

CEPHUS

One Saturday night old "Hard Headed Herbert" came to the fish fry. Man had a head harder than steel. And would fall asleep anywhere. We were all dancing and having a good time, so we didn't notice Herbert being missing. Weil, there was this large fourteen wheel truck loaded with logs, standing in the road a little ways from the river. The truck stood there for four hours straight. After a while I walked up the road to take a leak. I heard all this cussing and hollering coming from beneath the truck. I took a look. Low and behold, "Hard Headed Herbert's head was caught under the back tires of the truck. And his head had been buried in the mud with this truck sitting on top of it for four hours.

"Git this big mother fucker off my head," he screamed. "Ain't safe to go to sleep nowhere around here." Well we got the truck off his head. But his head had burst two of the tires on the truck and he didn't have a scratch. That's the truth. Bubba Junior hit him in the head with a pitchfork one day and bent the fork in half. Didn'e even crack the skin on Herbert's head.