was a purring
By the chimneyside there
As if with her master
His memories to share.

The wind was so wrathful
On the rooftop outside;
But the soldier was cozy
With his cat by his side.

Then he fell to musing
Of men and their fate
As his old wooden leg
On the hearthstone did grate.

He thought of the beauty
Of the life he had known;
Of the once bloody battlefields
That were now overgrown.

He thought of his comrades
Who had fought by his side;
Of the bitterness he had felt
When his comrades had died.

He thought of the causes
For which he had fought
And sometimes wondered
If the gain had been naught.

And then in her slumber
The cat must have heard
The old man mumbling
As he muttered these words:

"O, war so much with horror filled,
So many maimed, so many killed;
So many left to starve and die,
So many hearts to mourn and cry.

"War kills not the man alone,
Not just the flesh, not just the bone;
It kills the soul, it kills the mind
And living men to good turn blind.

<p>“Yet, he who would the battle shun, From duty shirk or danger run; For a moment’s peace forfeit a cause Will find himself in a tyrant’s claws.”</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Full Time Loafing [1499]</p> <p>“A lot of Today’s Kids ain’t got nothing to do’ and they insist on working full time at it.”</p>	<p>Whenever he’d go Across the ridge to see Little Mary Catherine Caroline McPhee,</p>
<p>In Lynchburg Cops are people and people are friends</p> <p>And friends appreciate and respect one another.</p>	<p>Spot Removal [1500]</p> <p>Possum gravy stains can easily be removed from clothing by gently rubbing with a piece of raw ozafus skin.</p>	<p>And Little Mary Catherine Caroline McPhee Used to sit and listen, Cute as she could be,</p>
<p>When the law fails We’ll all be safer in jails.</p> <p>Due to the dry, hot summer no one has reported seeing any Wyooter tracks in Lynchburg since way last spring.</p>	<p>Possum Hunting [1501]</p> <p>Anyone who’s never been possum hunting has missed a large hunk of the life that God intended everyone should suffer and enjoy.</p>	<p>Then he went and ask her Could he have her hand? So they got the Preacher And had a weddin Grand.</p>
<p>Natural Senses [1498]</p> <p>The trouble with the world todays is that we’ve done got so much book lernin that it’s crowded most of the natural senses out of our heads.</p>	<p>The Tennessee crocodile seldom flies backwards.</p> <p>Birds fly and fish swim; but, they both eat worms.</p>	<p>Now they’ve settled down And have a hired hand And ninety-seven grandchildren All across the land.</p> <p>hbss</p>
<p>Now, what do I do with it!</p> <p>Everybody owes everybody something But nobody owes anybody everything.</p>	<p>If you’ve never been to Lynchburg you haven’t lived a well-rounded life.</p> <p>A rolling stone bounces over rough spots.</p>	<p>Teasing [1503]</p> <p>It’s great to be old enough to enjoy teasing the girls; yet, not old enough to know why you enjoy teasing the girls.</p>
<p>Last One In’s A Sissy [1277]</p> <p>Lynchburg may be little, Lynchburg may be dull, but the kid who grows up around Lynchburg will have a lifetime of memories that his cousin can never hope to match.</p>	<p>The only known bird that normally flies upside down is the Moore County Dopppe- Dipper.</p> <p>Some hills are higher than others because they have more dirt in them.</p> <p>Some faces are more beautiful than others because age brings out the soul.</p>	<p>Boys will be boys . . .</p> <p>If there’s girls around.</p> <p>Men do better when . . .</p> <p>There’s someone to cheer them on.</p>
<p>Kids are terribly sophisticated these days; Yet, how many kids do you know who have stood on The Cement Bridge and watched Mulberry Creek run by!</p> <p>Success in life is getting the heat where it counts.</p>	<p>Mulberry Creek roars through Lynchburg like a lamb and . . .</p> <p>“Huckleberry Finn” lives and thrives only a block from the city square.</p> <p>Lynchburg is not the biggest town on earth. According to the Federal census takers.</p>	<p>Establishment And Teenagers [1504]</p> <p>The “establishment” must love teenagers else it wouldn’t have brought on so many of them.</p>
<p>Fun Lovers [1278]</p> <p>There’s them ‘tis often said Who never think ahead; They never worry none, They’re always havin fun.</p>	<p>Women’s Rights [1503]</p> <p>Women should have all the same rights as men. But sparingly.</p>	<p>Chicken Hawks [1505]</p> <p>Chicken hawks whistle brightly to girls in mini skirts.</p>
<p>But when they hit a bump They hit it with a thump And then they hold their head And many tears are shed.</p>	<p>Love’s Old Sweet Song [1280]</p> <p>There was a country boy By the name of Joe Who used to carry His old banjo</p>	<p>Reading And Riting [1506]</p> <p>To read, rite and cipher may prove you ain’t no fool</p> <p>But Life’s greatest lessons are not all learned in school.</p> <p>The light of the soul Shines through the eyes.</p>

Good natured people live in a good natured world.

Lynchburg is what life is all about.

Sittin' And Restin'

I was sittin', restin'
And talkin' today
With a friend who stopped
As he passed my way,

We talked of neighbors
The weather and the crops,
Of men who left the farms
To work in the shops,

Of the girl who married
The boy from the Bay,
Of work being done
On the new highway,

Of sickness and health,
Of money and things,
Of Government spending
And the trouble it brings,

And then we turned to friends
As all talkers do
And the pleasantest of all
Were our thoughts of You!
hbss

Miscellaneous 01
11/01/91

Way up in Maine
Where lobsters grow
And fishing boats
Pass to and fro
A fisherman's wife
Looks out to sea
And wonders where
Her man can be.
As the boats sail
The briny deep
A lonely vigil
She must keep
For boats may come
And boats may go
But only one
Can bring her Beau.
hbss

Answering Machine

This is something to ponder
A voice from out of the Yonder,
compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

It always answers when I call
Yet it ain't nobody at all.

hbss

Winding Road

I never saw,
I think it's so,
A winding road
With no place to go.

hbss

Studying

To get my head in shape
And my mind just right
I stay up and study
By the late lamp light.

hbss

Finding Oneself

When one feels that he has to find himself
He'd be wise to look first within himself.

hbss

Old Days

You don't find things anymore
Like the way they were before;
All the old things have done went
And all the old days have been spent.

hbss

Idaho

Over kinkled mountains brown and old
Under skies tinged with sunset's gold,
I gaze with awe as they glide by
Below my perch up in the sky.
O'er eons of time since long ago
Idaho's mountains were shaped just so.

hbss

Yesterday's Lesson

Today is to be lived now
But yesterday can show you how.

hbss

Hulling Walnuts

I wouldn't mind
Not at all
To be a boy again
Hulling walnuts
In the fall.

hbss

Chemical Diet

People eat so many soft and chemically treated foods nowadays that Wyooters won't hardly ever eat them any more.

hbss

Meeting

Twas a fine meeting, for goodness sake
But Pat stayed home to bake a cake.

hbss

Life

Life begins early
And often ends too soon.

hbss

Rough Sledding

He who doesn't paddle his own canoe will sooner or later, run into some rough sledding.

hbss

Answering Machine

Hi machine
How do you feel?
Hard as iron and strong as steel
Then tell your master, if you can
That he who called was a man.

hbss

Daring Winter

We didn't worry about energy in the olden days.
We just chopped ourselves a pile of firewood
And then dared the winter to do its worst.

hbss

Smart

Except mules, man is the smartest creature on earth.

hbss

Susie

I walked her home over the ridge
Up the hollow and across the bridge,
And there I left her at the door
With only a kiss and nothing more.

And many a year and many a day
Has come by and gone its way
With many a memory yet to follow

Since I walked Susie up the hollow. hbss	bought teeth, should you trust him to make your dentures? hbss	But they'll be back tonight To shine their light on you. hbss
Mule Power [1286]	Right's Wrong [1536]	Expectations [1542]
You ain't never lived And don't know how Til you've followed a mule Behind a plow.	Right, carried too far, Gets to be wrong. hbss	An honest day's work is just about half of what your employer expects from you. hbss
You just don't know nothin About humankind Till you've spent a year lookin At a mule's behind. hbss	Information [1537]	Roll On And On [1289]
Women And Smarts [1530]	I get my information from fables and old folk stories which are not always exactly accurate but always true. hbss	The years roll by The years roll on Like speeding trains Speeding down the railroad track And once they're gone They never come back. hbss
This is a truth that's always been Women are ever smarter than men. hbss	Rejection [1538]	Age [1543]
Man [1287]	Once I wrote a poem On how to fight and win I sent it to a publisher He sent it back again. hbss	Why does age come so slowly To silently steal away The glories that were yesterday The sunshine of today. hbss
Man thinks he thinks better Than most critters do But thinking you think Doesn't make it true. hbss	Progress [1539]	Thrift [1544]
Typical American [1531]	Progress is a relentless force Moving down the road of time Pushing all before it Leaving all behind. hbss	Thrift is knowing how to get along Without the things you don't need. hbss
Typical American... Always a setting and a thinkin When he shoulda been shovelin hbss	Meant-To's [1288]	Time Spent [1545]
Clouds [1533]	I meant-to this, I meant-to that And I meant-to all along But Time has a way of catching me With my meant-tos still undone. hbss	The time is gone. The time has went; The good old days Have long been spent.
As peaceful as a placid lake Or as stormy as a boiling sea That's the way the flying clouds Were always meant to be. hbss	Responsibility [1540]	Dare [1546]
A dog that man can bite. hbss	Life is always warm and rosy it seems When you're dreaming those fireside dreams But if you pause and look real good Somebody had to chop the wood. hbss	Dare to dream tall slender dreams, Dare to do, Dare to plan, Dare to think great big thoughts; Dare to be a man. hbss
High Tech [1534]	Stars [1541]	Saints And Sinners [1290]
Cameras are so simplified that it almost takes a High Tech Genius to operate them. hbss	Stars shine bright all night And go away by day Where on earth they go to Is more than I can say.	Saints, it sometimes seems to me Are much worsen than sinners be. hbss
Dentures [1535]	I'll have to think it over It's the best that I can do	Experience [1291]
If the man tells you that you can take a big bite out of a nice fresh apple with your new store- Pappy Says		

Every experience you've ever had in your whole life is waiting to help you whenever you get into a tight.

hbss

Knocks And Bumps

[1547]

Since life is full of knocks and bumps
Let's grow and thrive upon our lumps.

hbss

Specialists

[1548]

Beware of specialists
They think in circles.

hbss

Skinning Possums

[1549]

Never skin a possum before you catch him.

hbss

Hindsight

[1550]

The guy who is always right
Does it mostly by hindsight.

hbss

Postholes

[1551]

How many horses does it take
to pull a wagon load of postholes?

hbss

Persistence

[1552]

Folks always scoff
When you start something new,
But they'll linger to admire
If you see it through.

hbss

Art And Photography

[1553]

Art is art
And Photography is Photography
And ne'er the twain shall meet.

hbss

Tennessee Homecoming '86

[1292]

Though you've traveled far and wide
Or even sailed over the sea
Please saddle up the old gray mare
And come back home to Tennessee.

hbss

Travel

Now that we've seen the land of our fathers
Away we fly over the blue waters.
Over the big waters to a land faraway
To the land where our grandparents lived
one day.

hbss

Flying

[1293]

We're up and away
And off again
To see some places
We ain't never been.

hbss

Journey

[1294]

This is the end of another day
Another journey put away;
So many wondrous sights we've seen
I'm sure it all must be a dream.

hbss

Texas

[1555]

The next Texas town
Is just round the bend
But the bend, my friend,
Is at the end
Of a road that has no end.

hbss

The West

[1556]

I can't, for the life of me,
Imagine what God was thinkin about
When he wasted all that beautiful scenery on
the West.

hbss

Falls

[1557]

When the hills are high
And the water's clear
And the roar of the falls
Is a sight to hear.

hbss

Montana

[1295]

The rush and roll of the roaring waters
The beauty of the streams
The mountains that climb forever,
The vastness of the plains.

hbss

Idaho

Where the houses are so far apart
And there's so much land between
That one has to call long-distance
Just to chat with his next-door neighbor.

hbss

Journey

[1297]

To see the great folks
Who people this land,
Some good and some better
As we understand.

hbss

English

[1558]

Hospitable and kind
Is the Englishman,
A wonderful host
To this American.

hbss

The Dakotas

[1298]

Where the roads are forever endless
Running straight and traffic free
And the beauty of the land
Is a wondrous sight to see.

hbss

Dear Pat,

Over the big waters
Over the blue sea
Over the great ocean
So merrily fly we.

To see the Commonwealth
To see London Town
To see a fair moor
And maybe a down.

To meet a great people
To share a drink or two
To shake a friendly hand
And say "howdy-do."

hbss

TV Show

[1560]

We're off again
In the air again
Up and away we go.
We're on the road again
To do a TV show.

hbss

<p>Watch Out [1300]</p> <p>Watch out for Wyooters As o'er the world you roam For they like to catch and eat Folks away from home.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Nice People And Wyooters [1563]</p> <p>That Wyooters are bad I'm sure is true But Wyooters never eat Nice people like you.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>hbss</p> <p>No Complaints [1567]</p> <p>Never complain about the Wyooters. They'll eat you if you do.</p> <p>hbss</p>
<p>On Being Really Real [1561]</p> <p>In spite of all the facts and evidence compiled over eons and eons of time there are still some folks who feel that Wyooters are not really real. This is astonishing because not being really real makes them even more real than if they really were real because it is possible to rub out, destroy or eliminate what is really real while what is not really real can never be really vanquished.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Chemicals [1304]</p> <p>People ingest so many chemicals With their food nowadays That Wyooters won't hardly ever eattem Anymore.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Don't Be Afraid [1568]</p> <p>You should not afraid nor frightened be If you meet a Wyooter in Tennessee.</p> <p>hbss</p>
<p>Mamma [1301]</p> <p>On dark and fearsome nights When I am far from home And haints are all about And Wyooters tend to roam That's when I think of Mamma Back home in Tennessee And the light in the window That's waiting there for me.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>The Albino Wyooter [1305]</p> <p>Since the elder days in ancient times The Albino Wyooter has been known in rhymes: He bites the bones and the spirit chills On fearsome nights in the Tennessee Hills.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Tall Tales [1307]</p> <p>Wild Wyooters and wooly night trails Lead to the creation of Hill-Billy tales.</p> <p>hbss</p>
<p>Wyooters [1302]</p> <p>There may be only one wyooter in the bushes; but, if we are scared it seems like they've got us surrounded.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Goblins And Wyooters [1564]</p> <p>Wyooters on the mountain And Wyooters on the hill If the goblins don't get you The Wyooters surely will.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Jack Daniels [1308]</p> <p>We put it in barrels And stow it away And let it age For many a day.</p> <p>hbss</p>
<p>Fluffy Tailed Wyooters [1562]</p> <p>Wyooters with fluffy tails have very sharp teeth.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>When Wyooters prow On dank dark nights Keep your courage up And your head on tight.</p> <p>hbss</p> <p>Don't worry about Wyooters. They'll never eatcha. Less they get a chance.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Loafing [1570]</p> <p>I like to loaf And sit about But doin nothin Tires you out.</p> <p>hbss</p>
<p>Watch Out For Wyooters [1303]</p> <p>"Ain't no Wyooter in Tennessee Big enough to frighten me," He said them words in boastful tones Just before we found his bones. He was only tryin to catch him When that Wyooter up and et him.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Tennessee [1306]</p> <p>Where the Wyooters roam Is the place I long to be It's a mighty fine place That we call Tennessee.</p> <p>hbss</p>	<p>Buter Churning [1571]</p> <p>Up and down the dasher goes Churning butter for the table How many strokes nobody knows But as many as you are able.</p> <p>hbss</p> <p>Rough Times [1572]</p> <p>Times are rough and times are tough And times are hard all over But the Good Lord never meant We should always live in clover.</p> <p>hbss</p>
<p>Not Scared Of Wyooters [1566]</p> <p>Wyooters never frighten me For I'm a lad from Tennessee And I know that ghosts never bite Though dark and fearsome be the night.</p>	<p>Proud [1573]</p> <p>Just because I'm a mule Doesn't mean I ain't proud.</p> <p>hbss</p>	

Teenagers	[1309]	Changes	[1580]
The worst to be said about teenagers is that they tend to grow up and become sensible and practical.		There are many things in this world That ain't what they used to be Which is a very lucky thing For both you and me.	From the mail box away And then I remember This is a holiday. hbss
hbss		hbss	
Daniel Boone	[1574]	Girls	[1312]
Down in the land of the Cumberland Gap Where Daniel Boone carved the Wilderness Trail And hardy pioneers settled there To weave many and many a wondrous tale.		The girls are even prettier now, it seems Than when I was young and full of dreams.	Friends Friends may come And friends may go For life is like a river; Some friends stick around Some float away But very few stay friends forever. hbss
hbss		hbss	[1317]
Possum Hunt Learning	[1575]	Weather	[1581]
Learning has no set rule One may learn more from a possum hunt Than from a book in school.		Bad weather today is a portent of good weather tomorrow.	Home It's mighty nice to travel And o'er the world to roam To see the lights, the wondrous sights And good to get back home. hbss
hbss		hbss	[1583]
Oxymoron	[1576]	Courage	[1313]
It never rains in dry weather.		Courage is not to fret and stew But to do the job you have to do.	Solitude There's nothing so fine As a day in June My old guitar And a lonesome tune. hbss
hbss		hbss	[1318]
Loaded Gun	[1577]	Doing	[1314]
If you have your guns already loaded you can aim and shoot pretty fast. But, if you have to look for the ammunition then figger out how to load the guns it takes a little longer.		Man often says but seldom does.	Time No one ever has the time to do the jobs he doesn't want to do. hbss
hbss		hbss	[1319]
Hard Knocks	[1311]	A Wish	[1315]
Let us not bemoan our lot Nor weep about the trials we've got; Life is full of knocks and bumps Let's grow and thrive upon our lumps.		I wish I was in Tennessee The land where I was born A flirtin with the pretty girls And drinkin Pappy's corn.	To Farmer Steve May your hogs grow fat and heavy And your corn grow tall and high And the fish keep on a bitin While you feast on cherry pie. hbss
hbss		hbss	[1320]
Set A Spell	[1578]	Golden Days	[1316]
You're only here a little while And a long time you are gone So please stop by and set a spell Before you hurry on.		The days of old So I am told Were better days than these But they are gone Leave them alone But don't forget them, if you please.	Green Wipperediddle Down yonder in the land Of the green Wipperediddle Where we all dance around To an old-time fiddle hbss
hbss		hbss	[1584]
Modern Man	[1579]	Mail Box Blues	[1582]
Modern man has, in the main, Failed to use his fertile brain.		No mail today No letter Not a word From the many folks From whom I haven't heard. I turn with sadness	Where the gals are all lovely And the boys all lovem And my gal is as pretty As a whole bunch uvem.
hbss			

hbss		And full of storm and strife, Man could never make it Without a loving wife.	Right out of the sky. hbss
Business	[1585]	hbss	Power of A Stream [1596]
A good businessman is the fellow who figgers out how to sell what the other fellow throws away.		Butter Churning	[1591] A few million centuries And a little down hill And a tiny wee stream Can carve a great big gash Through a great big hill. hbss
hbss		Up and down the dasher goes Churning butter for the table; How many strokes nobody knows But as many as you are able.	
The World	[1586]	hbss	Tennessee [1597]
You will surely find If you really try That the world's as round As an apple pie.		Folks	[1592] Grandpa often said to me As he held me on his knee "Ain't no land that ever be Half so grand as Tennessee."
hbss		Some folks are born poor Some rich as can be And some get born In the Hills of Tennessee.	
Love	[1588]	hbss	[1324] There we grow the finest corn And the sun comes up at morn One could never feel forlorn In the land where I was born. hbss
One is never too old Or too young To love or be loved.		Rain	
hbss		As I look out at wet, wet rain On street and lawn and windowpane I don't sink in dark and gloom There'll come a day when flowers'll bloom.	
Worrying	[1321]	hbss	Walk With Me [1328]
The trouble with worrying is that it doesn't leave you much time for doing.		Winds of Kindness	[1594] Won't you come and walk with me? Such wondrous sight we shall see As we stroll o'er hill and lee Back down home in Tennessee. hbss
hbss		Across the rolling mountains Across the hills and lee Blow the winds of kindness In peaceful Tennessee.	
Easy Pictures	[1589]	hbss	When You Ain't Got A Lot [1598]
The easy pictures are the hardest to take.		Dreams	[1325] When you ain't got a lot Or even a pot To cook in if you had it You chop some wood And cook it good And enjoy even rabbit. hbss
hbss		I'll build my cabin of glowing dreams Upon a mountain high Where I can see the deep, green valley And touch the azure sky.	
Texas	[1322]	hbss	When I Was Young [1329]
Got a big white hat And a high-topped shoe A pony to ride And a pistol, too.		Davey Crockett	[1326] When I was young And free and gay I was quite a lad In my day. I'd pick a fight Kick up my heels Go a courtin' Spin my wheels.
Gonna dot my i's And cross my x's And git on my hoss And head for Texas.		hbss	
hbss		Way down yonder in Tennessee A fellow named Davey Crockett Had a coon-skin on his head And a Wyooter in his pocket.	
Ambition	[1323]	hbss	[1327] Now I'm stooped And old and bent No more the blade,
Where the man planted his garden in the spring Is where the weeds are the tallest in July.		Sir Lancelot's Sword	
hbss		With a mighty stroke And a fearsome cry He smote a cloud	
A Loving Wife	[1590]		
Life's road is steep and rocky Pappy Says			

My powder's spent.

hbss

Bridges

Old bridges

New bridges

High bridges

and low

All put there to help you

Wherever you go.

hbss

A Boy In Tennessee

Nothing could be finer

It seems to me

Than just being a boy

In Tennessee.

hbss

A Smile

Some gals for beauty spend a pile

To make the fellers lovem,

Mine just smears her face with a smile

And looks as good as anyuvem.

hbss

Air Conditioning

I was raised away out back

In a little mountain shack

Where the wind blew in the windows

And then blew out the cracks.

hbss

Tragedies

It never seems so at the time but usually the
little tragedies in life turn out to be the great
turning points for the better.

hbss

Our House

This is our house;

This is where we live

In a little golden house

On a little green hill.

If you are of a mind

When you are out our way

Stop by and set a spell

And we'll pass the time of day.

hbss

Musing

For my heart was born to wander

And my soul is wild and free

[1599] And a sittin by the fireside

Was never meant for me.

hbss

The Reaper

A man grows what he sows

And only mows what he grows.

hbss

In This World

In this world, my friend, you'll find

There's many a bridge to cross

And many a hill to climb.

There's many a laugh to laugh

And many a tear to cry

And many a joy to know

And many a love to share.

hbss

Snow

God sprinkles all the world with snow

To make it clean and white as chalk;

But, may I ask you please Dear God

Omit the driveway and the walk.

hbss

What's To Be

What is to be

Will be

What ain't to be

Might happen.

hbss

The World

I'll always believe

Til the day I die

The world is as round

As an apple pie.

hbss

GIRLS

Girls are smarter it seems to me

Than us boys can ever hope to be.

hbss

Boy

[1332] Oh, to be a boy again

What great fun it would be

To roam o'er the hills again

Barefoot, wild and free.

hbss

Mountain Boy

[1333] Oh to swing so wild and free

From a grapevine on a tree

And to know the simple joy

Of being a barefoot, mountain boy.

hbss

The World

You will find

If you really try

The world's as round

As an apple pie.

hbss

Bridge

A bridge is something over something to help
somebody get across something to something
on the other side.

hbss

Mules And Wives

There's nothing sadder

In this hard life

[1335] Than a balky mule

And a stubborn wife.

hbss

Sweet Sights

There's no sweeter sight

The world around

[1605] Than a little boy

Adventure bound.

hbss

Courage

Courage is not so much

To look death in the eye

[1336] As the ability to pass up

A piece of apple pie.

hbss

Old Fashioned Way

Drop by drop

Day by day

[1338] Some things are still made

In the old-fashioned way.

<p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Shortcut</p> <p>I shall always treasure And ever proper honor That friendly little path That cuts across the corner.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Attitude</p> <p>Life can be kind Life can be rude It all depends On your attitude.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Little Added Things</p> <p>It's the little added things That makes life worthwhile The little added sigh The little added smile.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Indecision</p> <p>Indecision wastes time and wears you down without accomplishing anything.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Advice</p> <p>If I were to advise Any man, It would be to do Whatever you do As good as you can.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Future</p> <p>The future is a fur piece down the road but it will be here tomorrow.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Loving</p> <p>After all is done and writ and said It's what's in your lovin' heart that counts More than what's in your thinkin' head.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Your Head</p> <p>Your head can't think right Les you keep it screwed on tight.</p> <p>Pappy Says</p>	<p>[1339]</p> <p>Great Cities</p> <p>Great cities are built By little people from the country.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Simple Fact</p> <p>This is a well-known simple fact The ideas come to folks who act, While sittin' on your lazy pants Breeds a crop of No's and Can'ts.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Thinking And Trouble</p> <p>Just a teeney-weency bit of thinking Can keep you out of an awful lot of trouble.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>The Age Of Wonderment</p> <p>The age of wonderment is always young and beautiful.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Hurrying And Worrying</p> <p>Hurryin' and worryin' And stewin' and frettin' Makes you age fastern Settin' and restin'.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Old Mill</p> <p>The old rusty mill May be silent and still, Its wheel may groan And creak no more But I pity the man Who hasn't stood By the stream And listened To its mighty roar.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Politicians</p> <p>Politicians, it seems Are an awful lot like people Instead of going to church They try to climb the steeple.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p>	<p>[1624]</p> <p>Whittling</p> <p>Enough whittling can turn a large block of wood into a toothpick.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Relax</p> <p>To sit a while and whittle a while Will soothe and put you at your ease When the gas is low and the price is high In such crazy times as these.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Cumberland Gap</p> <p>Cumberland Gap is the place for me, It has its place in history; It's where Daniel Boone carved his trail And home of many a pioneer tale.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>If you choose you can sit on your But you won't accomplish much thataway.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Road</p> <p>The road goes ever on and out To all the places we read about; To city, town and country fair, To here and there and everywhere.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Mountain</p> <p>A mountain is a barrier to block your way Or a pinnacle from which to see the world.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Knocks And Bumps</p> <p>A briar here, a stone-bruise there But never a time for despair; Life is filled with knocks and bumps Let's grow and thrive upon our lumps.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Big Events</p> <p>A big event is when a baby learns a new word or how to throw a ball. Little do you realize how soon it will be before you will be spanking him for throwing things or complaining that he talks too much.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">hbss</p> <p>Politicians</p>
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Elections are held every four years because, after putting up with politicians for three years we are entitled to a year of fun and entertainment. hbss		Sight [1640]	Price Of Meat [1646]
		We seldom see the things we aren't looking for Or hear the things we aren't listening for. hbss	A man who owns a good possum dog doesn't have to worry about the price of meat. hbss
Government Spending [1634]	The Fat Dog [1641]	Inflation [1647]	
Now government spending Wouldn't be such a sin If it wasn't for the shape It's got us in. hbss	The fat dog Seldom catches the rabbit. hbss	Inflation is not necessarily a curse, in '32 prices were low yet times were worse. hbss	
Nothing Much [1635]	Good Eating [1351]	Jack Daniel Hollow [1648]	
Nothing much that we've seen too much Means so much at all. hbss	In spite of all the fancy TV cooks, Gourmet chefs and what have you nobody yet has come up with anything to equal an old-fashioned dinner of green beans with garden-fresh tomatoes and homemade corn pone. hbss	Where the Wyooters roam And the Wipperdiddles wallow We make the best whiskey In Jack Daniel Hollow. hbss	
Common Sense [1349]	Starting Off [1642]	True Love [1354]	
Common sense is an uncommon quality Rarely found in common people like me. hbss	Things that start off bad and end up good are better than things that start off good and end up bad. hbss	Oh, the ridgy diggy spridgy And the orky wacky wile And the everlasting coy Of a girl's bewitching smile.	
Women's Work [1636]	Itinerary [1352]	Dank And Dismal Night [1649]	
I'm all for letting women do men's work. As Long as they don't expect us to do theirs. hbss	There's nothing like a well-planned itinerary Subject to change at the next fork in the road. hbss	Oh, the fuzzy wuzzy muzzy And the bridly brithy broo And the fristy frosty frazzle Of a love that runs so true. hbss	
Being Lonely [1637]	Finding Himself [1643]	Jack Daniel's is [1355]	
It's no good being lonely Less you have someone to be lonely with. hbss	When a man feels That he has to find himself He's real bad lost. hbss	A different kind of whiskey Made in a different kind of way In a different kind of country By a different kind of people. hbss	
Virtue [1638]	The Buggyworks [1353]	Jack Daniels [1356]	
It's a magnificent virtue to be able to listen to someone's troubles without yielding to the temptation to offer advice. hbss	For pleasure without measure And food that's just fine Take your family to the Buggyworks It's a good place to dine. hbss	We put it in barrels And stow it away And leave it to age For many a day. hbss	
Don't Lose Your Head [1350]		Standing In The Middle Of Main [1651]	
Your head will always be worth more If you keep it screwed on tight. hbss	Ha, ha, ha; two little monkeys up in a tree. hbss	Lynchburg is the only town left where you can	
Head On Tight [1639]	Ustabeen [1645]		
Things are apt to come out right If you keep your courage up And your head on tight. hbss	We were oh so happy way back then In the good old days of Ustabeen. hbss		

stand in the middle of Main Street and visit with your neighbor and cars will drive around you instead of running over you. hbss		A leaf is born in the spring Waves a while in summer breeze Goes back to earth in the fall That's all. hbss		Fall [1366]
Lynchburg Tennessee [1357]		The Seasons [1360]		Autumn is a time for sighs Sweet memories and sad goodbyes; Yet, the loveliest time of all Is harvest-time in the fall. hbss
You can't just breeze into Lynchburg and take it all in at one gulp. You've gotta stick around a while and absorb it gradual like. hbss		Autumns brings falling leaves And winter brings its snow; Spring brings its sun and rain To make summer flowers grow. hbss		Niche [1367]
Naming The Population [1651]		Children's Noise [1360]		For my niche I looked And looked a lot And though I looked I found it not. hbss
Ask any Lynchburger the population of his town and he'll immediately start naming them off for you. hbss		Children play and children shout Children laugh and romp about Children's noise can drive me wild But what I'd give to be a child. hbss		Hat [1368]
Dancing In Lynchburg Square [1652]		Troubles [1656]		You may surmise without surprise Man's head was made to hold his eyes And this and these and those and that But most of all to hold his hat. hbss
You ain't lived til you've danced an air On Saturday night in Lynchburg square. hbss		A fish never worries The fox is carefree But man has troubles As deep as the sea. hbss		Autumn [1369]
Lynchburg [1358]		Age [1363]		Spring has come and gone its way Summer's been and went Autumn leaves are turning brown Another year is almost spent. hbss
Lynchburg has produced more fantastic characters than any other town of its size in the country. hbss		Age is the time To fill your sky With memories and dreams Of days gone by. hbss		Mountain Air [1659]
World Famous Hill-Billy [1653]		Boyhood Memories [1657]		Nothing soothes the inner man Like a drink of mountain water From an old tin can. hbss
It's always a pleasure to me to know that a Hill-Billy in a little hollow in Tennessee could come up with a product whose quality would make it world famous. hbss		The ring of the anvil As his hammer fell: Boyhood memories That I love so well. hbss		Little Machine [1660]
Lynchburg Square [1359]		Wealth [1364]		Little machine so keen and spry If you see Marsha prancing by Please tell her I said HI! hbss
There's no greater pleasure anywhere Than being a child in Lynchburg square. hbss		It's not so much how much you have as how much you make of what little you have that counts in this wide and wonderful world. hbss		The Artist [1370]
Autumn [1654]		Fences [1365]		An artist may paint a picture, Paint a picture wild and grand; Fill in each line and shadow With a skilled and agile hand. Yet he can never catch the beauty Half the beauty that I see When I stand on a mountain On a mountain in Tennessee.
Autumn comes but once a year And mostly in the fall When leaves come drifting softly down Til there's no summer left at all. hbss		The fence I build to fence you out Will just as surely fence me in. hbss		
Leaves [1655]				

hbss		The Past is gone. Now is here.	hbss	
The Brook	[1661]	The future lies ahead.	The Years	[1673]
I was standing on a bridge one day Enjoying the scenery While a little brook went trickling by On its way to the sea.		hbss	The years roll on The years roll by Like speeding trains: A flash a roar Then they're gone Speeding down the railroad track And once they're gone They never come back.	
Spring Time	[1662]	Sweat Of Toil	hbss	
It's springtime and the ground is bare Except for a snowpatch here and there.		With the sweat of toil upon her brow And dark-room stains upon her hands She quit work to take pictures And show the world these verdant lands.	[1669]	
hbss		hbss		
Way Down Yonder	[1663]	The Corn Planter	[1373]	
Way down yonder in the Hollow In the hills of Tennessee They make it good as they can make it And that's good enough for me.		Clickety-clack, clickety-clack Three to the hill across and back One to spare and two to grow Row after row and row after row He plants the crop he hopes to grow.		To All The Grand Folks At Henry Ford
hbss		hbss		[1376]
Gather Round	[1664]	Growing Older	[1374]	Hospital
Gather round, Ye Friends of old Friends of old and new We'll have a sip for old times sake And one for new times, too.		As we grow older and older Time goes faster and faster And we keep falling and falling And falling apart.		I thank you for your kindness For your tender loving care And I wish you Merry Christmas And a wonderful New Year.
hbss		hbss		hbss
Rain Puddles	[1665]	Answering Machine	[1375]	It brought back memories to me Of happy days that used to be.
Over the centuries civil engineers have developed an uncanny skill for placing rain water puddles in the most strategic spots.		Hi, Little Machine. Ain't we met before? Please tell I'm back again Knocking at her door.		hbss
hbss		hbss		The General Store
Falling	[1667]	Sprin's A Coming	[1670]	[1377]
Little by little, Faster and faster I'm slipping and slipping And falling and falling And falling apart.		Winter's almost gone Spring's a comin on.		The windows are boarded There's a sign on the door, It's a lonely place: The Old General Store.
hbss		hbss		hbss
The Answering Machine	[1371]	Little Clouds	[1671]	Rolling Wheels
Thank you Mister Machine Thanks for answering my call But what I had to say Wasn't really important at all.		Little clouds up in the sky Would that I could fly so high Catching breezes passing by Chasing dreams across the sky.		Keep the wheels rolling, Things rust up when they sit around.
hbss		hbss		hbss
Now Is Here	[1668]	Sunshine	[1672]	Modern Man
compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark		Sun shines in the morning Sun sets in the west And every little birdie Has it's own cozy nest.		Modern man, in the main, Has failed to use his brain That is why it is said Man doesn't use his head It's the part near the skies Put there to hold his eyes, And his nose, I suppose Stuck in front like a rose His hair, to catch the air, Is on top because it's there And just south is the mouth Between it and brain is a drought.
		hbss		hbss
				[1675]
				[1677]
				[1678]

I Feel So Lonely

I feel so lonely tonight
So lonely and far away
From all the good things and bright
All the dreams of another day.
hbss

The Road

The road leads ever on and out
To all the places we read about;
Across mountain plain and sunny dell
To scenes and things we love so well
And no one knows where it will end;
A road can lead to foe or friend.
hbss

The Camera

The camera snips out a coupla slivers of time
then lets you look at yesterday and today side
by side.
hbss

Born To Be A Poet

I was born to be a poet
But to read my stuff
You'd never know it.
hbss

Simple Things

Let's sing about the simple things
That beset us all through life;
The stubbed toes, the little woes
The pleasures and the strife.

Some are great and some are small
And some we hardly note at all;
Yet, by the things we do and say
Is how we rise and how we fall.
hbss

Buying Happiness

Nowadays we buy our happiness
In the olden days we made our own.
hbss

Experts

Beware of experts,
They think in little circles.
hbss

Beans

Pappy Says

I work all day
I sweat and toil
To bring home beans
For Ma to boil.
hbss

One Little Click

A mason builds a house
One little brick at a time
An author writes a book
One little word at a time
An artist paints a picture
One little stroke at a time
A Photographer takes a picture
One little click.

And there's no rearranging
No afterthoughts
Everything must be in its proper place at the
exact instant.

And if you didn't get it right the first time
The whole click has to be clicked over again.
hbss

With My Camera

With my camera I collect pleasant memories.
To do that you have to remember that the
knocks and bumps of today may well be the
pleasant memories of tomorrow.
hbss

People In My Books

The people in my books
Are my kinfolk and friends.
They are very dear to me.
I trust that you will cherish
And love them as I do
For they are a truly great people.

For the honor you pay me here today
I thank you very much.
hbss

Christmas Time

Christmastime is coming
You can feel it in the air
Bits of joy and laughter
Floating everywhere.
hbss

Bud Guest

Bud Guest is the best

That ever there could be
He hung his glider on a limb
And swung under a tree.
hbss

The Buggyworks

Our waitresses are wholesome,
Even though they may tease you,
They find it a pleasure
To serve and to please you.
hbss

Junebug At Work

Stand stock still
Hold it, please,
Smile real big
And say cheese.
hbss

Love

In Tennessee everybody loves everybody.
But we try to get along anyway.
hbss

Hard Knocks

So let us not bemoan our lot
Nor weep about the trials we've got
Since life is full of knocks and bumps
Let's grow and thrive upon our lumps.
hbss

Action

This is a well-known simple fact
The ideas come to folks who act,
While sittin on your lazy pants
Breeds a crop of No's and Can'ts.
hbss

Today

The past is made of memories
The future is made of dreams
The present is a happy time
All bustin at the seams.
hbss

Losing

Losing hurts worsern winning
But it learns you more.
hbss

hbss

[1380]

[1685]

[1378]

[1679]

[1680]

[1686]

[1681]

[1687]

[1682]

[1688]

[1683]

[1379]

[1684]

[1381]

[1382]

[1383]

[1384]

[1385]

[1386]

[1387]

Reasons

One good reason why you can
Is worth a thousand reasons why you can't.

hbss

Good Friends

Good friends are nice to have
And lovely to think about.

hbss

One Cherished Moment

One cherished moment
Long gone by
Returns again
To cause a sigh.

hbss

My Hurting Feet

My hurting feet
Still wayward wend,
Still searching for
The rainbow's end.

hbss

Treasured Friends

How nice it is
Again to know
Those treasured friends
Of long ago.

hbss

Hell

Hell is - -
When teardrops flow in rivers
And hearts are cold as ice
And angels weep in Heaven
At man's pure avarice.

hbss

Wrong And Right

Wrong and right
Are not always painted
In black and white.

hbss

Saints And Sinners

Saints, it sometimes seems to me,
Are much worse than sinners be.

hbss

Hard Times

I wouldn't mind being poor if it wasn't for
being so short of cash.

hbss

Germs

We didn't fight germs when I was a kid. We
ettem. Alive.

hbss

Who Would Have Thought

Who would have thought
When I was young
The day would come
When I would be old.

hbss

Finding Yourself

Trying to find yourself
Then don't sit down
Climb a great big dream
And look around.

hbss

A Better World

We live in a better world today
Than ever there has been
So if you get a lump or two
Bear it with a grin.

hbss

Keep Scratching

I know that in the morning
The rooster crows at five
And you gotta keep a scratchin
If you wanna stay alive.

hbss

Following

Man needs not a leader to follow, blind;
But to follow only his own heart and mind.

hbss

How Come?

How come my grandchildren's parents love to
yell at their kids and then get mad at me when
I yell at my kids?

hbss

I Don't Get It

Those were the days

How come that my grandchildren's parents
love to yell at their kids and then get mad at
me for yelling at my kids for yelling at their
kids?

hbss

All Good Things

All the good things
Ain't been done yet
And all the bad things
Ain't happened yet.

hbss

A Little Stream Of Water

A little stream of water
Runs down the hill
Runs down the hill
Runs down the hill
And flows into the river.

hbss

A Bridge

Whether long or short
Or narrow or wide
A bridge is to get you on
The other side.

hbss

Nobody To Love Me

Nobody to love me
And nobody to care,
I looked in the mailbox
And there was nothing there.

hbss

Man Versus Mule

A mule knows how
To pull a plow,
A man knows how to guide it;
Which is better -
Man or mule
And who is to decide it?

hbss

Indecision

Indecision wastes time and wears you down
without accomplishing anything.

hbss

Those Were The Days

Those were the days

The olden days
Those golden days of yore;
We certainly were not rich
But neither were we pore.
hbss

Fruit Jar

Whether at wake or wedding -
Wherever you are
Keep a little nip handy
In an old fruit jar.
hbss

The Taste Of Failure

The older we grow the more bitter the taste of
failure.
hbss

A Proper Lady

A proper lady never chews tobacco while her
mouth is full of food.
hbss

A Genteel Lady

A genteel lady seldom skins a possum with her
bare teeth.
hbss

No Greater Treasure

There is no greater treasure anywhere
Than one who takes the time to care.
hbss

We'll Stand Together

We'll stand together
When we are old
Like apple trees
Out in the cold.
hbss

Clouds Of Farmington

The pure air and warm hearts of its gentle
people is what makes the Clouds of
Farmington the most exotic clouds on the
planet earth.
hbss

Southland

Way down in the Southland
In the Southland so fair
Pappy Says

We drink mountain moonshine
And breathe the mountain air.

Way down in the Southland
In the Southland so fair
We drink mountain moonshine
And breathe mountain air.
hbss

A Man's World

When a man's given word is gone
So is the man.
John Drury

John Stock

A kind neighbor
Staunch and true
This country was build
This land was built
By folks like you.
hbss

Dreamer Never Ages

Youth dreams...
Age remembers
But a Dreamer never ages.
hbss

Mountain Climbers

Only those who climb the mountain
Can see what's on the other side.
hbss

Weather

One thing about the weather
Is it never rains forever.
hbss

Tales And Legends

Tales and legends by Old Folks are sometimes
accurate, sometimes not quite accurate, but,
always true.
hbss

Three And One-Half Hours

The Creator made the world in seven days but
man circled it in three and one-half hours.
hbss

Age Wears You Down

The trouble with age is that it has a tendency
to wear you down.

hbss

At The Ford

When the weather is dry
And the tide is low
You can go wherever you want to go
When the weather is wet
And the tide is high
You can sit on the bank
And cry, cry, cry.
hbss

Tony Spina

Famous people have a way of getting in Tony's
line of fire.
hbss

Like a giant tidal wave the thundering hordes
are invading the cow pastures.
hbss

The Answering Machine

Hi, Machine,
My best to you
My machine
Is lonely, too.

It's hell to sit
Home alone
Just to mind
The telephone.
hbss

Fastest

It is not always the guy who can run the fastest
who goes the furthest.
hbss

The Old General Store

Whether coal oil or haircut
Or potatoes or lore
We always got everything
At the old General Store.
hbss

Little Machine

Hi, Little Machine,
I'm lonely as can be;
While you sit there answering,
I hope you'll sometimes think of me.

hbss

Voting

[1729]

People always told me to get out and vote.
So... for sixty years I got out and voted. Now
people blame me for the shape the world is in.
But how was I to know that all them guys were
gonna turn out to be such a bunch of jerks?

hbss

Hard As Iron

[1730]

Hi, Machine!
How do you feel?
Hard as iron and strong as steel!
Then tell your master if you can
That he who called was a man.

hbss

Ring My Bell

[1731]

Hi, Machine
I hope you are well
Waiting for someone
To ring your bell?

Why doncha call my machine?
It's lonely too
And would love to hear a ring from you.

hbss

Marji

[1403]

Marji, Marji
Quick and spry
Saw a picture
With her eye
Then with her camera
Sharp and sure
Captured it forevermore

hbss

Well With The World

[1732]

All's well with the world...
As long as your kids behave and your chickens
keep on laying.

hbss

The Short-Cut

[1733]

It is not always the guy who takes the short-cut
that gets there first.

hbss

Never Worry

[1734]

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Never worry about yesterday; tomorrow may
never come.

hbss

Sittin Round The Old Gernral Store

[1404]

The wind was cold and the wind was rife
And the stormy skies did weep
The shavings on the floor in the gen'rl store
Was a full three inches deep.

The fire in the stove was beginning to glow
And the tales were tall and high
When he swore by his cloak that it wasn't a
joke
Nor would he stoop to a lie.

He bit off a chew and some smoke he blew
And he spat on the red-hot stove
Then he waited a mite for some peace and
quiet
As his trousers he gently hove.

Then all went quiet with sheer delight
We knew by the nod of his head.
And the look in his eye as he breathed a sigh
Some words were about to be said.

He cleared his throat, the sly old goat
And he sat back in his chair
Then he looked away to another day
As he said with a gentle air:

"Hit's a gittin cold outside."

hbss

Eternity

[1405]

I was strolling alone
In the woods one day
When I came on a graveyard
All hidden away.

And there on a tombstone
As sure as I'm alive
I read the inscription,
"A hundred-and-five."

As I read the inscription
I'm sure that I heard
A haunting voice singing
The following words:

"A little boy sat by the riverside
Fishing and dreaming and watching the
tide;

Watching the tide as the river rolled on,
Before he knew it his youth was gone.

"An old man sat by the riverside
Fishing and dreaming and watching the
tide;
Watching the tide as the river rolled on
Dreaming of his youth a long time gone.

"No longer they sit by the riverside
Fishing and dreaming and watching the
tide;
Both to the grave have already gone
But the river and the tide still roll on."

hbss

Spring's A Coming

[1406]

Spring's a coming, winter's turned
Leaving the firewood still unburned
Leaving the landscape naked and bare
Except for a snowpatch here and there

Spring-brook ripples and tinkles along
Gladly singing its merry spring-song
Happily wending its winding way
Carrying the last of the snow away.

Soon trees will but and flowers will bloom
But spring cleaning means mop and broom,
And without so much as "I beg your pardon"
We'll don old clothes to dig in the garden.

So this is the way the season begins
Clear the rubbish from winter's sins
And plant the seeds that they may grow
To ripen and harvest before winter's snow.

hbss

Coon Hunt

[1408]

If you've read these City-printed newspapers
or listened to these store-bought radios you
must know about football games, baseball
games, hockey games, etc. They tell me that
sometimes as many as several hundred people
will sit for as much as two hours at one of
these affairs and just look on awhile some ten
to twenty fellows have themselves one heck of
a good time. And they call this sport.

And the shame of it is that some of these
affairs actually take place right here in the
City of Detroit. Right in the very heart of the
World's greatest coon hunting country.

Let me tell you about a coon hunt that took
place right here in one of Detroit's suburbs.
Me and some of my neighbors, John Drury
who is from Kentucky and Glen Smith and
Paul Simons and Oscar Cutright, all from
West Virginia. And Cousin Jim Randolph

from Tennessee. And Don and Jim York from Kentucky all met at John Drury's house along with a couple of City fellows, Isadore Berger and Leon Church, who had been hankering for sometime for us to take them on one of our coon hunts. Isadore came dressed in clothes that were sturdy enough. But Leon somehow got the idea that this was to be a sort of a formal affair so he came in his regular store bought suit.

At about 8:30 p.m. we set out from John's house led by Old Rock, Old Rowdie, and Old Drum. Three of the greatest coon dogs that ever came down the pike.

I don't know if you are familiar with coons or not but they are inclined to be somewhat erratic in their wanderings and seldom do they leave an itinerary as to where they are going to be. So by four a.m. we had tramped over some twenty odd miles of terrain without seeing hide nor hair of Mr. Coon. But a coon hunter always plays on the law of averages knowing that sooner or later if he keeps going he'll come across Mr. Coon. And sure enough, about this time Old Rowdy picked up a scent. And in hardly no time at all the hogs had not one but three big coons up an elm tree.

Now I've heard of fellows who would shoot out of a tree but them's not coon hunting. Coon hunters carry a couple of tow sacks with them and when they get a coon up a tree they tie up their dogs and then one fellow shinies up the tree while the rest form a circle on the ground under the tree. At a given signal the fellow in the tree shook the coon loose and the fellows on the ground latch on to him and pop him into the sack. The trick being to move kinder sly like so you get Mr. Coon in the sack before he has time to figure out what you're up to.

John climbed the tree and the rest of the guys formed in a circle on the ground. Since Isadore was a city fellow we let him hold the light. But we didn't have a second light for Leon to hold so he insisted on taking his place in the circle while I backed off with my camera to get a shot of the action. Then somebody gave the signal and John gave a mighty shake dislodging coon number one. Somehow Isadore, either through inexperience or over enthusiasm, managed to get himself on the exact spot where that coon had chosen to hit the ground. The collision sent the lamp flying off into the nowhere and caused a complete blackout.

Since coons can see in the dark and mere humans cannot this gave the coon a considerable advantage. He could see where

all the hunters were but the hunters couldn't see where anything was. So the coon looked around that circle of hunters, who couldn't even see him, and decided that Leon in his store-bought suit looked like the tenderest morsel. And with one big leap took a mighty bite into Leon's thigh. Leon, who couldn't see what was happening to him in the dark, gave one big yupe and took off so suddenly that he left that poor coon standing there with nothing but a piece of Leon's store-bought pants and a hunk of raw meat in his mouth.

When I heard Leon's yipe I rushed to get a picture. But in the darkness I must have collided with Leon, or a tree, or something. Anyway, when I came to, the fellows were all down on their hands and knees searching for the lamp. And our coon had gotten bored with the whole situation and gone on home. Soon they found the lamp and someone produced a clean handkerchief to bandage Leon's wound.

We again formed our circle with Isadore again holding the lantern and Leon again insisting on taking his place in the circle. Those city boys ain't been around much but they shore don't give up easy. Our other two coons were bagged with nothing more than a few minor bruises and scratches. And by daylight we had bagged two more.

We arrived back at the Drury place at 8:50 a.m., just twelve hours, twenty-five miles and four coons after the takeoff.

Mildred Drury, who knows her coon hunters like a houn puppy knows his fleas, had two pots of coffee hot and ready to pour, a huge batch of pancake batter ready to pop on the stove, and enough ham and eggs ready to feed a small army. Coon hunting is not the kind of sport that wears out the seat of your pants.

hbss

The Secret Name

[1409]

Just as banks don't like to lend money to people who need money, teachers don't like to help dumb kids.

In fact, all teachers everywhere hate dumb kids. Having always been the dumbest kid in school, I learned this truth firsthand.

It always troubled me deeply that my finest plans and best intentions always seemed to backfire and land me in trouble.

Example: When bright kids came to tough words in upcoming spelling lessons, teachers were delighted to help them by explaining how to pronounce the words and even how to sound them

out by pronouncing each syllable and then running them together to make a word.

When I decided to devote all my energy to trying to become a good speller I asked my 4th grade teacher, Miss New, how to pronounce the word LUNCHEON. She not only didn't tell me how to pronounce it she gave me a thrashing that hurts to this day — and that was 64 years ago.

The above is the lead into my Christmas story.

As Christmas Day approached, the above-mentioned teacher had some of the older boys bring in a cedar tree and set it up in the corner. Some of the girls then brought in strings of popcorn and strung them on the tree. To me they looked like snow flakes. It was a very pretty and joyous sight to see. However, most of us were not in a class where we could afford to give out Christmas presents, so none were placed on or under the tree.

Now this cedar tree, covered with popcorn snow flakes, seemed to glow with Christmas spirit and to radiate such happiness throughout the room that it made me feel that now was the time to do something really worthwhile with my precious dime.

The general store had just got in a shipment of handkerchiefs. There were some men's handkerchiefs and some ladies handkerchiefs. The men's handkerchiefs were twice as big as the ladies handkerchiefs and cost only half as much — 5 cents — whereas the ladies handkerchiefs cost 10 cents and had a little frill around the edges.

With my 10 cents I very secretly bought one ladies handkerchief which I wrapped as carefully as I could in a piece of brown paper and wrote Miss New on it, which was the teacher's name.

Then at recess time when no one was around, I sneaked into the room and tied Miss New's present onto the tree. It was the only present on or under the tree.

When the class reconvened, the present was spotted right away and Miss New opened it and was delighted with it. She also insisted that the giver come forward.

Now for some reason unknown to me, I had the ideas that Christmas presents should be given in such a way that the recipient could never even guess who the benefactor was. I wasn't about to come forward or admit to my guilt. I also felt that there was a chance that I might get a good thrashing for it. Having failed to get a response from the class in general, Miss New went up and down the rows

asking each student by name like, "Mary, did you put the present on the tree; John, did you put the present on the tree" and so on.

But when she came to me she simply passed over me as if I hadn't been there at all and went on to Bill and Charlie and Glen who were seated behind me.

And Miss New never knew that the dumbest kid in school spent his entire fortune on the only present that she got.

hbss

Farm Life

[1412]

When the sun riz over the hog pen
And the rooster crowed for day
And the bull pawed up the ground
And the farmer pitched the hay.

When the hogs had slop for breakfast
And the chickens had their corn
And the cows were milked and fed
And a brand new calf was born.

When we all had et our biscuits
And the kids their chores had done
And the fields lay gently resting
In the early morning sun.

When the tractor coughed and sputtered
And the mule brayed in dismay
And a thunder storm was brewing
O'er the new mown fields of hay.

When the bailer up and busted
And the haying was halfway done
And the dinner bell was clanging
And we all went on the run.

When the clouds were gayly flying
And the sun was shining hot
And we all were busy bailing
Before the fallen hay should rot.

When the sun was swiftly setting
In the place that was known as West
And our every aching muscle
Was loudly crying out for rest.

When every straw was harvested
And the tractor was in the barn
Then I folded up my typewriter
And wound up this awful yarn.

hbss

A Writer's Dream

[1413]

Once I wrote a book,
compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

It took all day,
And got a million bucks
For my pay.

hbss

The Flea Market

[1414]

An old chair
A broken stool
Two guinea hens
A cross-eyed mule
These are the things
I got in a trade
At the flea market
Where bargains are made.
I'm a sucker
As you can see
These are the things
I brought home with me.

hbss

When The Man Made The World

[1415]

When the man made the world
He made it round as a ball
And in the sky so blue
There was not a cloud at all.

When he stopped to look it over
With skilled and practiced eye
He thinks him to himself,
"Needs something in the sky."

"There's too much bloomin blue"
Were the very words he said
Then he sent for his designer
A fellow name of Fred.

"Fred" and this is what he said,
"There's too much bloomin blue
So maybe here and there
You should add a cloud or two."

So Fred, the great designer
Sat down to think it out,
And where to put the clouds at
Was what he thought about.

Then he heard a rustle
And then he felt a breeze
A gentle breeze was moving
Softly through the trees.

Then Fred softly chuckled
And looked kinder pleased
As he said to himself,
"We'll float them on the breeze."

So now you see the clouds
Way up yonder so high
All dancing and prancing
As they sail across the sky.

hbss

The Frazzlefoo

[1416]

Near Kazzledash in Kazzlekoo
Out in the land of Limbo Lou
Lived a whimsical frazzlefoo
In a lush, plus, iginaloo.

He'd bamboozle intruout
Libidinal he would clout
"Circumlocut" he would shout
Til Vertigo laid him out.

But this was just one of his tricks
His lovely wife he'd beat with sticks
His mangy dog was full of ticks;
You can't take more? Oh fiddlesticks.

hbss

The Morale:

And now my friends, as you can see,
A mule's no better off than we.

hbss

Flat Heads

[1418]

Bill and Sally Pearman lived way back in the Tennessee ridges and they had eleven little younguns. All uvem flat heads. When Sally told Bill that they were expecting another little bundle of joy from heaven he was as happy as a little boy with a new houn pup.

But after he got to thinkin on it he decided, while he wanted the youngun, he didn't want no more flatheads. So he went down to talk to Uncle Patty McCrary who was the blacksmith and neighborhood psychiatrist.

Uncle Patty didn't have a proper solution but he did recollect that he had heard about a young school-educated doctor who had set up practice in the little town of Coons Ear across the ridge in Lonesome Valley. Uncle Patty said that he had also heard that some of these school educated doctors could do miracles nowadays.

So Bill took a day off and hiked over to Coons Ear and sure enough right on the main street the young doctor had his shingle hanging out. Bill found the young doctor not too busy so he explained his problem.

After hearing him out the young doctor leant back confidently in his chair and pointed to a newly framed diploma on the wall, "See

that diploma up there it is from the finest medical school in the world and it shows that I graduated with honors so just you leave everything to me and it will be all right."

As Bill was about to go out the door he stopped suddenly and said, "See here, Doc, I kinder forgot something. Aunt Chine, the midwife who brung all our other children into the world, is just like a member of the family and we musn't do anything to hurt her feelings."

"Well," beamed the young doctor, "The school I graduated from had the finest course in human psychology in the world so you just let Aunt China come in as always and leave everything to me. I'll see that it all turns out all right."

Finally the big day came and Sally began having labor pains and Bill sent one of the younguns high-tailing it over to Coons Ear to fetch the young doctor.

And, of course, as night come on all the old wimmen of the community gathered in. And Sally was in the bed at one end of the room and a big fire was going in the fireplace at the other end of the room.

And the old wimmen sat quietly in chairs along each side of the dimly lighted room. And the young doctor and Aunt China sat by a small table with an oil lamp burning on it in the corner next to the bed. And three big kettles of water was boiling away over the fireplace.

And Bill was pacing up and down the middle of the room muttering to himself, "I don't want no more flatheads. I just don't want another flathead."

The labor pains started coming every half-hour and one of the women got up and chunked up the fire under the kettles of boiling water.

And Bill kept pacing up and down the center of the room and muttering, "I just don't want another flathead."

The pains started coming every twenty minutes and Aunt China leaned over and whispered to the young doctor, "Don't you think we'd better feather her now?" "Just take it easy, Aunt China, and don't get excited," whispered the doc very calm and easy like.

And Bill kept pacing up and down the room muttering to himself, "I just don't want another flathead." And the pains started coming every fifteen minutes. And another of the old women got up and chunked the fire under the kettles of boiling water.

The pains started coming every ten minutes

and Aunt China leaned over and with just a touch of urgency, whispered, "Don't you think we'd better feather her now, doc?" "Now," with great confidence, "just keep calm, Aunt China, and leave everything to me."

And Bill kept pacing up and down the middle of the room muttering, "I just don't want another flathead." And another woman got up and chunked up the fire under the boiling water.

The labor pains started coming every five minutes and Bill kept pacing up and down the center of the room muttering, "I just don't want another flathead." And Aunt China, with great urgency, again whispered, "Doncha think we'd better feather her now, Doc?"

And the good doctor, remembering his course in human psychology decided it was time to humor her a bit so he nodded consent and sat back looking real calm and collected like.

Aunt China opened her purse and took out a feather and Bill kept pacing up and down the floor and another woman got up to chunk the fire under the boiling water and Aunt China walked over to the bed and started to tickle Sally's upper lip with the feather.

Then all of a sudden, Sally gave out with one helluva big sneeze and the baby flew out and banged its head against the footboard and Bill flung his hat down on the floor and bellowed, "Goddamn, another flathead."

hbss

Hard Luck

A horse has four legs
A man has but two,
Just one on each side
And not two by two.

A bird has but two legs
But then he has wings
He not only flies
But he sometimes sings.

Man is a poor creature
Is the story I tell
He has eyes that can see
But he barely can smell.

He can't fly like a bird
Nor run like a deer
And when it comes to sounds
He hardly can hear.

He thinks he thinks better
Than most creatures do
But thinking you think
Doesn't make it true.

A fish never worries
The fox is carefree,
But man has his troubles
As deep as the sea.

That man got cheated
Is plain to be seen
But blame mother nature
For she is the queen.

hbss

Lament

Fishes swim, birds fly
A possum climbs a tree
A dog chases rabbits
But nobody cares for me.

hbss

Save Your Dough

Don't blow your dough
Or spend your cash
On humdrum things
Or useless trash.

Save your money
But spend you choose
Spend it wisely
On gals and booze.

hbss

In Tennessee

The hills are high
In Tennessee,
The girls are cute
As cute can be.

It's nice to spark
And stay out late,
Sometimes as late
As half-past eight.

hbss

Spending

Half the people on earth today spend more
than they make.
The other half make less than they spend.

hbss

[1420]

[1421]

[1419]

[1422]

[1423]

[1424]

Tennessee

God made the world to be practical and then
he added Tennessee like the frosting on the
cake.

hbss

Hurry Hurry Hurry

[1425]

Who wants to travel so fast and straight
On a free-way that shoots across the state
Or on a jet plane that flies so high
Through the misty clouds up in the sky?
Not I! Not I! Says I, Says I.
Let the demons speed and the buzzards fly.
Hell is filled with the hurrying kind,
Give me a foot-path and peace of mind,
The Devil meant for the rats to race,
I'll take time to enjoy the place.

hbss

Fall Of The Year

[1426]

Autumn leaves are falling
Falling softly to the ground;
Winter is a coming,
The chill is all around.

Apples are a hanging
Redripe upon the trees;
Squirrels, their food a hiding
Are busy as the bees.

The birds are winging southward,
The feel is in the air;
Soon the falling snow
Will be everywhere.

hbss

O, Fleeting Time

[1427]

The years roll on
The years roll high,
Least you know it
The time flies by.

The time flies high
The time flies by;
Age and wrinkles
And then a sigh.

And then a sigh
For times gone by;
O, fleeting time
Good by! Good by!

hbss

Nothing To Do

[1735]

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

I get up in the morning with nothing to do
and go to bed at night with it only half done.

hbss

Not Quite So Cold

[1735]

The wind never blows quite so cold on a fat
bank account.

hbss

Money

[1736]

Money was a scarce item when I was a kid. In
that sense I'm still living in the good old days.

hbss

Smarts

[1737]

I'm not quite as ignorant as I seem but a little
dumber than I look.

hbss

Brain Strain

[1738]

Some folks pore forth stream upon stream and
ream upon ream of wisdom it seems, while I
in the main with my midget brain think and
think in vain and all I get is a strained brain.

hbss

Pay Off

[1739]

Sometimes we have to work long, fierce hours
in order to earn the time to do what we want
to do for the sheer love of doing it.

hbss

Things You Make

[1740]

If you want to make the things you want to
make then you must not expect other people
to pay for them unless, of course, you happen
to want to make the things that other people
want to buy.

hbss

A Lousy job

[1741]

A lousy job is never forgotten.

hbss

A Little Boy

[1429]

A little bit of sadness
A little bit of joy
A little bit of devilment
Make a little boy.

A little bit of growing
A handful of dreams
Just a pinch of mischief
Set him bustin' at the seams.

A little more growing
And then a little girl
Turns his head around
And sets him in a whirl.

A little bit of courting
And then a little strife
Next thing you know
They are man and wife.

hbss

The Ridge Runner

[1430]

I climb the ridge each morning
I climb the ridge so high,
Just me and my old brown mule
As the sun comes to the sky.

I look across the valley
The valley rich and green;
Lord, it is a purty sight
Purtiest ever seen.

I'd love to own a valley farm
So fertile and so fine
So I could buy the wife a dress
And feed them kids of mine.

In the ridges folks like me
Just sorta sticks around
For we're the seeds that fell
On bare and stony ground.

hbss

In The Suburbs Of Lynchburg

[1431]

In the suburbs of Lynchburg
There's a place, I am told
Where the wyooters howl
And the minigimps are bold.

Where the woggles wear goggles
And their eyes shine bright
And the boys go a courtin'
On Saturday night.

And the gofurs are shofurs
With long fuzzy ears
And the girls are all lovely
And sweet little dears.

It's a mighty sweet story
The story that I tell,

Someday they'll all marry
And do very well.

hbss

To Bernice On Our Twenty Fifth Anniversary

[1432]

Adown the countless ages
Across the halls of time
I turn the sunny pages
Of history's little rhyme.

I turn the sunny pages
To scenes of long ago,
To when a lovely maiden
Shyly whispered to her Joe.

When all the world was rosy
And love was young and new,
And all the joy and gladness
That came to me and you.

I turn to all the heartaches
That are strewn along the way;
To all the trials and struggles;
To love that came to stay.

I turn the sunny pages,
I read them through and through
As I revel in the happiness
That I have shared with You.

hbss

Wisdom

[1742]

1. Security is a bird in a cage.

2. Love is calling home when you're gonna be late.

3. Freedom is standing on your own two feet.

4. Greed is eating what you shouldn't eat when you know you shouldn't.

5. A bargain is buying what you don't need when you can't afford it.

6. Indifference is not whistling when a pretty girl goes by.

7. Success is a dollar left over when the bills are paid.

8. Humility is refusing to admit that you are great when you really know that you are.

9. Frustration is failure to realize how funny it
Pappy Says

is when you arrive at the airport and discover that you've forgotten your wallet.

10. Hate is self poisoning.

11. Seeing is opening your mind as well as your eyes.

12. Thoughtfulness is being fifteen minutes ahead of time.

13. Corn is something that grows on a hillside and you drink it from a jug.

14. Learning is sifting out all the chaff to find a grain of wisdom.

15. Flattery is the water that makes the flowers bloom.

16. Kindness is realizing that you can't expect everyone to be as perfect as you are.

17. Youth is the dynamo that makes the world go round.

18. Authority is a kid sister two years older than you.

A Grain Of Wisdom

[1743]

You have to sift through an awful lot of chaff to come up with a grain of wisdom.

hbss

A Helpicap

[1744]

Most every handicap can be turned into a helpicap if you think on it right.

hbss

Small Roads

[1745]

It's the small roads that lead to the interesting places.

hbss

Take Your Time

[1746]

Take your time. Something great may catch up to you.

hbss

Little Things

[1747]

Look carefully for the little things. Everybody will see the bigguns.

hbss

Success

[1748]

Hard work and a rich uncle can do an awful lot for you.

hbss

Text of: Photojournalism

This book on Photojournalism ain't writ to learn you nothin. It's just that I've done made all the mistakes there is to make in snippin snapshots so I've had to branch out a bit.

The whole purpose of the book is to see just how many mistakes it is possible to make in one picture book.

If you find any that we haven't counted please be sure to let us know about them.

If you don't feel like readin' this book, you might as least drop by and set a spell.

Sincerely yours,

JOE CLARK, H.B.S.S.

(Author and Editor)

Don't be in no rush about ordering additional copies.

They ain't sellin' so good.

They'll allus be plenty left.

We printed a hundred uvem.

Introduction

If you have worked with Joe Clark you know that he is a walking definition of the term photojournalist. His pictures reflect a combination of technical skill, enthusiasm, a rare eye for the human element and a solid understanding of what makes a picture story. Now Joe has undertaken to define and explain in words and pictures the meanings that his pictures alone have expressed over the past two decades. Photojournalism is a tough subject to pin down. It has been tried before, but never in the direct, unpretentious language of the Hill Billy Snap Shooter.

We asked Joe in advance what he would try to get across in this book and he answered, "I guess what I'm trying to say is that photojournalism is wonderful and I'm glad I'm part of it."

He does say that and considerably more.

One element of successful photojournalism which Joe personifies himself but does not touch upon here is the old-fashioned ingredient, hard work. The early morning starts and the long nights; putting out the extra five minutes, five hours or five running steps that can make the difference between a good picture and a throwaway.

The fellow who lost a war for want of a

horseshoe nail should have had Joe Clark along on the story. Joe would have produced a spare nail and shod the horse himself, meanwhile taking pictures of the battle with his spare hand.

TOM FLAHERTY

Detroit correspondent
Life Magazine

Text of
PHOTOJOURNALISM

By Joe Clark, H.B.S.S.

In the past couple of decades a new kind of reporter and illustrator has come into being, one who has not yet been fully recognized. He comments, philosophizes, poetizes, humorizes and moralizes on events both minor and major; local, national and international; past, present and future. He does it with words and pictures. For want of a better name, or maybe for want of imagination he is called a Photojournalist.

A photojournalist is not an artist in the sense of painting or drawing pictures. He is a literary artist. Basically, he is a reporter. He tells, or reports what is going on. A reporter tells what is happening in words which an editor sometimes supplements with a picture or pictures. But a photojournalist reports what is happening in pictures which are always supplemented with words.

To ask a photojournalist in advance how he will take the pictures on a given assignment is like asking a reporter in advance how he will report a fire:

Will he lead off by saying that it is the biggest fire ever?

That flames are leaping hundreds of feet into the air?

That great columns of black smoke are billowing to the sky?

That great columns of white smoke are rising Heavenward?

Or simply that one lone man in a great black overcoat is calmly smoking his pipe and munching on a sandwich as he watches a passerby stomp out the blaze?

Obviously the only answer a reporter can give to this is, "Wait till I see the fire."

You see, all fires are not the same. And all reporters are not the same. No two good reporters will ever report the same event in exactly the same way.

So it is with the photojournalist. To know how he would photograph a machine, a person

or an event he must first see and study the subject. Once he has seen, once he has learned, and once he knows the story to be told, then it is up to the photo-journalist to determine how best to tell that story with feeling and impact, in pictures and words.

An auto maker may build beautiful and competent automobiles without ever himself building an engine. But he never forgets that it is the engine that makes his auto go. Photojournalism is founded on pictures, but it is a simple truth that while a word story can be told without pictures, a picture story cannot be told without words.

The photojournalist never forgets this. It marks the difference between a photojournalist and a photographer. A photojournalist tells stories, states facts, voices opinions. A photojournalist, in fact, must first visualize a story in words before he can visualize it in pictures. This is true even though he usually leaves it to a skilled writer to fill in the words after his picture story is finished.

Words are simple and wonderful things. Everybody uses them. Everybody writes them down. Professional writers put them down in skillful combinations to tell magnificent and wonderful stories. They use words to record history, to express ideas, to paint the past, the present and the future. But, by strange paradox, no matter how good the professional writer is, he sometimes finds himself outdistanced by some unskilled amateur who barely knows how to spell or put a sentence together. Pilgrim's Progress the piece of literature that, next to the Bible, is most read, was written by an amateur author who mended pots and pans for a living. Even the author of the Gettysburg Address was not exactly a professional writer.

The same paradox can be true in photojournalism. A dozen photojournalists may work day and night covering an event, taking thousands of pictures, only to find that some green amateur with an inexpensive camera has casually snapped the picture that tells the story far better than all their efforts combined.

Be that as it may, to take a really good picture is such a difficult task that even the best photojournalist can generally count on his fingers the number of really good ones he takes in any given year.

Basically, the same rules that apply to photojournalism apply to words; and the same rules that apply to words apply to photojournalism. Photojournalism teaches us many strange and wonderful things. 'Specially

if we are photojournalists. One of its lessons is that many things people take for granted as Gospel truth and actual fact are as far from truth as the farthest stars are from the earth. Take Confucius sayings, for instance. One popular Confucius saying is that one picture is worth ten-thousand words. To photojournalists that has a sweet and beautiful sound. It is easy and pleasant to believe. Maybe that's why we all believe it. But let's take a second look at it. Let's lay it down beside a fact, as Pappy would say, and see how big it really is.

For our fact let's take a book called Ben Hur, written by a comparatively unknown, semi-amateur named Lew Wallace. Ben Hur, to date, has earned more than \$60 per word. Now let's multiply that by ten-thousands and we come up with \$600,000 per picture. No picture I've ever seen will bring them kind of prices, even at Life or Look!

A photojournalist is a visualizer. He learns early to look with enthusiasm, to take a positive attitude, to see the idea plus its possibilities. While other people are looking at an idea, he is looking over it, around it, under it and in back of it. He not only sees the idea in words but he translates the words into visual images. He sees not only the product but also the Pleasure, Convenience, Comfort and Profit that it will bring the person who eventually possesses it. He sees a story, complete and wonderful to behold.

He looks for the Plus that gives it appeal,
The mood that makes it striking,
The element that makes it news,
The quality that sets it apart,
The feature that makes it valuable,
The points that make it unusual.

Then he tries to develop these qualities, and any others he finds, in an interesting and effective picture or set of pictures. That is Photojournalism.

Fighting Progress

[1507]

It is the nature of man to fight progress for new experiences are fearsome experiences.

A Photojournalist is an eager visualizer. To him major ideas and major events present no major problems. He learns early in his career that it is the little everyday ideas that present the challenges. He looks for the PLUSSES and leaves the minuses to look out for themselves. He knows that one little idea with one or two little plusses can beat a big idea without no plusses just as one little deuce plus one or two more little deuces can beat a great big ace.

Because of this he can easily see at least a half dozen good picture stories in an idea as old and simple as a slingshot...

Hunting with a slingshot, for instance, could be a good subject for a fine layout of pictures.

...or precision target shooting by a world champion like Johnny Milligan could be interesting.

...or a bit of showmanship like splitting slingshot balls on a knife blade might turn up something.

...or we might try something more dramatic like tossing up eggs and letting Johnny smash them in mid air.

...or we could go completely offbeat like having Johnny scramble eggs for the frying pan.

...or if the photographer feels that he can spare a few fingers he might have Johnny scramble a few eggs on the back of his hand.

...or if we really want to go away out there is almost no limit to the varied and wonderful patterns that can be created by having slingshot balls smash through things.

With Photojournalism you can forcefully and interestingly tell things that can't be told in any other way.

Thoughtful builders with a journalistic sense often prepare accommodations for "Sidewalk superintendents" who wish to watch the building's progress. Nobody has ever prepared any accommodations for people who wish to watch the building after it was completed.

If you read the sports pages you've most likely noticed that the exciting pictures are not of the grinning winning team but of the interesting plays during the game.

A Photojournalist knows that:

After the race is run,
After the game is won,
After the job is done,
It's too late to take pictures then.

Photojournalism is more than just

products:

It's
People
Thoughts
Moods
Feelings.
It's ALIVE.

A Dreamer's Youth

Youth dreams
age remembers...
but a dreamer never ages.

Security

Lately we've moved into the age of "security."
"Security!"
What is security?

Security from work

Security from want

Security from hunger

Security from fear

Security from Communism.

Me! I ain't no different from nobody else.

I want all that security too. Want it as bad as you or John or Bill or the man next door. But then, what does it get you! What is security!

Your canary has security. The greatest security of all. Plenty of food and water. Nothing to do but sing all day. And a strong cage to keep the cat away.

The Spirit Business

Time was when any man with a grain of spirit, could have a little business of his own.

He who rattles loudest travels farthest.

People are stubborn critters

Yeah, and funny lookin, too... if you are a giraffe.

Shed No Tears

Shed no tears for pleasures spilled
Life is not with sorrow filled.

The Age Of Wonderment

The age of wonderment...
is always young and beautiful.

Heaven

Heaven is a long way off...
but we'll all get there one day.

The text of Come In And Set A Spell

Come In And Set A Spell

Poor poetry is absolutely worthless
And good poetry brings about the same price.

hbss

Introduction

This little Book of Poetry is a genuine hillbilly product of the great Joe Clark, the Hill-Billy Snap Shooter. I get a great kick out of snickering my way through Joe's poetry and every once-in-a-while, I bite down on a kernel of that corn that jars me sober. Chances are, you will too.

In these days of expensive cigars, miltown and univacs, it's a real pleasure to know a man with the time and courage to sit down and write poems about kids and dogs, money, progress or nonsense or life in general. And although we've set Joe's verse in type, it stubbornly holds onto a hand-written flavor - homemade.

Most of these lines were first written on the backs of old envelopes or, in Joe's pocket not book. They were done while sitting in waiting rooms or travelling in jets far from home. Maybe that's why a note of nostalgia comes creeping in along with some remembrance of home and boyhood in the Cumberland Mountains. Along with the sad, sweet and vinegar, there's lots of humor; do as Joe says "come in and set a spell".

Bill Ross

To The Wayfairer

Come in and set a spell,
It's time to eat a bite;
Come in and stay a while,
Yes, stop and stay the night.

Come in and jaw a while,
Yes, tell us all you know;
The dark is coming on,
You've got a way to go.

Come in and rest your bones,
Let's visit for a spell;
How's the wife and kids?
Hope they're very well.

It's time to spell your horse,
Your horse should have some hay;
You need a night of rest,
There'll be another day.

Come in and set a spell,
It's time to eat a bite;
Come in and stay a while,
Yes, stop and stay the night.
hbss

The Uranium Planet

Did you ever look down at the earth from an
airplane?
At the great, wide beautiful, wonderful earth?
And the houses?
All the houses?
Every time you go up there are more houses.
Soon the whole earth will be covered with
houses.
Everywhere houses.
Just houses.
Nothing but houses.

And automobiles.
All the highways will be covered with
automobiles.
Solid with automobiles.
Specially 'round the rocket bases.
Because somebody will have discovered a new
planet.
A planet of solid gold.
Or maybe uranium.
And everybody will have rushed to the rocket
bases.
To take off for the new planet.
The uranium planet.

There won't be anybody left on earth.
They'll all be gone to the Uranium Planet.
And all the houses will be left to rot in the sun.
And all the automobiles to rust in the rain.
And all the doors in the houses will creak in
the sighing winds.
And the batteries in the cars will run down.
And the weeds will grow in the roads.
And the roofs on the houses will leak.
And the tires on the cars will go flat.
And the gold in Fort Knox will grow moldy.

But the people won't care.
Nobody ever cares about the earth on a
compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Uranium Planet.

hbss

Youth

If you would stay young
don't use up too much energy
fightin' temptation.

hbss

I Never Had A Dollar To My Name

I looked at a car
And I asked the price
And I never had a dollar to my name.

I walked down the road
A feelin' mighty nice
And I never had a dollar to my name.

I bought me a yacht
I never asked the price
And I never had a dollar to my name.

I married a girl
And she was mighty nice
And I never had a dollar to my name.

I went around the world
And then I went around twice
And I never had a dollar to my name.

Right now I'm flat broke
And life is mighty nice
And I never had a dollar to my name.

I've got no worries
I can't afford the price
For I've never had a dollar to my name.

hbss

I Used To Know

I used to know
A maiden fair
Who wore a rose
In her hair.

I used to know
A maiden sweet
Who wore no shoes
On her feet.

I used to know
A maiden shy
Who wore a gleam
In her eye.

I used to know
A maiden true,
But now I know
A thing or two.
hbss

Pride

Pain is my nabor
And sorrow is my friend
Grief is my boarder
With kin without end.

Broke is my brother
Trouble is my sire
Debts by the million
Keep me on fire.

Worry's my companion
Who sits by my side
But I ain't discouraged
I've still got my pride

hbss

Saints And Sinners

Saints and sinners and sippers, ye,
Come and sit by the side of me;
We'll watch the sunrise from the hill
And feel its warmth through winter's chill;
We'll love our foes and neighbors, too,
And to our own hearts we'll be true.

hbss

By The Fireplace

By the fireplace so long ago
With shadows dancing to and fro
When I was young and times were old
There many wondrous tales were told.

Tales of daring deeds well done
Of villains conquered by the gun,
Of storms that beat the briny sea
Of many things that used to be.

Of lands so rich and far away
Of feet that faltered by the way
Of deserts hot and bare and wide
Of men who won and men who tried.

Of treasure chests that were not found
Of western plains and hallowed ground
Of trees that covered the land
Of animals fierce that made their stand.

Of savage men who roamed so free
Of scalplings and massaree,

Of ghastly things that were a fright
Of ghosts that traveled in the night.

Of battles fought and battles won
Of blood that flowed from mother's son.
Of lands beyond the setting sun
Of maidens who were wooed and won.

By the fireplace so long ago
With shadows dancing to and fro,
When I was young and times were old
So many wondrous tales were told.

hbss

Sally

By a smoky fire
On a lonely night
She strums her guitar
Soft and sweet
And in her dreams
She wanders far
To the Prince
She longs to meet

hbss

Sweet Sally

The stars shine bright
On a Saturday night
And Sally sets a seethin'
She shot her Jimmie
Forty times
And still he is a breathin'

Such a cruel lot
Oh, Cruel Fate
You had to up and giver
She shot him forty times again
And threw him in the river.

Now Sally's sweet
And Sally's gentle
And Sally's kind I know
But if you cross Sweet Sally up
She'll fill you full of ...
Lead til you're dead.

hbss

Mountain Girls

I never knew a mountain girl
I hope I never will
Who couldn't swing a choppin axe
Or fire a moonshine still.

I never knew a mountain girl
A mountain girl I tell

Pappy Says

Who couldn't plow a field of corn
And plow it very well.

I never knew a mountain girl
A mountain girl at all
Who couldn't bake corn pone
Or fire a rifle ball.

I never knew a mountain girl
A mountain girl I sigh
Who couldn't swing a wicked hip
Or catch a feller's eye.

I never knew a mountain girl
A mountain girl I say
Who couldn't thrill me to my toes
And steal my heart away.

hbss

The Barn Dance

Feelin' frisky?
Get in line
Music playin'
Feet a flyin'

[1040] Boys a grinnin'
Girls a beamin'
Skirts a swishin'
Fiddle screamin'.

Lights a dimmin'
Bar a swayin'
Old mule in stall
Starts to brayin'.

Caller shoutin'
'Til voice grows hoarse
Tall lanky boy
Steps on a horse.

Cattle bawling
Kids a sleepin'
Swing her once more
Mornin's creepin'.

Rooster crowing
Day's a breakin'
Worn out dancers
Barn forsaking.

hbss

Country Boy

Milk the cow
Slop the pigs
Chop the wood
Trim the springs.

[1042]

[1043]

Plow the ground
Plant the seeds
Bust the clods
Chop the weeds.

Mend the fence
Clean the barn
Catch the mule
Fetch the yarn.

Gather eggs
Go to mill
Herd the sheep
Climb the hill.

Harvest hay
Fix the plow
Hoe the beans
Chase the sow.

Simple chores
Simply done'
Waste no time
Having fun.

Life was not
Meant for joy,
Keep a movin'
Country boy.

hbss

Dread

The dread of the job is the worst part.

hbss

My Little Load

Up and down the river
Up and down the creek
Up and down the mountain
Workin' by the week.

Up and down the hollow
Up and down the hill
Up and down the ridges
To fire my little still.

Up and down the highway
Up and down the road
Up and down the valley
I tote my little load.

hbss

My Pappy

My Pappy says life wasn't meant

[1039]

[1040]

[1041]

[1436]

[1045]

[1046]

To rush and hurry through
But to love and laugh and be content
And think of folks like you.

hbss

Farmer Go To Town

Farmer, farmer go to town
Leave the pasture bare and brown
Leave the barn to tumble down
Leave the fodder on the ground
Leave the foxes to the hound
Leave potatoes in a mound,
Leave the dog to chew a bone
Leave the rooster crow alone.

hbss

Keg Branch

Old Keg branch is a merry little creek
It runs every day, not once a week;
It ripples and it flows and it tinkles along
As if it's singing a merry little song.
It swirls in the glades and it rest in the shade
But it never quite stops, never gets delayed
But what is it's hurry I can't quite see
It'll only end up in the deep blue sea.

hbss

Relax

When worry and fret come your way
About the bills you have to pay
The many things you have to do
Nothing ever goes right with you
Can't pay the rent or buy no shoes
You flounder in them weary blues
And bang your head against the wall
Just can't think up a thought at all;
It's better then to just relax
And spare your feeble mind the tax,
It's rather vain to strain your brain
When thinkin' goes against the grain,
So hand your hat upon the rack
And lean your chair against the shack,
Just put a million in the bank
And leave your mind completely blank.

hbss

Southern Fare

Corn pone
Leather britches
Sow belly
And coup beans.

Fried mush
Cracklin bread

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Baked biscuits
And fried apples.

Hot cakes
Hush puppies

[1047] Hominy grits
And molasses.

Polk salad
Turnip greens
Baked possum
And sweet taters.

Souse meat
Hog jaw
Black eyed peas
And red eye gravy.

[1048] YUM! YUM!

hbss

Eat light Grow thin,
Eat big Fat again.

hbss

Love

Bright eyes
Dark skies
Sweet lies
Honey pies.

Pale moon
Night June
Sweet spoon
Honey moon.

Mary loves Johnny,
Johnny loves Mary
Now ain't that funny
They are going to marry.

hbss

My Sally Lives On A Mountain High

My Sally roams the forest green
She's the fairest lass I've ever seen,
She breathes deep from wandering winds
And dreams the dreams that have no end.

[1050] My Sally's never been to school
She knows no letter, book or rule;
She lives happy, wild and free
Roaming o'er hill, dale and lee.

My Sally knows the winds that blow
The tides of live that come and go,
The brooks that tinkle to the sea

And how to love a guy like me.

hbss

Cupid's Dart

Don't cry, my heart,
You must not grieve
For some must part
And some must leave.

And some must stay
And linger on
Through winter's day
When summer's gone.

And some must lie
And some must give
And some must die
And some must live.

And you, my heart,
Must suffer pain
For Cupid's dart
Is sometimes vain.

hbss

Shy Girls

When boy meets If girl is shy
Boy is apt to make a try.

hbss

You're Invited

Saucy, cheerful
Yes indeed,
Petite, pretty
That's her breed.

Devilish, impish
That's her kind,
Sweet and gentle
Fair of mind.

Thoughtful, kindly,
Good and true,
Sexy, comely
Curvy, too.

She's alluring.
I'm excited;
To our wedding
You're invited.

hbss

Love Is

Love is a lass all dressed in green

[1055]

[1051]

[1437]

[1056]

[1052]

[1057]

Love is a fairish young colleen
Love is a tear in a maiden's eye
And love is a young man's doleful sigh.

Love is a storm that rages wild
Love is the tender and unbeguiled
Love is a villain that will betray
And love is life on it's merry way.

Love is a young man full of lies
Love is a girl with starry eyes
Love is nature's sweetest tune
Love is a bride in the month of June.

hbss

Courtin Sally

Climb a mountain
Swim the creek
See my Sally
Twice a week.

Tree a possum
Chase a coon
Kiss my Sally
Come full moon.

Kill a bear
Hone my knife
Ask my Sally
Be my wife.

hbss

The Row You Hoe

The patterns of life
Are finely drawn
Like harvest fields
So neatly sown.

Here a thistle
And there a weed
Will sprout among
The planted seed.

And where you'd point
With bated pride
Will grow a thorn
Deep in your side.

But you must hoe
And pull the weeds
And cultivate
With kindly deeds.

And care each day
For tender shoots
And fertilize

Pappy Says

The hungry roots.

And tend your crop
That it shall grow
Keeping straight
The row you hoe.

There's one more thing
You ought to know . . .

You cannot reap
Before you sow.

hbss

Despair

The load
Is heavy
The day
Drags on.

The road
Is rocky
The way
Is long.

My back
Is weary
My heart's
In pain.

My life
It seems
Is all
In vain.

hbss

Failure

You ain't long lived
Or seldom died
Until you've failed
At what you've tried.

But he who fails
And fails again
Cannot but fail
To finally win.

hbss

Question

Would you like to go back
To the old swimmin' hole
Where you used to play as a boy
And live once again
Those days of old
In a world overflowing with joy?

hbss

Troubles

The troubles and the sorrow
That you know today
Will all be gone tomorrow
Gently blown away.

hbss

I Pledge

To loaf along Life's highways
To feel its shifting sands
Climb its hills, view its valleys
And see its verdant lands.

To feast on bountiful harvests
That grow along its ways
And watch the glowing sunsets
That end its shining days.

To greet each morning joyously,
To sing the livelong day,
To laugh with happy comrades,
To while this life away.

hbss

Time

The snows of time
On earth shall fall
'Till nothing's left
Of earth at all.

And all this life
And all its dreams
Shall pass away
In endless reams.

And all the things
That could have been
Will pass beyond
Our kith and kin.

hbss

If You Want To Catch Fish

Get your hook in the water
If you want to catch fish
You must find a deep stream
It's useless to wish.

Climb a high mountain
If you want to see far
There's little sense moaning
About what you are.

Learn to see the sunshine
If you don't like the rain,

[1067]

[1069]

[1062]

[1059]

[1060]

[1065]

[1066]

[1070]

[1071]

Look for the bright side
You'll not look in vain.

Learn to lead the crowd
If you won't be bossed,
There's a challenge ahead
Streams to be crossed.

Don't sigh for the good things
To come fill your dish
Get your hook in the water
If you want to catch fish.

hbss

Spring Thoughts

When earth is soft and pleasant
To touch of tiller's hand
And crops are being planted
All across the land.

When the mule is being prodded,
The sun is climbing high
And work's to be accomplished,
Time is passing by.

When hopes are swiftly rising
To soar into the sky
For all the crops we'll harvest
In the by and by.

When the sap is swiftly rising
The breeze begins to warm
And the birds sing in the spring
Down yonder on the farm.

When lovers walk together
In twilight's mellow glow
And whisper to each other
Of things they aim to grow.

Then it's great to be alive,
To breathe the wholesome air,
To have someone to love you,
To be in love with her.

hbss

April

April starts with All Fools' day
Then April showers are on their way,
Then the flowers'll start to bloom
And all the lads'll begin to croon
For wedding bells must ring in June.

hbss

Moonlight

Often in the moonlight
Like a lonely whippoorwill
I can see my Sally
A sittin' by her still.

Often in the moonlight
As she makes a run
I can hear her choppin'
Like a son-of-a-gun.

Often in the moonlight
When it's time to snooze
I can smell the fragrance
As she cooks her booze.

Often in the moonlight
A sippin' mountain dew
I can see the firelight
As she boils her brew.

Often in the moonlight
A steppin' on my stride
I can see my Sally
A walkin' by my side.

hbss

My Mountain Gal

She's just a mountain gal,
She's never had a feller,
Her name is plain old Sal,
Her hair is a golden yeller.

She smokes a corncob pipe
And carries a gatlin gun,
She'll shoot you just for spite,
She'll shoot you just for fun.

She can chaw terbacker
And spit a half a mile,
There just ain't nobody like her,
She's my Honeychile.

hbss

Girls

Girls are like pearls
That shine in the night,
Glittering and lovely
And nice to hold tight.

hbss

Little Girls

Little Girls make lots of noise
To attract Little boys.

hbss

How

Girl's smile
Sweet and gay
Steal boy's
Heart away.

Bells ring
Loud and clear
Hearts sing
Love is dear.

Gold ring
For her hand
Heart bound
Like iron band.

That's how
She gets man
And how
Life began.

hbss

The Battle

Man's a stubborn critter
He goes to a lots of pains
To prove that a woman
Was born without her brains.

And woman plays it coy,
She never seems to heed'm,
Because to catch a man
She really doesn't need'm.

hbss

Girls

They are might nice
When you really need them
But don't fool around with girls
If you want to keep your freedom.

hbss

Wall Flower

Flower blooming on the wall
In a pot so very small;
Ain't you got no friends at all?

hbss

I You

I think
I feel
I love
I do.

[1072]

[1075]

[1073]

[1076]

[1077]

[1074]

[1078]

[1079]

[1080]

[1082]

[1083]

I learn
I know
I try
I you.

hbss

Loneliness

Bitter the sorrows
And salty the tears
Lonely are the nights
And long are the years
Sorrows are many
Pleasures but few
It's a rocky road
Travelling without you.

hbss

Just Good Natured I Guess

My pockets are empty
My shoes unshined
And I feel a cold draft
On my poor behind.

The weather is cold
I've no place to go,
I expect by tonight
It'll hit zero.

Nobody likes me
Or give a good damn
If I find a spot
Or die where I am.

So dry up your tears
Let your smile come through
You may not like me
But I sure like you.

hbss

Out Of A Job

Now times are tough
The weather's rough
And I'm fed up
Can't stand the guff.

I'm telling you
Good jobs are few
I'm out of work
And money, too.

It seems not right
That such a plight
In this fair land
Should be a blight.

hbss

Pappy Says

Life's Stream

Somehow as I flit
Down Life's stream,
Or pause to laugh
Or dream a dream

[1084] It seems the stream
Does wider grow
And deeper, too,
And faster flow.
Then when I pause
Most out of breath
I hear the breakers
On the ocean Death.

hbss

Worry

[1085] Most of the worrying we do is about problems
we ain't even got.

hbss

Saving

I knew a man
Of whom I tell
Who lived his life
And lived it well.

He saved his dough
And rich he grew,
Fat and ugly
And balding, too.

And when he died
Was just as dead
As if he'd never
Saved a red.

hbss

Winter

[1086] Deeper, deeper piles the snow
Colder, colder winds that blow,
Bitter bitter is the chill
Days are short, nights are ill.

Who was the poet, or the sage
Who once moaned:
"What did I do with my summer's wage!"

hbss

Off To The Races

Off to the races
Off we go
To reap a batch
Of racetrack dough.

[1087]

Off to the races
Off to win
A pile of jack
To buy some gin.

Home from the races
Home we come
Pockets empty
Broke as a bum.

hbss

Misfortunes

Today's misfortunes are
Tomorrow's pleasant memories.

hbss

My Essex

My Essex. My Essex
My jolly old Essex
She rambles and rolls along
With vigor and weal
And with sex appeal
Her motor a humming a song.

Her tires are as thin
As an onion skin
Her body as rust as hell
Her fenders are bent
And her energy spent
But she rides just simply swell.

She may be all lame,
She goes just the same
And when she don't go she stops;
If you be in a rush
Just give her a push
And away again she hops.

She's a sight with a load
A comin' down the road
A rarin' and a chargin' along;
And, dang my hide
If'n she don't fill you with pride
Her motor a hummin' a song
Her motor a hummin' a song.

hbss

Dear Maw

At last I've settled in this big town
With a tie and collar and a suit of brown,
Just me and myself all by ourselves
And a pair of shoes size number twelves.

And if you would ever see a sight

You should see me a steppin' out at night
With a chaw of terbacker and a big segar
And a Stetson hat and a new Ford car.

I'm a regular city feller sure as crows;
Yes, me dressed up in my new store clothes,
And you'll travel for before you'll see
As handsome a lad as hill-billy me.

hbss

Building

Climb a hill
The steepest hill,
Climb a hill so high;
Spin a dream
The sweetest dream,
Spin it in the sky.

Make each day
The fairest day,
Fill it with your song;
Build a hope
The greatest hope,
Build it firm and strong.

Make a plan
The finest plan,
See it fully through;
Do a deed
The greatest deed
Ever man did do.

Love a love
The purest love
Man has ever known;
Build a house
A humble house
Build yourself a home.

hbss

Yards

For a yard I wouldn't care
That looked so nice and neat
So much as one with places bare
Worn by children's happy feet.

hbss

Home

Freezing rain
Swishing snow
Cold, cold winds
Bitter blow.

Shivering fold
compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Bucking winds
Homeward bound
As day ends.

Traffic jams,
Fret and wait
Moving slow
Getting late.

Light beckons
Step grows fast
Door opens
Home at last.

Warm, cozy
Livingroom
Supper's cooking
God Bless Home.

hbss

City Snow

Soft and downy, fluffy snow
Falling all around you so;
Gently swirling round and round
Settling softly on the ground.

Soon each grimy city street
Will be covered with a sheet;
An Angel's Robe of gleaming white
'Twill hide the city's every blight.

But soon upon each city street
Will come trampling, rushing feet
Dashing thither, to and fro
And leave you only dirty snow.

hbss

To Win

If you try once
And once you fail
It's not yet time
To moan and wail.

If twice you try
And twice you miss
It's still not time
To cry and hiss.

If thrice you try
And thrice strike out
There isn't much
To moan about.

Just buckle up
And start to grin
And pitch right in

And fail again.

hbss

Progress

The world grows smaller day by day
And people wiser so they say.
There'll come a time, I have no doubt,
When there'll be nothing left to learn about
And man shall stand in awful dread
Of all the knowledge in his head.

hbss

Journey

Softly glows the silent room
Faintly falls the shadows;
An infant's cry, a mother's moan,
Another life that matters.

[1101] Another dawn, another day
Another road to travel;
Another wanderer on his way
Another life to ravel.

Brightly shines the morning sun,
Brightly beams the youth;
A lad must grow to be a man
And that is mortal truth.

Time goes on its merry way
And man must court and marry,
Children come and children grow
And man grows old and weary.

Life is short and life is sweet
And life is but a gamble,
It travels light on infant feet
That later tend to ramble.

[1102]

Softly glows the silent room,
Faintly falls the shadows;
Death rides by and sounds its doom
And the grass grows o'er the meadows.

hbss

How Far Is Far

How deep and still the waters run
How soft and pure the west winds blow
How sweet is life to a mountain boy
How far can dreams and bullets go?

hbss

Thinking

Sail the oceans wide and deep
Climb the mountains high

[1103]

[1105]

[1101]

[1102]

[1098]

[1099]

[1100]

Pile your dreams in one big heap
Teach your thoughts to fly.

hbss

Wheels Rolling

Keep the wheels rolling
Things rust up when they sit around.

hbss

Little Things

If lofty thoughts you're thinking
And lofty things you'd say
Just fold up your thinkin' book
And put them all away.

Tell me about the simple things
Like love, tears and laughter;
About high and mighty things
You can tell me after.

Tell about Mary's new dress
How John stubbed his toes,
How Bob does his 'rithmetic;
Never mind the world's woes.

Tell about the smiles you've seen
The little jokes you've heard,
Sure, I've heard them all before
But I'll love every word.

Leave the high and mighty things
To high and mighty minds,
Romp and play with little things
And paddle their behinds.

hbss

Life

Life is full of leaks and seams
That seep away all my dreams.

hbss

Dreams

Little secrets
Carefully kept
And little tears
So softly wept;
Those little dreams
That flew so high
Were bitter dreams
Just born to die.

hbss

Don't Hesitate

Pappy Says

Don't hesitate
To do what you should.

Don't hesitate
To be what you are.

Don't hesitate
To say what you think.

Don't hesitate
To love poor little me.

hbss

A Wish

If just one wish you'd grant to me
Then take me back and let me be
A lad again in a shady nook
A huntin' pollywogs in a brook.

hbss

Winter And Spring

I'm getting old and feeble
My bones are full of gout
My mind is now forgetful
And full of dreadful doubt.

My hand is not so quick
My step is not so spry,
Still my heart doth flutter
When girls go prancing by.

hbss

Revvies

The deeper the valley
The higher the hill
The stronger the brew
The bigger the still.

The bigger the still
The plainer the trail
The Revvies won't stop
'Til you are in jail.

hbss

Jack Daniel's

Up a little hollow
Down yonder in the hills
Forty miles from nowhere
Among the whippoorwills.

Way back in the ridges
All out of touch with time
Who could make a product
To vie with my line?

[1111]

Who could brew a whiskey,
Brew it smooth and fine
To please a choosy palate
And taste as chaste as mine?

Who could reach perfection
Where cities fail to glow?
Please don't misjudge, my friend,
Simple skills that hillfolk know.

Sip and see.

hbss

It's Been So Long

It's been so long, so many years
My eyes are blinded by the tears.

She was so young and fair and sweet
When that rascal she chanced to meet.

He told her forty million lies
And stole her right before my eyes.

Now she lives in a castle grand
On a thousand acres of land.

And that scoundrel dark and dank
Has twenty millions in the bank.

It pains my poor heart just to think,
Excuse me while I buy a drink.

hbss

World

In days of old
In days gone by
When I was young
And strong and spry
The world was big
And eager I
Would conquer world
And lay it by.
Now world so small
How can it be
That you have got
The best of me?

hbss

Honest Folks

Honest folks don't steal.

Very often.

hbss

[1738.5]

[1109]

[1112]

[1117]

[1113]

[1115]

[1439]

[1110]

[1116]

[1118]

[1440]

Poets

Poets, they say, are impractical
They love to sit and dream
Or while away the idle hours
Just fishing in Life's stream.

hbss

Fishing

Fishing is a funny sport
No matter where I go,
"Should a been here yesterday,"
Or, "Wait a day or so."

"Yesterday they was bitin'
The wind's too high today
Tomorrow will sure be better
Stick around another day."

hbss

Little Wrongs

It's easy to forgive big wrongs,
it's the little wrongs that cause
fights, feuds and wars.

hbss

The Horseman

He rode a horse
Through the black night,
The rain beat down
No stars in sight.

The wind blew fierce
The storm did rage,
His horse most flew
Across the bridge.

He drew his cloak
About him tight
And clove the night
With speed of light.

On rocky road
The sparks did fly
As horse and mount
Went shooting by.

Ever onward
He swiftly rode
Ever mindful
His horse to goad.

Thunder roared,
Lightning flashed
As over hill

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

[1119] He madly dashed.

On, on and on
He plunged ahead
As if to flee
Some mortal dread.

[1120] On down the hill
In reckless flight
He disappeared
Into the night.

hbss

Text of Vertical Acres

Vertical Acres

A Plowman to succeed
Must look a mule square in the stern
And keep on walking.

hbss

[1121]

Gardening

If you would have your garden grow
You must hoe, hoe, hoe.

hbss

[1122]

The Years

The years roll on the years roll by
Taking their toll from you and I
Leaving us bent and not so spry,
Slow of step and dim of eye;
Letting us live until we die.

hbss

Beauty

Often the folks who are a homely as sin
Have a radiant beauty that shines from within.

hbss

Vertical Acres

We have a little farm
Back in Tennessee
It's not much of a farm
It's not even flat
It sort of sits on edge,
We call it Vertical Acres.
We own the ground
What's on the ground
What's in the ground
What's under the ground
And everything
For nine miles down.
We own the rocks and dirt,

The weeds that run its girth
And maybe in buried oil
A million dollars worth.
We own the bushes and the briars
We own the trees and the stumps
And all the gold and silver
That lies beneath its humps.
We own the creek that rushes past it
We own the rain that falls
We own the sun that shines upon it
And the harvest in the fall.
We own the beans and taters
And a million other things
But the best of all its harvests
Is the dreams it brings.

hbss

[1124]

Roads

A winding road may not get you there quite
so fast
But it shows you a lot more scenery.

hbss

[1124]

Modern Conveniences

Farmers don't have to grow their own groceries
any more,
nor kill their own meat to eat, nor raise their
own milk
to drink: they get everything at the A and
P.

hbss

Crowded

Be good -
They're running out of room in hell.

hbss

Thinking

Some people like to sit and think
But I could never see the sense
Of trying to do two things at once.

hbss

Young Cowboy

Wind and wooly cowboy
He rode both night and day
Until his mother came
And sent him to the hay.

Come put your toys away
Now come and count your sheep
The sun has gone to bed
The Indians are asleep.

Birdies in the treetops
Now nod their little heads,
Time cowboys and spacemen
Were tucked into their beds.

Come, my little cowboy
Come spaceman from the sky,
Come and go in orbit
On Mamma's lullaby.
hbss

Why Not

Make no deals
Turn no wheels
Sit flat upon your fanny,
Move not a whit
Nor stir a bit
Sit flat upon your fanny
Life's too short
To do your part
Sit flat upon your fanny
Just moan and cry
Until you die
Sit flat upon your fanny.
hbss

Back Home

I can't go back
To that little old shack
The shack where I was born
For the roof's fell off
The chimney's beat
And the rose has turned to thorn.

The well's dried up,
The barn's fell down
And cows graze in the yard,
Bushes grow in the flower beds
The porch is sagging and tired.

The house in back has blown away
The path is grown with weeds
The memory of these dear things
Hurts my heart until it bleeds.

The rusty hinge, the rotting rope
The wagon under the trees;
I must sit here and rest awhile
Excuse me if you please.
hbss

Fishin'

Go way, fish,
Don't bother me,
Pappy Says

I'm fishin for dreams
In the blue ocean sea.

My shovel needs restin,
The work matter naught
On a soft summer day
When dreams can be caught.
hbss

Children

[1131] Children play and children shout
Children laugh and romp about
Children's noise can drive me wild
But what I'd give to be a child.
hbss

HillBilly Musins

He stopped his mule
To rest in the shade;
To muse on the things
Of which man is made.

Hard work never hurt
His father had said . . .
His mother's kisses
When she put him to bed.

[1132] For his thoughts were long
As they drifted back
To his youthful days
In an old log shack.

And he hoped his children,
When they had grown,
Would have a better life
Than he had known.
hbss

Ambition

[1136] While you're waiting around to do something
great do a few little
deeds, too.
hbss

Little You And Me

[1137] This raw and rugged life
Was never meant to be
Lived by such puny creatures
As little you and me.
hbss

Life

[1446] Life is an experience

that one should never forget.

hbss

Memories

[1138]

Oh, the glimmer and the shimmer
Of those bright and shiny days
When we were bare-foot children
Who trod along its ways.

[1134]

Oh, the old days were the good days
When the sunshine was so bright,
For the rain it never fell
And nowhere was there blight.

[1135]

Oh, the laughing and the shouting
In those joyous days of old;
The friendships were the finest
Bout up with purest gold.

Oh, the memories, sweet memories,
Keep a pouring through my heart
Of the loved ones and the dear ones
Who thought we'd never part.

But time is like a river
That keeps a running on
And many are the dear ones
Who have lived and gone.

hbss

Culture

[1139]

Culture is like whisky;
A little won't hurt you none
But you shouldn't take on mor'n you can
manage.

hbss

The Country Wedding

Foreward

[1137] For all the years that he has been "snap-
shooting", Joe Clark's eye has never jaded.
His camera seems to delineate naturally the
moments of unguarded simplicity and truth
which make his pictures worthy of continued
study and sources of constant enjoyment. He
captures faces with a sensitivity and freshness
that borders on the uncanny.

The mountain wedding pictured here took
place many years ago in the Cumberland Gap
district of eastern Tennessee. The bride and
groom, Hazel and Gilbert Dove, are residing
happily on a farm in southern Indiana.

[1446] Joe Clark, Hill Billy Snap-Shooter, now
lives in a suburb of Detroit. His photographic
assignments carry him all around the world,

but periodically he returns to his birthplace in the Cumberlands to record the human happenings in that sequestered region which are so much a part of him and his heritage.
How fortunate for us that he does.

Hazel Petrey and Gilbert Dove.

This is the Sunnyview Methodist Church where they are to be married.

Hazel lives in a little cabin deep in the heart of the Cumberlands.

surrounded by larkspur and wild roses.

Today she and Gilbert are busy gathering pine-bough and mountain laurel

to decorate the church for their wedding.

With the decorations up, Hazel sweeps out.

then in the door of the church, she and Gilbert talk over the morrow.

Back home her kid brothers steal a preview of her veil.

Hazel tries it on for them.

The night before the wedding, Hazel packs her belongings and next morning helps her mother with breakfast.

Hazel presses her wedding gown.

Gilbert shaves for the wedding.

Along a wooded path

and up the main road to the church

Preacher Hiram Frakes, in white hat, is waiting at the church

and there they rehearse the wedding.

After the rehearsal, the bridal party goes to John Brown's, about half a mile from the church

to change into the wedding finery.

Hazel gets dressed for the wedding.

Gilbert also gets dressed for the wedding.

compiled by Junebug & Kay Clark

Final inspection before

leaving for the church.

Arriving at the Church

where folks from miles around have gathered in for the wedding.

"O Promise Me" and

"Here comes the Bride"

"...to have and to hold,"

"... to love and to cherish"

"I pronounce you ..."

"Man and Wife."

Posing for pictures

in front of the church.

My brother, Junebug, chides Mable Henderson for letting Jerry catch the bride's bouquet of wild roses.

My mother congratulates the groom.

Ralph Richardson demonstrates how the bride should be tamed.

The bride cuts the cake.

While others eat

they steal away.

White Lightnin'

[1140]

Whiskey, like coffee, is the easiest thing in the world to make; yet, there's only half a dozen people in the world who can make it right. And I know them all.

hbss

Making White Lightning

[1447]

White lightnin is made way out back... and you've gotta tote the makins in an old tow sack.

hbss

Corn Whiskey Recipe

[1141]

To make good corn whiskey, you must first

get hold of some good Tennessee hillside corn. Grown on the south side of the hill.

Then you have the miller grind it half fine and half coarse.

Now, add enough mountain spring water to make it soupy. Then add yeast to make it ferment and leave it set for seven days and seven nights.

Now comes the tricky part: add seven drops of wild wyooter blood obtained by pricking the left ear of the wyooter.

Now you are ready to boil off your whiskey. But as it boils, you must stir vigorously and constantly with a wildcat's tail.

All of the above should be done on the dark of the moon which doesn't make the whiskey taste any better but it makes it harder for the revvanoo boys to find you.

When your whiskey is done, store in jugs or fruit jars until cool enough to drink.

hbss

Or you haul out the makins with your old brown mule...

Then to get things going you work like a fool.

You've gotta git the mash to ferment just right...

And sometimes you boil til way in the night.

You may have a wash boiler way out in the woods...

Or a little old dugout where you boil off your goods.

To keep the pot boilin you pour on the wood...

That old white lightnin had better be good.

I Don't Know Why

[1142]

I don't know why the river
Runs so merrily to the sea
Or why my old houn dog
Digs so sharply at a flea.

I don't know why the mountain
Stands much taller then the hill
Or why the booze tastes better
From a mountain moonshine still.

hbss

Corn Liquor

[1448]

The lay of the plant depends on the man... you make it and drink it as much as you can.

[1143]

Right

Whether you need a little nip
 Or a great big slug
 Corn liquor tastes better
 Right out of the jug.

I may be a hill billy
 But I ain't no fool
 Corn liquor kicks harder
 Than a lop-eared mule.
 hbss

Moonshine

I went upon the mountain
 To see what I could see;
 I saw a hare a grisly bear
 And a squirrel up in a tree.
 I saw some smoke a curling
 Up through the bloomin trees
 I saw some men a working
 Busy as a swarm of bees.
 I smelled the mash a cooking
 I seen the jugs of corn;
 Purtiest sight I ever seen
 Since the day that I was born.

I had a little nip or two
 Or maybe three or four
 Then I fell off the mountain
 And hit the bloomin floor.
 hbss

Prevention

"Just a little for a cough that I'm liable to
 ketch."

The Moonshiner

A path goes winding round the hill
 To a battered old copper still;
 Wild flowers bloom along the way
 And mocking birds sing bright and gay.
 Here subtle breezes softly blow
 And tinkling waters gladly flow,
 So quiet and peaceful in a nook
 The bubbling mash begins to cook.
 A shadowed figure bends in toil
 Until his mash begins to boil.
 He gathers wood to feed the flame.
 Forever cooking out the same.

Then the tiniest breath of wind,
 Pappy Says

The faintest odor it did send;
 The sweet sour smell of boiling mash
 To a stranger who chanced to pass.

The stranger hastened in a stew
 To report to a revvanoo;
 Now in the woods the bobcats wail
 Another good man's gone to jail.
 hbss

Once I Knew

[1144] Once I knew a pretty girl
 She lived upon a hill
 Her mother took in washin
 Her pappy ran a still.
 Her house was just a shack
 With four walls and a door;
 She was lovely as a queen
 Even though she was so poar.
 She sold her pappy's likker
 And helped to wash the clothes
 And stayed as sweet and lovely
 As the fragrant mountain rose.
 I'll love that pretty maiden
 With eyes so bright and bold
 And drink her pappy's moonshine
 Until I'm dead and cold.
 hbss

No Matter

[1449] Whether in jar or in jug
 Makes no matter to me...
 It's all cash and carry
 Whoever you be

White Lightning Business

[1451] Lesson a man who lives on a pore ridge farm
 has a little white lightnin business on the side
 he can work hisself to death and starve to
 death
 while he's doin it.
 hbss

Life

[1147] Corn ain't worth much
 Till you get it in the jugs.

Fruit Jar

[1452] Whether at a wake or a wedding
 Wherever you are,

Keep a little nip handy
 In an old fruit jar

Grain Of Spirit

[1453] Time was when any man, with a grain of spirit
 Could have a little business of his own.
 hbss

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