

THE MOKINS CLAN

BY ZEKE

This here is a story of the Mokins clan of Kentucky. I am Zeke and the only one of the clan that went to school, course I didn't go but to the fifth grade, but pappy sed it was time fer me ta stop thinkin' bout education and go ta sawin' wood. I was gittin' right close ta twenty-one then so I figured he was right an' I should give up the idea of ever gittin' into the sixth grade—gosh they sure did have a purtty school-marm to.

Mr. Editor, maybe your a wonderin' jest what this here story is for. Well ya see we been hearin' bout those city folks amakin' jokes bout us hill-billie and we jest want to set ya strait.

Us Mokins is supposed ta be the sassity of the hills, at least that is the way most people take us ever since pappy came into that two dollar a month ole age thing.

There ain't been a feud since way last October when one of them Kacy varmits stumbled upon grand-pappy Doodle asleep and shot him for a bar. Course we all knowed that gran-pappy had quite a growth of whiskers but that part of his story is alright, it twan when he sed that granpappy was a snorin' bar fashin' that started it all. The feud was jest a small one on account of all the Kacys had been shot off a couple a months before, that is most of 'em.

Us Mokins is peave lovin' sorta folks, we don't go outa our way ta find trouble and most times we jest don't care bout afeudin'. Why I member bout one feud that it took two days ta start. It was with that bunch on Jiggaboo crick. They come up ta pappy one day and sed that they was atakin' over the territory. Pappy sed he didn't care jest so long as they didn't bother him. But I could see right then that them boys were allokin' fer a feud. Lem, the biggest one of them, turned off ta

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the next one an' sed "see there what did I tell ya, there jest ain't no use in trying ta git a fight." I begun ta think of some way we'uns could fight an' still make some money. I went over ta Lem and told him that if he wanted ta git a fight jest ta offer pappy 'baccor" money and sure nuff pappy would fight. He kinda sparred around a minute; I kain't see as how I could blame him, ten cents is a pile a money jest fer a feud. Finally the thing started and lasted most a year. Then they went back ta Jiggaboo crick and we ain't heered frum them yet.

There was the time we all was a goin' ta town, maw hed maid some coonskin hats fer all us children and we was reddyta go. It took us a couple of days ta round them all up, then maw hed ta make two more coonskins hats; she don't count very well. Pappy still thinks we took a couple of Kacys with us. I don't know as how this here trip we'uns took would strike you but we hed such a good time that I'm gonna tell ya all about it.

It's bout thurty miles from our house ta town, mighty long way ta go in two weeks but we was a rarin'. Pappy crawled up in back a the wagon and maw packed the trun. It was sure funny, maw was a cussin' paw fer not stayin' awake an talkin' ta her. On the way we lost a couple a kids but we found out later they was jest coon huntin' an went on home. When we got ta town we stuck out our chests an went right down the main street. It ain't often that ya see a horse an wagon at the same time. Pappy hed bout all the money in the world on him, right close ta four dolars; we kinda bunch-ed round him so as not ta git it took.

After we hed been in town a couple of days pappy decided ta take

us ta one of them calf terrias ta eat. Boy was we a puttin' the dog on. Whew! Well we went into one of them places ta eat an sure nuff there was a bunch a grzy people in there, they was a tootin' an a hollerin' something fierce. But we all set down and a slicker came over ta the table. He handed paw a card an' paw handed it back, "I want a dinner fer the whole shebang" he says. The slicker says "do you wan the dollar one sir?" Pappy threw out his chest and sed yes-sir ree. Now I was a feelin' kinda a doubtful bout paw spendin' all thet money jest for us ta eat. Why back home it never cost a dollar fer all of us ta eat. But Pappy was a feelin' good so I jest set an' waited fer mine. It finally came an we'uns started. There weren't much there but I did feel a little better. Then when it was all over was when the trouble started, the slicker gave pappy another card with thurty dollars written on. Now we'd all heered bout them checks but why would this here slicker give pappy a check fer thurty dollars, he ain't ever seed him before. Pappy wouldn't take the check an' sed that was ready ta go. He pulled out two dollar bills and left everybody in the calf terria with thar moufs wide open.

After we had et in the calf terria we didn't calc'late thar wuz much else fer us to do, and we wint on home.

Thet thar was nigh onto twenty yars ago, but hit is still the talk in these parts. Why we is still looked up to around hyar; nobuddy else has even ben to taown, much less et in style.

Now, don't ye thing, Mr. Editor, thet a complaint comin' from the sech as we matters sum? Why don't you-uns tell them other dirty fellers ta cut out there dratted wisecrackin'?