

"Mr. Wess and the Stainless Steel Cookware Party" is, on the surface, light entertainment, perhaps a glimpse at ourselves, ~~inside out~~, on the inside looking out. But it is more.

Mr. Wess is the ornery sage and mentor of a remote rural ~~region~~ ^{community} in S.E. Cal., long a seasoned skeptic and short on patience. Like ~~all~~ ^{most} teachers he is a ^{pragmatic} conservative, ^{persecution}, he eventually finds that his teachings erode with the flood of ^{modern} technology.

Tyne, the young farmer, succumbs to the glitter of stainless steel - the zeal of acquisition, so to speak - and buckles beneath matrimonial restraints, like his neighbors. He repudiates Wess's teachings on mortality when he begs the ^{cookware} salesman to arrange for him to "pay on time" for the lifetime guaranteed cookware.

Wess asks at the onset of the ^{cookware} demonstration if they plan to live 100 yrs. Tyne glances back at his bride.

~~The bride at her back~~

But from the bridge of her ^{younger} neighbors, ~~the~~ Wess learns (teacher-pupil reverse) that women, contrary to his former beliefs, are more practical than men. He learns of the vulnerability of the male sex when they surrender to the stranger who disrupts

the tranquility & pragmatism of the community,

We are all subject pieces on the
commercial chess board,

Wess ^{orner} - ^{community} Mentor reasoned with skepticism

(despair of youths)

pragmatic nature of women - vulnerability of men

~~men~~ mortality

Tyree rejects with long range plan to
"pay on time"

Wess realizes that Tyree is lost to
the zeal of acquisition, has buckled under matrimonial the
restraints, like his ^{present} neighbors.

willingness to allow strangers to describe the
tranquility & progress of the community

growing familiarity with stranger - dangerous invasion of
~~modern~~ technology

2600
2500
100
5200
6

Gray - (Tom Alford) articulate but reverent in application of regional language - unbiased child's view - preferred

Sheriff known human limitations

older - wiser - Sheriff Sol

revises story (Solomon)

"It been there, my own self"

rebukes Cliff for returning from outside to run "harum scarum" on older folks rights - (religious & traditional values viewed as foolishness (disregarded) by Cliff on return - has become ~~the~~ world wise in his adventures - ain't no dicca si diccarda past - Sheriff is wise, neutral - has been there & returned - he knows that the traditions of a specific region command respect & Cliff considers the areas to be unenlightened, foolish - he is self-pitiful - tries to introduce nihilism into a community whose values are based on the significance of their mundane existence - daily rituals that accrue to meaningfulness - Gloria's wisdom resides in her adherence to traditional values - the platinum pig tail represents the "piecing together" of fragments to a whole - Mother is committed to fervent belief - Cliff is a void - Sheriff sees both sides - Father (quillie) non committal (any place he goes would be same) no set standards of behavior or belief - dragging on the coat tails of other beliefs -

Miss (visitors) potatoes
Miss Dilmer (Dane) her home

~~Miss~~

~~Miss~~
James Syle's wife

Short Story

"Mr. Wees & the Stainless Steel Cookware Party"

"Know what y'all ladies can do with one of these here things when you get done with it?" the salesman ^{asked} ~~said~~ ^{passing} ~~holding~~ a white baking dish beneath their noses. ^{He drew} ~~holding~~ it back while he ^{flipped} ~~dropped~~ the ^{trash} ~~waste~~ basket lid ^{open} ~~up~~ ^{like a shocked} ~~mouth~~ mouth, with his wing-tipped toe. "I know it out!" he answered, ^{cause you can't clean it. Get it clean.} ~~drop~~ ^{dropped} it ~~from~~ ^{two} feet from his hand, ^{slopping} ~~the~~ ^{top} down and brushing his hands with zeal flat fineness.

Miss Palmer ^{coiled} ~~curled~~ ^{her} ~~hand~~ ^{of} ~~refolded~~ ^{ready} ~~used~~ ^{her} ~~throat~~ ^{arms} ~~beneath~~ ^{her} ~~shoulders~~ ^{breasts}, turning as she heard shuffling in the ^{down} ~~hall~~ ^{behind} her.

Mr. Wees leaned ~~into~~ ^{on} the frame of the door & wallowed his tobacco from left to right ⁱⁿ his ^{muddy} ~~gray~~ cheeks, ^{his} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} riveted on the salesman. He jangled the change in his ^{sp} ~~khaki~~ ^{trousers} ~~pockets~~ ^{pockets} & scanned the semicircle ^{where} ~~where~~ ^{Ty} ~~nee's~~ ^{new} ~~wife's~~ ^{wife} craned her ^{neck} ~~head~~ toward the sparkling display of ~~sparkling~~ stainless steel cookware on the

white stove.
A clothed ~~table~~. Her ~~dark~~ ^{black} ~~long~~ ^{lank} hair ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~whipped~~ ^{whipped} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} from ear to ear, emphasized the ~~drawn~~ ^{wan} ~~face~~ ^{ness} of her. She swallowed & sat back in the straight ~~chair~~ ^{stagnant} ~~against~~ ^{against} the ~~new~~ ^{new} ~~wool~~ ^{wool} ~~collar~~ ^{collar}. Miss Dossie sat ~~next to her~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~right~~ ^{right}, swinging her elastic-hosed leg to the rhythm of the porch swing's ~~chain~~ ^{chain} ~~squawk~~ ^{squawk} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~resonated~~ ^{resonated} ~~walked~~ ^{walked} on the ~~floor~~ ^{floor} ~~through~~ ^{through} the hall.

The fragrance of fried ham lingered ~~in the~~ ^{in the} ~~room~~ ^{room} ~~around~~ ^{around} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~stove~~ ^{stove} & blended with the honeysuckle outside the open window.

"Know what else?" the salesman picked up, flashing Miss Dillmer's black iron frying pan with a swift flourish. "If you got an old man you want to get ~~rid~~ ^{rid} of, this here's the ticket? These things will kill you dead. Look here," he ~~sat~~ ^{demonstrated as he} ~~turned~~ ^{turned} to the stove, striking two matches before the gas whistled beneath the burner & after Miss Dillmer had adjusted the knob & sat again, screwing her ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~shut~~ ^{shut} ~~stomach~~ ^{mouth} ~~up~~ ^{up} to a ragged circle.

Mr. West scrubbed his feet & lay into the other side of the door way, ~~looking~~ ^{looking} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~packet~~ ^{packet} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~penetrating~~ ^{penetrating} the

back of the salesman whose apron was tied in a knot.

"Awrighty. Now I fried up a tit plain til ole grease of ~~broan~~ side meat, I just like you ladies I pro'ly done ever morning since you been married. Right? Right!" he said, turning toward them & sporting it ~~under~~ semicircular with a dash. Then he dumped the contents into the gaping ~~can~~ waste basket, with a ~~flourish~~ ^{left swipe} ~~stroke~~. He wiped the bottom with Miss Dalmer's bleached dish rag, flapping it towards them to exhibit ~~the~~ ^{deadly} ~~stain~~ stain.

A ~~present~~ ^{piece} of "chippy's" ~~was~~ ^{long} washed along the semicircle, ~~as~~ ^{over} ~~by~~ ^{by} Mr. Weir's gust.

"Pure old iron!" That's said the salesman. "That's what you're getting when you cook in one of these things. Know what you can do with it?"

They all looked at the ~~Swasted~~ ^{Garbage can} basket before he ~~flipped~~ ^{flipped} the ~~lid~~ ^{flap}. ~~It~~ ~~it~~ ~~dropped~~ ~~away~~ ~~as~~ ~~steam~~ ~~escaped~~ ~~around~~ ~~the~~ ~~clapped~~ ~~lid~~. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~gone~~ ~~in~~ ~~an~~ ~~instant~~.

"Vresvres!" he said, brushing his hands again, leaning his ^{narrow} ~~back~~ ~~side~~ ~~into~~ ~~the~~ ~~garment~~.

to the scoured safe, ^{lid} ~~lid~~ in hand, ~~demanded~~ grabbed
a blue Surver L'vuer ~~patterned~~ plate, &
rushed back to the pot ~~daring~~ to steam. He
dumped ~~the~~ ^{the rice} in a cake, balancing it
on one hand for ~~all~~ ^{them} to ~~see~~ ^{admire}.
"Ah's," ~~emitted~~ ^{emitted} the sounds from the
penicuch of ladies.

"See any thing on the bottom of the
pot?" he ~~said~~ ^{asked} at the ~~people~~ ^{people} of the
"ah's" extending the pot ^{to the other hand} for them to
~~inspect~~ inspect.

"Not a dab" said Miss Jessie,
looking at Mrs. Dilmer for confirmation.
She nodded ~~stare~~ ^{stare} absolutely, ^{but} retained
her stem skepticism with her brown
squirrel eyes.

"I bet you'd find yourself ~~scratching~~ ^{scratching}
it before you knowed it," crumpled Mr.
Wess, pulling back & leaning ^{through} with both
hands on each side of the door.

"Not a chance," said the saloon,
taking a ready rag & wiping it ~~two~~ ^{two} times
in a circle. It gleamed like polished silver.
The ladies turned to Mr. Wess &
glared at him.

~~It~~
"Looks to me like you been ~~slip~~
amakin' out with the old kind for
this long, we can make out a
white longer," Mr. Wren said, hesitantly.

"Glad you bring that up," said
the salesman. "Government statistics
shows that people that's bought this
stuff lives twice as long as ~~them~~ that
don't, sir."

"Well, I've been eating that's
~~raisin~~ cornbread out 'me ~~and~~ a iron pan
going on 60 yrs I ain't had nary
trouble 'cept'n a bunion of my big toe."

The salesman laughed and the ladies
~~all~~ ^{allegedly} chuckled ^{as they moved} ~~best~~ ^{disregarding} ~~stares~~
his way & resumed their focus on the
spectacle in the austere kitchen.

"Now ~~lets see~~ ^{lets see} how the
meat loaf's coming along," ^{the salesman} said, turning
back to the stove & peering beneath
the clamped lid ^{following the counterclockwise} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~stove~~ ^{knob}. The
steam rose to his ^{swarthy} face & ^{as he lifted} ~~passed~~ ^{shot} through
his slick black hair. "Oh ^{burning} ~~burning~~, that do
smell ready, don't it ladies?"

They leaned forward & inhaled.

"Yes," he said, busying himself with shuffling & shaking papers & things fluttering on this ~~light~~ ^{light} ~~paper~~ ^{paper} portfolio.

"We'll just leave this ~~in~~ in the pot to keep it warm good & hot," he said, grasping the handle & passing along the round circle, by passing Mr. Wess in the door.

"See ~~the~~ how pure & smooth it is?" he said.

"Ain't brown," said Miss Dalmier as it reached her. She grasped his wrist.

"Oh!" he said, "But you wouldn't want it to be ain't good for you."

"What about biscuits?" asked Mr. Wess.

"Oh!" he said, "I'm glad you bring that up. All you gotta do is to ~~put~~ put 'em right down in a little better in this special 9 x 9 ^{stainless} skillet & pop the lid on, take it off, in 5 or 6 minutes, & turn 'em over & let 'em brown on the other side. And you get ~~you~~ the best danged biscuits you ever set your teeth... ~~on~~!"

"Fried biscuits" said Mr. Wess stated, flatly.
The ladies glanced ~~by~~ with their heavy disregard ~~at him again~~ ^{at him again}.

He turned & moped off down the hall toward the porch swing's ^{squeaking} ~~creaking~~.

The night breeze, in synchrony with the lazy porch swing, blew droplets of his tobacco juice to the concrete steps or be spat into the dusty hydrangeas. (over)

(over) "Vall air, took nary turn in the kitchen yet, is you?" he asked, surveying the two silhouettes of double heads in the porch swing.

Tyace's hair resembled ruffled feathers on the crown and the background of violet sky held it ~~swaying~~ rising & falling as his feet/scap scraped along the floor.

"Nope," he said. "Smells mighty good, though."

"They set the table, yet?" asked ~~Not~~

"Ain't a fixin' ~~to~~ ^{do} the best of my estimation," said Mr. Wess, leaning on the porch post and peering out as if he were looking for something suspicious in the corner that had sunk lower in the dust with time.

"How come?" asked Nat ~~Little~~, lost in the dark ~~rocker~~ ^{of the porch} wall where he rocked back on a straight chair.

"Your corn come up yet, Mr. West,"
asked Hat from behind him.

"Done & been asez jing ^{of food,} ~~Went~~
~~the~~ looking ~~off~~ out.

"You don't say," said Hat. "Mine's
up, but it's mighty yaller. Reckon
I'll ~~go on~~ ^{go on} & fertilize it ~~also~~
~~Mon. morning.~~

"If yall boys had plant it
fur apart, yall wouldn't need to ~~go~~
~~to~~ go all out on fertilizing ~~it~~
~~it~~. (back)

al ~~John~~ ^{Tyce} in swing
that in rock
Dassie

"I tell you how come. That err
~~lil de uppity~~ ^{big shot} salesman is showing off. Ain't
no hard to cook, best I can tell," said
Mr. Wess. ~~Come here from~~ "Come out here from Tel'osta to
set him some ~~big~~ ^{big} ~~expect~~"
"Well, wuh? We supposed to eat
supper here?" asked Woke, ~~stopping~~ ^{braking}
the swing with his foot.

"That's what my ole lady tote me," said
Tyce in a squeaky voice.

Mr. Wess laughed; more of a ^{mocking} ~~crack~~ chuckle
~~that~~ that caught on the breeze & carried
down the long lane & through the woods.

"Boy, your ole lady's ready to clean
out your pockets in there. She's got
her ready to buy up the whole set,"

"Naw," said Tyce. "She ain't the
kind. Buys her shoes ~~the~~ ^{too} sized by gern
her feet ~~but keep~~ ^{in case} ~~the~~ ^{they} ~~group~~ ^{come}
more. She's the savingest lil de woman
you ever seen."

"Yeh," said Woke. "I heard that
before, ^{Miss} ~~Wess~~ ^{Dassie} was the same very way when
~~she~~ ^{we} ~~was~~ first got married. Now, come
Sat., she's shanking to get to the
grocery store."

"They shou change," Mr. Wess said, musing
into the gathering darkness.

"I ain't said they was nothing 'ticular wrong with her; Mr. West drunked!" "I just ain't got no use for nary woman. I got Ma to take care of ~~me~~ me." (over)

(over) "Well, they ain't no house big enough for no two women," said Hoke.

"That's the Lord's truth," Tyree said, leaving the swing to peer through the screen door.

Mr. West looked at him and said, "Get you worried up. Huh? Boy, you best just go on & get your money roll out & get over with it. That lil ole wife of yours is about bought over last one of them new fangled pots."

"Haw," Tyree said. "She ain't the spending kind."

"Well, ^{mine} Alma shore is," said Hoke, rising from the flailing porch swing to look through the door; on his pocketed fist ^{looked like} ~~resembled~~ tumor on his lean thigh.

"Hell, it's a staved plan to death," said Hat, rising also. "We ~~eat~~ eat supper at ~~the~~ ever night at ^{least}, it's generally done asleep by other time. What time you got, ^{Mr.} West."

"Ma" ain't gonna live forever." ~~He~~
stated Hat. "Then what you gonna do?"

"U'll ^{row} patch if it comes to hit,"
mumbled Mr. Wees, decidedly.

"How's Miss Thelma getting on
nowadays?" asked Tynce (his ^{own} ~~face~~ ^{face} jutted forward.)

"Still got that ole rheumatiz in
her right arm," said Mr. Wees. "U set
in an bought her a bunch of britches
stretchers last week to ~~set~~ ^{help out} ~~down~~ on
her 'orning."

"Lemme see," said Mr. Wess, wedged between them in the hall light as he removed his pocket watch & peered at it, held it away, & brought it near, and said: "Half past seven."

"Half past seven!" repeated Nat.

"Well, I don't know about the rest of y'all, but I'm about ready to eat," said Nobe.

"Getting scared, boys?" teased Mr. Wess.

"Hungry," said Nat. "Pure & hungry's what we are."

"Well come on, boys. I'll get y'all in. But don't expect nothing but some ~~red~~ raked out pots."

Mr. Wess entered the screen door ~~which~~ sported a tuft of white cotton to discourage house flies, and the others shuffled behind him, ~~also down~~ up the airy hall.

"Now, ladies," said the salesman, "we're about done. Wash & that easy? See, you could done be acetting around on the front porch by none. Cooks itself.

You could put a pot roast on ~~front~~ middle of the day & let it go til supper & it'd cook itself. In fact, the more you left the lid the worse it'll turn out."

"Mrs. Jim," stammered Miss Dannie,
"I got a question for you."

"Ask away," the salesman said.

"What if you was to not put no water
in a pot of acre peas, ^{and} put that little dab
you put in ~~them~~ ^{them english peas.} Wouldn't they scorch to
the bottom?"

"Nawpe," said ~~the salesman~~ ^{Jim}, "he steam
~~does~~ ^{take care of it.} Remember you ain't
stov'ing no more. You'll a steamin'. And
what does that do for yall?"

"Keeps the vitamins in," they
responded in unison and ~~it~~ ^{judged like school girls.}
"Now, you got the notion," Jim
laughed, "~~How~~" "See how it tastes. What
yall say?"

"Yeh," said Miss Alma, rising ~~front~~
as she tugged her belt ~~from~~ ^{beneath}
her large breasts to her waist. Let 'em
back ~~at~~ ^{again}.

"I'll try it out," said Miss Dalmer
bravely, rising energetically and ^{he} patted the meat
~~with~~ ^{with} hands on top of her head.

"It's stov'ed to death," said Miss
Dannie, "Come on Sugar?" she ^{goddly} ~~said~~
turning to try Tyne's bride from the
chair,

^{xx} They ain't give you a thought, "whispered
Mr. Wess, looking back at the eager line
behind him. ~~It~~

~~The~~ He stepped bravely forward &
by ~~adjusting~~ ~~the~~ ~~back~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~black~~
~~material~~ hooked his thumbs on the gullies of his overalls.
"Ain't you forgot about somebody?"
he asked.

The ladies turned from the oil dotted
table where they ^{were} babbling like cawing like
crows stealing pecans.

"You come on," said Miss Dessie, with
her mouth cooling a hot apple wedge. "They's
aplenty."

"Yes, get on in here & get you a plate
out in the safe over there," said Miss
Alma ~~steadily~~ dipping ^{with regularity} ^a ^{few} the shiny pots,
Miss Dalmer marched to the screened
safe & dealt plates like a deck of cards
to them ~~at~~ ^{at} ^{the} ^{intersections} ^{of} ^{the} ^{lines} ^{of} ^{the} ^{plates} ^{as} ^{she} ^{thrust} ^{the} ^{final} ^{one} ^{at} ^{Wess's} ^{big}
belly, grinning at her smirking face.
Tynce's wife ^{so} ^{swiftly} ^{trilled} ^{food}
to her plate, breaking time to complete the
process, ^{turning} Then she turned to Tynce
& offered it to him like a ~~gold~~ ^{silver} plated
laden with ~~the~~ delicacies. He beamed.

"Better get your money out o' boy. Or
pin it down with a ~~safe~~ ^{safe} pin," whispered
Mr. Weese, trailing behind.

~~It~~ after all plates were filled & the
bottom o' the pots were exposed, Weese, ^{who had} ~~finished~~
~~off~~ scraped the bottoms, turned & looked slowly
about the kitchen, waiting, shifting from foot to
foot.

"Where we e'posed to eat at?" he asked.

~~They~~ They all stopped eating where they sat
or stood along the wall.

"See if you can clear up this table,
Mister, so we can set down to supper,"
he commanded, turning on the salesman.

"It was just afixing to," ^{he responded, turning} ~~said the salesman~~
~~about the~~ ~~scrubbing the stone~~ from the stone he scrubbed.

"But you ain't eat," said Miss Dalmer
with a fork of meat loaf hovering near her
mouth.

"Oh!" ~~He~~ said, "I ain't hungry. Yall
go on & ~~start~~ ^{start} stacking ~~the~~ pots
& pans in the dish room."

"You, a little lil ole bitty thing,
needs to eat ever chance o' a git,"
said Miss Donsie.

"Yeh," said Miss Alma with her mouth
full, "You da & want to lose your

strength, "Now do you?"

"Money," he said.

"Weren't nothing left," said Mrs. Dalmer,
eyeing Mr. Wess ^{acutely} ~~where~~ ~~so~~ ~~long~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~plate~~
~~was~~ ~~made~~ ~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~table~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~pull~~ ~~led~~
up ~~on~~ ~~chair~~.

Her back remained

The ladies sat her back, chatted about
who took what to the meeting on first Sunday
and general improvements to be made on
Tom's recipe, as the men joined Wess,
elbowing up to the table & digging in.

Wess watched the efficient cleanup
from beneath hooded lid eyes as he
ate rapidly but critically, pushing separate
carrots from peas. After he finished, he
took his starched white handkerchief &
wiped ~~it~~ ~~across~~ ~~his~~ ~~mouth~~ ~~then~~
~~wiped~~ ~~his~~ ~~hands~~ & leaned forward, ~~to~~
to replace it in his back pockets.

"I bet you make a pretty good
living peddling. Don't you?"
"You talking to me?" asked Stan
turning his ~~professional~~ ^{professional} smile on Wess.
"Yeh," said Wess.

"Not all that good," he said, drying
his hands and turning to face the

front row audience of men. "We
aim to serve our customers first."

"You mean to tell us you're
giving them cook pots away?"

He laughed and ~~the other three men~~ ^{other three men} ~~said~~ ^{said} him,

"I didn't think so," interrupted Wess.

"Well, what you get for ~~each~~ ^{each} 'all told."

"~~Hard to say~~"

"Well, you'd be surprised..."

"all told," repeated Wess.

"Well, the same set at Sears &
Roebuck - if you could even get 'em -
would cost you..." Jim said, holding

the counter backwards & looking up as if the
total were scribbled on the ceiling.

"We ain't ~~interested~~ ^{interested} in no Sears &
Roebuck prices. What's yours?" said Wess.

Dyke nodded & paused ^{from his} eating.

"Well, you got the twelve piece
set here," he said turning to the
tidy stack of gleaming pots.

"I ain't ~~accounting~~ ^{accounting} but ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~cooking~~ ^{cooking} pots," said
Wess. "I ain't ^{never been} all that handy ~~with~~
at 'rithmetic, neither. You count six,
boys?"

~~They~~ They mumbled "six."

"Well, it meant with the lids," explained Jim, lifting ~~any~~ ~~one~~ to the light.

"So you got to pay extra for the lids," said Wess, winking at Tyme who galed in the incandescence of the light over the table.

"Not exactly," said Jim. "~~Set~~ ~~Lessee~~" he said, lifting his manual in front of his face.

Wess nudged Hat.

"Of course, you got a double boiler, th'owed in by putting one pot on top of another 'un," said Jim, still reading behind the manual.

"So that's just one pot," said Wess, grinning, "Seaver five to total up."

"That ain't how we sell 'em, Mister," said Jim, lowering the manual, then seeing the faces ~~hid~~ ~~behind~~ ~~it~~ ~~a~~ ~~gain~~.

The front row remained ~~still~~ ~~blankly~~ ~~staring~~ ~~at~~ ~~him~~ ~~and~~ waiting as the background rose & fell ~~secretly~~ ~~in~~ the big circling kitchen.

"What yall reckon they worth, boys?" asked Wess.

"All told?" asked Hat.

"Yeh?" said Wess.

"A good set like that oughta run about a day."

~~25.00~~ to ~~38.00~~ ^{at the most,} dollars, "Wouldn't you say?"
asked Hoke.

The manual dropped from the white,
fistening face & rose again like a shield.

"Would you say ~~down~~ in that neighborhood,"
said Tyree, brightening.

"You come up on it yet, Mister Salenore?"
asked Wess.

"Fellows," said Jim, lowering the
manual, "You ain't ~~at all~~ at talking
about dime-store aluminum here. This is
genuine stainless steel. Lasts ~~a~~
hundred years."

"You all planning on living that long,
boys?" asked Wess.

They laughed — all except Tyree
who looked back ~~for~~ at his bride.

"Listen here," said Jim, untying his
apron. "You get a life time ^{gar'antee} ~~guantee~~
on this stuff... uh... cookware set.
If a handle ~~comes~~ ^{breaks} off, you get another
free for the rest of your natural ^{lives} days.
Then your grand young 'uns get a 'em
~~one~~ for free."

"It didn't think hit'd tear up," ^{chided} ~~said~~
Wess.

"Well," he said, tossing the apron to the lindenwood counter, "I meant if it did."

"But it could?" asked Wess.

"I doubt it," he said, adamantly, banging a pot on the counter.

A hush fell on the room & the ladies resumed their conversation as the men began talking again.

"Free handle. Huh?" said Kate.

"Yeh," said Jim, advancing toward them with a mirrored ^{ring} pot bottom. "Show me someone you can beat that."

"What about if somebody was to break in & steal it?" asked Wess.

"Well, that ain't hardly likely. Now is it?" asked Jim.

"Naw," said Nat. "They ain't nobody around Lowell that covy if ~~no~~."

"I forgot to mention something, I think," said Jim. "Did I tell y'all 'bout a free ^{Wess} stainer steel vegetable grinder in the bargain?"

"No," said Herb.

"Well, you do," said Jim, dragging

a cardboard
circle. by one place each leaning against a section in a
The station & snapped the rotary guide to the table & ^{shaped}
~~snapped it in place & legs.~~ (the black)

for carrots & onions & celery &
cucumbers & apples - You name it and
it'll find it. (Make the best long
cold slaw you ever set your teeth into.
"These Dillies, you got a little cabbage
I could get hold of?" he called over their
heads.

"Look in the bottom of the frigidaire,
son," she answered & went back to her
conversation.

He turned to the refrigerator &
~~shellfully~~ came back with a head of
cabbage, shellfully cleaving it into
quarters. At once, he ^{placed a bowl} ~~produced~~
beneath the report ~~turned~~ turned the handle on the
cabbage stuffed in the wedge shaped
(tender ^{camping} ~~whole~~ ^{green shreds} ~~shredded~~ cabbage filled the
bowl.

"Now all you got to do is snap
off the old cabbage ginder and snap
on the ~~potato~~ ^{later} slicer & you got
a mess of ~~potato~~ ^{later} chips for supper,
quick as a wink."

And quick as a wink, one of these

Dilmer's new red potatoes ~~down~~ ^{shot} through
in ~~uniform~~ ^{uniform} slices to the table top.

"And onions," he said. "Watch them.
Y'all could do it your ownself, ~~by~~ ^{for} fellows."

The onion ~~was~~ ^{mashed} through ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~shreds~~
I heaped on top of the potato slices
"You ever tried to cut up a carrot?"
hasked.

"Huh uh," Hohe said.

"I air?" said Nat.

"Well, ~~what~~ ^{both} here" he said already
beck from this Dilmer's refrigerator
the orange shreds ~~fell~~ ^{were} mounded
the heaps like shred clay on a hilltop.

"I swarmer to goodness," said Tyne.

"Sister here," said Jun. "Did Did
I tell yall 'bout the hostess gift?"

"Huh uh," Tyne said.

"Well," he drawled. "I hate to tell yall
but this in just goes to the one's
that ~~gives~~ ^{throws} I party for me. This
Dilmer, over yonder 'll get over. But
I'll let yall see it."

He dragged another box from beneath
the table, as they leaned over to
~~see~~ see.

From the box, he removed one, two, three, four, five, six, stainless steel knives, the last upchucking through the mound of vegetable paring them ^{into} ~~the~~ valley path. "Well, sorry he!" said Toki. "You can't buy these ^{anywhere}," Nat asked, ready to touch the blade of the cleaver.

"Nope," he said. "I said not fellows. ~~Can~~ There's just for the ones that th'own me a party."

He carefully slid them back between sleeves of polyfoam & placed them in the box, slipping it beneath the table. ~~They~~ Nat looked crestfallen, ~~and Jim~~ consoled him,

"But" he said, holding a finger up toward the light. "With the ~~set~~ of twelve stainless steel coffee sets, you do get another bonus prize. That's the good part. Guess what it is?"

They leaned ~~with~~ famished faces toward him,

"Yall ever see how coffee stains mess up a aluminum coffee pot? Yall ever tasted

it when it come out bitter or quinine?"

They nodded.

"Well look at this," he said, magically producing a sleek stainless steel percolator. ~~It~~ set ~~was~~ iridescent in the light in the center of the table.

They Tyne, Katz & Hohe touched it gingerly ~~to~~ ~~it~~ exclaimed.

"How wouldn't you fellows say ~~two~~ ^{one hundred 499} ~~to~~ ^{to me} ~~for~~ ²⁰⁰ a set like ^{handy-dandy} this, plus two bonus gifts: a vegetable grinder and a coffee percolator that air & never gonna ~~give~~ brew up no bitter coffee."

"Don't sound like too much to me," said Katz laughing. "If air & got nothing on me but a check," Hohe said ^{was} wistfully.

"We could show use it, just setting up housekeeping with what ~~she~~ ^{divided up with} ~~she~~ ^{use us}. Get ^{manding} ~~patches~~ on even ^{could put in the kitchen} ~~they use~~ ^{now,} ~~now,~~ ^{you} ~~at a payment plan?~~ ^{check on it would be pay it out on the} ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~money~~ ^{money} ~~life~~ ^{life}," said Tyne, clapping hand on the shoulder. "Shore," said Katz, who had remained reared back on the heels of the chair chuckled softly.

They looked at him.

"You oughta go and get your Me a set while he's here," said Hohe.

"Now," said Wes. "You go on
boys. I'm afraid it might mislead
yall. Besides, you can't never tell,
I ~~might~~ ^{might} decide to throw a party or
something."

"Yeh," said Hat. "If we done
that we could get us a set of them
knives, ~~the~~ too."

"The & Alma's been ~~after~~ ^{after} a planning on
having a fish fry, any how," said Hoke.

"We'll come," said Synce.

"Let me get that down," said Jim,
~~with~~ writing rapidly on a blank pad.

"Next week I'll get a opening, I think."

"I'll take it," said Hat.

~~How long before it~~

"Now let me get ~~your~~ ^{your} order down ~~before~~
it get mixed up again," said ~~Hoke~~ ^{Jim}
~~rather~~ ^{switching} pads & scribbling
numbers.

"You ain't got none I can take
home with me tonight?" asked

Hat, or ^{was} disappointed ~~at~~ ^{for} a child at Christmas.

"None," said Jim, writing. "But
they'll come in the mail, long about
3 or 4 weeks. Sure in time to

get from the factory in Mass. You know how far that is from He," he said, looking up.

"Yeh," said Tyne. "Will I just have to wait."

"Let me just get yaller taxer & ~~shipping~~ ^{shipping} charges figured up. Give me a minute," said Jim.

"Yeh," said Hohe, drumming the table with his fingers.

Tyne reached forward & fondled the ~~pot~~ ^{pot} and drew his hands back as Wes wiped the smudger away with his ~~handkerchief~~.

"Yeh, you boys is natural smart," ~~he~~ said. "Ain't ever day yall get the chance ~~to get~~ to get shed of 2 hundred & fifty dollar you grubbed out in the field. Next time the Watkins men come by, I'm sending him to yaller house to ~~unload~~ you ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~road~~ ^{road} ~~flavoring~~ ^{flavoring} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~black~~ ^{black} ~~pepper~~ ^{pepper}." ~~Tell~~ Tell him to th'ow in some 'milk' ~~flavoring~~ ^{flavoring} for a bonus.

It'll tell him if he don't see no sign of your old ladies' out changing out clothes, to go on.