

a REAL hillbilly goes to the . . .

## "Governewer's Inaugrachun"

in the original language of Ebenezer Zachary

It in't ofen thert me n' Rufe gets ta roam'n' round the country, but this here time, us bofe decided ta leave home n' see what-kind a world we wuz livin' in.

We left one mornin' nie on ta six o'clock n' started fur Coon Creek. Thets the furthurst place we hed ever been. Ah wuz very happy bout it all, but Rufe wuz kinda blue. Ya see he wuz a courtin' Sadie Mae n' wen a fella's been a courtin' the way he hed, hit shore must be awful ta leave. So i jest tryed ta cheer him up by tellin' him bout the time me n' Ollie wuz ketched a courtin'; i like ta tell about hit cuz hit shore wuz fun. The courtin' part i mean. Her pappy wuz a purtty big fella n' wen he cum upon us a courtin' i tryed ta tell him twarnt nothin' but a friendly jesture n' shore nuff thet ole dog don't hunt. Hit all blowed over tho' wen her pappy sent her back ta the first grade.

Well like i sed, we wuz hedin' fer Coon Creek. We got thar bout sundown n' by thet time Rufe wuz a feelin' better. Thet pore fella shore suffered fer a spell tho'. Ever time i woud say somethin' bout home he woud git thet fer away look in his eyes. So i jest quit a talkin' bout hit n' we bofe begin ta tak' bout wot we wuz agonna du wen we made our fortunes.

I tole Rufe i wuz agonna be one a them thar scule teachers, ya know them folks jest sit back n' count their money, n' write new books so's they can make more ta count. Hit is jest a shame, but thar shore must be sumthin' ta hit all. Rufe wuz always a honin' ta be one a them thar governewers.

Course now he ain't never seed one n' neither heve i, but we shore heve ben hearin' bout them people here lately. They say ya gits ta live in a place bout twicet the size a unkle Zekes' barn. i don't believe hit cuz thar ain't nuthin' thet big. N' to you gits all the vittles ya want ta eat. i

reckon thets all Rufe wants, jest plenty ta eat.

By the time Rufe hed tole me all bout his plans to be a governewer we wuz rested, so i says lets go, n' we went over the Creek n' off inter the wildernuss.

Come' high noon we wuz gettin' purtty tuckered n' wuz gonna lie down wen all of a sudden like we cum upon a big house full a lights. Rufe wuz always kurious so went ta look inside. Now folks i'll tell ya, til my dieing day i want forget wat we seen. Hit were the gosh awfulest thing i ever heered tell of.

We kinda snuck up ta the winder n' peered in, n' thar they wuz, a carrin' on sumthin' awful, kickin' thar heels n' klappin' thar hands n' i don't know wat all. Hit were a scandal. i wuz so interested in wat they wuz doin' thet i cum near getten' the life scared out a me. This here critter cum close ta the winder n' peered out. Hit war a gal i euld see thet, but she hed been painted up sumthin' awful n' her hair wuz done up lak ma does hern' jest fore she takes thet Saturday nite dunk. Now ef you don't think i didn't run, wal hit took Rufe five minutes ta ketch me. He tole me thet they hed invited us ta see the cele-brachun n' i went back jest ta look.

They wuz awful nice people, they tole us we could eat all we wanted. i jest let Rufe go wen they sed thet cuz wen theys vittles to be hed, thar jest ain't no holdin' Rufe. Then i begin to look around the place. i wuz gettin' kinda kurious bout wat all this wuz for so i asked, n' you shore coulda fried ma liver wen they tole me hit wuz in honor of the governewer.

Rufe cum back a fue minutes later n' sed thet they warn't nuthin' ta eat. i tole him he wuz teched in the haid, cuz i knowed them folks woudn't ast us ta eat n' not heve nuthin' i

hed ta take Rufes' hat offen his haid, he jest ain't got no manners. N' we went a lookin' fur the vittles.

Wel folks i jest about hain't got the heart ta think bout the rest of this heer story. Me n' Rufe searched high n' low fur sum vittles but we jest couldn't even git a snif a possum n' taters.

After a spell i says ta Rufe, let's go in an watch them kick at each other fur a while. We did thet fur a while and then we got tired. We wuz jest gettin' ready ta go wen we heered the banshee wail, thets wat hit sound-ed lak. i looked up the stairs n' shore nuff hit war a banshee a comin' down the wooden pole thet winds up the stairs. Wel i knew Rufe woud be a runnin' lak mad so i jest struck out. i didn't know war else ta go but some so home i went. Rufe was already thar n' hed his feudin' gun on his shoulder reddy fur the banshee, but we didn't ever see hit again. Which wuz alrite with us cuz them banshee things kin be awful mean.

The only thing i ain't never hed the heart ta do, wuz ta tell Rufe just war we wuz at thet nite. Hits been a long time since, but Rufe is a still honin' ta be a governewer. He is hed of the general stor now n' wen i wuz over thar the other day, well bout a month ago i seed he hed a new kind of flour, i can't quite recolect war i seen thet sack afore, but peers to be mighty famila sum how.

Wel i guess i hed better go now. one of them varmint's thet calls themselves Fosters sed he heered ma gran-pappy a snorin' bar fashun n' thet means we hes us another feud. The furst one in nigh on two weeks. Hit shore is gettin' peaceful round heer. i been a hankerin' ta go back ta thet celebrachun. Hit shore was the stuff, even ef hit war fulla banshees.