

# ***Uncle Ab From Abington*** — October 27, 1976

By Jim Jones

Wal, fall is upon us in earnest--been mulchin' leaves, diggin' sweet potatoes, gatherin' the last of the green peppers, hullin' walnuts, movin' pots and other items inside to avoid the below freezin' cold we are supposed to git immediately. Got a new almanac t'other day- looks like we're in fer it. Time to cut another pile of stove wood and put the ol' round Oak heatin' stove back in the parlor to keep the chill and the fuel oil man away. Popcorn is dryin' and the storm sash are in. A few turnips left to pull but other wise about ready fer the blast, Almanac predicts a cold and snowy November, mild December, and January then rough February and March. Don't sound too appetizin' but we will make it thru no doubt, if the Good Lord wills and the crick don't rise.

Down to Lou's t'other day and heerd his tale about this spastic cat his friend has. Seems this cat has somthin' wrong with his transmission or sumpthin' but at any rate he has trouble walkin' normal. His aim is off too. Sez the cat has a sofa to lie on but when he makes his leap he has no ider where he'll come down. Therefore its wise not to be on the sofa when the cat comes in fer a landin' since he can hit any place. He hits with all claws out so he can grab onto whatever he lands on. One time he landed on his owner's chest--the owner was asleep or he'd head for higher ground. Cat landed with all claws out and as Lou put it--there was confusion for a while.

Cat was seen hunkered down outside the barn one day and the feller wondered what was up, He made several trips between the barn and garage and each time the cat was still hunkered down starin' at the barn. After the last trip, the teller heard a loud thump. Turned around and the cat was on the ground, all four feet in the air senseless. Seems like he was watchin' a mouse hole and when the varmint appeared, made a jump and as usual, missed. Cat hit the barn and passed out. However, he had kicked the mouse when he went by and the mouse was knocked out also. Mouse finally came to before the cat and wandered off--cat was out for 10 minutes or so. Don't know if the cat thought the mouse had come after him with a club or what.

After that tale, time fer another cup of coffee and head for home.

If yer lookin' fer a good book to read before the fire this winter, pick up a copy of "100 Years of Farm Journal". Traces the history of this old farm paper from its beginnin' to the present day with lots of pitchers, ol' ads and other nostalgic bits of stuff. Let's you see how Grandpa did it down on the farm and gives a comparison of today's modern agriculture. Also suggest a copy of "Middle West Country"--story of the corn belt, its settlin' and the people who made it the farmin' giant it is today--lots of old pitchers and other goodies.

Wal, time fer a nap before chore time--better sign this off. Git yer berries covered--winter's comin'.