

Uncle Ab From Abington — August 4, 1976

By Jim Jones

My Ol' neighbor and me got to jawin' across the back fence the other evenin' and as usual we started tellin' stories. Don't know who tole which but a couple came out of the conversation that might be worth repeatin'.

Seems like the ol' farmer got up one mornin' and found the cat down in the barn was ailin'. So he called the local veterinarian and sed, my cat is sick. Well, sez the vet, I can't get over today--too busy but you give him a quart of castor oil and I'll be up first thing in the mornin'. Next day bright 'n' early the vet showed up in the barn-yard and sez, I've come to check your sick calf. Calf! sez the farmer, I called you about a sick cat. Oh my soul, sez the vet! did you give him a quart of castor oil? Sure did, sez the farmer, you tole me to and the vet is always right. Well, sez the vet, what is the cat doin' now?? He's awfully busy sed the farmer, he's so busy he got 3 cats workin for him. Really, sez the vet, what's they doin'?? Well, sez, the farmer, one's diggin, one's backfillin' and one's scoutin' new ground.

Well, that was pretty bad. After we got up off the ground laffin', the next tale came forth.

Seems the ol' farmer was out mowin' hay with his team and horse-drawn mower. Somethin' went wrong and the farmer got off, and was down on his knees in front of the sickle bar. A bee flew past the horses' heads and startled them, causing them to jerk the mower forward, where it neatly sliced off the farmer's nose. The farmer was up to the problem however and simply stuck his nose back on. tyin' his bandanna handkerchief around it to hold it in place. Bein' healthy, it grew back quickly but there was only one problem--in his haste he stuck it back on up-side down. As a result, whenever he snored at night he whistled like a teakettle. When he sneezed, he blew his hat off. He met his untimely end when he went out in a rainstorm and drowned.

Enuff of this. We sed goodnight and went our respective ways.