

Appendix

BORN, BRED AND BUTTERED IN KENTUCKY

By: Roy Lindsey



Aunt Fannie Brown had a mule named Horace. Aunt Fannie went down to the barn to feed Horace and found him head sick. He had his head down to the ground and was paying no attention at all to Aunt Fannie trying to get his attention. He was nearly dead as anyone could tell.

Aunt Fannie rushed into the house and called the family doctor to come take a look at Horace.

He said, "Aunt Fannie, it is 6:00 o'clock and I am just fixing to set down to supper, you go down to the barn and give him a big dose of mineral oil and he will probably be all right in the morning. If he ain't call me then and I will come over and look at him."

Aunt Fannie said, "But Doctor, he might bite me."

The doctor said, "Aunt Fannie, you are a farm woman, you know better than that, you give it to him through the other end."

She said how in the world can I do that?

With a funnel of course.

Aunt Fannie looked everywhere and couldn't find a funnel anywhere, the nearest thing to one she could find was Uncle Bill's fox-hunting horn. Now this horn was Uncle Bill's pride and joy. He had it shined to an ebony finish, had a gold band around it and

three or four silver streamers hanging down from it. It was some beautiful instrument.

Aunt Fannie goes down to the barn and Horace is in the stall with his nose touching the ground, standing hip-locked and Aunt Fannie inserts the horn in the proper place and Horace is so nearly dead that he don't even notice it.

Aunt Fannie reaches up on the shelf where they keep the medicine for the farm animals and in the dark instead of getting the mineral oil she gets this bottle of turpentine.

She proceeds to fill the horn full of turpentine and Horace comes alive. He rears straight up on his hind legs, lets out a bray or neigh or whatever they do, goes right through the side of the barn, over a ten rail fence and off down this country road.

Now Horace is in a lot of pain and every time he makes a leap this fox-horn blows. In the past every time the neighbors dogs have heard Uncle Bill's horn blowing he is going fox hunting so about a dozen fox hounds take after Horace a barking and yelping to beat the band.

They pass John Tilford's house, he is setting on his front porch, and he couldn't believe his eyes. There was Horace at about a hundred miles an hour, with melodious music coming out his rear end, silver streamers flying out, and about a dozen dogs trying to keep up with Horace barking treed all the time.

About the time it is getting dark Horace is coming up to the river, the bridge-tender hears the horn blowing and thinks it is a boat coming up the river and cranks the bridge up.

Horace goes over in the river and drowns; the dogs all manage to get out.

It so happens that the bridge-tender is running for sheriff in that county and they hold the election and he gets 11 votes in the whole county.

The people figure that any man that don't know the difference between a mule with a horn up his ear and a boat coming up the river ain't fit to hold public office o they don't vote for him.

APPENDIX

How Bill was Cured of His Drinking Problem

(another of Roy Lindsey's "Born, Bred, and Buttered in Kentucky" columns)

Old Bill had a drinking problem. Clara, his wife, said he was a good loving husband except when he started drinking and then he changed into a low-down, good for nothing and a wife beater.

Bill was the kind of man that after a couple of drinks was ready to go bear hunting with a fly-swatter.

You see, Bill had got married for two reasons, his wife had one of them and he had the other.

Clara kept talking to her neighbors about Bill and that she was going to have to get a divorce, that she couldn't stand it much longer.

The neighbor said before you do, why don't you try something different, in place of your usual greeting when he gets home try being real sweet and loving to him, maybe he will be so ashamed he will quit?

Clara said anything is worth trying so that evening instead of the usual bawling out and fussing she run and opened the door for Bill, gave him one of them big jaw-breaking kisses, like a French lover, helped him into the best arm chair, run and got him a drink of water and then climbed up in his lap and proceeds to give hm the loving of his life.

Finally it is getting a little later and she says, "Bill, don't you think we ought to go in the bedroom and go to bed?"

Pore Bill's eyes are glazed over by now with passion and amazement, his head acts like his neck is broken, like he is in another world, he looks at her with a drunken leer like he is Romeo the First and says in a voice all full of emotion, "We might as well, I'll catch Hell when I get home anyway."

You would think that episode would cure Bill of drinking, but it got worse after that. It got so bad that Bill would make it to the door, stagger into the kitchen sink and let it all go. Bill didn't vomit, brother, he threw up.

One day Clara killed a couple of chickens for supper and was cleaning them in the kitchen sink and she had a brilliant idea. She left the entrails and guts in the sink and thought she would wait and see what would happen.

That evening as usual Pore Bill hit the door and staggered through the sitting room and to the kitchen sink and let it all go.

Clara was in the setting room and heard the most awful groans and sounds from the kitchen, they was ghostly, weird and unlike anything you ever heard.

Finally after about half an hour of this Bill came to the setting room door, he was white as a sheet, so weak he had to lean against the door frame for support. He finally in a very weak voice said, "Clara, Honey, I nearly died, you believe, I'll never drink another drink as long as I live. Honey, I threw up all my guts, but don't worry I got every one of them back down where they belong."

Friends, Bill is now head of the A.A.'s in his community.