

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1955

On a recent rainy day at Town Hall we sat talking to old Art Cobb, one of our favorite people . . . The conversation turned to the youth of today; their shortcomings, their faults . . . "Don't know the value of a dollar, they don't," boomed Art, "and they don't respect a cussed thing . . . They'll walk all over my grass (Art's emerald green, close-shaven lawn is one of his chief prides . . .) and steal my strawberries, and tease my dog. Don't know what the world's comin' to."

We were just clucking our tongue in wordless agreement when Wilfred "Red" Slade came in, shook the raindrops from his hat, and queried Art about some locations on a survey map. "Been working over South Truro way, near where you were born, Mr. Cobb . . . Ever hear tell of Parker Lombard's store?" . . . Art caught the name second try, after he'd adjusted his hearing aid, and then . . . "Parkie Lombard's store? Well I sh'd say I do remember it. Wasn't rightly what you'd call a store, though. 'Twas a barn, located right in the fork of the road at Fisher Road and the spur that goes over to that artist fellers—Hopper? . . . that's his name . . . Well sir, Parkie, he was a cripple, sort of; had club feet—toes turned right in to face each other. He used to buy up aigs, around South Truro from all the farmers, and he'd cart 'em to his barn, there, and sort 'em out, and wash 'em, and pack 'em in crates, and ship 'em up to the city.

Reason I remember Parkie and his barn and his aigs, is because me an' Irv Collins played a little joke on him once. Wasn't much doin' that Spring in South Truro. The old skatin' rink had gone out of business, and there was a strong Methodist revival goin' on . . . no square dancin', or socials, or parties. Irv an' me, we got to itchin' for a bit of excitement, and as we were walkin' up the railroad track one day, we looked over at Parkie Lombard's barn, and cussed if Parkie didn't have his horses harnessed up to the truck wagon, with a big load of eggs all packed aboard. So I says to Irv, 'Let's go over to say hello to Parkie,' . . . and we did. Only Parkie, he went inside the buildin' to fetch out the last case of eggs, and Irv went with him, and that left me all alone outside with

the horse and wagon. First thing I knew, I had a piece of plank in my hands, and I pried up the wagon body, and slipped the king-pin out of the axle hole, and let 'er down easy-like so she just rested on the metal bearin' . . . And then Irv, he come out of the barn, and we scooted over the hill, and hid behind a beach plum bush. Pretty soon, out comes Parkie, shufflin' through the soft sand, and he climbed up into the wagon and fetched the horse a touch with the whip, and WHUP . . . the horse trotted off with the shafts, an' the whiffletree and the front wheels, and down come the wagon body, and old Parkie, he was sittin' in scrambled eggs up to his waist . . . Boys might've had high spirits, those days—but my gosh, they wasn't vicious . . ."

Yarmouth Register  
February 14, 1891

## SOUTH TRURO.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

SOUTH TRURO, Feb. 10, 1891.

We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the kind friends of South Truro for their thoughtful care for us during the weary months of our son's sickness, and to extend our thanks to all who so kindly assisted, in any way, when the end came; to Rev. Messrs. Bell and Robie for service rendered; to the singers; to the pall bearers; to those who furnished carriages, or in any other way rendered needed assistance; to Rev. Robert Clark of Sandwich, (where the body was borne for interment); to the many kind friends in Sandwich, who were so thoughtful of our situation and did so much for our comfort and restfulness, after the weeks of watching and caring for the sick one. J. S. FISH.  
N. C. FISH.

The safest and best remedy that can be found for family use is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

It's been our contention for many years that there's nothing like a good grudge to strengthen the character, and this is borne out by a yarn recently told us by Art Cobb, sage of the Hogsback. Today's grudges seem mild by comparison—Snowie writing ungrammatical and pointless letters to the press, for instance, or the cold stare Arthur Plady Francis used to direct at Anthony Phat Francis when they weren't on speaking terms following an altercation in the back room of the old liquor emporium in the square. Art tells it this way:

"Every time I go by DesChamps, in South Truro, I think about the big feud between Sears Rich and old Ben Lombard happened when I was a boy. Nobody knew for sure how it ever started, some folks said their wives got into an argument over a new hat one of 'em was wearin' . . . Anyhow, Sears and Ben both lived in the same house. Had two ells on it, with livin' quarters in the middle, and for years they got along fine. Then come this fight I was tellin' about. First off the wives got mad, but Sears and Ben, they still was friendly . . . that is 'til one day they was over to the California Store, and someone asked 'em why their wimmin folks wasn't speakin' . . . Sears, he kinda put a mite of blame on Ben's wife, and vicey versey, an' first thing you know, the two men got into a real fist fight . . . Didn't settle nothin' though, because some customers in the store broke it up. They both walked out mad as wet hens. Well sir, next time Ben signed up for a trip on a mackerel fishermen, Sears decided he'd fix his enemy. Come the first moonlight night, he broke out his carpenter tools, got his ladder, climbed up on the ridgepole, and by guppie, he sawed that house right in two . . . next mornin' bright and early, he showed up with a double horse hitch and some plankin', and moved his half of the house to a new location. Good thing it was mild weather, or Miz Lombard would a' frozen in that open house."