

Subject: (no subject)

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Lil

Nothing like corn right off the stalk!!! Many years ago I stayed with Buddy and Charlotte In Welcome, Md. where they had a general store. Don't remember how long I stayed, must have been a few weeks. It was soon after I got out of the AF and they invited me to come down to relax and come back to normal after my military service.

Getting back to the corn--A friend of theirs had a farm nearby who grew tobacco and corn and he invited me out to go fishing. I was told he was a "gentleman farmer" what ever that means. He was also a duck hunter. However we went fishing in the Potomac river which runs right near his property. He had a power boat and we went out to the center of the river where he had crab traps, the water there is salty, and got some blue claw crabs. We headed back closer to the river banks where the water is fresh. He cut the crabs into pieces to be used for bait. We caught what he called croakers. They made a croaking sound laying on the bottom of the boat. After a couple of hours and lots of fish, Mr. Jameson [his name] said, Irvin, that's what he called me, "how about some lunch". Would I ever refuse to go eat?!! We went back to his house, but first we drove onto his corn field and drove between the stalks which were very high and he picked corn right the stalks, must have been three doz. at least. Oh by the way, he did ask me if I liked corn, and I'm thinking, "do bears shit in the woods"

They were Catholic and it was Friday so we had fish and veg. and corn. After eating four ears of the best tasting I ever ate, he said "what's the matter Irvin, aren't you hungry?" Then we went out to catch more fish. Great experience!! And that's my corny story.

Regards to all the farmers.
What would we do without them?

Irv